

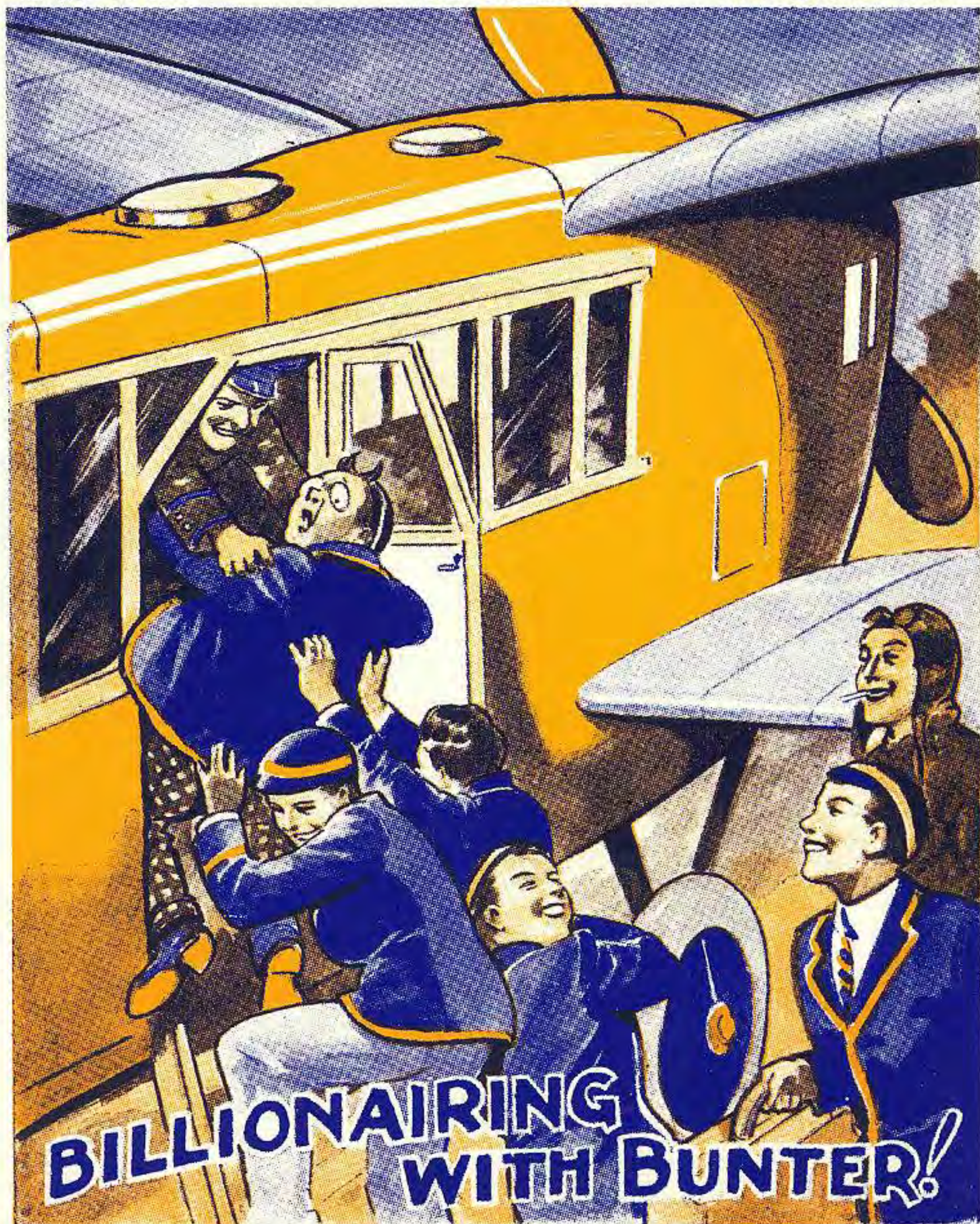
"Billionairing With Bunter!" Grand EXTRA-LONG story of
the Chums of Greyfriars, inside!

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**BILLIONAIRING
WITH BUNTER!**

BILLIONNAIRING WITH BUNTER!



BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

No Takers!

"**W**ILKINSON!"
"Sir!"
"Is everything ready, Williamson?"

"Yes, sir!"
"Nice day for the trip, Jenkinson!"
"Quite, sir!"

Parkinson, the chauffeur, answered to all those names, one after another, with unmoved gravity. He was growing accustomed to the manners and customs of Billy Bunter. Not a vestige of a smile appeared on his face.

But Harry Wharton & Co. smiled.

They found Bunter the Billionaire rather entertaining.

Since Billy Bunter, in some mysterious way, had become enormously rich, he was developing manners to match. Among other things, he made it a point never to be able to remember a servant's name. If a footman was named John that was a sufficient reason for Billy Bunter to address him as James or Joseph.

