

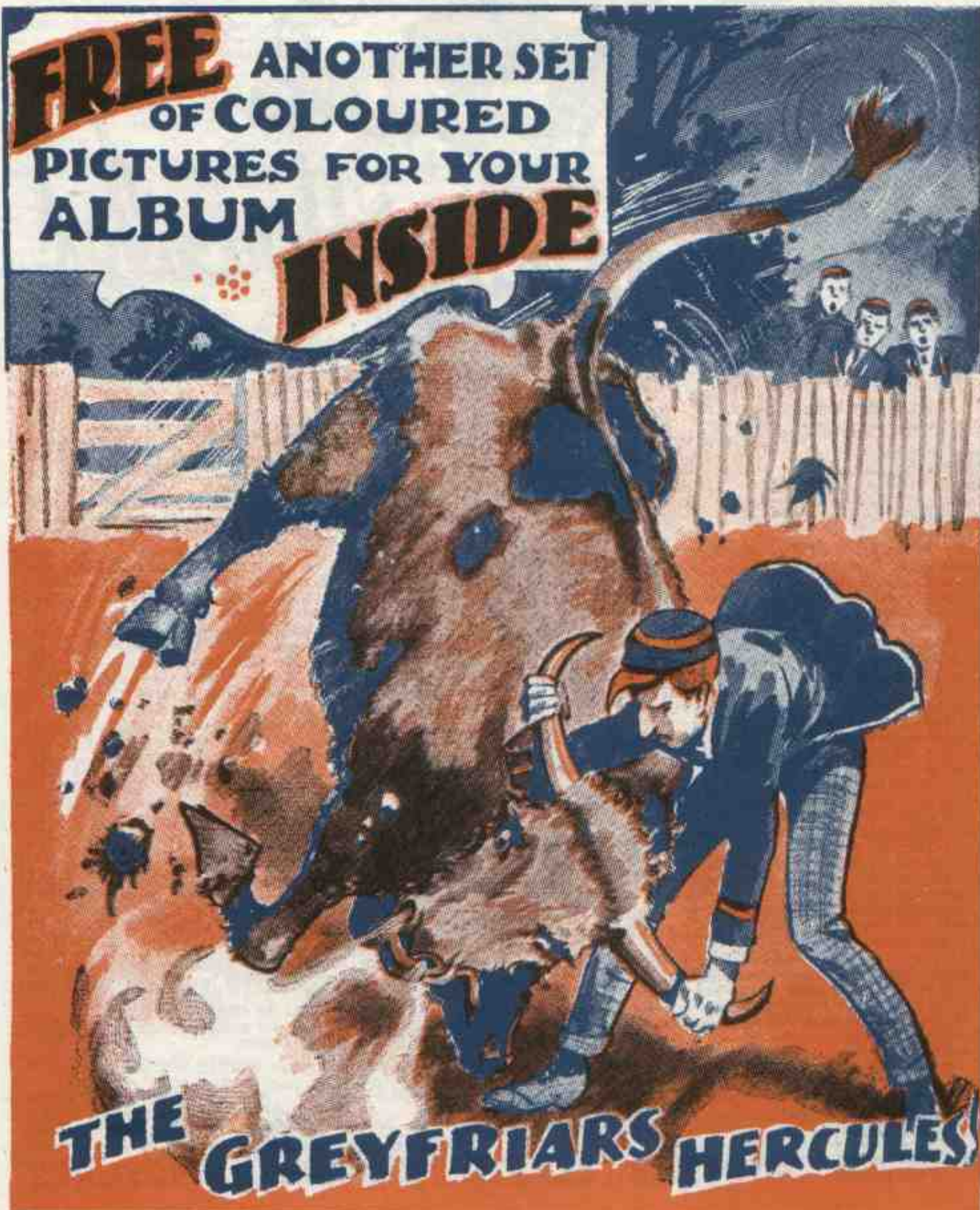
12 GRAND COLOURED PICTURES FREE INSIDE!

The MAGNET 2^D

No. 1,348. Vol. XLIV.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending December 2nd, 1933.





BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Putting Bunter Down!

"FOOTBALL?"

"Yes, buzz off!"

"But I say—"

"Don't jaw!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Shut up!"

Harry Wharton, seated at the table in Study No. 1 in the Greyfriars Remove, had a sheet of paper before him, a stump of pencil in his hand, and a thoughtful frown on his brow.

There was a list of names on the paper—not quite complete. The captain of the Remove was considering the matter deeply, and Billy Bunter's presence and conversation were both superfluous.

"If that's the list for the match with the Shell—" said Bunter, blinking into the study through his big spectacles.

"Yes; don't bother!"

"Have you got my name down?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"My name!" said Bunter.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Don't be funny now, Bunter! Clear off, there's a good porpoise! Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I hear that Tom Brown's standing out—"

"Yes; out off!"

"You'll want a new centre-half."

"That's what I'm thinking out. Will you shut up, or do you want me to buzz the inkpot at you?" demanded the captain of the Remove impatiently.

"I want you to put me down—"

"Fathead!"

"I mean it," said Billy Bunter. "You needn't think it over any more, Wharton. I've been left out of the Form games long enough—too long!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,546.

You round a fellow up for games practice, but you don't give him a chance in the matches. Well, I'm sick of it!"

"Shut the door after you."

"Centre-forward would suit me better," said Bunter. "But I'm not asking you to hand over your own place."

"Oh, my hat! Not?"

"No; you're too jolly conceited to get out of the limelight. I know that. But I play half as well as I play forward."

"Just about," agreed Wharton.

"I shall be satisfied with centre-half," said the fat Owl of the Remove. "And you'll see play rather different from Brown's, I can tell you. We're not in the same street."

"Hardly."

"Well, am I going down?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes; on your neck, if you don't shut up!" Wharton waved his pencil impatiently at the Owl of the Remove. "For goodness' sake, Bunter, go and burble somewhere else! Hook it!"

Billy Bunter did not hook it. He rolled a little farther into the study, with a determined expression on his fat face, and a gleam in his little, round eyes behind his big, round spectacles.

Most of the Remove fellows were ambitious to figure in the matches. Even fellows who slacked at games practice, and frowned generally, would have been pleased to see their names posted up in the Rag. Billy Bunter never rolled up to practice if he could help it. His excuses for dodging were many and various. But he liked the idea of figuring in a match—especially a match with the Shell, who, as an older Form, were rather a hard nut for the Remove to crack.

Billy Bunter was about the least likely fellow in the Lower Fourth to be

selected to play on his merits. But Bunter was not bothering about his merits if he could wangle it. And on this occasion the fat Owl thought that he could.

"Now let's have this plain," said Bunter, wagging a fat forefinger at the captain of the Remove. "I'm a plain chap—"

"You are," assented Wharton, looking at him. "Never saw one plainer."

"You silly ass! I didn't mean that!"

"I did!"

"Look here, Wharton, let's have this out! The point is—do you want the biggest licking you've ever had in your life?" demanded Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Because that's what you're going to get, if I don't get a chance in the footer," said Bunter impressively. "Mind, I mean every word! If I don't go down as centre-half in this match, you get the whopping of your life!"

Harry Wharton gazed at him.

There had been a time when Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove, had fancied that he could bully his way into the Remove eleven. Bolsover had learned quite differently in quite a short time. But for such tactics to be adopted by the fat Owl of the Remove were amazing. Wharton really wondered for a moment whether William George Bunter was wandering in his mind. The doubtful point was—whether he had one to wander in.

"I'm not going to touch you myself," added Bunter.

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. "You're not?"

"No!" said Bunter. "But I'm going to ask Alonzo to mop you up, if you don't give me fair play. Alonzo Todd's my pal. He will do anything I ask

him. He's the strongest fellow at Greyfriars. He could handle Wingate of the Sixth, if he liked. He could handle Larry Lascelles, the games master. He could handle you like a baby. Do you want him to?"

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

He understood now.

All the Remove had been amazed, indeed astounded, by the wonderful development of physical strength on the part of Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars.

Alonzo, the feeblest fellow in the Form, the fellow whom even a fag of the Second could have licked, seemed to have turned into a sort of Sandow.

How he did it, nobody knew.

According to a story told by Bunter he took "something" for it—some sort of patent medicine, or something of the kind.

If that was so, there was no doubt that the effect was amazing.

But for the fact that Alonzo was the mildest-tempered fellow in existence, his amazing strength, so suddenly acquired, might have made things rather unpleasant for other fellows. But Alonzo, though he certainly had changed a good deal since his acquisition of unusual strength, would never have dreamed of bullying anybody. He had been much too carefully trained by his estimable Uncle Benjamin.

"Got it now?" sneered Bunter.

Wharton had "got" it. Bunter's brilliant idea was to use Alonzo's wonderful strength to get his own way. Alonzo was in Bunter's study, and bound, from the fat Owl's point of view, to back him up. And that was that.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Bunter belligerently. "You can see that you've got to toe the line—what? What would happen to you if Alonzo started on you?"

Wharton made no answer to that. It was astonishing, and it was rather disconcerting, but it was true, that Alonzo could have handled the captain of the Remove like an infant. In normal circumstances Wharton could have knocked out the Duffer of Greyfriars with two fingers. But the strength that Alonzo had so mysteriously acquired was abnormal.

Bunter grinned victoriously.

"Don't you worry," he said. "We shall beat the Shell. With me playing, we could hardly fail to do so. All I want you to do is to be careful not to get in my light. Leave the goals to me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton. The mental picture of the fat Owl barging about on the football field was too much for his gravity.

Bunter frowned.

"Blessed if I see anything to chuckle at!" he grunted. "Look here, I want this settled! Play me, or take the biggest hiding of your life! That's plain! Now are you putting me down?"

Harry Wharton rose from the table and laid down the pencil.

"Yes," he said.

"Good!" grinned Bunter. "I thought you'd play up when you found out that you had to. He, he, he!"

"Hard!" added Wharton.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Like this!"

The captain of the Remove stepped towards Bunter, and grasped him by both fat shoulders.

Bunter yelled.

"I say, leggo! Wharrer you up to?"

"Putting you down!" answered Wharton.

"You silly ass, I mean on the list——"

"You silly ass, I mean on the floor!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter was put down! He was put down hard! He smote the floor of Study No. 1 with a smite that made the sordy shake. The yell that came from Bunter echoed the length of the Remove passage.

"Whooooooop!"

"Satisfied?" asked Wharton.

"Yowow owooop!"

"If you want me to put you down again——"

"Boast!"

Bunter rolled out of the study. He rolled in haste. Harry Wharton laughed and slammed the door after him. There was a howl through the keyhole.

"Yah! You wait a bit, you rotter!"

Then Billy Bunter was gone! And the captain of the Remove, dismissing the fat junior from his mind, settled down once more to the consideration of his problem—which Bunter had so kindly offered to solve for him, but which was still unsolved.

THE OLD ALONZO :

If a Remove fellow punched him really hard Alonzo would be a "hospital case."

THE NEW ALONZO :

A dozen fellows can't "serag" Alonzo now. He's got the strength of a Hercules and a punch that Carnera would envy!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Strong Alonzo!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"The blithering ass!"
"The silly fathead!"
"The howling chump!"

Four juniors, standing by a fence in Friarsdale Lane, made those remarks at the same time. Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh were walking back to the school from the village, when they stopped to look over the fence. The object of their gaze, and of their uncomplimentary remarks, was Napoleon Dupont, the French junior in the Remove.

Nap of the Remove was coming across the meadow, sauntering with his hands in his pockets. Evidently he did not see what the fellows in the lane saw—a large bull—quite an outsize in bulls—who had risen in a corner of the meadow and was eyeing him. That meadow, carefully fenced, and with locked gates, was the domain of Farmer Giles' bull, and everybody who knew anything about that bull was very careful indeed not to use the path across the meadow. Perhaps Nap of the Remove did not know; or perhaps he had forgotten.

Anyhow, there he was, strolling across, whistling cheerily, oblivious of the fierce red eyes that were fixed on him.

"The blithering, blithering, blithering fathead!" said Bob Cherry. "If that bull gets after the silly ass——"

"Better give him a yell!" said Nugent.

"The yellfulness is the proper caper," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

The French junior was still at a distance. Bob Cherry put his hands to his mouth to form a trumpet and roared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out!"

"My dear Cherry! What is the matter?"

Alonzo Todd of the Remove was sitting on the fence. He had a book open on his bony knees, which he had been perusing with the deepest attention.

It was "The Story of a Potato—From the Seed to the Saucepan." It was simply crammed with valuable information. Alonzo was absorbing that information with the deepest interest, and hardly noticed the Co. halt at the fence. But as Bob Cherry roared to the French junior, Alonzo gave quite a jump. Bob's stentorian roar, at close quarters, was enough to make anybody jump!

"That ass Dupont——" said Nugent.

Alonzo glanced round across the meadow. Dupont had heard Bob's roar, but he did not yet see the bull, and he seemed puzzled.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Alonzo, as his eyes fell on the bull. The great animal was lashing his stumpy tail, his fiery red eyes fixed on the French junior. That he was going to charge was quite plain.

"Nap!" roared Bob. "You blithering idiot, run for it! The bull, fathead—look round—the bull!"

Napoleon Dupont glanced round rather carelessly. But all carelessness left him at the sight of the big bull. He jumped almost clear of the ground in his startled alarm.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" he gasped.

And he ran.

"Buck up!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Put it on, Nap! He's after you!" shrieked Nugent.

Napoleon Dupont fairly flew! But the big bull was in motion now. There was a deep, rumbling, echoing bellow, and he charged after the fleeing French junior. And in spite of his size and weight, he covered the ground with amazing swiftness.

"Oh, goodness gracious!" exclaimed Alonzo Todd. The "Story of a Potato" dropped from his knees, unheeded, into the grass. Alonzo's eyes were fixed on the running junior.

"Buck up, Nap!" yelled Bob.

The juniors' hearts were almost in their mouths as they watched. Nap of the Remove was running hard for the fence. But the bull, thundering behind him with steaming nostrils, was terribly near. The fleeing junior was just about holding his own in the race.

"Ready to give him a hand over the fence?" panted Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"Run for it, Nap! Put it on!"

Panting, gasping, crimson, the French junior raced on. The bellow of the savage bull behind him was more than enough to spur him. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the grass as he flew.

"He's gaining!" gasped Nugent.

"He'll do it!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Thank goodness he'll do it! Oh, my hat—look! Look!"

Napoleon Dupont had caught his foot and plunged headlong. The juniors lining the fence heard the bump as he crashed in the grass.

Bob's face was white. The French junior, dazed and breathless, lay at the mercy of the oncoming bull.

"We—we can't leave him to it——" panted Bob.

He clambered on the fence. It was useless, as well as terribly dangerous, to intervene; yet it seemed impossible to

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,346.

look on while the hapless Nap was gored and trampled by the savage bull.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Alonzo Todd.

He jumped down on the inner side of the fence.

"You ass!" panted Nugent. "You're no good—come back!"

Alonzo did not heed!

He ran towards Dupont—and as he ran with a fleetness that few other Greyfriars juniors could have equalled, the Co. remembered that he was not now the feeble Alonzo of old—but Strong Alonzo!

"Come on!" panted Bob. "We've got to help, somehow!"

The four juniors clambered over the fence. They hoped, at least, to distract the bull's attention, though at terrible peril to themselves, and give Dupont a chance to cut. But they were nowhere in the race with Alonzo! He fairly flashed on ahead!

Almost in a twinkling, he reached the French junior, who was struggling dizzily to his feet. He grasped him by the arm and swung him up. Dupont was rather a light-weight. But he might have been a feather by the way Alonzo Todd shifted him!

"Run!" rapped Alonzo.

"Mais vous—" panted Dupont. "But you—"

"Run!" yelled Alonzo, and the French junior ran towards the four fellows coming from the fence.

Alonzo did not run!

There was no time! The bull was almost upon him! To run was to be rushed over from behind, trampled, and gored! Alonzo faced the rush of the bull! Alonzo had always been plucky—and he never needed his pluck more than now! But he was confident! Since Professor Sparkinson, the scientific old gentleman at the Willows, had given him the phial containing the Wonderful Elixir, Alonzo had been a new Alonzo! He stood like a rock, steady as steel, as he faced the charge of the bull. The other fellows, too far off to help, even if their help had been of any use, stopped dead—staring, in an anguish of anxiety!

"Alonzo!" groaned Bob.

"Oh, look!" shrieked Nugent.

The bull rushed down on Alonzo Todd! Even as the lowered head was crashing at him, Alonzo stepped a little aside, at the same moment grasping a horn! If the Co. had forgotten that Alonzo was Strong Alonzo, he had not forgotten it himself! He knew what he could do, and he did it!

Over went the bull, sprawling, with hoofs kicking in the air. Alonzo panted.

"Oh, my goodness!" he gasped.

"Oh, my hat!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Run!" yelled Nugent.

The bull—probably the most astonished bull in the county of Kent—sprawled in the grass, bellowing frantically.

A Spanish matador could not have handled him so efficaciously! The bull hardly knew what had happened to him. He sprawled and bellowed.

The juniors rushed back to the fence and scrambled over into the lane. Alonzo Todd sprinted after them. He cleared the fence with a bound, and came down in the lane.

Bellow! came from the bull. He had struggled to his feet again now, and was careering furiously about the meadow, seeking a victim. But the juniors were on the safe side of the fence, Dupont sitting in the grass, pumping in breath.

"Oh, Alonzo!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! Oh, my only Aunt Selina!"

He thumped Alonzo on the back with

a powerful thump. Bob Cherry's thump was "some" thump. A few days ago it would probably have crumpled Alonzo up. Now the Duffer of Greyfriars only grinned.

"Ciel! You save me ze life, mon Alonzo!" gasped Nap. "But for you, I am keel viz zat bull! Mon Dieu! You save me ze life, isn't it?"

All the juniors were panting—except Alonzo! Strong Alonzo had not turned a hair!

"My dear fellows," said Alonzo, "how very fortunate that I chanced to be on the spot! But it was very, very thoughtless of you to cross the meadow where the bull is kept, Dupont."

"I forget him viz myself!" gasped Nap.

"You blithering ass!" said Bob Cherry. "Alonzo, old man, you're a giddy wonder! How do you do it?"

Alonzo smiled. Professor Sparkinson had bound him to secrecy, and no one at Greyfriars was to know of the Wonderful Elixir. And Alonzo, perhaps, rather enjoyed "astonishing the natives."

"It beats me!" said Johnny Bull. "The fellows won't believe this when we tell them!"

"I fancy they'll believe anything of Alonzo!" said Frank Nugent. "What are you looking for, Lonzy?"

Alonzo was peering along the grass by the lane.

"I dropped my book," he explained. "It does not seem to be in sight, and I should be very, very sorry to lose it! It was quite a new copy of the 'Story of a Potato,' given me by my Uncle Benjamin when I came back to school. I should be so pleased to read it to you fellows if you would like it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But where is it gone?"

"Mon Dieu! I zink zat I sit upon somezing," said Dupont. "Perhaps it is zat book zat you cherchez, n'est-ce-pas? Give me one hand up, mon ami!"

Alonzo gave the French junior a hand up! With a swing of his arm he lifted Nap clear of the ground, and landed him on his feet.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" gasped Nap.

Alonzo picked up the gift of his Uncle Benjamin. With a beaming smile he sat on the fence again, and opened the entrancing volume.

"Now, if you fellows would like it, I will read some of it to you," he said. "It is very, very interesting! I will begin at the beginning, and if you are not in a hurry for tea, I may be able to read you a whole chapter, and I am sure that you will be very, very much benefited by the acquisition of such very valuable information on a subject which, though it may appear commonplace to the unthinking mind, is in reality—My dear fellows, where are you going?"

But the fellows were gone!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

No Go!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Tea ready?"

"I'm not thinking about tea!" said Billy Bunter, with dignity.

Peter Todd stared. Alonzo Todd blinked. That statement from William George Bunter was enough to make any fellow stare or blink, or both! Only Tom Dutton did not look surprised. That was because Tom was deaf, and did not hear what Bunter said.

The Owl of the Remove was in Study No. 7 when the three came up to tea. There was a deep frown on Billy Bunter's fat brow, and there was a lingering ache in his fat person, the result of

being "put down" in Study No. 1. Billy Bunter was wrathful.

"You're not thinking about tea?" ejaculated Peter.

"No!" hooted Bunter.

"It's tea-time."

"I know that!"

"Well, my only hat and sunshade!" said Peter. "It's tea-time; and Bunter's not thinking about tea! What ass was it said that the age of miracles was past?"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"My dear Bunter," said Alonzo cordially, "I am very, very glad to see this! It is very, very gratifying to find that you appear to be growing less greedy and gluttonous—"

"You silly fathead!"

"But I assure you, my dear Bunter, that I am very, very pleased—"

"What about tea?" asked Tom Dutton. "I think Bunter might have got it ready, as we've been out. Lazy-bones!"

"Bunter's forgotten tea!" chortled Peter.

"Eh?"

"Bunter's forgotten a meal, for the first time in his life!"

"What rot!" said Dutton, staring. "He's not old enough."

"Wha-a-at?"

"How could he have a wife?"

"Oh, my hat! Not wife—life!" roared Peter. "First time in his life, see, he's forgotten grub!"

"Well, I dare say a scrub would do him good! He looks it! But even if he had a wife, she wouldn't scrub him. What do you mean?"

Peter did not explain what he meant. Explaining things to Tom Dutton was rather an exertion. Besides, Bunter interrupted.

"Never mind tea," said Bunter. "You fellows are always thinking about feeding! Look here, I want you to back me up, Alonzo!"

"Certainly, my dear Bunter! I shall be very, very pleased to oblige you in any way."

"Well, I want my tea," said Peter. "There's a cake and a pot of jam and some ham in the cupboard. Get them out, Bunter, while I get the kettle going. I don't know why you're gammoning, but you must want tea as much as we do—more, in fact."

"Haven't thought about it," said Bunter. "It's not much I eat, as you know! Look here, Alonzo, since you've taken that stuff, whatever it is, you're as strong as a horse! You can whop anybody in the Remove, or out of it."

Alonzo smiled complacently.

Gentle and unassuming as Alonzo was, there was no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed his new and unique position as the strong man of Greyfriars.