Bunter's big car was standing before the door of Wharton Lodge, ready to start. It was a blazing August morning. Bright sunshine streamed down from a sky of cloudless blue. There was a haze of heat on the Surrey hills.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were looking as merry and bright as the morning. They generally contrived to enjoy their holidays. But

these "bols" they were getting something special! A trip in an air liner was rather a catch. And they were going to leave Croydon at 12.15 in a plane—which was a glorious prospect.

The weather was splendid. Bob Cherry declared that it was going to be plane sailing—apparently intending this as a pun.

Harry Wharton & Co. had discussed the possibility of such a trip before Greyfriars School broke up for the summer holidays. It had seemed doubtful whether the cash would run to it.

That problem had been solved—by Bunter the Billionaire!

Money was nothing to Bunter—now! He could have bought a whole air fleet if he had liked!

They were going as Bunter's guests.

That, perhaps, had its drawbacks! But the trip itself had no drawbacks! That was going to be ripping.

Now they were ready to start! The car was ready to run them to Croydon. Parkinson was ready. Only they had to wait till Bunter rolled out. It was like Bunter to keep everybody waiting. Otherwise, they might have forgotten what an important person Bunter was! However, he rolled out at last, and addressed Parkinson variously as Wilkinson, Williamson, and Jenkinson. Having thus demonstrated how accustomed he was to hordes of menials, whose names he could not be expected to remember, Billy Bunter turned to the

Famous Five, and blinked at them through his big spectacles.

"You fellows feeling nervous?" he asked.

"What about?" asked Frank Nugent.

"You've never been up, have you?" said Bunter. "I suppose you're feeling a bit funky, what?"

"Not at all, thanks."

"Not in the least, old fat bean!" said Bob Cherry.

"The funkfulness is not terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!" assured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Billy Bunter blinked at them doubtfully. He had no doubts about himself. Bunter never had doubts about doing a thing till he came to do it!

"When we get off the ground——" he began.

"Shall we get off the ground?" asked Johnny Bull. "Is there really an aeroplane built that will lift you, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"All serene, old fat bean," said Harry Wharton. "Let's get going."

"Well, when we get in the plane keep your eyes on me!" said Bunter. "Seeing a really plucky fellow, taking it with perfect calmness, will buck you when you feel funk coming on. See?"

"You fat ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"Look here, Bull——" roared Bunter.

"Oh, come on!" said Bob Cherry hastily. "We shall lose the plane at Croydon, at this rate."

"We shan't lose the plane at Croydon!" sniffed Billy Bunter.

"We're not cramming into an ordinary passenger plane, like a lot of third-class trippers. My man Jarvis has chartered that plane for us. If we're not ready the pilot will have to wait."

Bunter turned to the chauffeur again. "How far is it to Croydon, Snookerson?" he inquired.

"About twenty-five miles, sir," answered Parkinson.

"I shall do that under the half-hour, Snookerson. By the way, is your name Snookerson or Wilkinson? I never can remember that it's Parkinson."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the five Remove fellows, and a faint grin dawned on Parkinson's impassive visage.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Billy Bunter irritably. "Look here, you fellows, if you're going to cackle at everything I say—"

"Are we starting to-day or to-morrow?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Get in, can't you?" snapped Bunter.

"You needn't take the wheel, Williamson—I'm going to drive. You can sit beside me."

Harry Wharton & Co. were about to embark in the big Rolls.

At that, however, they stopped.

They were not in the least nervous of a trip in a plane across the Channel. But nervousness seemed to set in, with a rush, at the news that Bunter was going to drive the car.

"What's that?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to drive—"

"You can't drive a car!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I suppose I can drive my own car if I like!" hooted Bunter.

"You've not got a driving licence!" Frank Nugent pointed out.

"That's all right—Wilkinson has."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Are you getting in?" demanded Bunter.

He wedged himself into the driver's seat and blinked round impatiently.

"Not if you're going to drive!" said Johnny Bull.

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!"

"We'll walk!" said Harry Wharton.

"Walk to Croydon?" hooted Bunter.

"We shall get there sooner walking than you will in the car!" explained the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"Look here, I'm starving. If you fancy I can't drive I'll stop at the gate for you. Join me there."

"Don't be an ass, Bunter! Let Parkinson drive!" said Harry Wharton.

"You'll smash up your car!"

"Do you think I've got only one car?" sneered Bunter the Billionaire.

"You've got only one neck!"

"Yah! Get in, Williamson."

"If you do not object, sir, I will get in when these young gentlemen do!" said Parkinson.

Snort from Bunter!

"Well, watch me drive!" he said.

"Bunter, you ass—" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Bunter, you fathead—"

"Hold on, you frabjous owl!"

"Hook him out of it!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yah!" said Bunter elegantly.

And he started.

Like a wilful horse, Billy Bunter had to be given his head! These fellows fancied that he could not drive a car—his own car—one of his own cars! That, of course, was due to envy and jealousy—Bunter had no doubt of that! He was going to show them how he could drive—jolly well show them! And he did!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Astonishes the Natives!