Since he had had the advantage of taking the Wonderful Elixir, Alonzo had been treated very differently in the Remove. Fellows who generally regarded him as more or less a freak, and did not hesitate to let him know it, now treated him with unwonted civility.

Nobody ever dreamed of ragging his study, or tripping him up in the quad, or buzzing things at him in the Rag. Even Bolsover major, the bully of the Form, was extremely circumspect with Alonzo. It was rather pleasant! It was, indeed, as Alonzo would have put it himself, very, very gratifying!

Peter Todd gave a snort. Peter was not wholly pleased by the new position of his Cousin Alonzo. A fellow he could have whopped with one finger was now able to throw him round the study with one hand! His headship of Study No. 7 was rather in danger!

Peter liked old Lonzy, in a lofty and protecting sort of way. But he could hardly keep up that protective feeling

towards a fellow who could have lifted him to the top of the bookcase and left him there!

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Peter. "Lay the table, and shut up!"

"Shan't!" said Bunter.

"What's that?" roared Peter, looking round.

"I'm speaking to Alonzo! You shut up!" retorted Bunter. "I can speak to you if I like, can't I, Lonzy?"

"Certainly," said Alonzo. "Pray allow Bunter to speak, my dear Peter!"

"If he doesn't lend a hand getting tea, he shan't have any!" said Peter.

"Lot I care about tea!" said Bunter.

"I'm not a greedy, guzzling fellow, like some fellows I could name!"

"Oh crikey!"

"I was going to say, my dear Bunter, that I am shocked at you!" said Alonzo. "What?"

"And I feel very, very sure that my Uncle Benjamin would be shocked also."

"Look here, you silly idiot——"

"It is true," went on Alonzo, with a faint smirk, "that I could whop Wharton, or any other fellow. But I should certainly not dream of doing so for any unworthy reason, Bunter. Shakespeare has remarked——"

"Blow Shakespeare!" roared Bunter.

"He has remarked, my dear Bunter, that it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but infamous to use it as a giant!" said Alonzo. "I trust that I shall never be tempted to make an unworthy use of my great strength. I

"Where's the ham?"

"The—the ham?" repeated Bunter.

"And the jam?" yelled Peter.

"The—the jam?"

"And the cake?"

"The—the cake?"

"So that's why you don't want any tea?" roared Toddy. "You've scoffed the lot before we came in! My hat! I'll—— Where's that fives bat? What silly ass has lost that fives bat? Find that fives bat!"

"I haven't!" roared Bunter. "I haven't touched the things! I never knew they were there! I never saw you put them in the cupboard after class! I wasn't here at the time! Lonzy knows! He was here, too——"



"Nap!" roared Bob Cherry. "The bull, fathead—look round—the bull!" Napoleon Dupont glanced round, rather carelessly. But all carelessness left him at the sight of the big bull. He jumped almost clear of the ground, in his startled alarm. "Oh, mon Dieu!" he gasped. Then he fled for dear life, the bull charging in his wake.

"Now, look here, Lonzy," went on Bunter, "we're pals, ain't we?"

"It is very, very gratifying to hear you say so, my dear Bunter."

"That rotter Wharton pitched into me," said Bunter. "He's refused to play me in the Shell match on Wednesday, though I told him I'd ask you to whop him if he didn't! Come along to his study with me, will you, old chap? They'll all be there now, and you can whop Wharton before the lot of them!"

"Goodness gracious!" said Alonzo, staring at the fat Owl.

"If you give him a jolly good whopping he will do as he's told—see? If he doesn't, you can give him another whopping."

"Oh, my hat!" said Peter Todd. "Is that the game? You blithering owl——"

"You shut up, Toddy!" said Bunter. "Don't interrupt Alonzo when he's going to speak! What were you going to say, Lonzy?"

have not the slightest doubt that my Uncle Benjamin would be shocked if I did so—nay, disgusted."

"Ain't you going to back me up?" howled Bunter.

"In these circumstances I have no alternative but to reply in the negative, my dear Bunter!"

"You silly ass! You—you—you gabbling gander! You—you blithering nincompoop! You—you—you——" Complimentary expressions seemed to fail Bunter. He gasped for breath, and blinked at Alonzo through his big spectacles, with a blink that might have cracked them.

Peter Todd chuckled.

"Now you can shut up, Bunter," he said. "Get the fire going. If you don't lend a hand you shan't have any tea. I'll get the things out."

Peter went to the study cupboard, and threw open the door. Then he uttered a howl.

"Where's that fives bat?" roared Peter.

He spotted the fives bat in a corner, and made a dive for it. Billy Bunter made a dive for the door.

Peter whirled round after him, bat in hand.

"My dear Peter——" gasped Alonzo.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, in anticipation.

Peter smote! Billy Bunter leaped through the doorway. The fives bat landed on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars as he leaped.

Whack!

"Yoooooop!" yelled Bunter.

He vanished up the Remove passage. Peter, still unappeased, would have rushed after him. But Alonzo caught him by the arm.

"My dear Peter——" urged Alonzo.

Formerly, Peter would have brushed off Alonzo's grasp as easily as a fly

crawling up his sleeve. But things were not as formerly in Study No. 7 now. Alonzo's pull spun him backwards into the study, and he staggered across the room, stumbled on the fender, and sat down in the grate.

"Oh!" gasped Peter.

"My dear Peter, I trust you are not hurt!" said Alonzo anxiously.

"You—you—you—" gasped Peter, struggling to his feet. "You blithering bandersnatch, I've a jolly good mind to give you the fives bat!"

"Thank you very, very much, Peter, but as I do not play fives, the gift would be of no use to me," said Alonzo.

"Oh crumbs!" said Peter. "If you're taking something for your strength, Lonzy, couldn't you take some for your brains, too? There isn't such a howling ass as you in the wide world, Lonzy!"

"You forget yourself, Peter!"

"Wha-a-at?" Peter stared. But Alonzo was not jesting. Alonzo was much too solemn by nature to have any use for jests.

"But what are we going to do for tea?" asked Alonzo. "Since my strength has increased so much, Peter, I find that my appetite has increased in proportion, and I am very, very hungry!"

A rather sallow, but very bright and cheery, face looked in at the doorway of Study No. 7. It belonged to Napoleon Dupont.

"Mon ami Alonzo, zat you come!" said Nap of the Remove. "Zere is spread of ze most superb, in my study—and you bring also your friends, isn't it?"

Nap of the Remove was grateful, and his gratitude could not have been more timely.

"Corn in Egypt!" said Peter. "Come on, Lonzy! Come on, Dutton!"

"You mean ham," said Tom. "There isn't any mutton, that I know of."

"Oh, my hat!" roared Peter. "Come on!"

It was quite a nice spread in Study No. 10. Bolsover major, who shared that study with the French junior, was very civil. A fellow who could pitch over Farmer Giles' black bull was a fellow, Bolsover considered, to whom a fellow might as well be civil. Tea was going strong, when the door opened, and a fat face and a large pair of spectacles glimmered in.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Mind if I let Bunter have the loaf, Nap?" asked Peter.

"Du tout—not at all, mon ami!"

Whiz!

Crash!

"Whoooooop!"

Billy Bunter disappeared.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo on the Warpath!

"MY goodness!" gasped Alonzo Todd.

After tea, Peter Todd and Tom Dutton had gone down to the Rag, where there was boxing. Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton were having the gloves on, in a friendly bout, with Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing. Most of the Remove men were interested, and turned up in the Rag. But Alonzo regarded boxing as a rather rough sort of amusement, and was not at all sure that his Uncle Benjamin would have approved of it. So the good Alonzo toddled along to his study to enjoy a happy hour before prep in the armchair, with the "Story of a Potato" to keep him happy company.

He had left the volume on the table in Study No. 7. It was still there! But as he looked at it, Alonzo's lean jaw dropped, and he gazed at the gift of Uncle Benjamin in horror and dismay.

Some felon hand had been at work! The entrancing volume was drenched with ink! It was sticky with gum! Ink and gum had been spilled over it in large quantities.

"What dreadfully unscrupulous person can have done this?" ejaculated Alonzo. "Dear me! Wharton! Oh, goodness gracious!"

The inky, gummy volume was wide open. Inked in large capital letters, right across a page, were the words:

"FATHEAD! FREAK! GO BACK TO YOUR ASYLUM!"

"(Signed) HARRY WHARTON."

Alonzo gazed.

His first feelings were of grief and consternation. It was a blow! The volume was quite unreadable now! True, Alonzo had perused it already, more than once! But he never lost his keen interest in tracing the history of that humble, but useful vegetable, the potato, in its career from the seed to the saucepan.

But grief gave way to indignation, and indignation intensified to wrath. Alonzo was not a fighting-man! He seldom or never lost his temper! He had a gentle and forgiving nature. But this injury was too deep! It was not only that the "Story of a Potato" was a valuable work in itself, entrancing to read—at least to Alonzo! It was the gift of his Uncle Benjamin! All the fellows knew that! Alonzo had told them so, not once, but many times. And Uncle Benjamin's kind gift had been treated in this rotten way! Fellows fancied that they could do what they liked with the Duffer of Greyfriars! Alonzo's eyes gleamed! He was going to show fellows that they couldn't!

"The rotter!" gasped Alonzo.

With gleaming eyes, he marched out of the study. Billy Bunter, in the passage, blinked at him through his big spectacles, and grinned. But Alonzo did not heed Bunter. He did not even see him! He swung along the Remove passage, and hurled open the door of Study No. 1 without knocking.

"Wharton!" he roared. Since the "treatment" of Professor Sparkinson, Alonzo's feeble pipe was a feeble pipe no longer—rather his voice resembled that of Bob Cherry, or the Bull of Bashan. His wrathful roar rang along the Remove passage.

Skinner and Snoop looked out of Study No. 11. The two slackers of the Remove were not interested in the boxing in the Rag; they were interested in cigarettes in their study. But the voice of Alonzo brought them to the door.

"Hallo! What's the row?" called out Skinner.

Alonzo had made the discovery that Study No. 1 was dark and empty. He glanced round.

"Do you know where Wharton is?" he demanded.

"They're all in the Rag!" said Skinner. "What's the row? Not rowing with his jolly old Magnificence, what?"

"I regret to say, Skinner, that such is the case!" answered Alonzo. "I fear that I have no alternative but to punch Wharton's head, and I shall punch it very, very hard."

Alonzo marched on to the stairs. Skinner and Snoop exchanged a grinning glance! This was even more interesting than cigarettes in the study!

"We're on this!" grinned Skinner. "Come on, Snoop!"



FIFTH FORM master at Greyfriars School punched on the nose in the dark! Who did it? It's the "sack" on the spot for the offender! And everyone thinks it was Horace James Coker, the fool of the Fifth, who had threatened to do it. But was it Coker?—he protests his innocence. Read this magnificent book-length yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars. Amusing! Amazing! Exciting!

Ask for
No. 207
of

SCHOOLBOYS' OWN Library

Now on Sale at all Newsagents

4d.

"What-ho!" chuckled Snoop. And they followed Alonzo Todd down the Remove staircase. Billy Bunter, with a fat grin on his face, rolled after them. Billy Bunter was interested, too—deeply interested.

At the foot of the staircase some Shell fellows were collected—Hobson, Hoskins, Stewart, and two or three more. They looked at Alonzo as he came down, and Hobby winked at his friends.

"There's the jolly old freak!" he remarked. "Those Remove kids have been saying that he's developed wonderful strength—looks like it, doesn't he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Shell fellows laughed. Alonzo did not look it! If unusual strength dwelt in his lean figure, there was little outward sign of it. New Alonzo looked like old Alonzo—as if a fellow like Hobby could have doubled him up with a tap from one finger!

"I say, though, I believe there's something in it!" said Stewart. "I hear that he tackled a bull this afternoon, and pitched him over—"

"Gammon!" said Hobson.

Another Set of Coloured Pictures for Your Album

"Well, a lot of fellows were saying so—old Giles' bull got after that Froggy kid in the Remove, and—"

"Well, if he can pitch a bull over, we'll see if he can pitch me over," said Hobson. "Here, hold on, freak! Stop a minute, face!"

Alonzo glanced at him.

"Please do not delay me, Hobson," he said. "I am rather in a hurry—indeed, I am very, very pressed for time—"

"Sit down!" said Hobson.

He gave Alonzo a playful push on the chest! He fully expected to see the Duffer of Greyfriars sit down, with a bump, on the lowest stair. Hobson, for his part, did not believe a word of the story about Alonzo's wonderful acquisition of physical strength. He was going to demonstrate that it was all gammon!

Instead of which, Alonzo stood like a rock and did not sit down, and did not even totter! Hobson, surprised, pushed harder—he not only pushed, but he shoved! He shoved and heaved!

Alonzo smiled! He stood firm on his feet, and the captain of the Shell might as well have shoved at the solid wall, or the oak banisters. He made absolutely no impression on Alonzo.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Hobson.

He relinquished his vain efforts. Then Alonzo put out a hand and gave Hobby a push!

"Whooop!" roared Hobby. He went over backwards, and sat down on the floor with a terrific bump.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Hoskins.

"What did I tell you?" grinned Stewart.

"Ow! Wow! Oh!" gasped Hobson. "Oh, my hat! Oh jimey! Did—did—did that feeble freak push me over, or am I dreaming? Woooooh!"

Alonzo grinned, and walked on. The Shell fellows respectfully made room for him to pass—Hobby still sitting down, gasping, and blinking after him in wonder. Hobby was no longer of opinion that it was all "gammon." That bump on the floor convinced Hobby that it was not gammon!

Skinner winked at Snoop as they followed the mighty Alonzo!

"His Highness won't have much

chance against a fellow who can handle Hobson like that, what?" he murmured.

"Hardly!" grinned Snoop. "Looks like a come-down for Wharton."

"He, he, he!" came a fat chuckle from behind. "Serve him jolly well right! Too jolly cheeky, if you ask me! Loney will mop him up all right."

"But what's the row about, Bunter?" asked Skinner. "Loney's generally as peaceable as a merry little lamb."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bunter hastily. "If anybody's been mucking up Alonzo's books in the study, I don't know anything about it, of course. The fact is, I haven't been in the study since tea. I say, you fellows, come on and let's see Wharton licked."

"You've been up to something," said Skinner suspiciously.

"Oh, really, Skinner! I haven't touched Alonzo's rotten book—besides, it's no good, anyhow. He wouldn't mop up Wharton when I asked him as a pal! I fancy he will mop him up now! It's made him jolly wild!"

"What has?" asked Skinner.

"Oh, nothing!" said Bunter, and he rolled on.

Alonzo went into the Rag, followed by Skinner and Snoop and Bunter. The room was crowded, two pairs of boxers going strong, in the midst of a circle of interested juniors. Harry Wharton was facing the Boulder, and Bob Cherry was dealing with Redwing. Alonzo

FREE with NEXT Saturday's Magnet!

pushed through the ring, and several voices were raised in objection.

"Stand back, there!"

"Don't shove!"

"Who's that barging?"

"My dear fellows," said Alonzo, "I must speak to Wharton—"

"Well, you can't," said Frank Nugent. "Can't you see he's boxing, fathead? Stand back!"

"In the circumstances, my dear Nugent, I decline to stand back," said Alonzo Todd coolly. "Please stand back yourself!"

Frank, forgetful for the moment that he was dealing with Strong Alonzo, pushed the Duffer of Greyfriars back impatiently. But he had no more luck than Hobson of the Shell. Alonzo did not stir, and he gave Nugent a gentle push which sat him down on the floor.

"Look here, Loney, don't barge!" exclaimed Peter Todd warmly. "Oh, my hat! Who are you shoving, you ass?"

The question was really superfluous. It was Peter whom Alonzo was shoving, and Peter sat down beside Nugent. Alonzo walked into the ring.

"Wharton—"

"Keep clear, you fathead!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Stand back!"

"Kick that bargee out!"

Five or six fellows moved forward to shift Alonzo Todd. Alonzo swept his arm round. Those five or six fellows tumbled over, one after another, and strewn the floor of the Rag.

"I am very, very sorry," said Alonzo calmly, "but I want Wharton, and I cannot wait! I—"

"Get out, freak!" snapped the Boulder, and he tapped Alonzo on the nose with his boxing-gloves.

The next moment Herbert Vernon-Smith humped on the floor. He yelled with wrath as he landed there.

"Now, Wharton—" said Alonzo sternly.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove angrily. "What the thump do you mean by interrupting a boxing match? Clear out of it at once!"

"I am going to thrash you!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"You are a totter!" said Alonzo, fixing his eyes sternly on the captain of the Remove, while Wharton stared at him blankly. "I am both shocked and disgusted by your conduct. I am going to thrash you, as a warning to respect another fellow's property. Put up your hands!"

"You blithering idiot!" gasped Wharton. "What the dickens—"

"Has he gone balmy?" exclaimed Peter Todd.

"Ha, he, he!"

"Go it, Alonzo!" yelled Skinner.

Bob Cherry and Redwing had ceased to box now. All eyes were fixed in astonishment on the warlike Alonzo. Harry Wharton's eyes blazed as he looked at him. He could only suppose that Alonzo was adopting the bullying manners and customs of Bolsover major, now that he was the heftiest fellow in the Remove. He put up his hands promptly enough. It was certain that, in the new and strange circumstances, he was no match for the Duffer of Greyfriars. But he was not likely to back down before anyone.

"Hold on!" yelled Bob Cherry. "If you're not potty, Alonzo, what are you going to scrap about?"

"I am going to thrash Wharton!" said Alonzo. "Perhaps I had better put the gloves on, or I may hurt him too severely, and I should very, very much

Make Sure of Your Copy by Ordering it NOW!

regret to do that. Please give me the gloves."

"Look here, you ass—"

"That will do, Cherry!" Alonzo jerked the gloves away from the sprawling Boulder, and put them on his own hands. "Now, Wharton—"

"Come on!" said Wharton, between his teeth.

Alonzo came on. Alonzo knew as much about boxing as he did about Sanskrit, and a few days ago the idea of the Duffer of Greyfriars tackling the captain of the Remove would have made the fellows chortle. Now they looked on with serious and anxious faces. Sailing in like a windmill, Alonzo swept the air with clumsy fists, and Wharton drove him a right-hander, with all his beef behind it, which would have made any ordinary fellow spin off his feet. But Alonzo was no ordinary fellow—now! He did not flinch from that terrific drive, and he did not falter when Wharton followed it up with a crashing left. Then he hit out in return, landing a heavy fist on Wharton's chin, and the captain of the Remove went over backwards as if a cannon-shot had hit him!

Crash!

Harry Wharton went full length on the floor of the Rag.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"My esteemed hat!" gasped the Nabob of Blaniquet.

THE MAGNET LANCET.—No. 1,345.

One effort Wharton made to rise; then he sank back. There was a buzz in the Rag.

The fight was over. Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, had been knocked out by a single blow.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Very Deep of Bunter!

"**K**NOCKED out!" breathed Skinner.

"Wharton—knocked out!" muttered Snoop.

"Ha, he, he!"—from Bunter.

"Harry, old chap—" whispered Nugent anxiously.

Wharton gasped.

"I'm done! I—I can't go on! I—I don't think I could stand!"

His face was crimson. He made another effort, but he sank back again. Alonzo looked down at him.

"I am very, very sorry for this—" he began.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Johnny Bull. "I don't know how you do it, but there's some rotten trick about it. You ought to be jolly well ragged!"

"My dear Bull—"

"Oh, shut up, I tell you!"

Harry Wharton, with Nugent's help, staggered to his feet. Gladly he would have gone on with the contest, unless as he knew it to be. But he could not. He was shaken from head to foot by that one terrific knock. It was such a knock as a prizefighter might have delivered in the ring, quite outside the experience of Remove fellows in their "scraps." He leaned heavily on Frank's arm.

"Let's get out of this, Frank," he muttered.

He had to lean on Nugent's arm as they went to the door of the Rag. After that swift and overwhelming defeat, he was rather anxious to get out of the public view for a time. In the passage, however, he pulled himself together, and walked without aid. The crimson had faded from his face, and he was quite pale, when he reached Study No. 1 in the Remove.

He sank heavily into the armchair. Frank Nugent stood looking at him, his brow dark with anger.

"Feeling bad, old chap?" he asked.

"Rotten!"

"How does that freak do it?"

"Goodness knows! It was like a pile-driver."

"I know; I saw. I can't make it out. Bunter says that he's seen the freak taking something—patent medicine or something."

Wharton smiled faintly.

"Must be jolly hefty stuff, then," he said.

"This won't do, Harry," said Frank abruptly. "I—I suppose you haven't done anything to the fool?"

"Not that I know of."

"He just came and picked a row with you for nothing?"

"That's it."

"I suppose it's getting into his head, being so jolly strong, and he's beginning to throw his weight about," said Frank. "That doesn't seem like the Alonzo we've always known. But it

looks like it. It won't do, Harry. If he's beginning that, he's got to be stopped."

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter blinked into the study, with a grin on his fat face. He blinked at Wharton, gasping in the armchair, and chuckled.

"Get out, you fat frump!" snapped Nugent.

"Shan't!" answered Bunter independently.

Nugent made a movement towards him. He was in no mood for the fat Owl of the Remove. Bunter gave him a defiant blink.

"Better mind your p's and q's, Nugent," he grinned. "That is, unless you want some of the same that Wharton's got."

"What?" ejaculated Nugent.

"How long could you stand up to Alonzo?" grinned Bunter. "About as long as Wharton—what?"

Harry Wharton started a little. He remembered his talk with the fat Owl in that study earlier in the afternoon, when Bunter had been "put down," though not for the football match.

"Hold on, Franky," said Wharton quietly. "Let him speak. What have you come here for, Bunter?"

"Can't you guess?" grinned Bunter. "What I want to know is—whether I'm going down for the match with the Shell, or do you want some more?"

"So that's it!" said Wharton.

"What do you think?" chuckled Bunter.

"What is the fat idiot driving at?" asked Nugent.

Wharton set his lips.

"This afternoon Bunter asked for a place in the eleven on Wednesday to play the Shell," he said.

Nugent laughed.

"The howling ass!" he said.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"And he told me," went on Wharton, very quietly, "that if he didn't get his way, he would set Alonzo Todd on to me."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And I've jolly well done it," said Bunter. "You asked for it, didn't you? Didn't you fairly sit up on your hind legs and beg for it? Well, you've got what you begged for. And I can jolly well tell you that if you don't toe the line, you'll get some more of the same—see?"