BUMP!

Crash!

Bang!

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat up in a rhododendron bush, gasped, blinked, and wondered dizzily whether the universe had come to a sudden end.

It felt like it!

It was only a short distance from the door of Wharton Lodge to the gate on the road.

Had it been a perfectly straight drive no doubt Bunter would have reached the gateway and banged into one of the gateposts.

But there was a curve in it.

The car, for some reason unknown to the driver, did not take the curve.

Exactly what the car did Bunter never quite knew! His fat brain was not quick on the uptake. It was quite incapable of following the swiftness of these happenings.

He had a vague impression that the car, the drive, the trees along the drive, and the sky were mixed up in a fantastic medley. Then he was aware that he was sitting in the rhododendrons. Apparently he had pitched out. Whether he was still in one piece he could not be sure.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

THERE'S A SNAG SOMEWHERE....

Billy Bunter's new and boundless wealth is a perpetual puzzle to Harry Wharton & Co., of the Greyfriars Remove—but for all that, they're not missing the chance of a free holiday-flip in an air-liner!

He blinked dizzily.

His spectacles had slid down his fat little nose. He pushed them up and blinked again.

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bunter. "I say, you fellows— Oh scissors! Ow!"

Five juniors were racing down the drive after him. They had not far to race. Bunter had come to grief quite early on. Which was probably fortunate for him. Monkeying about with a powerful car was rather a dangerous game.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Hurt?"

"Pick him up!"

"Poor old Bunter!"

"The howling ass!"

"I—I—I say, you fellows, s-s-something's happened!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, I—I think the car ran into somebody—or—or—or something! Ow!"

The chums of the Remove picked Billy Bunter out of the rhododendrons. To their great relief, he seemed unhurt. He was shaken and he was breathless, and he did not quite know whether he was on his head or his heels. But he was still in one piece.

The car lay on its side.

Bunter blinked at it.

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped the fat Owl.

"Not hurt?" said Bob.

"Yes! Fearfully! I think I've broken my neck—I mean, my back! Both my legs are broken, too!" gasped Bunter.

"You're standing on them, fathead!"

"Oh! I—I mean, they—they feel broken—and—and I think my skull's fractured—"

"Nothing in it to damage, luckily!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Parkinson came up. While the juniors were examining Bunter for injuries Parkinson examined the car. He had more luck than they had! They found no injuries on Bunter. Parkinson found a lot in the car.

"You've been lucky, old fat man," said Bob Cherry. "You might have been jolly well hurt!"

"Beast! I am hurt!" roared Bunter.

"Pains all over!"

"Well, if they're all over you needn't worry about them."

"You silly ass! I mean—"

"Looks like getting to Croydon at twelve-fifteen!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"I—I think I'll let Parkinson drive!" said Bunter. "I'm not jolly keen on driving. After all, what's the good of paying a chauffeur and doing the work oneself? What? You can drive, Wilkinson! Put the car right!"

"Put the car right!" repeated Parkinson.

"Yes—and look sharp!"

Parkinson looked at Bunter, and looked at the car! What Billy Bunter did not know about motor cars would have filled huge volumes. Parkinson knew a little more.

"It will take some time to get that car right, sir!" said Parkinson. "We shall have to get it to a garage. It won't be on the road to-day, sir."

"What?" gasped Bunter. "Wharrer you mean, Williamson! We've got to get to Croydon to catch the bus—I mean, the plane! You call yourself a chauffeur? Can't you do running repairs?"

"You frabjous ass!" said Johnny Bull. "Can't you see that you've wrecked the car? Can't you see—"

"You shut up, Bull! I say, you fellows—"

"I'll get a time-table," said Harry Wharton. "We may be able to do it by train—"

"Don't be an ass!" said Bunter. "I'm not going by train! We're going by car!"

"No car here, fathead! My uncle's taken his car—"

"You've got only one car!" sneered Bunter.

"We're not all billionaires, old fat man!" said the captain of the Remove good-humouredly. "My uncle's taken his car to Croydon, and yours will want glueing together before it can be used again, so—"

"Wilkinson!"

"Sir!"

"Can you get that car going, or not?"

"No, sir!"

"Go and buy me another one, then!"

"Eh?"

Even that well-trained chauffeur, whose immobile visage never betrayed any emotion, gave a jump. Harry Wharton & Co. almost bounded.

They were getting rather used to Bunter the Billionaire! Where his amazing resources came from they did not quite know. But he had them—and he splashed them about royally. Still, this was rather a surprise.

"Go in and ring up a taxi, Snookerson—"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Parkinson.

"Cut off to the nearest town—"

"Oh! Yes!"

"And buy the best car they've got at the best place!"

"Oh! Yes!"

"You'll have to pay cash! Here it is!"