"So that's what it means," said Frank Nugent. "I'd never have believed it of Alonzo; but I suppose he's fool enough for anything."

"Rotten enough for anything, too, I should think," said Wharton.

"You can't say I didn't warn you," said Bunter. "I told you what to expect, Wharton, and you can't deny it. You refused to do the right thing. Well now you've got to—see? Lonzy's knocked you out—with one whack! Lot of use you are in scrapping—I don't think! If you want some more of the same, you've only got to say so. If not, let me see my name in the list for the match with the Shell. That's all!"

With that, and a snort, Billy Bunter rolled out of the study, and slammed the door after him.

Wharton and Nugent looked at one another.

"Pretty clear, now," said Harry.

"Yes," Frank Nugent breathed hard. "Alonzo's going to have a lesson not to carry

on like this. Even if he's as strong as a horse, he can't handle the whole Form. He's going to have a Form ragging to teach him to keep his paws to himself."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"After prep," he said.

"Yes. We shall be clear of the prefects then."

There was a tap at the door, and Alonzo looked in. The chums of Study No. 1 gave him grim looks.

"Get out!" snapped Nugent.

"My dear Nugent—"

"Do you think you can bully this study, you freak?" exclaimed Nugent, his eyes blazing. "Get out, I tell you!"

"I looked in to speak to Wharton," said Alonzo mildly. "I desired to say that, in the circumstances, I felt that he fully merited severe chastisement, but that I am very, very sorry—Yaroooh!" Alonzo jumped back as Nugent slammed the door on his nose.

Wharton rose rather painfully from the armchair. In Alonzo's new character of a bull on the warpath he expected to see him barge into the study, to handle Nugent, and he was ready to help his chum as much as he could. But the door did not open. Alonzo's voice was heard outside.

"Ow! My nose! Wow!"

Then his footsteps died away up the Remove passage. Wharton sat down again.

A little later there was a tramp of feet in the passage as the Remove men came up to prep. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh looked into Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How are you feeling, old bean?" asked Bob.

"As if I'd been under a lorry."

"We've been talking it over in the Rag," said Johnny Bull. "Alonzo cleared off—ashamed of himself, I hope. Have you got any idea what he pitched into you for, unless it was just swank?"

"Oh, we've found that out—from Bunter!" said Frank; and he explained.

There was a deep growl of wrath from Johnny Bull.

"We'll deal with him after prep!" he said.

"The deafness will be terrific!"

"By gum!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll give him a tip about carrying on like this! I always liked Alonzo—but I suppose it's got into his silly head, being able to whop any fellow! He's going to learn to-night that he can't do as he likes in the Remove."

And the Co. went on to their studies to prep. Wharton, feeling far from inclined for work, sat down to the table, and Nugent sorted out the books. Prep was beginning in Study No. 1 when the door opened again, and Billy Bunter blinked in.

"I say, you fellows—"

Nugent picked up his Latin grammar.

"I say, the football list's not posted up in the Rag yet," said Bunter. "You're leaving it rather late, Wharton. I thought I'd remind you what to expect if my name's not in it, and I've come here to say to you—Whoop!"

The Latin grammar crashed on a fat chin! Billy Bunter roared as he went over backwards into the Remove passage.

Nugent kicked the door shut.

"Beast!" came in a howl through the keyhole.

But the door did not open again.

TELL FATHER—

about the wonderful times you and your chums can have at home with a Riley Billiard Table 8/- down brings delivery on 7 days' free trial Balance monthly Write for art list B. J. RILEY, LTD., Belmont Works ACCRINGTON or Dept 13, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

32 FREE Billiard Tables. Send for details.





Alonzo Todd swept his arm round as he walked into the ring, and five or six fellows tumbled over, one after another. "I am very, very sorry," said Alonzo calmly, "but I want Wharton, and I cannot wait! I—" "Get out, freak!" snapped Vernon-Smith.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice for Alonzo!

ALONZO TODD sighed as he placed an inky, gummy volume out of the way on the bookshelf in Study No. 7.

He felt that it was very, very disagreeable and unpleasant for his valuable volume to be treated in this manner, and there was little hope of restoring it to its pristine state. Alonzo was grieved, but he was wrathful, too.

Reluctant as he was to punch anybody, he could not regret having punched the fellow who had played that scurvy trick. It did not occur to Alonzo's powerful brain that he had punched the wrong fellow. It did not occur to him that anybody might have dipped a finger in ink and scrawled a fellow's name in capital letters.

Alonzo was not a suspicious fellow, and he never suspected anything.

He sat down to prep, with a frowning brow. Wharton had got what he deserved; Alonzo was convinced of that. But he was very, very grieved by the way the fellows had looked at him in the Rag, and the remarks they had made. They had "booced" him out of the Rag, just as if they fancied that he had done something wrong or unscrupulous; which was very, very disagreeable. And when the Remove came up to prep, several of them looked into Study No. 7 as they passed and made unpleasant remarks.

"Precious sort of rotter, aren't you?" said the Bounder, looking in, and passed on without waiting for a reply.

"Look out for trouble, you worm!" said Squiff, glancing in.

"My dear Field—" said Alonzo.

"Fancy you can carry on like that?" demanded the Australian junior.

"Like what, my dear Field?" asked Alonzo mildly. "I trust I have not done anything meriting condemnation."

"Oh, my hat!" said Sampson Quincy Iffley Field; and he walked on.

"I guess you've torn it, freak!" said Fisher T. Fish, looking in next.

"My dear Fish—"

"I'll say it's the bee's knee!" said Fishy. "It surely is the elephant's side-whiskers! Yep!"

"But what—"

"Aw! Can it!" said Fishy, and he went on his way.

Five or six other fellows looked in, and made remarks. It seemed to Alonzo that he was growing unpopular; he did not know why. His study-mates, Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, came in; and both of them looked at him grimly, and sat down to prep without a word.

"My dear Peter—" began Alonzo.

"Shut up!" said Peter.

"But I was going to say—"

"Don't talk to me! I'm fed-up with you!"

"Oh, my goodness!" said Alonzo.

"You've acted like a rotter!" growled Toddy. "You jolly well know it as well as I do!"

"Surely there is some misapprehension, my dear Peter! I am quite ignorant of having—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"If you have no desire for my conversation, Peter, I will certainly cease to speak," said Alonzo, with dignity.

"Stick to that!" said Peter.

"I call it jolly thick, if you ask me!" said Tom Dutton, with a disparaging stare at Alonzo across the table.

"But what have I done?" demanded Alonzo.

"Run? Did you expect him to run? Of course he stood up to you," said Dutton. "You may be as strong as a horse, you fathead, but you jolly well won't make any fellow run!"

"I did not say 'run,' Dutton. I said 'done.'"

"Fun, eh? I don't call it fun!"

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter rolled in. He was rubbing his fat chin as he came into Study No. 7 to prep. But there was a grin on his face. Things were going well, from Billy Bunter's peculiar point of view.

Prep in Study No. 7 was very silent. In that it differed from prep in most of the other Remove studies, where a great deal of talk was going on—chiefly concerning what was to happen to Alonzo Todd after prep.

Indignation was deep in the Remove! If Alonzo, in the pride of his newly acquired physical powers, fancied that he could throw his weight about as much as he liked, in the Remove, the whole Form were prepared to give him an unmistakable "tip" on the subject. All the fellows were eager for preparation to be over.

It was over at last, and Peter Todd and Tom Dutton immediately quitted Study No. 7.

"My dear Peter—" began Alonzo, as his cousin went.

Peter walked out without answering. Billy Bunter grinned. Bunter was

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,346.

aware that a ragging impended; a fact of which Alonzo was as yet blissfully unaware. The fat jumper rolled out of the study after Peter and Dutton, and Alonzo was left alone.

There was a tramp of feet in the passage. The door was kicked open, and Bob Cherry looked in.

"Come out!" he rapped.

Alonzo looked up.

"Do you want me, my dear Cherry?" he asked.

"The whole Form wants you!" snapped Bob. "You're going to be jolly well ragged! Trot out! We don't want to wreck the study, as it's Peters as well as yours. Come out, you worm!"

"But what—"

"Have him out!" shouted the Bounder.

"Come out, you rotter!" yelled Belsover major.

"Hook him out, if he won't come!"

Alonzo jumped up from the table. Remove fellows crowded at the doorway, all with grim faces.

"My dear fellows—" began the surprised Alonzo.

"Come out!" roared Squiff.

"But what—"

"Have him out!" shouted Hazeidene.

"Look here, are you coming out of the study?" demanded Frank Nugent. "If not, you'll be hooked out, see?"

"I do not desire to swank, my dear Nugent, but I do not think that any of you fellows could hook me out!" said Alonzo calmly. "In fact, I do not think that three or four of you could. I consider—"

"Have him out!"

"Bag him!"

"The bagfulness will be terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Janset Ram Singh; and he headed a rush into the study.

Bob Cherry and Nugent and Johnny Bull followed him at once, and Squiff and the Bounder. Other fellows crowded in behind them.

"My dear fellows!" gasped Alonzo. "I fail to understand— Yaroooh! Keep off! Oh, my goodness!"

"Collar him!"

"Roll him out!"

Many hands were laid on Alonzo Todd! But Strong Alonzo was not to be easily handled. He was not going to be ragged, if he could help it! He swept out a fist, and two or three fellows went stumbling over.

Then there was a terrific struggle.

Strong Alonzo was the centre of it, with nearly a dozen fellows swarming round him in the study, grasping him.

There were plenty of casualties. Alonzo's blood was up, and he was hitting and thumping in great style. Every fellow who got one thump from Strong Alonzo was more than satisfied with what he got, and did not want another. Fellow after fellow rolled over, but the Removites were in deadly earnest.

More and more hands were laid on the Duffer of Greyfriars, and, amazingly powerful as Alonzo was, the odds were bound to tell.

He went down at last, still resisting, with a crash! Seven or eight fellows piled on him and pinned him down.

Alonzo heaved under them like the torney sea. There were so many fellows holding him, that there was hardly enough of Alonzo to go round in so many hands. Still it was not easy to hold him.

But he was held!

"Got him!" panted Bob Cherry.

"The gotfulness is terrific!"

"Keep him down!"

"Sit on him!"

"Oh! Ow! Wow! Oh, goodness gracious!" gasped Alonzo. "Please let

me get up! Oh dear! This is not fair play, my dear fellows! I am very—groooogh!—very sorry to say so, but this is most—urrrgh!—unfair! Wow!"

"It's a ragging—a Form ragging!" explained Johnny Bull. "Somehow or other you've grown as strong as a horse. No good any fellow tackling you! But you've got to learn that you can't bully the Remove!"

"But I—yow-ow—I assure you—wow—I am bound to say—yaroooh!"

"Turn him over!" gasped the Bounder. "I've got a fives bat here!"

"Over he goes!"

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Alonzo.

There was another terrific struggle. Alonzo rolled over in the grasp of a breathless swarm. But he was got face down at last, with his long nose grinding into the carpet, and Johnny Bull sat on the back of his head, and other fellows stood on his arms and his legs. Then the Bounder got going with the fives bat.

Bang, bang, bang!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Merely a Misapprehension!

BANG, bang!

"Go it!"

"Give him beans!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Alonzo.

"Ow! Wow! Oh, goodness gracious! Yooop!"

"Go it, Smithy!"

Bang, bang!

Smithy was going it! He laid on the

TO READERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE.

Readers in the Irish Free State are requested to note that when free gifts are offered with this publication, they can only be supplied when the article is of a non-dutiable character.

fives bat as if he fancied that he was beating a carpet.

Alonzo struggled and heaved and roared. There were a dozen fellows holding him on the carpet; but they had to exert their strength to keep him there! Even then it was not easy.

Alonzo's strength was amazing! It was undoubtedly a testimonial to the efficacy of Professor Sparkinson's Wonderful Elixir! Alonzo, formerly no match for Tubb of the Third, or Nugent minor of the Second, was giving a dozen sturdy Remove fellows all the work they could do! It was really amazing—indeed, almost unnerving! But it made the Remove men all the more determined. Obviously, no fellow in the Remove, and no three or four fellows, could handle Strong Alonzo. That made it all the more necessary to teach him that he could not throw his weight about. Breathless and dusty and dishevelled, but grimly determined, the juniors clung to the struggling, heaving Alonzo, keeping him down by the sheer weight of numbers.

Bang, bang! went the fives bat in the Bounder's hand. There was a sudden yell from Bob Cherry. A heave from Alonzo brought Bob too near the bat, and he got one of the swipes.

"Ow! Look out, Smithy, you fat-head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now give him the ink!" shouted Hazeidene.

"Hear, hear!"

"My dear fellows!" gurgled Alonzo.

"Please do not—yooop! Groooogh! Urrrrrrgh!"

An upended inkpot swamped over Alonzo's neck. Squiff found a bottle of gum. Johnny Bull got off Alonzo's head and the gum was poured on his hair.

"Now get some soot from the chimney!" yelled the Bounder. "Let's make a job of it!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" came a shout from the passage. "Prefects!"

The uproar in the Remove passage had reached other ears by this time. Wingate of the Sixth, with a frown on his brow, and an ashplant under his arm, came tramping up the Remove staircase.

But the raggers in Study No. 7 were too excited to heed even the warning of a prefect coming. Alonzo, inky and gummy, and apprehensive of soot, was struggling frantically; and he almost succeeded in getting on his feet. With a combined effort the raggers got him down again, and they mixed up on the floor wildly.

Wingate of the Sixth strode along the passage. Fellows crowded round the doorway made room for him to pass.

The Greyfriars captain stared into Study No. 7. He seemed hardly able to believe his eyes at what he saw. More than a dozen fellows were rolling and scrambling on the floor, in the midst of overturned furniture and upset ink and scattered books and papers. Wingate stared blankly!

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "What the thump—"

"It's all right, Wingate!" gasped Nugent.

"All right? What—"

"Only a ragging!" panted Bob Cherry. "Alonzo's asked for it—it's all right! You needn't butt in! Yow-ow-ow!" added Bob, as Wingate licked out with his ashplant.

"Stop this at once!" roared the prefect. "What the thump is this shindy about? Do you know you can be heard all over the House?"

Unwillingly, the raggers released Alonzo. As Wingate was whacking round with his ashplant to hasten their movements, they really had no choice in the matter. They jumped away, and Alonzo was left sprawling.

He sat up.

Wingate blinked at him! Alonzo looked a horrid object! His collar and tie were gone, his jacket split, his waistcoat burst. Ink streamed over him, and gum was mixed with his hair. Seldom had such a startling object been seen in any study at Greyfriars.

"Is—is—is that young Todd?" gasped Wingate.

"What's left of him!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oooogh!" said Alonzo.

"Get up!" rapped Wingate.

"Wurrgh!"

Alonzo staggered to his feet. He leaned on the table and gurgled for breath. Even Strong Alonzo was almost at his last gasp. Wingate cast a stern look round the study.

"You've been ragging this chap!" he said. "What was it all about?"

"He asked for it, Wingate!" said the Bounder. "No need for a prefect to barge in. He knows what he's done, the rotter!"

"We shall see! What have you done, Todd?"

"Groooogh! Nothing! Urrrh!" gasped Alonzo.

"You young ass! What have the fellows been ragging you for?"

"Urrrh! I have not the faintest idea! I am very, very much perplexed and puzzled! Urrrh!"

"I hear that you've been developing wonderful strength, or something of the sort!" said Wingate. "Have you been bullying?"

"I trust—urrghh!—that I am incapable of doing anything of the sort!" gurgled Alonzo. "It is true that I have become very, very strong! Indeed, I could throw you out of the study if I liked, Wingate!"

"Could you?" said the Greyfriars captain grimly.

"Indeed I could! Would you like me to show you, Wingate?"

"You'd better not!" said Wingate. "Now, you young rascals, I've got to get to the bottom of this. What has that young ass done?"

"Whopped Wharton," said Bob. "You see, Alonzo's got so jolly strong that no fellow can tackle him. He knocked Wharton out with one whack. He fancies he can knock the Remove about just because he's as strong as a horse! We've been teaching him that he can't!"

"The teachfulness was terrific!"

"So you've been knocking out the captain of your Form, you young hooligan?" demanded Wingate.

"Certainly!" said Alonzo. "But I assure you, my dear Wingate, that I had a very, very adequate motive. After what he did—"

"Wharton! Where's Wharton?"

"Here!" Harry Wharton looked in from the passage.

"Is it true that young Todd knocked you out with one whack?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

Wingate glanced round at him.

Wharton crimsoned.

"Yes," he answered quietly.

"Blessed if I can make out how he did it, then! He looks a pretty weedy specimen. But he's always been a peaceable kid—more fool than anything else. What had you done to him?"

"Nothing!"

"I am very, very shocked to hear you prevaricate, Wharton!" gasped Alonzo. "You are very well aware of your offence."

"You cheeky dummy—"

"You can leave the compliments till afterwards," said Wingate. "Tell me what the trouble is—and at once!"

Wharton was silent.

"Oh, get it out!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Wingate's got to know. Look here, Wingate, that fool Todd's setting up to run the Remove! That blithering fat idiot Bunter wants to play football for the Form on Wednesday. He's put Alonzo up to this!"

"What the thump do you mean?"

"Well, that's it, Wingate!" said Harry. "That fat idiot Bunter told me he would set that blithering ass Alonzo on me if I left him out of the eleven. That's all!"

Wingate's brow darkened. Alonzo stared blankly at Wharton. This was news to him!

"My dear Wharton!" he exclaimed. "How could you be under such a very, very extraordinary misapprehension? You are surely aware that when I came to whip you in the Rag, it had nothing to do with Bunter!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" snapped Wharton. "I've heard it from Bunter—and Nugent's heard it, too!"

"Was that why you pitched into Wharton, Todd?" demanded Wingate.

"Certainly not!" said Alonzo hotly.

"Then why—"

"Wharton knows very well!" said Alonzo indignantly. "He is quite well aware of the unfeeling and reprehensible trick that he played in this study after tea."

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Wharton.

"Well, what did you do in this study, Wharton?" asked Wingate.

"Nothing!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry blankly. "Is there some jolly old mistake? Has somebody been pulling that idiot's leg?"

"I am very, very shocked—indeed disgusted—by Wharton's prevarication!" said Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin—"

"Never mind your uncle now," said Wingate. "For goodness' sake don't jaw so much! What was it Wharton did, if he did anything?"

"Look!" said Alonzo.

He reached down a volume from the bookshelf. That volume was "The Story of a Potato, from the Seed to the Saucepan," but could hardly be discerned, under its coating of grime and ink. But on one page an inscription, daubed in capital letters by a finger dipped in ink, was plainly to be read:

"FATHEAD! FREAK! GO BACK TO YOUR ASYLUM!"

"(Signed) HARRY WHARTON."

(Continued on next page.)



—I'M BUILDING A SEAPLANE NEXT!"

Building models with Meccano is the most fascinating pastime in the world for boys. To-day a Crane—to-morrow an Aeroplane—the next day a Bridge—you can go on building a different model every day for a year or more, using the same parts over and over again.

If you have never built models with Meccano, you have missed one of the greatest thrills of your life. There is nothing like it for boys who are keen on creating, inventing and building.

The Meccano system is composed of a series of perfectly finished steel and brass engineering parts in miniature, with which practically any mechanical movement may be reproduced in model form. There is no limit to the number of engineering models that can be built with Meccano and the system is so simple that any boy can commence to build as soon as he gets his Outfit home.

See the complete display now being shown at all good toy shops and make up your mind to get Meccano for Christmas.

PRICES OF MECCANO OUTFITS

Outfit	Builds	70 models	Price
No. X1			1/3
No. X2	"	96	2/-
No. 000	"	162	2/6
No. 00	"	189	3/6
No. 0	"	343	5/-
No. 1	"	573	10/-
No. 2	"	629	16/-
No. 3	"	687	27/6
No. 4	"	753	52/6

Other outfits up to 415/-.

GET THIS NEW MECCANO BOOK NOW—IT'S FREE.



This fine new book contains splendid illustrated articles dealing with many of the world's greatest engineering feats. In addition, it describes and illustrates the full range of Meccano Constructional Outfits, Hornby Speed Boats, and the wonderful new Kemax and Elektron Outfits.

We will send you a copy, post free, in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums. Write your own name and address clearly, and add number 35 for reference. A post-card may be used with a penny stamp, but if you send a letter it requires a three-halfpenny stamp.

MECCANO LTD. (DEPT. 35), BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

MECCANO

"There!" said Alonzo. "Look! This volume, a gift from my Uncle Benjamin—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry, gazing at it. "You—you—you howling ass! You blithering idiot! You pernicious fozzler! Was that why you came down and pitched into me?"

"Certainly, and I consider—"

"Why didn't you say so?" yelled Wharton.

"Eh! It was useless to say so when you knew! I presume that you had not already forgotten what you had done—"

"But I never did it!" shrieked Wharton.

"Wha-a-at?"

"You burbling bandersnatch! I never did it! Some silly ass has been pulling your leg!"

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Alonzo.

Wingate burst into a laugh.

"You young ass! So it was all a mistake! Well, you'd better not let a mistake lead to a shindy like this again, or you'll get a thumping good whopping all round!"

And Wingate tucked his ashplant under his arm, and left the study, and walked down the Remove passage to the stairs, laughing as he went.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Where is Bunter?

"**H**A, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. Harry Wharton stood staring blankly at Alonzo. Alonzo stared blankly at Wharton. Both of them, now, knew that there had been a mistake—rather serious in its results for both!

Bob Cherry roared, and the other fellows joined in.

Most of the raggers were feeling rather damaged. Swollen noses were numerous, and some eyes had dusky shades round them. All the fellows were dusty and untidy and breathless. Alonzo—strong as he was—had suffered most severely! He was a picture! But the absurdity of the whole thing dawdled on the Removites, and they howled with laughter.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob. "It's all a jolly old mistake! That howling fat-head has had his leg pulled!"

"We might have guessed it!" said Nugent. "The silly ass was born to have his leg pulled!"

"It's not like Lonzy to act like a bully or a rotter," said Squiff; "but it's exactly like him to act like a fool! We ought to have guessed that he was only being a blithering cuckoo!"