Billy Bunter took out his notecase! The chums of the Remove watched him as if mesmerised. That notecase was crammed with banknotes!

They were not merely fivers. They were not merely tenners! They were of large denominations.

Bunter's fat fingers jerked out two!

They were for £1,000 each!

He tossed them to Parkinson as if they had been fragments of wastepaper. Parkinson caught them and gazed at them quite dazedly. Bunter had succeeded in startling Parkinson out of his calm.

"Get a move on, Sniggerson!" snapped Bunter.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"You're wasting time!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Parkinson, still dizzy, started for the house. Harry Wharton & Co., still spellbound, gazed at Bunter.

He blinked at them.

"May as well go in!" he grunted. "We shall have to wait! May as well have a snack while we wait! No good risking getting hungry!"

Bunter started up the drive to the house. To the wrecked Rolls he gave not a further glance. That was a trifle light as air to Bunter! Harry Wharton & Co. followed him.

"My hat!" said Harry.

That was all he could say! The other fellows said nothing! Bunter the Billionaire had taken their breath away.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Just Like Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Go it!"

"I want you to keep an eye behind as we go!" said Bunter.

Parkinson was driving, when the brand-new car started from Wharton Lodge. Had Billy Bunter been displaying his skill as a driver again he would have been alone in the car. But one spill was enough for Bunter, and now his fat limbs were wedged into soft cushions, and he leaned back in luxurious ease, helping himself occasionally from a bag of tarts on his fat knees. Every now and then he blinked over the back of the car at the road winding behind. Every time he spotted a car on the road his blink grew uneasy.

"Keep an eye behind?" repeated Bob Cherry.

"Yes, old chap!"

"Can't be done, old bean!"

"Why not?" demanded Bunter warmly.

"Both my eyes are in front!" explained Bob gravely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I mean keep an eye behind the car!"

"If I had a glass eye, old man, I'd do it like a shot! But I shall have to keep both these eyes inside the car!"

"Will you talk sense?" hooted Bunter.

"I want to keep a watch on the road behind us while we're going to Croydon."

"Whose watch?" asked Bob.

"Eh?" Billy Bunter blinked at Bob, who seemed to be in quite a humorous mood that morning. "You silly fat-head! Can't you be serious? You know that that lanky American, Bronx, is shadowing me about! He's keeping a watch on me!"

"Nothing to grouse about in that if it's a good timekeeper," suggested Bob.

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"I don't mean that kind of a watch!" shrieked Bunter. "You jolly well know I don't, you silly chump. Look here! Keep an eye on the road, and see if you spot him. You know his little twopenny car if you see it."

"That's all right, old fat bean," said Harry Wharton soothingly. "We chucked that wild and woolly western man into a ditch last time he followed you. He won't want any more."

"He's after me," grunted Bunter. "Blessed if I know why, but he is! He was after my man, Jarvis; and for some reason he's chucked up getting after Jarvis, and got after me. Not that I'm afraid of him, of course. I hope I've got plenty of pluck."

"What a hopeful nature!" murmured Nugent.

"Still, as I'm standing you fellows a splendid and expensive holiday, I expect you to rally round a chap," said Bunter. "I expect you to keep your eyes open and see that that beast doesn't get at me!"

Harry Wharton & Co. made no reply to that.

More than once since they had accepted Billy Bunter's invitation to join him in a holiday trip, they had felt rather disposed to kick themselves for so doing. Bunter had that effect on fellows.

Billy Bunter had not only asked them, but begged them, to join up, in his dread of Mr. Tiger Bronx, the gangster from Chicago, who seemed to be taking such a deep and unnerving interest in the Greysfriars billionaire.

It was for that reason that they had consented, though there was no doubt that an air trip appealed to them very strongly.

But having gained his point it was like Bunter to forget that it was he who was the obliged party. When Mr. Bronx was in the offing, funk predominated; but at other times swank was Bunter's ruling passion.

A billionaire, in Bunter's opinion, was a fellow whom other fellows should bow down to and worship—which was not at all the idea of the Famous Five of the Greysfriars Remove.

They did not care twopenny for Bunter's billions, and less than that small sum for Bunter personally.

But it was an undoubted fact that a dangerous character was haunting the fat Owl's footsteps, and that had decided them.

Bunter had been a week at Wharton Lodge, and during that time he had not been outside the gates, in his dread of running into the gangster. This trip was his first day out.

He hoped that the man from Chicago had given it up and gone; but he had a deep-seated fear in his fat heart that Mr. Bronx was still hanging about on the watch for him.

The chums of the Remove looked back. There were a good many cars on the road that fine morning, but among them they did not spot the little brown Austin that Mr. Bronx drove.

"See anything of him?" asked Bunter, as he helped himself to a sixth tart from the bag.

"The seefulness is not terrific!" answered Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Well, if he was watching the place he would have seen us start and got after us," said Bunter. "He may have chucked it."

"Pretty certain, I should think," said Harry.

Bunter, his mouth full of tart, blinked back. His eyes and his spectacles fixed on a car in a cloud of dust at a distance behind.

"I say, you fellows, there's a car—"

"That's a Mercedes," said Bob, "and it's green."

"Oh, all right!" Bunter settled down again, and devoted himself to tarts. "I dare say he's chucked it. If we keep clear of him till we get in the plane, he will have to chuck it all right. He can't follow us in the air. And he won't know where I've gone. We're all right now."

"Right as rain!" said Bob.

Billy Bunter breathed more freely. That unpleasant gangster, haunting his footsteps, had been a fly in the ointment, quite spoiling the satisfaction he derived from his new and boundless wealth. Bunter hoped, and began to believe, that he had seen the last of Tiger Bronx. Being relieved of his fears the Owl of the Remove naturally became his own charming self again.

"Don't shove your feet all over the car, Cherry," he remarked.

"Eh?"

"Blessed if you don't seem to be all feet! How on earth do you carry them about with you?" asked Bunter.

"Any tarts left in that bag?" asked Bob.

"Eh? Yes."

"Do you want me to squash them over your chivvy? If you don't, don't ask me to do it again," advised Bob.

Billy Bunter sat up, and gave the Famous Five a blink through his big spectacles.

His expression was severe.

"Now, look here, you fellows!" he said. "We'd better have this out plain. I'm a plain chap—"

"You are," agreed Johnny Bull.

"The plainfulness is terrific!" assented Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"I don't mean that, you ass!" hooted Bunter. "I want this clear. I'm taking you fellows on an expensive holiday—spending money like water. That's nothing to me. I'm a generous fellow, I hope. I'm going to give you a good time. You're going to see the sights, and live on the fat of the land. I'm going to be kind and generous in every way. But one thing's got to be understood. You've got to be civil."

Bunter, like Brutus, paused for a reply.

Like Brutus he did not get one.

The Famous Five gazed at him, but did not speak.

"There's such a thing," went on Bunter, "as gratitude. I'm accustomed to ingratitude; but there's a limit. I expect you fellows to bear in mind all I'm doing for you. Lots of fellows, wealthy like me, would have left you in your poor little homes, and forgotten all about you. You can't make out that you've got any claim on me, simply because I know you at school. I've taken you up. I'm taking you on an expensive trip. Before we start, in the magnificent plane that I've chartered at enormous expense, I want it clearly understood that you've got to be civil. Got that?"

"Is that the lot?" asked Bob.

"It's enough, anyhow," said Johnny Bull, in a deep, growling voice that resembled the tones of the Great Huge Bear. "You fat freak—"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You bothered us to come with you because you were funky of that lanky American. We were fools to come. I'm chucking it, for one."

"Same here!" assented Nugent.

"The samefulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton looked worried. His feelings were the same as those of his chums. But there was a difficulty in the way. His uncle, Colonel Wharton, was already at Croydon Aerodrome.

The old colonel had willingly given

his consent to the schoolboys' trip, but he had naturally felt that he could not let a party of schoolboys start on an air journey as if they were merely taking the train for Southend or Brighton.

Jarvis, Bunter's "man," was going with the party, and, as the colonel had never seen him, he desired to be assured that the man was a suitable person to take a party of schoolboys abroad.

So Colonel Wharton had left for Croydon early that morning to meet Mr. Jarvis, and to look into the arrangements generally. He was going to see the party off when they started.

"We were rather asses," remarked Bob Cherry, "to think for a minute that we could stand Bunter. We can't!"

"But my uncle—" said Harry.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Man in the Mercedes.

BILLY BUNTER bounded to his feet. The bag of tarts slid unheeded to the floor. Swank departed from Billy Bunter like the air from a bubble that was burst.

He fixed his eyes and his spectacles on the car coming on behind. He glimpsed a slouched hat on the driver's head. Tiger Bronx wore a slouched hat. Billy Bunter's fat jaw dropped. More than half the distance to Croydon had been covered, and nothing had been seen of the brown Austin. But the explanation was simple. It did not mean, after all, that the gangster had given up the pursuit of Bunter the

"That's the sportsman!" agreed Johnny Bull.

"No time to stop and dip him in a ditch again!" said Bob with a grin.

"He's not trying to catch us," said Harry. "Just keeping us in sight! He must have been keeping an eye on Wharton Lodge, to spot Bunter when he left."

"Looks like it!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. His little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles as he blinked at the pursuing car. "I—I—I say, you fellows. I—I knew he'd get after me again! Oh lor'! I say, you stick to me, you know."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"If there wasn't a crowd of us in the



"I don't know what Colonel Wharton wanted to barge in at all for!" said Bunter peevishly. "If the old ass thinks he's going to keep me waiting about, I can only say—yaroooooooooh! Whooop!" A finger and thumb that felt like a vice closed on Billy Bunter's fat ear from behind. He gave a yell, spun round, and blinked in alarm and dismay at the grim, bronzed face of Colonel Wharton.