"If the fathead had only said—"

gasped Wharton. "I—I, of course, I supposed you knew why I—I—I was exasperated," stammered Alonzo. "But if you did not do this, Wharton, is it not very remarkable that your name is written here in my book?"

"If—" repeated Wharton. "You burbling bandersnatch, do you mean that you can't take my word?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Alonzo hastily. "Far be it from me—far, indeed—to doubt your assurance on the point, my dear Wharton! Indeed, I am very, very glad to learn that you did not perpetrate this miserable trick! But how do you account for your name—"

"Oh, you ass! Oh, you chump! Can't you see that your silly leg's been pulled? Some rotter wanted to start you going!"

"How very, very unscrupulous!" gasped Alonzo.

"Bunter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed and execrable Bunter!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Rain Singh.

"That's it!" said Peter Todd. "It was Bunter, of course! He wanted Lonzy to back him up and mop up Wharton, and as Lonzy wouldn't, the fat villain has worked this! Bunter all the time!"

"Oh, my goodness!" said Alonzo. "Do you really, really think, my dear Peter, that Bunter would be so very, very unscrupulous—"

"Isn't it as plain as your face, you ass—which is saying a lot?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Bunter, of course," said Harry Wharton, with a nod. "The burbling ass hadn't brains enough to foresee that it would all come out! Of course, it mightn't have, if Wingate hadn't barged in!"

"Oh dear!" said Alonzo. "But surely, my dear Wharton, you should have known me better than to suppose that I could possibly act like a bully—like, for instance, Bolsover—"

"Silly ass!" interjected Bolsover major.

"My dear Bolsover, I do not intend to wound your feelings by referring to

nevertheless, it was exceedingly unpleasant! Look at me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not really a laughing matter! I am most dishevelled, and smothered with ink, and my hair is all sticky with gum!"

"Serve you jolly well right, for being such a silly ass!" said Peter. "Next time you'd better think twice before you pitch into a fellow once! Not that that advice is any good to you—as you've got nothing to think with!"

"My dear Peter—"

"Oh rats! Let's go and find Bunter, you men—and scrag him! By gum, we'll make him cringe!"

"The cringefulness will be terrific!"

"My dear fellows!" exclaimed Alonzo.

"Oh, shut up, Lonzy—you talk too much!"

"But I should like to suggest—"

"Better go and get a wash! You need one."

"I feel very seriously in need of a wash," admitted Alonzo. "Nevertheless, I feel bound to suggest that perhaps it would be better to speak to Bunter very, very seriously, instead of whopping him, and—"

"Fathead!"

"I am sure that that is the course which would be approved of by my Uncle Benjamin."

"Ass!"

The juniors crowded out of the study to look for Bunter! Certainly they intended something more than a very, very serious talk when they found the fat Owl! Alonzo shook his head sadly, not feeling at all sure that his Uncle Benjamin would approve of what was going to happen to Bunter. However, what Alonzo was most in need of was a wash; and he went to get one, leaving the Removites to their own devices.

"Bunter!" Bob Cherry was shouting, up and down the Remove passage. "Bunter! Bunter! Bunter!"

But answer there came none!

Evidently the Owl of the Remove had taken the alarm, and was keeping out of sight.

Nearly every fellow in the Form was hunting for him; yearning to give the fat and fatuous Owl what he deserved for his duplicity.

The Remove studies were drawn blank! Bunter was not there! The Rag was drawn blank also—Bunter was not there, either! Up and down and round about the juniors hunted for him—but he was not to be found! Evidently, he was lying very low.

Probably, Bunter had not expected the facts to come to light! Probably he had not given that matter a thought! But now that his trickery was known, he knew what to expect!

Where he had hidden himself, nobody knew; but he was hidden deep, for he could not be found.

"Never mind!" said Bob Cherry, at last. "He's bound to turn up for dorm, and that's not far off now! We'll nail him in the dormitory."

And the search was given up!

Loder of the Sixth was to see lights out for the Remove that night. Loder, as usual, had his ashplant under his arm, and was rather keen on an excuse for handling it. When the Remove went into their dormitory, the bully of the Sixth noticed Bunter's absence at once.

"Where's Bunter?" he rapped out.

"Haven't seen him for some time, Loder!" said Peter Todd. "In fact, I was looking for him some time ago, but I couldn't find him."

"I'll give him six if he keeps me waiting about!" growled Loder. "Why hasn't he come up with the rest? If I have to go and look for him—"

WATCH OUT
for
NEXT SATURDAY'S
"MAGNET"
and another set
of
FREE COLOURED
PICTURES

to
Add to Your Album!

**Your newsagent will reserve
you a copy if you ask him.**

you, but you are well aware that you are a most unpleasant bully—if you do not mind my mentioning it, my dear fellow—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is excessively painful to me," said Alonzo, in distress, "to have been suspected of acting like Bolsover. My dear Wharton, you might really have known that I should never do anything of the kind!"

"My dear idiot, you might really have known that I should never rag your silly book!" said the captain of the Remove. "I'd almost rather have read it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But as your name was written there—"

"We'll jolly soon deal with the fat villain who wrote it! Where's Bunter? Anybody know?"

"He was in the passage—"

"He's gone now!"

"Taken the alarm, and scooted!" said Bob Cherry. "My hat! We'll jolly well burst the fat scoundrel for this! Alonzo was born to have his silly leg pulled, but pulling it to the extent of making him knock out a fellow in a scrap is rather too thick!"

"And I have been ragged!" said Alonzo. "Making allowances for the misapprehension under which you acted, I feel that I am bound to forgive you;



"Where's Bunter?" rapped out Loder. "I'll give him six if he keeps me waiting!" A fat figure crawled out from under a bed. "I—I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "I say, I never did it—" "What the thump does this mean?" roared Loder, striding towards the fat junior. "Larking under the beds, when I'm waiting to put the lights out!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Here's Bunter!"

A fat figure crawled out from under a bed! Billy Bunter's hiding-place was revealed at last! He had taken cover in the dormitory!

"I—I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter, blinking round at the juniors through his big spectacles. "I say, I never did it—"

Loder strode towards him.

"What the thump does this mean?" rapped Loder. "Larking under the beds, when I'm waiting to put the lights out! Bend over that bed, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Loder—"

"Bend over!" yapped Loder.

"Oh lor'!"

The Owl of the Remove bent over the edge of a bed. Loder swished the ashplant, and brought it down with a crack like a pistol-shot.

"Whooooop!" roared Bunter.

"Now turn in!" growled Loder. "Do you think you can keep a Sixth Form man hanging about, you young rascals? Get a move on!"

"I—I say," stammered Bunter. The Ramovites were giving him almost wolfish looks; and Billy Bunter, though not very bright, was bright enough to guess what was going to happen when the prefect was gone. "I—I say, Loder, I—"

"You want another lick?" demanded Loder.

"Oh, no! But I say—"

"Shut up, then, and turn in!"

"But, I say, they're going—Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as the ashplant whacked. "Ow! Wow! I'm turning in, ain't I? Ow!"

And Billy Bunter turned in.

Loder put out the light, and left the dormitory. Billy Bunter, in his bed, lay in fear and trembling. Two minutes were allowed to elapse to give the Sixth

Form man time to get clear. Then there was a sound all along the dormitory of fellows getting out of bed.

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "Wha-a-t are you getting up for?"

"You!" answered Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Turn out, you fat scoundrel!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Light a candle, somebody!"

"I—I say, you fellows, d-d-don't make a row and—disturb me! I'm fast asleep—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I mean—"

A candle was lighted! Billy Bunter sat up in bed, blinking like a scared owl! And a crowd of fellows in pyjamas gathered round the bed, and there was a chorus:

"Turn out, Bunter!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter the Bold!

"I SAY, you fellows!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Turn out!" roared Bob Cherry.

"The turnoutfulness is the proper caper!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, jerking off the fat Owl's bed-clothes.

"Ow! Beast! I say, it's c-c-c-cold!" stuttered Bunter.

"We're going to make it warm for you!" said Bob Cherry.

"The warmfulness is going to be—"

"Preposterous!" chuckled Bob.

"But I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "What's the row? I—I haven't done anything, you know! I say, Wharton—"

"Well, you fat scoundrel!" said the captain of the Remove. "Get off that bed! Roll him off!"

"Look here, you're captain of the Form, and it's up to you to stop ragging in the dorm!" howled Bunter. "I'll jolly well go to Quelch in the morning and say—Yaroooooop!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter slid over the edge of the bed, shoved by many hands, and bumped on the floor. He roared as he established contact.

"Oh, wow! I say, you fellows! I say, Alonzo! We're pals, old chap! I say, you stand by a pal, old fellow! Wow!"

"I fear, my dear Bunter, that I cannot regard you with feelings of friendship!" said Alonzo, shaking his head. "After your brutal and unfeeling treatment of the gift of my Uncle Benjamin—"

"I never touched it!" yelled Bunter.

"Collar the fat villain!"

"Rag him!"

"Scrag him!"

"Hold on, my dear fellows!" exclaimed Alonzo. "Bunter denies having perpetrated that unfeeling and reprehensible prank."

"Fathead!"

"Shut up, Alonzo!"

"Please give Bunter a chance!" urged Alonzo. "Let him speak!"

"What's the good of letting him tell whoppers?" demanded Peter Todd. "We know he did it! Not that it matters twopence about your idiotic book—"

"My dear, dear Peter—"

"But he did it to start you scrapping with Wharton! You've got a ragging, and the study's jolly nearly wrecked!"

(Continued on page 16.)

JAPERS, AHOY!

Practical Joker (retired) offers his remaining stock of itching powder, sneezing powder, booby-trap recipes, rubber cakes, sliding-mats, and banana skins (beautiful condition) at knock-out prices.—Write or call, H. SKINNER, Study No. 11, Remove.



No. 61 (New Series).

THE NEW Greyfriars

EDITED BY

MY WORST AND BEST EXPERIENCE

By Horace Coker

My worst eggspereience was connected with a charming yung lady at Cliff House, Fillis Howell by name. I'd often invited her to ride pillion on my motor-bike when I took a jaunt to see Aunt Judy, but somehow she always refused. Maidenly modesty, I suppose.

On this occasion, to my surprise and gratification, she accepted without a moment's hezzitation. Mounting the pillion seat, she told me to drive right ahead and to be careful not to look back, in case I collided with anything.

The way I drove over to my aunt's on that occasion was a real marvel. Scarcely once did I touch anything less than 35 and most of the time it was nearer 60! In deference to my fair partner's wish, I didn't look back once till I slowed down in front of Aunt Judy's house. And then I got the shock of my natcheral.

Fillis Howell was missing!

My greof and angwish may be better imagined than described. Was the poor gerl lying helpless and mangled in some fowl ditch or on some lonely road? The question simply reverberated through my brane!

Without even waiting to see my Aunt Judy, I turned in my trax and started riding back to Cliff House, fearing each minnit to be confronted by the lifeless body of Fillis Howell.

Forehunitly, that didn't happen. I got all the way back to Cliff House without seeing a trace of the gerl—and then, to my amazement, I found that she was still there! She calmly eggspained that, just as I started off, she'd remembered another engagerment and, as the noise of the engine had prevented her telling me, she'd just dropped off!

For some reason, the Cliff House gerls seemed to think it funny; but it remains to this day my worst eggspereience!

My best eggspereience was meeting a chap named David Dumbell. I met him at an hotel last summer and he struck me as just the type of man I'd always wanted to meet. Unlike the fatheads I'm akkustomed to meeting at Greyfriars, he listened simperthetically to all I had to say and didn't butt in with a single idiotic remark of the kind I get from the Fifth! Undoubtedly, he was a fine, intelligent fellow, and it was a real treat to meet him.

Potter and Greene afterwards said he was deaf and dumb. So he may have been; but my meeting with him can still be set down as my very best eggspereience!

(Look out for Vernon-Smith, the Boulder of the Remove, who contributes to this series next week!—Ed.)

NO OPTION!

Coker will have to suppress his objections to bright colours, since Aunt Judy presented him with a sky-blue scarf with red spots.

He'll simply have to grin and wear it!

Fish's FREE GIFTS FIASCO!



ROOKED READERS RIOT

By fair means or foul, Fisher T. Fish has determined to make his scandal sheet, the "Greyfriars Blazing Beacon," a financial success. His latest stunt has almost achieved that object; but at the eleventh hour, Fishy himself has wiped out all the good work!

Fishy's method of boosting his sales was announced in last week's issue in the following terms:

"HEY, ALL YOU!

"Here's something to make your eyes pop out! Uncle Fish, Propr. & Ed. of the GREYFRIARS BLAZING BEACON, is gonna give you a real surprise—AND HOW! Listen, folks! I got the niftiest collection of Bicycles, Footballs & Cricket Bats you ever saw, yes, sir! And who's gonna get these valuable articles? Folks, let me tell you: the answer's YOU—AND YOU—AND YOU!

"What do you have to do? JUST NOTHING! Simply buy the GREYFRIARS BLAZING BEACON next week. Each copy will be stamped with a number, and the day after publication the lucky numbers will be drawn out of a hat. All that then remains is for the fortunate winners to claim their prizes. Say, are you guys gonna miss

this chance of a lifetime? I'll say you're not! Get busy, then, and order your copy instantler!

"N.B. The price will be 6d. instead of 1d."

There was a rush for the "Greyfriars Blazing Beacon" when it came out that recalled the early days of the old "Herald." Fags employed in Fish's distributing service found no difficulty in disposing of copies by the dozen.

Fishy seems to have the makings of a successful confidence trickster in him, judging by the way he reads fellows' minds. We should have imagined that the one certain way of driving all readers away was to put up the price from one penny to sixpence. But Fish guessed that that would give the public the impression that real hard cash was being paid out on those prizes—and Fish guessed correctly!

Half Greyfriars turned up in the Rag on the following evening for the Prize Distribution and Fish's appearance was the signal for loud cheers. Fisher T. Fish seemed to have attained the proud distinction of being the most popular Editor Greyfriars had ever seen.

So he was—for five minutes!

It was after the draw taken place that Fish's popularity suddenly showed waning. The winners were as follows:

Bicycles: Temple (Remove), Fourth). Bolsover (Remove). Footballs: Stewart (Remove), Desmond (Remove).

Bats: Brown (Remove), Skinner (Remove).

Fish led them down to the bicycle-shed to hand them their Free Gifts. About a hundred non-winners followed.

The prizes were distributed. There was a electric silence. Fish, with a amiable wave of his bonnet, walked away.

Then the riot broke out. Winners and losers alike took to the Editor of the "Greyfriars Blazing Beacon" and him hip and thigh.

Which, they swarmed in, they went up to the room which constituted the printing and publishing of the paper, and laid it out.

We don't approve of action of this kind in a publishing business, but to a certain extent we can sympathize with the in this instance.

You see, they happen to recognise the "prize" as salvage rescued from the cart which carried away school refuse a fortnight ago.

DICKY NUGENT WEEKLY WISDOM

Sammy Bunter paid the instalment on his new vest set out of a tip from his but how he's going to let the payments is a problem. I fancy it won't be before Sammy Bunter's less-set is known as Bunter's Radi-OWE!

GRAND XMAS NUMBER of the "HERALD" in a FORTNIGHT'S TIME

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Among Wun Jung's queer accomplishments, is the ability to walk on his hands. Despite an offer of a bag of doughnuts, Bunter failed to emulate the Chinese!



Frank Nugent, the Remove inside-right, is an exponent of neat footwork, and his passes frequently pave the way for a goal by his centre-forward, Harry Wharton!



Johnny Bull has extremely powerful arms, and his chest measurement beats that of any Removeite. He has broken springs of three chest-expansors this term!

BUMP HIM BY CLOCKWORK !

The Auto-Bumper saves time and trouble. Victims bumped swiftly and scientifically. Speed and strength adjustable. Simply strap your man in—the Auto-Bumper does the rest! Hiring Fee, 2s. 6d. per day.—SCOTT, Inventor, Upper Fourth.

SHOULD BEAKS WEAR BEARDS ?

After going three days without a shave, Mr. Prout has decided to revert to his former smooth-shinned condition. His brief experiment in face-fungus cultivation, however, leaves behind it a burning question of paramount importance to all schoolboys: **SHOULD BEAKS WEAR BEARDS ?**

We simply couldn't let this opportunity pass without presenting you with one of our celebrated symposiums, so we promptly unleashed a pack of sub-reporters and let them loose on the school. Result:

MONSIEUR CHARPENTIER: Ze beard? Mais certainement, mon enfant! Vat is a mastaire vizout 'is beard? Only yun cheap imitation of a mastaire, mon enfant—zere-fore, let every mastaire grow van beard! Vive la France!

S. Q. I. FIELD: As secretary of the Greyfriars Wild Birds' Protection Society, I am strongly in favour of masters growing beards, thereby providing our feathered friends with some badly-needed additional nesting-places.

A HOUSEMAID: Which is a high time they did. The Form-rooms take howers to clean at present, with hick from the masters' pens splashed all over the floor. But if they all had nice natural penwipers dangling from their faces, they wouldn't need to splash at all!

G. WINGATE: 'Fraid I'm too busy inventing jokes for the Sixth Form Christmas Play to answer your question! I "moustache" you to call another day, young "shaver"!

MR. CAPPER: Some people say that long beards are very becoming, but I hesitate to make such a SWEEPING assertion!

MR. HACKER: Personally, I think that beard cultivation is utterly "barber"-ous!

"REFORM PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE!"

Rebel Removite's Demand

"Yes, I stand by every word I said," said Mr. H. Vernon-Smith, whose sweeping criticisms of the Public school system have aroused widespread controversy, in response to an inquiry from our reporter. "You can tell your readers that I am out for the complete reform of the Public school."

At the time of our reporter's call, Mr. Vernon-Smith was posing in his luxurious study for the artist, Frank Nugent, who is making a bust of him in gorgonzola cheese. The



study was heavy with the odour of the sculptor's material, but Mr. Vernon-Smith's keen brain functioned with its customary efficiency as he elaborated his ideas.

"Everything about the Public school is too old," he said. "The buildings are too old. Pull 'em down! The masters are too old. Pension 'em off! We want young blood to teach the modern youth!"

"It has been proved beyond all doubt that a master of forty is twice as efficient as a master of eighty. Similarly, one of twenty is twice as good as one of forty, and there's no

earthly reason why one of ten shouldn't be twice as efficient as one of twenty. The younger the better!"

"As to the subjects they teach, words almost fail me! They're still living in the middle ages, when Latin was considered the only subject worthy of serious attention. Do they teach us motor-driving, wireless construction, ball-room dancing, card-playing, film-acting and conjuring tricks? They do not! It's disgusting!"

It would have been awfully interesting to give you the rest of Mr. Vernon-Smith's speech. Unfortunately, however, the fumes from Nugent's bust of the reformer became too much for our reporter and he swooned before he could jot down any more.

Overheard in Courtfield

LODER: "Now then, you young rascal, what are you doing here at this time of the night?"

BOB CHERRY: "Please, Loder, I've taken French leave."

LODER: "Aha! As I thought! Well, Cherry, if your Form-master doesn't tan the hide off you for this, I'll eat my hat! Kim on!"

And Loder wondered why Bob grinned.

It was only when he got Bob into Quelohy's study and learned that Monsieur Charpentier had issued the "French leave" that he understood.

ACROBATS JAM SCHOOL STAIRS

Startling Mystery Solved

We blinked and asked somebody whether we were seeing things the other morning when we happened across Tom Brown and Squiff, walking up the School House steps on their hands.

We stared in blank amazement when we spotted Temple and Fry of the Upper Fourth doing the same trick on the flat roof under their dorm.

We fanned ourselves when we noticed Rake and Wibley gingerly descending a pair of ladders Gosling had left erected against a wall behind the school—on their hands.

We jumped a clear three feet in the air when we got into the House and found Morgan and Dutton and Trevor following each other up the Remove stairs—all on their hands!

We uttered a hollow, mirthless laugh and called for water when we observed Johnny Bull awaying perilously on his hands on the banisters at the top.

We moaned feebly when we peered down into the crypt and saw the dim figure of Bolsover major staggering in inverted form down the old stone steps.

What had happened? Had they all gone potty? Was the world turned upside down?

It was a real relief to find that everything was as it should have been. The simple explanation was that they were all in training for replying to the following advertisement which had appeared in the last issue of the "Courtfield Gazette":

"WANTED for the films, good-looking youth who can walk up and down stairs on his hands."

That's all!

"Moist You Do It, Bob?"

Fellows are saying that Bob Cherry is crazy because he doesn't worry about getting soaked in autumn moisture when he takes his customary trot round the school grounds before rising-bell.

Personally, we think he's a hero.

Whatever others say, we believe in giving credit where credit is "dew."

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



Barney Coker startled the natives by riding a water-cycle in Pegg Bay. Rough seas finally capsized him—in time to stop him from attempting to cross the Channel!

Bunter's snore is terrific at full blast—and is frequently interrupted by somebody hurling a boot. Bunter refuses to believe he snores. He says he can't hear it!

In the course of his long career, Gosling claims to have "hoisted" 65 victims for floggings. He hopes to complete his century—but nobody wants to help him!

Free! Free! Free!

Do you want a splendid gift of hosiery? If you do, trot round to me and I'll be simply delighted to give you a jolly good sock—on the jaw!—BATTLING BOLSOVER, Study No. 10, Remove.

According to Plan

Chunkley's of Courtfield are engaging retired postmen as delivery men.

It always was their aim to give their customers "Civil Service"!



(Continued from page 13.)

Now Bunter's going to be wrecked. Frog's-march to begin with."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, give a fellow a chance to speak!" yelled Bunter. "You keep them off, Alonzo! Stick to a pal, old chap!"

"Well, what have you got to say?" demanded Bob. "Get it over!"

"I never did it!" howled Bunter. "I never got Toddy's bottle of gum out of the cupboard—I didn't know he had one there! I never swamped it over Lonzy's book! How could I, when I never had it?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"As for the ink," went on Bunter, "I never inked it! I couldn't! There wasn't any ink in the inkpot when I looked! And I never even thought of going along to Smithy's study for some."

"Oh crikey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, I never knew Lonzy had the book in the study at all," added Bunter. "I never saw him put it on the shelf there! I wasn't watching him at the time! I hope you fellows can take my word!"