"Oh, I forgot! Well, let's keep on to Croydon, and pack in your uncle's car and come back."

"Yes; that's all right."

Billy Bunter sneered.

"You can pack into that measly old Ford with that old fossil of a colonel, if you like," he retorted. "Think I shall miss you? Plenty of fellows will be jolly glad to come if I ask them. I've had letters from Skinner and Snoop, and lots of other fellows. If you think I'm frightfully keen on your company, I can jolly well tell you you're mistaken! I—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly.

His glance had fallen again on the green Mercedes coming on behind.

"Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking, Cherry. It's cheek!"

"That jolly old American—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"He's in the Mercedes."

"Oh crikey!"

Billionaire. It only meant that he had another car.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, are—are you sure that that's the beast?" stammered Bunter.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"The very identical beast!" he answered. "I saw his face for a minute—it's the jolly old gent from Chicago."

"Oh lor'!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed back. Their car was not hurrying; Bunter did not like a high speed on the roads. It was much the more powerful car of the two, and could have walked away from the Mercedes had Parkinson gone all out. As it was, the man in the slouched hat was easily keeping up.

"That's the man!" said Harry Wharton, as the slouch hat lifted a moment, and he had a glimpse of a hard, lean face, with a gash of a mouth and slits of eyes.

car, I fancy that sportsman would put it on, and run Bunter down and bag him!" he said. "Cheer up, old fat bean—we're keeping in the car till you reach Croydon."

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter dropped into his seat again.

A glimpse of the lean man from Chicago had taken all the swank out of Billy Bunter! He was as limp as a rag.

"I say, you fellows, if he follows us to Croydon, he will know that we're going by air, and he will get after us!" he gasped.

"Well, he can't barge into your special plane that you've chartered with your jolly old billions!" said Bob. "He will have to cross by a common or garden passenger plane, if he keeps after you."

"He ought to be run in!" gasped Bunter.

"He hasn't done anything to be run

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in for yet! You can't run a man in for taking his car out on a Surrey road on a fine morning."

Bunter groaned.

Obviously the man from Chicago could not be "run in" till he had offended against the law. But if his offence against the law was to take the form of damage to Bunter, the fact that he might be "run in" afterwards was not much of a consolation to the fat Owl of the Remove.

"It's rotten!" groaned Bunter. "He was after Jarvis—I didn't mind him being after Jarvis! What's he want to get after me instead for? I—I wonder if that's why Jarvis handed the money over to me?"

"Jarvis handed the money over to you!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Is it Jarvis you get all that cash from?"

"Oh! No! Nothing of the kind! I—I was always rolling in money, you know," said Billy Bunter hastily. "I've often told you fellows how magnificently we live at Bunter Court—"

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

The Famous Five looked at him. Billy Bunter's sudden and immense wealth was a perpetual puzzle. They had had a lurking suspicion that Jarvis, the sleek, soft-footed manservant who served him as a valet, had something to do with it, though they could not imagine what. If Bunter's billions were derived from his mysterious valet, the affair was a very deep and perplexing problem.

"I say, you fellows, I—I hope you haven't got your backs up!" said Bunter. "You were talking some rot about going back in old Wharton's car!"

"Whose?" snapped Harry.

"I—I mean Colonel Wharton's car!"

Of course, you didn't mean it," said Bunter anxiously. "You're not such fools as to throw up a splendid and expensive holiday on the Continent—"

"Rats!"

"Everything of the best—"

"More rats!"

"Everything paid for—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Everything top-hole—"

"We're going back from Croydon, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, quietly.

"You're not!" roared Bunter.

"We jolly well are!" said Bob. "Fed up with you, old fat bean."

"Letting a fellow down—" hooted Bunter.

"Fathead!"

"Breaking your word—"

"Look here—" roared Johnny Bull.

"Not a thing I could do," said Bunter. "You agreed to come and stick to me if that American beast turned up again! Well, now he's turned up. You can't let a fellow down! Not Greyfriars style."

"But—"

"I've asked you to come! I want you to come! I hold you to your word!" said Bunter indignantly. "I'm surprised at you! I shouldn't have thought you fellows would break a promise and let a fellow down! I shouldn't, really."

The Famous Five gazed at Bunter! The sudden reappearance of Tiger Bronx had evidently made a tremendous difference to the fat Owl of the Remove.

"You silly ass!" said Harry Wharton at last. "If you want us to stick to you, I suppose—"

"Well, I do!" gasped Bunter.

"But you're such a silly ass," said Harry Wharton.

"Such an offensive pig!" said Johnny Bull.

"Such a fat, frabjous, foozling, footling frump!" said Bob Cherry.

"Such a terrific and preposterous tick!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Such a wriggling worm!" said Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter made no reply to that string of compliments. He blinked back at the green Mercedes.

"I say, you fellows! You're sticking to me! That's all right! I don't mind your bad manners—after all, I got used to them at Greyfriars! I—I say, do you think it would be safe to go faster?"

"Safe as houses, fathead!"

"Let her out, Wilkinson!"

Parkinson let her out.

The car raced. Behind came the Mercedes, going all out to keep the Greyfriars party in sight.

But a mile on, the pursuer was dropped. Billy Bunter blinked back in great relief at a road where no green Mercedes was visible.

"I say, you fellows, he's lost us!"

"Looks like it!"

"But—but he may guess we're heading for Croydon—"

"Not a hard guess."

"Then—then he may guess what we're going there for."

"He may if he gives his jolly old brain some really hard exercise!" assented Bob Cherry. "Of course, he might fancy we're going to Croydon to catch the Mauritania! Still, he might guess that we're going for a plane!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snorted Bunter. "You jolly well wouldn't cackle if that beast was after you! I—I—I hope we shan't see the beast at Croydon!"

In streets and houses, Parkinson had to slow down again. But the green Mercedes was not seen, and Harry Wharton & Co. wondered whether they had seen the last of the man from Chicago. But they did not waste a lot of thought on him, and indeed, almost forgot him, as they drove on to the aerodrome.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

At the Aerodrome!

COLONEL WHARTON was waiting for the Greyfriars party at the aerodrome.

Standing in the porch of the building fronting the gate, Harry Wharton's uncle glanced every now and then at his watch, and every now and then at the gateway where cars turned in.

Near him, in an attitude of deferential respect, stood a rather shortish, sleek, smooth-faced man, with plump smooth hands, which he wound together, rubbing the smooth palms as if washing them without soap or water.

This was Billy Bunter's "man," James Jarvis.

Colonel Wharton, from moment to moment, gave a grunt.

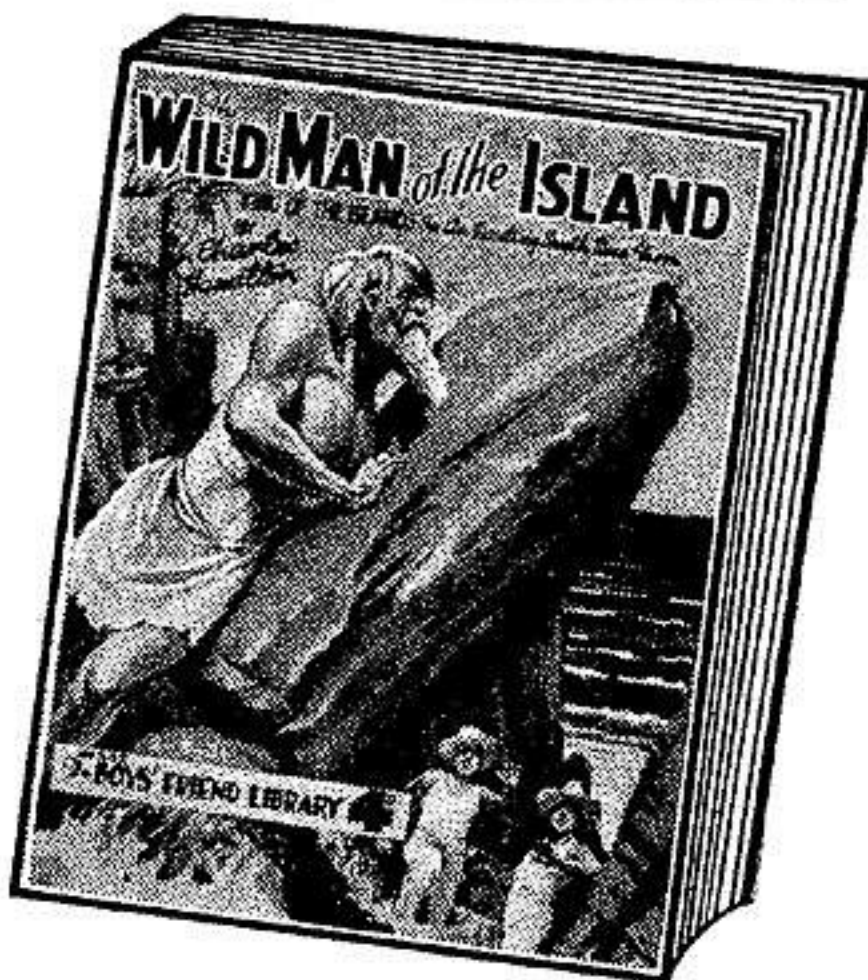
"The boys are late!" he said.

The old soldier was punctuality itself. His nephew had learned from him to be punctual. But time had been lost in getting off from Wharton Lodge, owing to the fatuous proceedings of Billy Bunter. A fellow could not wreck a car and send his chauffeur to buy a new one without losing time.