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Alonzo. "My dear Bunter, this prevarication is not merely shocking, but actually disgusting! I can hardly bear to think of what my Uncle Benjamin would say if he could hear you."

"Who's prevaricating, you silly ass?" howled Bunter. "I'm telling you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! If you were as truthful as I am, you'd do, I can tell you!"

"Oh, my goodness!"

"It's a bit thick to doubt a fellow's word, I think," said Bunter. "'Tain't as if I was a fellow like Wharton—"

"What?" gasped Wharton.

"Or Bob Cherry—"

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Bob.

"You know me!" said Bunter.

"We do—we does!" grinned Bob.

"Have you finished proving that you're the guilty party?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As for writing Wharton's name in that rotten book, after I'd inked and gummed it. I'm incapable of such a thing," said Bunter. "Besides, Wharton knows jolly well that I warned him."

"You—you—you warned me?" gasped the captain of the Remove.

"You jolly well know I did! Told you plainly that if you didn't put me down for the Form match I'd set Alonzo to whop you! You can't deny it! And instead of putting me down on the list you put me down on the floor—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I think Wharton ought to tell the truth!" said Bunter warmly. "He might take example by me! I warned him, quite plainly, what would happen to him if he didn't do the right thing! He can't deny it!"

"Then you own up that you pulled

Lonzy's silly leg and set him on me?" roared Wharton.

"Oh! No! Nothing of the kind! Never thought of it!"

"Well, my hat!"

"Besides, what was a fellow to do?" demanded Bunter. "I asked Lonzy to whop you for your cheek, and he refused. You'll admit that, Lonzy?"

"Indeed, I refused to accede to your unreasonable and unscrupulous request, my dear Bunter—"

"Well, then, if you let a pal down, what can you expect?" said Bunter. "Not that I touched your rotten book, you know! I never inked and gummed it and put Wharton's name on it just to start you on him! Such an idea never even crossed my mind! I think very likely Peter did it."

"Me!" yelled Peter.

"Here, keep off, you beast! I mean, very likely Dutton did it! Anyhow, I know I didn't! Have you fellows ever known me do anything mean or syrup-stitious?" demanded the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh crikey! Is there any more?" asked Bob Cherry. "We're going to rag you bald-headed, you know, and you're wasting time."

"I fear that there cannot be any doubt of Bunter's guilt!" said Alonzo sadly. "I am shocked and disgusted! I really consider—"

"Collar him!"

"Yaroooh! Keep off!" yelled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, chuck it! I say, I'll fight any one of you! There! Fair play, you rotters! Haven't you ever heard of cricket? Fair play?"

"Gammon! Give him the frog's-march!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I'll fight you, Cherry—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Man to man!" gasped Bunter. "I ain't going to be ragged! I'll stand up to you, if you like, and give you a jolly good hiding."

"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!"

"If you're not funky—"

"Funky!" gasped Bob.

"Well, you must be jolly funky to refuse to scrap with a chap and get the whole Form to back you up in a rag!" jeered Bunter. "Can't you put up your hands and scrap like a man? Yah!"

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Bob.

"Yah! Funk!" hooted Bunter. "Let me get a chance at you without all the fellows backing you up. I'll make you cringe."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"If Bunter prefers a scrap with Bob instead of a ragging, give him his head!" he said. "It will be rather worse for him, I fancy."

"How can a fellow scrap with that flabby frump?" snorted Bob.

"Yah! Funk!" from Bunter.

"You piffing, pie-faced, pernicious porpoise!" roared Bob. "If you say funk again I'll make you scrap, whether you like it or not."

"Funk!" hooted Bunter.

"That does it!" said Bob. "Stand back, you men—it's a scrap, not a ragging. I fancy he'll soon wish it was a ragging."

"The wishfulness will probably be terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Who's afraid?" sneered Bunter. "You fancy yourself as a fighting-man, Bob Cherry, but you're no good! I'll scrap with you, any time and place you like, to-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" hooted Bob. "So that's the game, is it? You're jolly well going to get your gruel to-night, you fat spoofer!"

"I don't want to be interrupted when

I'm thrashing you!" said Bunter. "If we scrap here the prefects will come up, or old Quelch! You're not going to get out of it so easily as all that!"

"Gig-gig-gig-get out of it?" stuttered Bob.

"Yes, that's your game; you'd like Quelch to barge in and interrupt the scrap!" sneered Bunter. "Well, that's not good enough, see? When I start on you I'm going to finish the job properly. You'll have to be carried home afterwards!"

"Why, I—I—I'll—"

"After class to-morrow," said Bunter—"if you don't sneak out of gates and dodge me—"

"Dod-dod-dodge you! Oh crumbs!"

"The dodgefulness of the esteemed Bunter is ratherfully more probable!"

"You shut up, Inky, or I'll jolly well thrash you when I've thrashed Bob Cherry! It wouldn't take me long to handle a nigger."

"Look here, Bunter—" began Wharton.

"You shut up, too, Wharton! I'd lick you as soon as look at you! I could do it as easily as Alonzo did!"

"Why, you frabjous frump—"

"I'll take on the lot of you, one after another, if you like!" declared Bunter recklessly. "Mind, I begin with you, Cherry! You're going through it first. I'm going to make you cringe! Now let a fellow go to bed! You'll need some rest considering what you've got coming to you to-morrow!"

"Oh, collar the fat freak!" growled Vernon-Smith. "All this is only a trick it put it off!"

"Shut up, Smithy, or I'll lick you, too!" said Bunter. "I'm going to bed! You've agreed that it's to be a scrap to-morrow—"

"Mind," said Bob Cherry grimly, "if we let it go at that, Bunter, you won't be allowed to sneak out of it to-morrow. You'll get the hiding of your life!"

"I'll take all the hidings you can give me!" said Bunter. "Go and eat coke! Now shut up and let a fellow get some sleep!"

Billy Bunter rolled to his bed. The Removes eyed him uncertainly. It was the general opinion that the challenge to Bob Cherry was a "dodge" to get out of the ragging. Yet, oddly enough, the fat junior seemed quite in earnest about it.

"Look here—" began Peter Todd.

"Oh, let it go at that!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll all keep an eye on him to-morrow and see that he doesn't dodge out."

"The eyefulness will be terrific."

Whether it was a dodge, or whether Billy Bunter meant business, he was "given his head." He rolled into bed, the candle was blown out, and the other fellows followed his example. The ragging was off! Most of the fellows were of opinion that, on reflection, the fat Owl would regret that he had not taken the ragging and got it over. Certainly a scrap with a fighting-man like Bob Cherry was likely to be more painful and damaging. But the Remove men did not guess the deep, deep thoughts that were working in the podgy brain of William George Bunter!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Done in the Dark!



NE!

"Oh lor!" murmured Billy Bunter.

The resonant snore that had been rumbling through the Remove dormitory ceased. Billy Bunter sat up in bed and blinked round him in the

gleam. The boom of one o'clock came from the clock-tower through the silent night.

Now that Bunter had ceased to snore there was silence in the Remove dormitory.

All the other fellows were fast asleep.

"Lucky I woke up!" murmured Bunter.

Bunter had not intended to go to sleep. He had deep schemes for that night—and for about ten minutes he had succeeded in remaining awake. Then he had decided to remain awake with his eyes closed—and then he had snored.

But, even in the mists and shadows of sleep, it remained on Bunter's fat mind that he had intended to keep awake, and his slumber was less sound than usual. And as the stroke of one boomed through the wintry night, the fat junior awakened.

He sat in bed listening.

Plainly through the silence came the sound of regular breathing. The Removites were sleeping the sleep of the just.

Bunter grinned.

"I say, you fellows, you asleep?" he whispered, to make assurance doubly sure.

There was no reply. Evidently the fellows were asleep! Bunter pushed back his blankets and put a fat leg out of bed.

He shivered. It was cold!

Indeed, it was so cold that the fat Owl was tempted to abandon his deep scheme and tuck under the blankets again.

But he nobly resisted that temptation. Slowly and unwillingly, he crawled out of bed.

On the morrow Bunter was booked! He had escaped the ragging he so richly deserved, by undertaking to face the champion fighting man of the Remove with the gloves on! Bunter would have faced a lion in its wrath, almost as soon as Bob Cherry's hefty fists—in ordinary circumstances. But—if his scheme was a success—the circumstances were not going to be ordinary.

Necessity is the parent of invention! Bunter had a scheme! It was, indeed, so simple, that he wondered that he had never thought of it before.

Alonzo Todd, from being the feeblest fellow in the Remove, had become the strongest—amazingly strong and virile! Bunter was going to do the same!

Alonzo "took" something for it—Bunter knew that! He had seen him place a little phial to his lips—and he had remembered it, and pondered about it, and guessed! Some sort of patent medicine, Bunter supposed it must be—but whatever it was, Alonzo kept it awfully dark, and said nothing on the subject! Bunter had kept his eyes, and his spectacles, on Alonzo then, and he was sure that he was right. Alonzo had a little bottle of something, from which he took daily drops. Once in the study, and once in the dorm, Bunter had watched him take a little bottle from his pocket, and place it to his mouth. That was proof positive!

Bunter was going to bag that bottle!

Whatever the stuff was, it would have the same effect on Bunter as on Alonzo! To-morrow he was going to be as strong as Strong Alonzo! Left without his mysterious "stuff" Alonzo would lose his new-found strength, which would not matter in the least! Bunter, in possession of it, was going to be the strong man of Greyfriars! It would serve Alonzo right, Bunter considered, for not having shared such a secret with a pal—especially such a pal as Bunter! Anyhow, no doubt Alonzo would get some more! If he couldn't, so much the worse for Alonzo! Bunter had neither time nor inclination to bother about that!

With great caution, groping in the gloom, Bunter tiptoed towards Alonzo's bed.

Alonzo's clothes were folded up neatly—Lonzy was always neat and tidy—on a chair beside his bed.

Bunter, of course, bumped into a chair! There was a thud!

"Oh crikey!" breathed Bunter.

He stood very still.

But the slight sound did not awaken anybody. Bunter waited a minute or so, and then groped over Alonzo's garments.

He felt something in the inside pocket of the jacket. It felt like a bottle!

Bunter suppressed a gasp of excitement. His fat hand groped into the pocket! It was a bottle!

"Oh good!" breathed Bunter.

He slipped the bottle at once into the pocket of his pyjama jacket. He had succeeded. It was almost too easy! Why hadn't he thought of this stunt before? By this time he might have been the strong man of the Remove—lording it right and left over all the fellows! His eyes gleamed at the thought of the morrow. There was a surprise in store for the Remove!

He barely repressed a chuckle at the thought of Bob Cherry spinning over, under one of his terrific right-handers! Bob would have no more chance against him than Wharton had had against Alonzo!

(Continued on next page.)

Shunting in Real Railway Style!



HITCH 'EM UP

Every boy is fascinated when he sees real shunting in progress in a railway goods-yard. Shunting operations can be carried out in exactly the same manner with a Hornby Railway, for a Hornby is a real railway in miniature—perfectly designed, and equipped for almost every operation employed in modern railway practice.

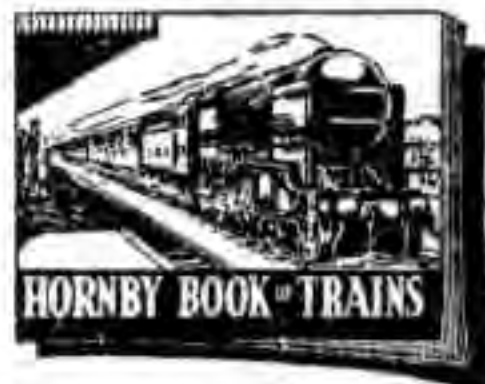
This must be a Hornby Christmas for every boy who is keen on model trains.

Make your choice now. Get a copy of the Hornby Book of Trains, price 3d., from your dealer, or ask him for a free price list. If you have any difficulty write to Department U, Meccano Limited, Binns Road, Liverpool 13, and we will send you a copy of the price list free of charge.

PRICES OF HORNBY TRAINS FROM 5/- TO 85/-

NEW AND BETTER HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS

The 1933/4 edition of the Hornby Book of Trains tells in a fascinating manner the story of the development of British Railways from their crude beginnings up to the famous expresses of the present day. Page after page of interesting information, and every page illustrated.



The whole of the wonderful Hornby Railway System is described and illustrated in the book—Locomotives, Rolling Stock, and Accessories depicted in full colour.

You must have this Book! It may be obtained for 3d. from your dealer or post free from Meccano Ltd. for 4½d. in stamps.

HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

MECCANO LIMITED (Dept. U), BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

It was glorious to think of! For the first time in his fat career, Billy Bunter was going to be a fighting-man—a terrible fellow, regarded by other fellows in fear and trembling!

No longer would he be turfed out of a study at tea-time. Fellows would ask him to tea—beg him to stay—lest worse should befall them! Seniors—Fifth Form and Sixth Form men—would treat him with respect in the quad and the passages! Even the prefects would have to mind their p's and q's! He would not take much cheek, even from the prefects!

Bunter replaced Alonzo's jacket on the chair, and crept back to bed. He bumped into Peter's bed in the dark, and there was an exclamation:

"Who's that?"

"Oh! Nobody!" said Bunter hastily.

"I'm not up, Peter!"

"Is that Bunter?" asked Toddy, lifting his head from the pillow, and staring into the gloom.

"No! It's not me, old chap!" said Bunter.

"You frabjous Owl, what the thump are you doing out of bed in the middle of the night?"

"Find out!" retorted Bunter, remembering that he was now a fellow with power in his hands. "Mind your own business, Toddy! I suppose I can walk about the dorm if I like without asking you."

"You blithering fat cuckoo——"

"You bony freak!" retorted Bunter.

"Do you want me to get up and take a pillow to you?" demanded Peter.

"Yah! I'd like to see you do it!" sneered Bunter.

Peter sat up in bed.

"I—I—I mean," stammered Bunter, remembering that he was not yet the strong man of Greyfriars, "I'd like to see you do it to-morrow! I'll thrash you to-morrow, after I've thrashed Cherry."

Peter got out of bed.

"I—I say, Toddy," stammered Bunter, in alarm. "I—I say, don't be stuffy, old chap! After all, we're pals!"

"If you wanted to leave it till to-morrow, old fat bean, you should have left being cheeky till to-morrow," said Toddy. "Here you are!"

Peter swept round his pillow. There was a roar from Bunter, as it landed on the side of a bullet head!

"Ow! Wow! Yooooop!"

Bump!

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Yaroooh! Leave off!" yelled Bunter. "Oh crikey! Beast! I say, old fellow—— Yaroooh! Dear old beast—I mean, dear old chap—— Whoooooop!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's that thumping row?" came a sleepy voice from Bob Cherry's bed.

"What is that terrific shindy?" exclaimed Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Who's up?"

"What the thump——"

Bunter's yells awakened nearly all the dormitory.

"Only Bunter!" said Toddy. "He's up to something—and he asked me to pillow him—and I'm not the man to refuse."

"Ow! Beast!"

"Had enough?" asked Toddy.

"Yah! Rotter! You wait till to-morrow!" gasped Bunter. "I'll make you squirm! I'll make you cringe! I'll—— Whoooooop!"

Bunter fled from the swiping pillow, and bolted into bed. He snuggled under the blankets, gasping with wrath. Peter chuckled, and went back to bed. The Owl of the Remove comforted himself with the thought of what was to happen

on the morrow. He had been pillowed by Peter—but it was the last, the very last pillowing that Bunter was ever going to undergo! On the morrow—the fat junior fell asleep, and dreamed of the morrow, when a dose from the purloined bottle was going to turn him into the strong man of Greyfriars—monarch of all he surveyed!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

What About Alonzo?

CLANG, clang, clang!

It was the rising-bell, and the Greyfriars fellows turned out in the misty morning. In the Remove dormitory, Billy Bunter's deep snore went on, uninterrupted by the clanging of the rising-bell, like the unending melody in Wagnerian music, though perhaps a little unmusical!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Turn out, Bunter!"

Snore!

Bunter had lost some sleep in the night. He was making up for it now. Deaf to the rising-bell, and to the stentorian voice of Robert Cherry, the Owl of the Remove slumbered on.

"Turn out, Bunter!" roared Bob. "Like a fellow to help!"

Snore!

Bob dipped a sponge in water, and stepped to Bunter's bed. The Owl of

Make a Note of this:—

**Grand
Xmas Number
of the
Magnet**

in a Fortnight's Time!

the Remove awoke quite suddenly as the sponge dabbed on his fat face.

"Oooogh!" gasped Bunter.

"Wake up, old bean!" said Bob. "You won't have time to wash, at this rate. And you know how you'd miss that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oooogh! Beast!" gasped Bunter. "I don't need all the washing you do. I'm not so dirty. Beast!"

"Like me to roll you out?"

"Lemme alone, you beast!"

Bunter rolled out of bed, without waiting for help from the energetic Bob.

He groped for his big spectacles and jammed them on his fat, little nose, and gave Bob Cherry a devastating blink.

"You wait!" he gasped. "You just wait!"

"Why wait?" grinned Bob. "You're going to give me a terrific whopping to-day, old fat man! Let's have it now, to give me an appetite for brekker."

"You wait!" repeated Bunter. "You fancy you're going to play footer to-day. You won't play much footer when I'm done with you."

"Case for the sanatorium," remarked Skinner. "I can see Cherry being carried away on an ambulance when Bunter's done with him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows will laugh the other side of your mouths this afternoon!" said Bunter. "You've only got to wait! Don't you be cheeky, Skinner,

or I'll jolly well whop you after the others."

"How many others?" chorled Skinner.

"Cherry first," said Bunter; "then Wharton, then Nugent, and Bull and Inky, and Toddy. I'm sorry, Toddy, but you pillowed me last night, you know, so you've got to have it. Sorry; but there it is!"

"Haden't you better keep your sorrow for yourself, old fat man?" inquired Toddy. "You'll be in a rather sorrowful state, you know."

"The sorrowfulness will be preposterous."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cackle!" said Bunter scornfully. "Cackle! If you take my advice, Wharton, you'll postpone the match with the Shell. You won't be able to play."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I don't think I'll take your advice, old fat bean," he said. "I'll try to play somehow—if I survive the whopping you're going to give me, of course, I have some hopes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "Wait—just wait!"

And he turned to his washing which was not an extensive operation, and never took up much of Bunter's time. Many of the Removites stared at him curiously.

"Is that fat ass off his giddy rocker, or what?" asked Skinner. "He really speaks as if he means what he says; and we all know he's going to squirm out of that scrap somehow."

"That does it!" said Bunter. "I shall put you on my list, Skinner. You're for it! After I've whopped the others——"

"I don't feel nervous!" yawned Skinner. "After you've whopped six fellows, Bunter, I fancy that I shall be able to handle what's left of you. How much do you think will be left?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I trust, my dear Bunter," said Alonzo Todd, eyeing the fat Owl quite anxiously—"I trust that you are not wandering in your mind?"

"You shut up, or I'll jolly well put you on my list, too!" said Bunter darkly.

"Oh, my goodness!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can make the fat duffer out!" said Bob Cherry, in wonder.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter carefully and surreptitiously, transferred the little bottle to his pocket, when he dressed. He was rather anxious to examine his prize, but that, of course, could not be done till there were no eyes upon him. He grinned cheerfully as he dressed, thinking of the tremendous surprise that was in store for the Remove. Once or twice he blinked inquisitively at Alonzo Todd. But the Duffer of Greyfriars did not miss the purloined bottle from his pocket. He was aware that Bunter had been up in the night; but clearly it did not cross his mind what Bunter had been up for and up to.

The fat junior rolled out of the dormitory, grinning. It was going to be a glorious day for Bunter.

After prayers Billy Bunter observed Bob Cherry, who was looking out into the quad with a rather anxious expression on his face.

"Feeling anxious—what?" grinned Bunter.

Bob glanced at him.

"Yes, a bit," he answered.

"He, he, he! Rather too late to think of that," chuckled Bunter.



Barging fellows over like skittles, Alonzo Todd tore goalwards, with the ball at his feet. As Squiff left his goal and picked up the ball, Alonzo charged. With the ball in his hands, the Remove goalkeeper shot back between the posts. "Goal!" "Hurrah!"

"Too early, do you mean?" asked Bob, staring.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"It looks a bit uncertain," said Bob. "But I dare say it will clear up all right for the afternoon. Can't judge so early in the morning."

"What the thump are you talking about?" demanded Bunter.

"Eh? The football, of course."

"You silly ass!"

"What else is there to feel anxious about, except the weather, when there's a football match on this afternoon?" asked Bob.

"Yah!" grunted Bunter; and he rolled away in disgust, leaving Bob staring.

It was rather a damp and misty morning, and a good many fellows, as well as Bob, were wondering whether it was going to pour, and knock the match with the Shell on the head. Certainly Bob was not worrying about the prospects of his scrap with Bunter. He had, in fact, rather forgotten that important engagement.

Harry Wharton, though he, too, was on Bunter's "list," was not thinking of impending peril. He was thinking of the football match when he walked in the quad after breakfast with his comrades, and of the place of centre-half, which was not yet filled. And an idea was working in his mind, which he rather hesitated to communicate to the Co.

"You've left the footer list jolly late," remarked Johnny Bull. "It ought to have been up before this, Wharton."

"I've been thinking—" said Harry slowly.

"About a man in Brown's place?"

"That's it! What about Alonzo?" asked Harry.

The Co. all jumped together, as if moved by the same spring.

"Alonzo!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"That fathead!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"That ass!" said Frank Nugent.

"My esteemed Wharton!" murmured Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "The excellent and ridiculous Alonzo cannot play football."

Wharton laughed.

"Well, he's pretty rotten at the game," he admitted. "But there's one thing—he's as strong as a horse. Generally he falls down if a fellow barges anywhere near him; but he won't fall down now. Judging by the way he punched me yesterday, he could barge half a dozen men over without half trying."

"That isn't Soccer," said Johnny Bull. "Still, now he's strong enough to keep standing up, he might be able to put up some sort of a game."

"Of course, he's an ass and a duffer," said Harry; "but he's keen on games, though he can't play them. The fact is, if we can give him a chance without risking the match, it's up to us. He got a fearful ragging yesterday, and it was all a mistake. We misjudged him."

"That was the duffer's own fault!"

"Yes; but we did misjudge him, all the same. It would buck him no end to be played in a Form match. And—now he's developed such terrific energy, I think he might help, or, at least, mightn't hinder."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Rather a surprise for the Shell, if old Lonzy barged them right and left," he said. "After all, why not give him a chance? Might work."

"The mightfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh doubtfully.

"Well, I shall have to put up the list

in break, at the latest," said the captain of the Remove. "I'll think it over before then."

In first school that morning Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, observed a very thoughtful expression on the face of his head boy. He was rather pleased to see Wharton looking so very thoughtful over Latin prose. Fortunately he did not guess the subject of the head boy's thoughts.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Trying It On!

"GOOD!" said Peter Todd. Toddy was the only fellow who pronounced that it was good!

Even Toddy, probably, had inward doubts! Other fellows had doubts which they expressed quite volubly.

"That idiot!" said Bolsover major.

"That fathead!" said Hazeldene.

"That pesky jay!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"That freak!" said Skinner.

Many remarks were made by the Remove fellows looking at the football list, posted up in the Rag; none of them complimentary. "P. Todd" was a name that all expected to find there; but "A. Todd" came as a great surprise. The idea of playing Alonzo Todd in a Soccer match seemed to take the Removites' breath away.

Peter, whose view was that Study No. 7 couldn't have too much of the limelight, was pleased. According to Peter, Study No. 7 was "top study" in the Remove, and entitled to be well represented in games. He urged Tom Dutton's claims in season and out of season. But even Peter had not urged Alonzo's claims—if

any! Still, he was very glad to see that the captain of the Form was giving Lonzo a chance.

"Wharton's potty, I suppose," said Bolsover major. "Why, I've offered to take Brown's place as he's crooked. And he plays that duffer instead of me."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"I say, I think it's rotten," said Bunter. "Only yesterday I was offering to play centre-half, and Wharton refused—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Fancy leaving out a fellow like me and putting in an idiot like Alonzo."

"My dear Bunter!" said a mild voice behind the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter spun round in alarm.

"Oh! I didn't see you, old chap!" he gasped. "I—I mean, I—I was just saying what a jolly sensible chap Wharton is to put you down for the match to-day."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo looked at the list, and smiled a gentle smile of satisfaction.

Undoubtedly Alonzo was pleased, whatever the other fellows felt and thought about it. It was rather noticeable that now Alonzo had arrived on the spot the juniors ceased to criticise Wharton's choice in such very expressive terms! The fact that Strong Alonzo could have picked up any fellow there and tossed him across the Rag, could not be quite forgotten. Certainly, Alonzo was not the fellow to use his strength recklessly or tyrannically. Still, he was a fellow, in the circumstances, to whom a fellow might as well be civil!

Billy Bunter grunted, and rolled away. Had Alonzo backed him up, as the fat Owl considered that Alonzo ought to have done, he fancied that he would have been down to play centre-half! All the captain of the Remove needed, in Bunter's opinion, was a sufficient amount of "whopping" to make him do the right thing.

Now, however, Bunter was—or hoped that he was—in a position to administer that necessary amount of whopping himself. He rolled out of the Rag, leaving the juniors discussing the new centre-half, and sought a solitary spot in the quad, screened by the old elms.

There he took the purloined bottle from his pocket. He blinked at it with the deepest interest. It was quite a small bottle, and it contained a dark fluid, of which it was nearly full. There had once been a label on it, but that had doubtless worn off. Bunter removed the cork and sniffed at the contents.

"Groooogh!" he murmured.

There was a faint smell to the fluid. It smelt a good deal like some kind of ink!

Still, it couldn't be ink. Alonzo was in the habit of "taking" it to keep up his wonderful strength. It simply could not be, though the smell was undoubtedly rather inky!

Bunter put out his tongue, touched it with the bottle, and tasted the stuff cautiously.

"Urrrgh!" he gurgled.

It was nasty!

Most medicines, of course, were rather nasty; in fact, Bunter did not remember ever having come across a really nice medicine! It was only to be expected that it would be rather nasty! Still, this particular medicine was very nasty indeed!

After that unpleasant taste, Bunter eyed the little bottle rather doubtfully. How much had a fellow to take?

There were no directions on the bottle. Only Alonzo knew—and he could not, of course, ask Alonzo! He

dared not let the Duffer of Greyfriars know that he had snaffed that bottle—not, at all events, until the stuff had made him so strong that he need have no dread even of Strong Alonzo! He had to solve the problem for himself!

So far as he had been able to ascertain by spying, Alonzo had taken only very small doses! Considering how very nasty it was, the smaller the dose the better! Bunter decided on a single drop! He would have to judge by results! If that single drop bucked him and made him terrifically strong, all the better! If not, he would take a larger dose later! There was plenty of time before his combat with Bob Cherry. But if that first dose worked Bunter was going to play centre-half in the match with the Shell! Once he was as strong as Strong Alonzo, he was not going to stand any nonsense from the captain of the Remove. Not Bunter!

He shuddered as he absorbed that single drop! It was not only nasty—it was really horrible. But he got it down. The result that was to follow was worth the effort.

"Grooooh!" gurgled Bunter. "Urrrgh! Beastly! Urrrgh!"

He corked the bottle again and slipped it back into his pocket. He was feeling a little queer inside; but that passed off. He wondered how long it would be before he felt the beneficial effect! So far, the only effect was a very unpleasant taste in his mouth.

He rolled across the quad, as the bell rang for Third School, hoping every moment to feel new energy running riot in his veins, to feel new strength in his podgy limbs.

But if that dark fluid was going to produce any such effect, it was in no hurry to do so! There was no noticeable access of energy. Bunter felt just the same as usual when he rolled into the Remove Form-room with the rest of the Lower Fourth.

During Third School, Billy Bunter waited for the effect to come on! But it did not come!

By the time Mr. Quelch dismissed the Remove, Bunter was feeling just the same old Bunter! That drop of fluid had had absolutely no effect—and it seemed clear that he had not taken enough!

That, however, was an error easily remedied. All he had to do was to take a larger dose!

He decided, however, to leave that till after dinner. The stuff was so very nasty that it might have spoiled his dinner. Billy Bunter was not the fellow to forget an important consideration like that. Besides, there was plenty of time after dinner before the football match!

After dinner, when the juniors went out, Billy Bunter noticed Alonzo feeling in his jacket pockets. He looked as if he had missed something, and was feeling in pocket after pocket, with a puzzled air.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Lost something, old bean?" called out Bob Cherry.

"It is very odd, my dear Cherry," said Alonzo. "I had a small bottle in my jacket pocket—"

Billy Bunter rolled hastily away. He did not want to be on the scene when Alonzo was inquiring for a small bottle that was lost! That small bottle was now in Bunter's pocket, and was going to remain there.

"Dropped it somewhere," suggested Bob.

Alonzo shook his head.

"I may have left it in the study," he remarked. "I intended to use it last evening, but I was interrupted, as you may remember—"

"Sort of!" chuckled Bob.

Alonzo Todd went up to Study No. 7 in the Remove. He stared round the study in search of the small bottle he had lost. But it was not to be found there. Peter came in while he was thus engaged.

"What's up?" asked Peter.

"I seem to have lost a small bottle from my pocket, my dear Peter," said Alonzo. "It is very odd, and somewhat annoying. I should have used it to mark my new collars last evening, but for the disagreeable disturbance that took place. But perhaps you can lend me some marking-ink, Peter?"

"Sure you had it in your pocket, fat-head?"

"I am almost sure, my dear Peter, that I slipped it into my jacket pocket, when the fellows came along—but I may, of course, have laid it down in the disturbance of the moment—"

"Well, I can lend you some!" said Peter, and he did; and Alonzo, who was very, very careful in such matters, carefully marked his initials on his new collars!

Then he dismissed the matter from his mind.

Bunter, certainly, would not have dismissed it so easily had he happened to overhear that talk in the study!

Bunter, probably, would have jumped, had he known that Alonzo Todd had missed a bottle of marking-ink from his pocket.

Bunter, happily, did not know!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo Plays Football!

"U RRRRGGH!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Gurrgh!"

"Feeling ill, old fat man?"

"Wurrgh!"

Bob Cherry looked quite concerned.

He came upon William George Bunter in the quad, looking almost green, and uttering strange weird noises. Bunter looked like a fellow who had taken something that did not agree with him.

Bunter had!

He had taken his second dose from the purloined bottle!

This time he had taken several drops instead of one. It was nasty—horribly nasty! But the fat junior got it down! He had to get the beastly stuff down, if he was going to be as strong as Strong Alonzo.

It made him feel rotten! It had a rather disturbing effect on his dinner! It gave him a feeling he remembered of a Channel crossing!

"I say, you look pretty queer, old man," said Bob kindly. "Have you been stuffing tarts since dinner?"

"Urrgh!"

"You've been swallowing something," said Bob. "What the dickens have you been bolting now? Your mouth is stained!"

Bunter hastily drew a sleeve across his wide mouth.

"Rot!" he gasped. "I—I haven't been taking anything! Nothing of the kind! You mind your own business, see?"

"You fat frump—"

"I'm going to thrash you later," said Bunter. "I'm going to leave it till after the football match, on second thoughts."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

"Look out, that's all!" said Bunter darkly.

"You blithering owl," said Bob. "If you're sick, you'd better go to the House dame. Mrs. Kebble will give you something for it!"

"Yah!"

"Come on, Bob!" shouted Harry Wharton across the quad. "Time to change!"

"Coming!" called back Bob cheerily. And he cut off, forgetting all about Billy Bunter and his queer looks and gurgles.

"Urrrh!" gurgled Bunter when he was left on his own again. "Wurrgh! Filthy stuff! Tastes simply horrid! I've never tasted marking-ink, but I should think it tasted just like that. Horrible! Blessed if I know how Alonzo can take such stuff. Still, it's worth it to be as strong as half a dozen fellows! I hope it will be all right this time!"

Bunter had a hopeful nature.

He was waiting for the effect of the stuff to transpire! But it was only another disappointment! The stuff had absolutely no effect, but to give him a

horrible taste in the mouth, and to make him feel sick! It was just as if he had been swallowing ink!

It was a deep disappointment! Waiting for the accession of wonderful strength like Alonzo's to follow taking the fluid, he saw the Remove men go down to Little Side, Alonzo with them. He was not feeling a single ounce of extra strength! Whopping Wharton, and making him hand over a place in the team was evidently out of the question! Apparently the stuff worked slowly! Bunter was naturally unwilling to take a further dose of such exceedingly unpleasant stuff till he had given this dose a chance to show what it could do. He had to wait!

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton, little dreaming of what Bunter had intended for him if that "stuff" had only worked, arrived cheerfully on the football ground with his merry men. Hobson & Co. of the Shell were there; they exchanged grinning glances at the sight of Alonzo in the Remove ranks. Strong as Alonzo undoubtedly was, it had to be admitted that he did not strike the eye as an athlete. Football rig showed off his weedy, bony figure to great advantage. Hobby & Co. knew that he was amazingly strong—they had had proof of that! But even Peter could not have said that he looked like a footballer!

Blundell of the Fifth, who was to
(Continued on next page.)



Our special contributor, "Linesman," who is an expert on Soccer, will be pleased to hear from MAGNET chums who have problems to solve. Write to him, c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

IT'S PROGRESS THAT PAYS!

OFTEN, when by the use of a little influence I have got behind the scenes in big football, have I wished that I could have some of my enthusiastic readers of the MAGNET by my side. They would learn so much about the game which is not even suspected by the ordinary spectator.

The other day I was privileged to be inside the rails at a big football ground when the players were having a little private practice which took the shape of a match between the first team and the reserves. The manager of the team was acting in the capacity of referee, and on several occasions he blew the whistle and awarded a free kick when I could not see that any possible offence against the rules had been committed by any player.

When the practice match was over I asked the manager the reason for these mysterious free kicks. He told me quite frankly.

"I always give a free kick," he said, "when I am refereeing these mid-week trials if any of my players beats, or tries to beat, the same opponent twice. In football, the player who beats an opponent merely for the sake of beating him, who 'diddles' an opponent and then waits for him to come back so that he can do the same thing again, is wasting time. So I give a free kick against any player who tries to do this."

There is a little lesson in that for every young player. Don't try to beat the same opponent twice in the same movement. Once should be enough. I know all about the tendency to show how clever you are with the ball, but the real object of beating an opponent with a clever trick is to be able to report progress. There is no point in waiting for the other fellow to come back and then beating him again. Get on with the game: progress towards the opposing goal.

TAKING A CHANCE!

READERS often ask me how footballers are found by the big clubs. The answer is, of course, in various ways. The big clubs employ scouts who are always on the

look-out for promising young material. But although the search is made systematically, the fact remains that many footballers who rise to the top of the tree are found by accident.

I could put down the names of a score of the stars of present day football who were found by the respective managers when those managers had actually gone to a match to size up the ability of another player who had been recommended to them. And there are cases, too, of players who have been signed on by a manager who has not even seen them play.

Here is an instance. James Allen, the centre-half of Portsmouth, has this season risen to international rank. There is a good story of the way in which he was signed on by Portsmouth. The Pompey manager had heard good reports of this player, so he decided to go and see him in action. It so happened, however, that on the particular day the Portsmouth manager made the journey to see Allen, the opponents of his club did not turn up, and there was no match.

Disappointed at having made the journey apparently for nothing, Mr. Jack Tinn, the Portsmouth manager, thought he might as well see the player even if he was not in football attire. Allen was sent for, and when the Portsmouth manager saw a fine, well-built lad, just the type to make a footballer, he said: "I'll take a chance and sign you on if you'll join our club." Allen took the chance, and thus became the player of a club whose manager had never seen him in action. Was it good luck, or just good judgment which led to that engagement? I leave you to decide.

AWKWARD SITUATIONS!

ABIRKENHEAD reader sends me a question which, as he says, has been puzzling him for some time. An attack was being made on the goal, and in the course of it the goalkeeper fell to the ground. While he was there a shot was sent in which would have left the goalkeeper absolutely beaten. A full-back happened to be under the crossbar, and he made an attempt to stop the ball with his hand. He only half stopped it, however, and the ball finished up in the

net. Should the referee have awarded a penalty kick for hands, or should he have allowed the goal? That is the problem.

It is an interesting one, but not difficult.

A goal should have been allowed and the fact that the full-back handled the ball in an attempt to stop it from going into the net ignored. In the instructions to referees it is specially emphasised that the referee should not give any decision which will benefit the offending side. In this particular case, as a goal was scored in spite of the full-back handling the ball, the referee might have benefited the offending side if he had merely awarded a penalty kick.

Of course, this discretionary power given to a referee sometimes leads to awkward situations over which the referee is called "on the carpet." In certain circumstances it is difficult for the referee to decide, on the spur of the moment, whether by blowing the whistle for an offence he will benefit the offender.

Suppose, for instance, a forward is going towards goal, and is unfairly tackled. The forward recovers from the tackle, and has a good chance of scoring. In such a case the referee may decide to let the player go on rather than stop the game to award a free kick. But the player may fail to score. Then there is an argument. These things can't be helped, however.

What I do want to point out is, that once the referee has used his discretionary power he cannot afterwards change his mind and award a free kick or a penalty kick.

A "Magnetite" from Slough wonders who should be credited with scoring a goal when he himself and another player kicked the ball at the same time, and it travelled on to the net. There is no law on this point, as the law-makers do not worry themselves as to the scoring of goals from the individual players' standpoint. It is enough that a goal is properly scored.

F. Crosby, of Forest Gate, is puzzled over the rule regarding the goal kick. He quotes a case in which the back tapped the ball back to the goalkeeper who, however, missed it, with the result that the leather entered the net. My chum is of the opinion that the kick should be taken again, as he considers it wrong to tap the ball back, but several of his friends disagree and say that a corner should be given. His friends are right and he is wrong, for it is clearly stated in a note to Law 7 that a goal kick may be taken in any direction the kicker chooses. Therefore, if he chooses to pass back to the goalkeeper and the custodian misses the ball which enters the net, a corner kick should be given against his side.

"LINESMAN."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,346.

referee the match, glanced at Alonzo, and smiled also. In the Fifth they had heard of Strong Alonzo. Coker of the Fifth had told everybody how Alonzo had knocked out three tramps who had set on Coker on Courtfield Common.

But, looking at him, it was difficult to believe it! He certainly looked as if he would go over at a push.

Wharton knew that his new centre-half would not go over at a good many pushes! So far as physical strength went, Alonzo was all right. Looks, in Alonzo's case, were extremely deceptive. It was the clumsiness and general ineptitude of the Duffer of Greyfriars that made Wharton rather doubtful. However, the die was cast now, and he could only hope for the best.

The whistle went; and the game started. Quite a crowd gathered to watch it—a bigger crowd than generally honoured a junior Form match. Lots of fellows were interested in Strong Alonzo—his fame had spread through the school. At games practice, Alonzo was chiefly distinguished for getting into everybody's way, and falling over his own feet! If he kicked a footer, it was likely to take any direction except that intended by Alonzo. So plenty of fellows were curious to see how he would shape in a match.

Billy Bunter rolled down to Little Side to watch. He was still feeling some inward disturbance from the second dose from the small bottle. He hoped that that meant that the thing was working, and that the wonderful strength was on its way. Unfortunately, there was no sign of that so far!

"Play up, Remove!"

"Play up, Alonzo!" yelled Skinner.

"Barge 'em over!"

"He's doing it!" grinned Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo was already barging fellows over! It was just ill-luck that they were Remove fellows. Bob Cherry at right half, and Dick Penfold, at left, found the man in the middle rather a terror! When Feeble Alonzo barged into a man it did not matter very much; he could be brushed off like a fly! But with Strong Alonzo it was very different! When Strong Alonzo barged a man, that man felt as if a lorry had hit him.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob Cherry, as he rolled over under a barge that was like a tap from a steam-hammer. "Oh, my hat! Whoooop!"

Alonzo was after the ball! Perhaps he did not even notice that he had floored Bob. Leaving him for dead, as it were, Alonzo got the ball and kicked manfully—into the care of Hobby, who rushed for goal with the leather at his feet! Squiff, in the Remove goal, barely saved.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Alonzo. "Where did the ball go? My dear Peter, where is the ball?"

"Fathead!" roared Peter Todd. "Ass! Chump! Fumbling fooler! Idiot!"

"My dear, dear Peter—"

"Go it, Alonzo!" shrieked the fellows round the field. "Do it again, Alonzo! Barge 'em! Mop 'em up! Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo rushed into the fray again. He was keen—there was no doubt about his keenness! And he was strong—as strong as a horse! With a little capacity to play Soccer, he would have been a tower of strength to his side, and a terror to the enemy. Unfortunately, it was that little capacity that was wanting! Alonzo meant to do his best! He was no slacker! He did his best! It was an awful best for the Remove!

Wherever Alonzo barged and charged, fellows went over like skittles. Remove men got rather more of it than the Shell. Sometimes as many as six or

seven men were down, barged over by the charging Alonzo! There was no resisting him! He really seemed unable to distinguish friend from foe. Loud applause all round the field encouraged him to greater efforts.

"Go it, Alonzo!"

"Play up, Alonzo!"

"Good man, Alonzo! Barge in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Charge 'em, old man! I say, you haven't knocked Wharton over yet!" yelled Skinner. "Give Wharton a turn!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As if in response to Skinner's playful advice, Alonzo hurtled into the captain of the Remove, and Wharton went flying. He bumped on the ground, and sprawled, gasping. The crowd shrieked and roared.

"Good old Alonzo! Kill 'em!"

"Slaughter 'em, old bean!"

"He's got the ball!" shrieked Skinner. "Look! Oh, look! Look at Alonzo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo had the ball! He was right up to goal! That it was the Remove goal was a circumstance which, in the excitement of the moment, escaped Alonzo's attention. A fellow couldn't think of everything!

He rushed for goal, with the ball at his feet! Squiff, between the posts, stared at him transfixed. Too late, the Remove goalkeeper realised what Alonzo was at!

He leaped out at the ball! Squiff had not expected to have to "save" from a kick by a Remove man! He got the ball! But Alonzo, who knew so little of Soccer, knew at least that you could charge a goalie who came out for the ball! He charged!

Squiff flew!

With the ball in his hands, the Remove goalkeeper shot back into his goal and crashed! Alonzo's charge was not to be denied! It lifted Squiff off his feet and landed him on his back right in the goal, ball and all!

There was a shriek round the football field! The fellows almost wept! The expression on Squiff's face, as he sat up with the ball still in his hands, was worth, as Skinner declared, a guinea a box.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

"Alonzo's goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even the footballers were laughing! They could not help it! But it was not really a laughing matter for the Remove! Harry Wharton, gasping for breath, ran up to Alonzo and caught him by the arm.

"Look here—" he gasped.

Alonzo beamed on him.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow," he said. "The first goal in the game—I hoped, but I did not really expect, that I should be so very, very successful! Is it not gratifying?"

"Oh, frightfully!" gasped Wharton.

"Get off the field!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Get off! The—the fact is, you're so jolly strong, old chap, it's hardly fair play on the Shell!" gurgled Wharton. "Can't spring a man like you on 'em! Altogether too thick! Mind getting off the ground?"

"My dear Wharton, I am, of course, considerably disappointed, but if you put it like that—"

"I do!"

"In that case, my dear fellow, I feel that I have no alternative but to retire from the game!" said Alonzo. "At the same time, let me assure you that I am prepared to play for you in all the

matches whenever you may call on my services."

"I'll watch it!" gurgled Wharton. "Get off, for goodness' sake! Run away and play! Bunk!"

Alonzo regretfully left the field. Loud cheers, and louder laughter, greeted him as he came off. And the Remove, relieved of Alonzo's valuable assistance, played up like Trojans and succeeded in making it a draw with the Shell! And it was likely to be a very, very long time before Alonzo Todd played football for the Remove again!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's List!

"O H!" gasped Billy Bunter. Bunter was standing in Study No. 7 in the Remove with a small bottle in his hand, when Peter Todd came in. He gave a sudden jump and thrust the bottle hastily into his pocket, and blinked round at Peter.

"Well, what are you up to?" demanded Toddy, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh! Nothing!" stammered Bunter.

His fat face was the picture of guilt. Peter gave him a grin look, and crossed to the study cupboard. But the tuck for tea was there—safe and sound. Bunter had been "up" to something, that was clear from his startled and guilty looks; but it was not grub-raiding.

"I say, Peter, you might let a fellow have the study to himself for a minute or two sometimes," said Bunter peevishly.

"What do you want the study to yourself for?"

"Oh! Nothing!"

"You burbling bandersnatch—"

"Go it!" sneered Bunter. "Call a fellow names! I'll make you wriggle for it when I begin on you, Peter Todd!"

"After you've whopped Wharton's crowd?" grinned Peter.

"Exactly!"

"Blessed if I make you out! Every man in the Remove has an eye on you, and you're going to be rounded up in the Rag after tea! You've simply no chance of dodging away."

"Who wants to dodge?" sneered Bunter.

"You do, I imagine! How long do you think you're going to stand up to Bob Cherry with the gloves on?"

"Long enough to knock him into a cocked hat! About a minute or two, I dare say—I shan't want longer than that!"

"Oh, my only Aunt Belinda!" said Peter, and he gave it up.

Really, there was no making Bunter out. "Bunter the Bold" was quite a new Bunter, and he had to be given up like a puzzle without a solution.

In his jacket pocket the Owl's fat paw rested on the purloined bottle. He had been about to try it on again when Peter came in; now it had to be postponed once more. Greatly, to Bunter's disappointment, the second dose had been no more efficacious than the first! It was clear—to Bunter—that the doses he had taken were too small! Next time he was going to take a jolly good dose, and that was bound to work the oracle—then he would undoubtedly be as strong as Alonzo! Now he decided to leave it till after tea.

Alonzo and Tom Dutton came in, and Study No. 7 sat down to tea. Billy Bunter blinked over a rather frugal tea-table with a disparaging blink.

"Call this a tea!" he grunted.

"Tuckshop's still open," said Peter. "Fetch anything you like, old fat bean! The more the merrier!"



"I'm not standing cheek from any man in the Remove," said Bunter. "Your name goes down, Field!" "Is that a game, or what?" asked Squiff. "It's my list!" said Bunter loftily. "I'm putting down the names of the fellows I'm going to whop, in case I might forget a few. You're Number Nine!" "Ye gods and little fishes!" gasped Squiff.

"I've been disappointed about a postal order—"

"My dear Bunter," said Alonzo, "it is very, very odd that your postal order does not come! Do you not think that you had better ask Mr. Quelch to make an inquiry at the post office?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter.

"My dear Peter—"

"I shall expect something better than this to-morrow," said Bunter, passing over Alonzo's suggestion unheeded. "When my postal order comes, Toddy, I'm going to stand something decent! Nothing mean about me, I hope! Well, one good turn deserves another! Have something decent for tea to-morrow."

"Is that a command, your fat highness?" asked Peter, staring at him.

"Well, yes," said Bunter. "You can take it as an order."

"Oh, ye gods!" said Toddy.

"You can look on me as head of the study," explained Bunter, "and you may as well understand, first as last, that I'm not going to stand any nonsense. I'd whop you as soon as look at you."

"Go it!" grinned Peter.

"Presently," said Bunter hastily. "Look here, are there any more sardines? Sitting there stuffing sardines, when you know a fellow's hungry!"

"You've had more than your whack, you fat porker!"

"I'm not going to argue about it—it's beneath me!" said Bunter, with dignity. "But after to-day I shall expect better treatment! You'll find yourself in Queer Street if I don't get it, too."

"Mad as a hatter!" said Toddy.

"Yah!"

"My dear Bunter, that is my portion of cake!" said Alonzo mildly.

"Is it?" grunted Bunter. "Greedy, as usual! If there's one thing I can't stand, it's greediness! There's one thing I can say—I never was greedy!"

The study door opened, and Herbert

Vernon-Smith looked in. He stared at the Owl of the Remove.

"Bunter here!" he ejaculated.

"Eh? Of course I'm here, you ass!" snapped Bunter. "Where the dickens did you suppose I was, fathead?"

"Hiding somewhere," answered the Bouncer. "You've left it rather late to hunt cover, old fat man."

Bilby Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles. He took out a crumpled, grubby sheet of paper from his pocket and a stump of pencil.

"Your name goes down!" he said.

The Bouncer stared at the paper. Already six names were written there—Cherry, Wharton, Nugent, Inky, Johnny Bull, and Peter Todd! Now Billy Bunter scrawled "Smithy" after the others.

"What's that game?" asked the Bouncer.

"List of fellows I'm going to whop in the Rag after tea," answered Billy Bunter calmly. "Your name's down now, Smithy! You can't say you haven't asked for it!"

"Oh, gad! Is he balmy, or what?" asked Smithy.

"I've given him up!" answered Peter Todd. "He's a jolly old puzzle! We'd better all make our wills at this rate!"

The Bouncer chuckled, and went down the passage. Bolsover major looked in a few minutes later.

"That flabby freak here?" he asked. "Oh, here you are, Bunter! I'm jolly well watching to see that you don't cut."

Bunter scribbled "Bolsover major" on the grubby sheet of paper.

"You're Number Eight!" he said disdainfully. "Look out for the hiding of your life after I'm through with the other rotters, Bolsover."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bolsover major. "Mind he doesn't lock himself in the study, Toddy!"

"I've shoved the key in my pocket!" answered Toddy.

"Good egg!" grinned Bolsover.

"Anything more to eat?" demanded Bunter, with a blink over the tea-table. "Nothing! My hat! I shall want supper in the study, Toddy."

"No harm in your wanting!" said Peter.

"You may be glad to stand me a supper!" said Bunter darkly. "You may be jolly glad if I don't make you wait on me on your bended knee! I could if I liked."

"My dear Bunter—" murmured Alonzo.

"You shut up, Lonzy, or I'll put you on my list, too!"

"Oh, my goodness!" said Alonzo.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a roar from the passage. "Where's Bunter? Where's the jolly old champion?"

Bob Cherry's cheery, ruddy face looked into Study No. 7.

"Don't make that row here, Cherry!" said Bunter. "I don't like it."

"Wha-a-t?"

"Keep quiet, see? Don't roar like a bull! I've said that I don't like it and I mean exactly what I say—I don't! Got that?"

"Mind if I burst him in your study, Toddy?" asked Bob.

"Oh, don't be in a hurry!" sneered Bunter. "You've got it coming to you! You won't be happy when you get it!"

"Well, we're all waiting to be slaughtered," grinned Bob. "When are you getting on with the job?"

"Too late to hide under the table, Bunter," grinned Squiff, over Bob's shoulder in the doorway.

"That's cheek, Field!" said Bunter. "I'm not standing cheek from any man in the Remove! Your name goes down."

The stump of pencil came into play again.

"Is that a game, or what?" asked Squiff.

"It's my list!" said Bunter loftily. "I'm putting down the names of the fellows I'm going to whop, in case I might forget a few. You're Number Nine."

"Oh, ye gods and little fishes!"

"The fact is, I think I'd better take you two at a time," said Bunter thoughtfully. "It won't be any trouble to me, and it will save time. I can't waste my whole evening on you."

"I guess," said Fisher T. Fish, from the passage, "that this is the bee's knee! I'll say it's the octopus' side-whiskers! Say, you fat guy—"

"Number Ten!" said Bunter, scribbling Fishy's name down on his list. "You're for it, too, Fishy!"

"I guess I ain't feeling badly scared!" chuckled Fishy. "No, sir—not so's you'd notice it."

Peter Todd rose from the table.

"Ten's enough, even for a fire-eater like you, Bunter," he remarked. "Now, come on! I've got a sort of idea that nine out of the ten won't have a lot to do!"

"You wait!" said Bunter darkly.

"Ready, Bunter!" called out Harry Wharton.

"You can all wait for me in the Rag!" said Bunter. "I'll be down in a few minutes."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You mean you're going to scud, and dodge into a box-room or under a bed?" he asked.

"No!" roared Bunter. "I don't! Go and wait for me in the Rag, and I'll come down as soon as I'm ready."

"Have him out of that study!" roared Johnny Bull. "Look here, he's not getting out of it."

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific."

"Come on, Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter jumped up in alarm. He was not ready yet—not till he had taken the strength-giving stuff. "Look here, you can wait in the passage, if you like! I'll come out to you."

"What on earth's his game?" asked the captain of the Remove. "He can't be thinking of getting out of the window, or up the chimney?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! You wait a bit!" said Bunter. "I'll jolly well show you! Get out of my study, blow you!"

"I've got the key," said Toddy. "He can't lock himself in. Look here, Bunter, we'll give you five minutes. Then you're for it, whether you're ready or not."

Toddy left the study, followed by Alonzo and Dutton. Billy Bunter snorted, and slammed the door after them.

There was a buzz of voices, and a sound of chuckling in the passage. All the Remove were there! There was no doubt in any mind that Billy Bunter had some deep and mysterious scheme for dodging the combats he had so recklessly undertaken. And all the fellows were ready to see that he did not get away with that scheme, whatever it was.

They little dreamed what the scheme was, however. As soon as the closed door shut him off from the sight of the juniors, Billy Bunter drew the small bottle from his pocket. He uncorked it, and sniffed at it, with distaste. It seemed nastier than ever, now that he was going to take a good dose of it! But there was nothing else for it—and the glorious prospect of knocking a whole crowd of Removees about, right and left, nerved Bunter! Slowly, but surely, he raised that small bottle to his lips, and took a gulp! With grim

determination, he gulped, and nearly emptied the bottle!

Then the wonderful strength should have accrued. Obviously, Bunter had taken a sufficiently large dose this time!

But it didn't! For a moment or two, Billy Bunter stood very still, his complexion changing from pink to green. Then he leaned over the study table, and groaned horribly.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Stuff!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"What the thump—"
"What the terrific thump-fulness—"

The buzz of voices, the sounds of laughter, died away in the Remove passage as the juniors heard the strange, weird, woeful sounds that proceeded from Study No. 7.

Many of them had heard such sounds before—on a Channel steamer, on a rough day!

"Urrrgh! Graggh! Ooo-er! Ow! Urrrrrgh!"

"Something's up with Bunter—"

"Gammoning!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Sounds as if he's ill!" said Harry Wharton, and he threw open the door of Study No. 7. "Bunter—oh, my hat!"

He gazed at Billy Bunter. A swarm of fellows at the doorway gazed also! It was a heartrending sight!

Billy Bunter did not look as if he was going to thrash ten Remove fellows, one after another, or two at a time! He was leaning over the study table with a ghastly face. His fat chest heaved and heaved! Horrible groans and gurgles came from his fat interior. Perspiration streamed down his fat face, which had lost every vestige of colour, save for a faint tinge of green.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" exclaimed Peter Todd, in alarm.

Even Johnny Bull admitted that this was not "gammon." It was only too plain that Billy Bunter was sick—terribly sick!

"Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Groan!

"What have you been up to?" yelled the Bounder.

Groan!

"My dear Bunter!" exclaimed Alonzo, hurrying towards the suffering fat Owl.

"My dear Bunter, what ever is the matter?"

"You—you villain!" said Bunter faintly. "I—I hope you'll be hanged!"

Ow! My tummy! Oh, my tummy! Ow!

"Is it the sardines?" asked Peter.

"Urrrgh! No! I'm pip-pip-pip-pip—"

"You're what?" gasped Wharton.

"I'm pip-pip-pip-poisoned!" groaned Bunter. "Alonzo's done it! I hope he'll be hanged! Oooooogh! Oh, my tummy!"

"My dear Bunter, what have I done?" ejaculated Alonzo, in amazement.

"It's pip-pip-poison—"

"The fat idiot has been swallowing something," said Harry blankly. "But what the dickens—"

Groan!

"What have you been scoffing, Bunter, you potty fathead!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Groan!

"Look here, Bunter—"

"Urrrgh! Ooo-er! I'm dud-did-dying!" groaned Bunter. "Mind you have Alonzo arrested! Urrrgh! He did it! Urrrrrgh!"

Leaning feebly on the table, Bunter rocked in woe. The Remove fellows

regarded him with astonishment. It was evident that the fat Owl had taken something that disagreed with him! It was plain that, whatever it was, it disagreed with him very seriously. A large lunch on a stormy day at sea would hardly have affected Bunter like this!

He lifted his head, and blinked at the juniors with lack-lustre eyes through his big spectacles.

"I—I say, you fellows! Ow! Ooo-er! Groooooogh! It's all Alonzo's doing—he's pi-pip-poisoned me! I suppose he knew I was after his stuff, and he fixed this up for me— Oo-er! Urrrgh!"

"What stuff?" yelled Bob.

"That stuff he takes to make him strong!" groaned Bunter. "Oh dear! Ooooh! I got the bottle—oooo-er—I've been taking it—urrrrgh—and—and it's mum-mum-made me sick! Urrrrrgh!"

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Alonzo.

"Great pip!" yelled Bob Cherry. "So that's it, is it?"

"Urrrgh! Oooooogh! Yes! Oooooer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a yell of laughter in Study No. 7. The juniors understood now! It was rumoured in the Remove that "Strong Alonzo" took something to produce his wonderful strength! They realised now that Bunter had been after it, and that that was the explanation of his bold defiance of the fighting-men of the Remove! He had expected the "stuff" to make him into Strong Bunter! And it hadn't! Clearly, it hadn't!

"Oh, goodness gracious!" exclaimed Alonzo, in distress. "You must have made some extraordinary blunder, my dear Bunter! My bottle is safely locked up in my desk!"

"Urrrrgh! Beast! I got it out of your pocket in the dorm last night— Ooooo-er!"

"Oh, my goodness! That is what became of my bottle of marking-ink!" exclaimed Alonzo.

Bunter jumped.

"Mum-mum-marking-ink!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, my dear Bunter! I have ceased to carry my phial of medicine in my pocket, as I had noticed that you were prying and spying," explained Alonzo. "I keep it locked up in my desk!"

"Urrrgh! Beast! Wurrgh!"

"I was about to use the bottle of marking-ink last evening, when I was interrupted by the unseemly disturbance—"

"Urrrrrgh!"

"And I slipped it into my pocket—"

"Gurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors shrieked. Evidently Bunter had blundered and got hold of the wrong bottle! It was not the strength-giving mixture that he had scoffed, but common, ordinary marking-ink—quite useful stuff, in its way, but certainly not good to be taken internally!

"Urrrrgh!" gorgied Bunter. "Mum-mum-marking-ink! Oh, my hat! I've been swallowing ink! Grrrruuugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

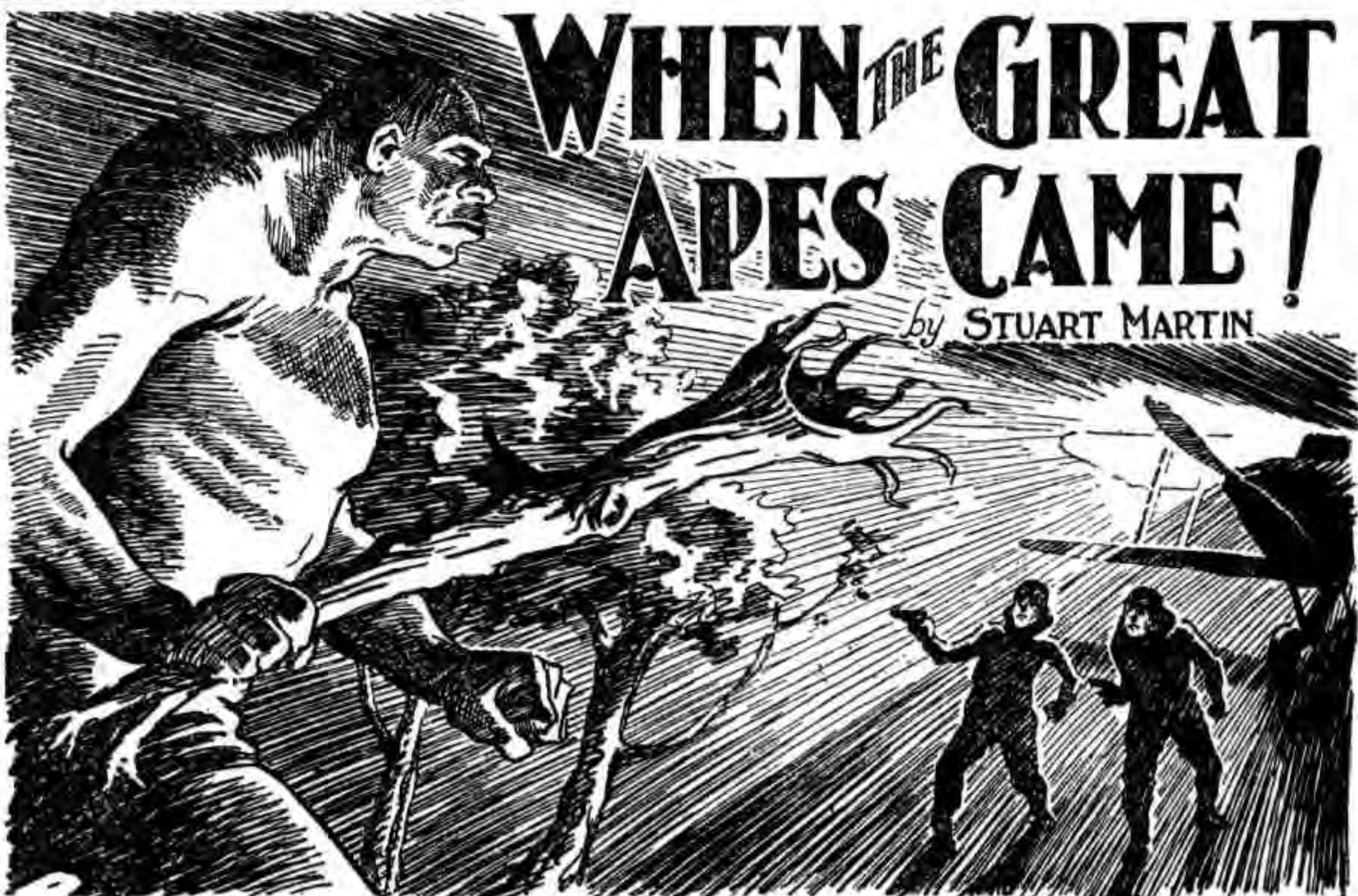
"My dear Bunter, you must regard this as a just punishment for your surreptitious conduct in abstracting the bottle secretly from my pocket—"

"Wurrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared at Alonzo with a glare that might have cracked his spectacles! Ink! He had manfully got it down, but it had not turned him into Strong Bunter; it had turned him into Sick Bunter—very sick Bunter!

(Continued on page 23.)



WHEN THE GREAT APES CAME!

by STUART MARTIN

HOW THE STORY STARTED.

GERRY LAMBERT and BILLY MURCHIE, two young airmen, set out on a flight to the Cape. Flying over the African jungle they are trapped in nets by an army of apes commanded by Big Ling, a giant ape-man, and imprisoned in an underground cave. They are aided by a white girl, however, who equips them with a special balloon harness, and then pushes them into a rising column of water which shoots them through a hole in the cave with a force that carries them a thousand feet above the forest. Two Belgian Air Force planes appear upon the scene and bomb the apes' stronghold. One is brought down in flames. Clambering on to a trailing rope of the other plane, Billy climbs to safety and then peers round for a sign of Gerry.

(Now read on.)

A Renegade's Revenge!

BILLY saw apes hanging dead at various ends of the nets. He saw nets drop in fragments, burnt by the explosion and the flame of the crashed plane, he saw living apes fall like stones on every side. But he saw no sign of Gerry, and a terrible fear seized him, for he realised that it was almost impossible for Gerry to live through that air battle.

He saw the officer who had spoken to him sitting at an instrument working the wireless feverishly, tapping, tapping, tapping. He saw the soldiers, rifles in hands, ready for any order that might be given. But no order was given. Then a sudden shout caused Billy to look downward again.

Amid the running apes and the pandemonium of the enemy the figure of Big Ling had appeared. He held a gigantic club in his right hand and was gazing towards the plane that kept flying round the circle of nets that hemmed it in.

The monocled white man seemed to be whipping his dumb army into order. He was urging them to roll what seemed to be the trunk of a heavy tree along the ground, and scores of gorillas were bending to the task.

Then a strange thing happened. The

big trunk moved in a semicircle like the arm of a windlass, and, as it moved, it uncovered a white, foaming torrent that spluttered and bubbled and then suddenly tore its way upward in a pillar of steaming water.

Billy saw what it was. Here was the releasing cap of the geyser that had flung himself and Gerry up to the sky. The contraption that locked that force underground was rude and crude, but it was effective. A great rock lashed to tree-trunks formed a cork that bottled the geyser when it was not in use.

But now the cork was removed and no less a figure than that of Big Ling was the messenger it was raising.

He wore a few bladders of holium tied to the back of his neck, and with his club in his hand he stepped into the centre of the stream.

Those in the plane with Billy uttered exclamations of amazement at the sight. Up went Big Ling like a rocket, his form hardly seen at first, but gradually becoming distinguishable amid the lessening of the torrent. When he was about five hundred feet up, the pillar of water subsided.

The apes had rolled back the cover on the funnel and only the wet ground told that a moment previously there had been a spout of enormous force.

Big Ling, however, remained above. He hung there, a wild, inhuman form, brandishing his club and uttering defiant howls at the plane and its occupants; while from the other apes in the air there came answering howls, and from below came the racket of the forest dwellers.

The gunner of the plane waited until he got near enough, then, taking aim, he sent a shower of bullets at Big Ling. But it was like firing at a dancing marionette. Big Ling dropped, rose, and dropped again, and the gunner had little chance to get a bead on him owing to the tilting of the plane as the pilots flew in the narrow space with little opportunity of manœuvring.

Big Ling showed, in that defiant challenge to the most modern of man's inventions, the terrible courage of the desert and the forest.

He waited his chance, and just as the plane swung towards him and the soldiers were crowding the windows, rifles in hand, ready to shoot, he acted.

Round his head he swung his club, once, twice, thrice! He might have been a baseball pitcher so practised and deadly was his swing. At the end of the third swing his club left his hand.

Only one shot was fired by the soldiers. The man who fired that shot was a fraction of a second in front of his comrades, but that fraction was all the difference between life and death to Big Ling. It was also the difference between life and death to the military expedition.

Crash went the club into the plane, damaging the fuselage and smashing one of the wings; it was like the thrust of a whirling tree against papier mache.

Down came the plane. The pilot, having seen the menace, had shut off his engine and started to dive when the blow fell. With the ragged remains of the big fuselage behind him, he dived downward to rest within a dozen yards of the Golden Clipper that had borne Billy and Gerry.

Only half the company of soldiers were in the saloon when the landing was made. The others were flung like seeds out of the plane, either by the whirling club, or by the breaking of the supports as the plane descended.

Billy, who had clung to his stanchion, crawled out of the wreckage cautiously.

The first person he saw was the white monocled man who stood waiting near at hand, his eyes lit by triumph, whip in hand; behind him clustered throngs of apes, growling and beating their breasts.

The officer who had first addressed Billy made his appearance, crawling out painfully, his uniform all torn and his

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,346.

face blackened and bleeding. Two other men staggered behind him.

The growling of the gorillas was like the rattling of shingle on the sea shore, and this was suddenly added to by a wild roar that came from above. Instinctively every head was raised at that dreadful volley of sound.

It came from Big Ling, who could now be seen gliding down like a parachutist descending to earth.

He landed among the trees, stripped his harness from his shoulders, and strode towards the wrecked plane.

Silence reigned supreme as the huge monster halted, gazing at each one of the survivors curiously, and taking each one separately in a prolonged stare.

Then the silence was broken as the officer wiped his face and fixed a keen look on the monocled man.

"You keep strange company, Herr Stein," he said quietly.

The monocled man started, but controlled himself.

"Who calls me Herr Stein?" he demanded, his tanned face flushing darkly, and his whip raised.

"I do. But perhaps you would prefer to be called Dr. Stein. It is fitting that renegades should live with brute beasts."

Up came the whip, and the lash curled round the officer's shoulders. But he never moved, never quailed before the sting of it.

"For many years," he said firmly, still watching the other contemptuously, "our Government has been looking for a renegade called Dr. Stein, who deserves death. If I had my revolver I would shoot you now; but your time will come. I have sent information to Europe which will bring more planes to root you out."

"When did you send that information?"

"Just before we landed. I tapped it out on our wireless, but I did not mention your name. I have only just found out that you are here."

The other scoffed.

"In 1914 Belgium was under our

thumb," he cried. "What is that little kingdom? Nothing!"

"Belgium has allies, as in 1914," retorted the officer. "This district has been a thorn in the side of Europe for a long time. Aeroplanes have disappeared. Strange stories have found their way to civilisation. When two English youths disappeared on their flight to the Cape the other day—"

"I was one," interrupted Billy, "and my pal Gerry whom you saw with me. I want to look for him."

"I suspected that to be the case," said the officer kindly. "We did our best to rescue you."

He turned to the monocled man again scathingly.

"We know that wherever you are, Stein, there will be trouble. You were hounded from your own country because your insatiable ambition knew no bounds. For years there has been disturbance here. I notice you have allied yourself to a monster."

He pointed to Big Ling, who towered above the group; and Billy now saw that a red spot of blood stained the ape-man's shoulder.

Stein shrugged his shoulders and a curious grin creased his face.

"This is Big Ling," he said. "I made him!"

A thrill ran through the group as the words fell from Stein's lips.

"Yes, I made him," he went on. "I always believed it possible to make beings in the laboratory. How much more is it possible to manufacture them in the nursery of the African jungle, where life teems, and nature is abundant? I made him of pieces of others. He was fashioned as a giant gorilla under my hand. Then the civilising process began. He is only half human, but he is my handiwork!"

For a moment no one spoke, and Stein cracked his whip in a spirit of bravado.

"Big Ling is not the first I have manufactured, but he is the best so far. I am probing the secrets of life. Why is an elephant big and a jungle-cat small? Why is a tiger larger than a

mouse? Why is man of our own size? It is not food, it is formation. Bone grows like flesh. There is something of the elephant in Big Ling, something of many things; but most of the gorilla. Let me tell you something!"

He bent forward so that his words could be heard distinctly, and there was an evil look in his face as he made his listeners shudder at his next sentence.

"In the depths of the jungle are other Big Lings, but not so big. There are gorillas who will come at the sound of the summons Big Ling sends out. There are hordes of apes, lions, tigers; even hippos, who will march at his word, and be a spearhead to destroy opponents. Big Ling will rule the earth. I have made him so that he will wage war against civilisation. He knows every word I am uttering now, but he seldom speaks. Let me ask him a question that will interest you."

He wheeled and walked over to the monster who had stood like a statue, impassive, a Mongol-faced ape.

"Big Ling, do you know what we have been saying?"

The giant ape-man grinned, his teeth showing as his lips curled back over his gums. And yet it was not a gorilla's face, but the face of a human being.

"I have listened," he said in a voice that was as the voice of ten men in unison. "What you say is true. I shall be king of the world. You have taught me what the world is—round, a ball, great tracts of land and great depths of sea. I shall master the other races. I am king!"

He thumped his breast and continued. "Every time we have caught men of the air we have said the same thing. What shall we do with them? Tell them!"

Stein swung his whip carelessly, smiling grimly.

"All in good time, Big Ling. They will know their fate in time, and then they will wish they had died in battle."

He pointed his finger at the officer threateningly.

"Before you meet your fate, let me tell you what must have puzzled you and your higher authorities. How did we know when to erect our liana nets to bring down the flyers? I will tell you. I have a modern wireless set, taken from one of the first planes we forced down. I am in constant touch with every radio station on earth. Why do we bring down aeroplanes? I will tell you. We want their mechanism. I have all I need now!"

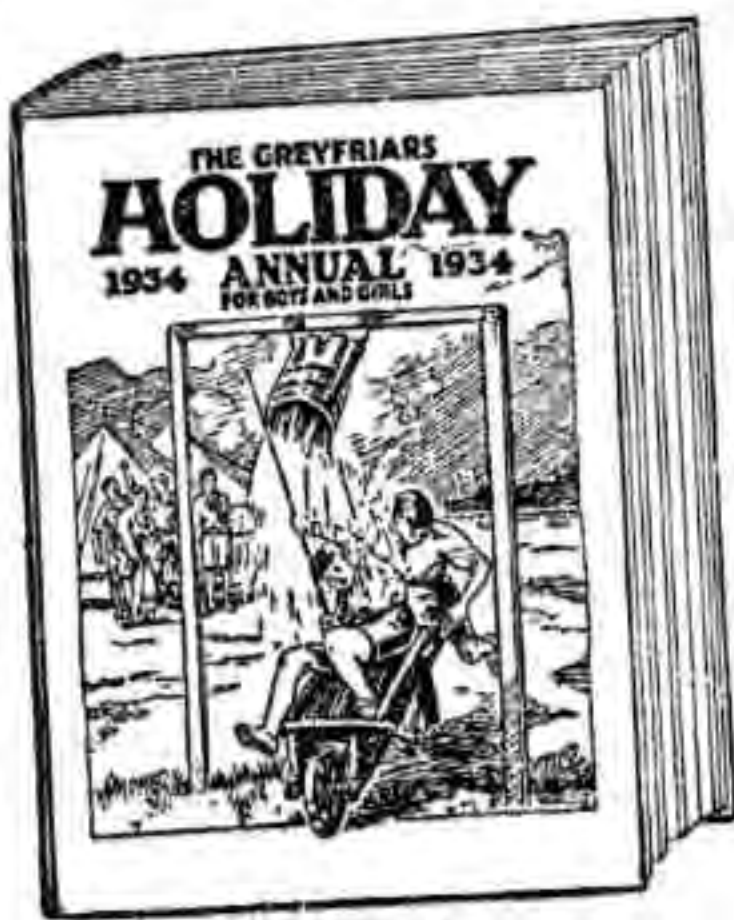
He threw back his head and laughed wildly.

"We are standing on one of the richest fields of minerals in the world. We tap helium from the bowels of the earth. We have geysers to throw our forces into the air to do battle with aircraft. We have batteries of catapults for artillery. And best of all, we are under cover of the mighty forest when we choose to remain concealed. Even if our wireless sets fail us we have other methods of communication. Have you ever heard of bush telegraphs? I have but to send a message through the bush to know what you whites are doing anywhere between Benguela on the west coast and Zanzibar on the east, between the north and the south of Africa our messengers can run!"

"You are a monster!" said the officer, appalled at the dawning of the scheme behind the words of Stein.

"It is my revenge on civilisation," cried the latter savagely. "Civilisation thrust me from it, and I have

A Ripping Christmas Gift-Book



If you'd like to give yourself or a pal a *real* Christmas treat, trot round to your nearest News-agent or Bookseller and ask him for a copy of the **HOLIDAY ANNUAL** for 1934. It costs only five shillings and *what* a five-bobs'-worth! All about Billy Bunter—the fattest and funniest schoolboy in creation—and all the other famous schoolboy pals of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood Schools. It's a wonderful budget of fascinating school and adventure yarns—and it's waiting for you *now*!

THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL

At all Newsagents and Booksellers

5/- net

reared the wilds to crush civilisation! These apes never could do by themselves what Big Ling and I have taught them. They are our armies, and we have legions hidden in the jungle. Big Ling can communicate to every savage beast and order it. He is the link between man and animal. See his limbs? That is the mark of the beast! Look at his body and face. That is the mark of man! In his limbs lie the will and the power. In his brain lies the directing force. I joined these elements. My work is finished except to watch his triumph."

Once more he appealed to the ape-man.

"Well, here is another officer of the air to add to your gallery of conquests. See to him!"

Big Ling made a motion of his great hand and a score of apes shuffled forward.

The officer drew back, as did his men who had stood behind him during the talk.

"What does this mean?" he asked, addressing Stein.

The latter only smiled, but Billy could contain himself no longer. He knew the horror that was in store. The vision of the resin-coated dead men flashed up before his eyes. He began to shout his intelligence to the officer, calling the names of the flying aces he had seen in the transparent tombs in the cavern. The officer's face went ghastly, but he maintained an outward defiance that was magnificent.

"All this is like you, Stein!" he cried. "But your time will come. You will be punished for your atrocities when Europe knows!"

Stein made a gesture of contempt.

"Europe!" he cried in derision. "In a very short time Europe will be under the hand of Big Ling and the world will be re-made. You think I am exaggerating. Let me give you proof."

He dashed towards the immense kraal which Billy had viewed from the tunnel, pushed his way among the animals gathered there, and approached the packing-case. A few twirls of his fingers, and the wireless was on. It was dance music from a London studio.

Stein came back and stood waiting, his brows drawn down, his attitude that of an anxious man.

The music stopped, and the voice of a man followed. It was that of the announcer.

"News bulletin. During the past few days a curious state of unrest has been observed among the animals at practically every zoo in Britain as well as throughout the European zoos. Elephants which have been hitherto docile have exhibited signs of temper. Gorillas have become unmanageable. Lions and tigers and all other animals have attacked their keepers for some unknown reason. The crisis came last night, when some animals broke loose from the famous zoo at Hamburg and killed a number of persons."

"In the London Zoo two elephants dashed from their houses and wrecked cage after cage, letting loose savage beasts indiscriminately. Whipsnade barriers are down, and the bears, lions, and monkeys are roaming about the district. Troops have been sent to the area. The Zoo authorities are puzzled at this outbreak and can give no reason for it—"

Stein had switched off the talk, and now returned to his former position.

"You hear that?" he demanded. "The Zoo authorities have no explanation. But I have, and Big Ling has. It is he who has spoken to these animals in their own language. He has broadcast his beast language, sending orders to them as the leader of a herd communi-

cates with his followers. It is but the beginning of the world war against man. Within a week there is not an animal in captivity that will not be free to do damage as it likes."

He paused and bent a terrible glance on his captives.

"The whole animal kingdom is in revolt. Big Ling is the lord of them all. Why do I tell you all this? It is because I want you to know that the doom of the white man has sounded, just as your doom has sounded!"

He stepped back and cracked his whip, while Big Ling made another motion of his hand. The apes, who had been crowding forward, advanced another step, beating their breasts, growling ominously.

"Already," cried Stein, "the resin is being heated for your coffins! You will be dipped into the yellow liquid again and again, until you have a coating like that of the other flying men who have invaded our territory, and then you will be set on a pedestal in the hall below the ground—"

"Enough!"

It was Big Ling's roar that interrupted Stein. Big Ling had taken com-

Get this Super ALBUM Boys!

—HOLDS ALL FOUR GIFT ALBUMS—



Here you see the Album Cover, which is made in a stout and serviceable material. You can obtain it for 2d. post free (or 3d. overseas, including Irish Free State).

A cover for the whole collection of Albums of Coloured Pictures given with SANGAR, MAGNET, MODERN BOY and GEM.

This fine Album Cover has been specially designed and made for those lucky readers who are collecting the wonderful sets of coloured pictures given in our companion papers, as well as those we give. It's made to hold 1, 2, 3 or 4 of the Free Albums, complete with all the pictures, and it enables you to keep together the whole of this marvellous series of coloured pictures, bound in an appropriately handsome cover that you'll be proud to show your friends. You can get it for 2d. only, post free (or 3d. abroad). Seize your opportunity and post the coupon to-day, or you may be too late.

FILL IN AND POST THIS COUPON NOW!

Name

Address

**PIN TWO
1d. STAMPS
HERE**

Fill in the coupon in Block Letters and post to:

"MAGNET"

Special Album Offer,
The Amalgamated Press,
Ltd.,

Bear Alley,
Farringdon St.,
London, E.C.4.

mand. Again his hand waved, and this time the apes leaped forward.

Billy was seized by huge paws, and tossed like a bundle of hay from hand to hand. To fight against these brutes was hopeless. The trumpeting of elephants, the cries of monkeys, the screeching of birds filled his ears. He saw the yellow manes of lions flash past him as they bounded to the spot where the officer and his men were making a stand. A tumult of yells and groans, howls and screams, broke out; and then a sudden silence.

Billy found himself thrown on the ground in a thick grove. The unpleasant odour of monkey and beast filled the air. And there was another odour he could not place. It came in fumes from somewhere behind him. He turned his head, and his eyes opened wide at what he saw.

A deep pit had been dug in the ground, ten feet across if it was an inch, and in the pit was a dark, glutinous mass bubbling and steaming, creaming like liquid toffee with streaks and lacings of mud and scum flowing on the top. It was a resin pool.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,346.

A moment later the Belgian officer was dragged forward. His clothing was in rags, his body bruised and lacerated. He was placed beside Billy, and a cordon of apes surrounded them.

"It looks like the end, youngster!" he muttered, trying to be brave in face of the horrible death that was being prepared for him. "They let the lions get at my men, but they shielded me from the brutes—for this. There is only one thing I would like to do before they kill me."

"What is that?" asked Billy.
"To kill Stein before I go! By the way, what is your name?"

"Billy Murchie. Why do you ask?"
"I'm Captain Bergen. I was trained in England. It is best to know each other, for there might be a chance yet."

"Who is this Stein?"
The captain passed a weary hand over his brow.

"It is a long story. He and I have met before. He had always been my enemy, and it was because I knew him that I was sent out here to try to discover his whereabouts. When he left civilisation he disappeared into the bush. I followed. Many years ago the jungle station which I commanded was raided by gorillas. My wife was killed, my little girl was carried off—"

"There is a white girl here," interrupted Billy. "She tried to rescue my pal and I."

Bergen's eyes lit up, but he shook his head.

"It is hardly possible!" he muttered. He let his head droop, but raised it again. "Her name was Lola," he said, in a low tone. "What is this white girl's name?"

"She never mentioned it. The only words she uttered were the name of the monster ape-man, Big Ling."

The crashing of the foliage put an end to the conversation. Big Ling and Stein appeared. Not a word was said, but the monster carried with him a long liana looped at the end. This he threw over a branch of a tree and lowered it so that the loop hung, with plenty of slack, over the bubbling resin pool. Then he placed the other end of the rope in the hands of the apes who surrounded the two captives, and, with a forked stick, brought the loop across and gave it to Stein.

The latter stepped up to Bergen.
"Before you are made into a resin statue, captain," he sneered, "let me inform you that your daughter is still in my hands. We intend to make her queen of the world when Big Ling is king."

Crash! Smack!
The monocle was broken to smithereens in Stein's eye as Bergen's two fists landed, one after the other, in perfectly timed blows, on the sneering face.

Stein staggered back, raising his whip, but the captain was upon him. They clinched, struggling on the very brink of the resin pool, scattering the apes as they fought.

"Billy! Billy!"
In the midst of the riot that had broken out, Billy heard his name called from above. He looked up. A liana was dangling above his head, and far above in the branches of the trees he saw two pairs of hands holding on to the other end of the rope.

(Will Captain Bergen and Billy Murchie be rescued in time, or will the resin pool claim two more victims? You'll be thrilled as you've never been thrilled before when you read next week's chapters of this 'powerful adventure story!')

THE GREYFRIARS HERCULES!

(Continued from page 24.)

He was feeling very bad—very bad indeed—but he found strength enough to clutch up Dr. Smith's Latin Dictionary from the table and hurl it at Alonzo!

Crash!
The Latin dictionary caught Alonzo off his balance, and sent him toppling backwards.

Bump!
"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Alonzo, as he sat down. "My dear Bunter—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Urrrrgggh!" The effort told on Bunter, and he doubled up again, in a state that might have moved a heart of stone. "Wurrgggh! Grooogh! Ooo-er!"
And the Removites left him to it.

Billy Bunter threw away that list! He did not fight ten Removites one after another, or two at a time, that evening. Neither did he get the ragging! Obviously, he was not in a state to be treated as he deserved; and so he was let off! But he suffered for his sins!

For two or three days afterwards he was a very pale and flabby and peaky Owl—while the unsympathetic Removites only chuckled and chortled over Bunter's blunder!

THE END.

(Don't miss the next yarn in this extra-special series, chum! It's entitled: "THE REFORMER OF THE REMOVE!" and it's full of amusing and amazing situations. You'll like it no end, same as you will the sheet of topping coloured pictures which will be given away FREE with our next issue.)

FREE APPROVAL

Write for Fully Illustrated Musical List.
The "SOUTHERN ISLES" **UKULELE BANJO**

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly-polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

J.A.DAVIS & CO.

Dept. B.P. 46. 94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5



BLUSHING,

Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry, Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—**L.A. STEBBING**, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.1

INCREASED

my own height to 6ft. 3ins. 11 T. H., age 16, to 6ft. 11 P., age 21, from 5ft. 5 to 5ft. 10! **ROSS SYSTEM** is Genuine. Enrol and Watch Yourself Grow! Fee £2 2s Particulars 14d. stamp.—**P. ROSS**, Height Specialist, Scarborough.

BE STRONG

I promise you Robust Health, doubled Strength, Stamina, and Dashing Energy in 30 days or money back! My amazing 4 to 1 Course adds 10-25 lbs. to your muscular development (with 2 lbs. on Chest and 1 lb. on Arms); also brings an Iron Will, Perfect Self-control, Virile Manhood, Personal Magnetism. Surprise your friends! Complete Course, 5/-. Details free, privately.—**STEBBING INSTITUTE (A)**, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

TREASURE ISLAND PACKET FREE!—57 diff. stamps, incl. Barbados, Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Russian Army, also Album, Mounts, Gauge, etc. Send 2d. postage, requesting approval. **LIEPSON & TOWNSEND** (Dept. O.J.B.), Liverpool.

DON'T BE BULLIED!

Some splendid illus. lessons in Jujitsu. Articles and full particulars Free. Better than Boxing. 2d. stamp for postage. "Learn to fear no man. Or send P.O. 1/- for First Part." **A.P. Blenheim House**, Bedford Lane, Feltbam, Middx.

GENUINE BARGAINS.

Good Cheap Photo Material and Lists, Free.—**HACKETTS**, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL 6.

300 STAMPS FOR 6d.

(Abroad 1/-) including Airpost. Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—**W. A. WHITE**, Dept. H, Engine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.

WONDERFUL RAILWAY ENGINE PHOTOS.

Superb 5 x 8 glazed photos of huge Australian, New Zealand locos, rolling-stock, city trams, buses, for your collection. Send 5/- money order for set of four giant Engine pictures with splendid FREE photo of mammoth SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE. Also informative news sheet. Specify series No. E.3. Supply limited. News sheet gives full news on Aust. airways transport services, cattle stations, and much other interesting information. South Seas Islands, etc.

F. SHENNEN, c/o Argus Office, 26, O'Connell St., Sydney, Australia.

THE "BRITANNIA" AIR PISTOL

A British Produced weapon upholding all the traditions of BRITISH WORKMANSHIP. Positively the most accurate MACHINE-MADE pistol ever produced at the price. Beautifully finished. Shoots with great force and penetration, being made entirely of Best Steel. It will wear for ever. Unrivalled for indoor and outdoor use. Target and Rat Shooting.

Price, plated 9/- each. With supply of Price, gun blued, 8/6 each. Darts and Slugs.

Send for list of Guns, etc., post free, from the maker: **FRANK CLARKE** (Sports Dept.), 39/41, Lower Loveday Street, BIRMINGHAM.

GROSE, 8, NEW BRIDGE ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

(The Original Geo. Grose & Co.)

"SPUR" BILLIARD TABLES.
A Perfect Reproduction of a Full-size Table. Leather-covered Pockets, Rubber Cushions, Adjustable Rubber-covered Foot to ensure a Perfect Level Surface. Complete with Two Cues, Three Turned Balls guaranteed Unbreakable, Mahogany-finished Marking Board, Spirit Level, Rules, and Chalk. Send for Complete List.

Size.	Deposit.	Monthly payments.	Cash.
3 ft. 2 ins. x 1 ft. 8 ins.	10/-	2/9	18/6
3 ft. 6 ins. x 1 ft. 11 ins.	10/-	4/8	25/-
4 ft. 2 ins. x 2 ft. 2 ins.	10/-	5/9	30/-
4 ft. 8 ins. x 2 ft. 5 ins.	10/-	8/-	40/-
5 ft. 2 ins. x 2 ft. 8 ins.	10/-	10/9	49/8
5 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 3 ins.	10/-	16/-	70/-

BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send STAMP NOW for free book.—**STEBBING SYSTEM**, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

STAMMERING,

Stuttering. New, remarkable, Certain Cure. Booklet free, privately.—**SPECIALIST**, Dept. A.P., 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

MAGIC TRICKS,

etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON**, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.