"Quite so, sir!" assented Mr. Jarvis with his deferential cough. "My young master, I regret to say, is not the soul of punctuality."

Grunt from the colonel.

● Marooned on an island, Ken King—famous all over the Pacific as "KING OF THE ISLANDS"—and Kit Hudson, mate of the ketch "Dawn," stumbled on a mystery and solved it, but only after a host of thrills that make this yarn one you mustn't miss.



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His keen grey eyes turned for a moment on Jarvis.

The man puzzled him a little.

Quiet, respectable, sedate, smooth, and sleek, Jarvis looked what he was—an excellently trained man-servant.

He had made all the arrangements for the journey in an absolutely efficient manner, and Colonel Wharton could not doubt that he was a thoroughly reliable man.

The old gentleman was satisfied, so far as that went.

In conversation with Jarvis that morning, he had learned that he had been valet to an American millionaire of the name of Shook; that he had travelled considerably with his master; that he knew most of the countries of Europe, and that he spoke several languages.

Certainly he seemed an admirable person to be in attendance on the Greyfriars party on their holiday.

But somehow the colonel did not like the man.

On the one hand, he was surprised that a fellow like Bunter should possess so obviously well-trained a valet! On the other hand, he had a vague impression that there was something hidden behind the smooth, sleek exterior of James Jarvis that he did not quite understand.

However, he was not a man to be influenced by vague impressions, and so far as could be seen, at all events, Jarvis was a thoroughly satisfactory man in every way.

"I think, sir, that that is the party arriving now," said Jarvis, in his low, respectful voice.

Colonel Wharton glanced at the car that was turning in at the gate.

It was not the same car that had brought Billy Bunter to Wharton Lodge a week ago. That car, if the colonel had known it, lay on his drive at home, badly in need of repair. But if it was not the expected car, it was the expected party, for half a dozen youthful faces could be seen in it. And as it rolled in, a fat squeak was heard.

"I say, you fellows, is this the place?"

"This is the jolly old spot," answered Bob Cherry. "Now we're going to see whether there's a plane that will lift you off the earth, old fat man!"

"Beast!"

The car came to a stop opposite the porch. Parkinson stepped down and opened the door.

Bunter rolled out, followed by the rest of the party. The fat Owl of the Remove blinked round him through his big spectacles. Colonel Wharton and Jarvis were not a dozen feet away, and they were already moving towards the newcomers. Bunter, however, did not see them.

"Look here, Wharton—" he yapped.

"Well?" said Harry.

"Your uncle's supposed to be here waiting for us—"

"He's here."

"Well, I'm not going to hang about for him," said Bunter peevishly. "Why can't he be on the spot? If the old fossil thinks I'm going to hang about looking for him—"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Shan't! I don't see what Colonel Wharton wanted to barge in at all for—as if things couldn't be left to my man! And if the old ass thinks he's going to keep me waiting about, I can only say—yaroooooh! Whooooop!"

A finger and thumb that felt like a vice closed on Billy Bunter's fat ear from behind.

He gave a yell and spun round, and blinked in alarm and dismay at the grim, bronzed face of Colonel Wharton.

"Ow! Leggo!" roared Bunter.

"You impudent young rascal!" hooted the old colonel.

"Ow! Wow! I wasn't calling you an old ass!" gasped Bunter. "I—I was speaking of quite another old ass, sir!"

"What?"

"You're not the only old ass in the world!" gasped Bunter. "I mean—ow! What I mean to say is—wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you leggo my ear?" shrieked Bunter.

Colonel Wharton let go his ear. Billy Bunter proceeded to rub it. It was of the hue of a freshly boiled beetroot, and it seemed to have a pain in it. The old gentleman gave him a glare and took no further notice of him. The Famous Five walked into the hall within, and Bunter was left rubbing his ear.

GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By HAROLD SKINNER.

No. 13.—SAMSON QUINCEY IFFLEY FIELD.

(of the Greyfriars Remove.)

With the opening of the Soccer season, our lightning artist gives us a topical cartoon in the shape of Samson Quincey Iffley Field—more familiarly known as "Squiff"—the Junior XI goalkeeper.



Here's Squiff from the Land of the Corn,
He keeps a good brain in his noddle;
To goalkeeping Samson was born—
He did it before he could toddle!

The forwards can't stand him at all,
His methods are certain and drastic;
They say, when he dives for the ball,
His arms must be made of elastic!

"Cheeky beast!" gasped Bunter, waiting till the colonel was out of hearing, before he confided his opinion of him to Jarvis. "If the cheeky old idiot thinks I'm going to stand that, he's jolly well mistaken, Jarvis."

He glared at Jarvis.

"What are you grinning at?" he demanded.

Jarvis composed his smooth features. He had so far forgotten himself as to smile.

"I don't want any cheek from you, Jarvis!" yapped Bunter.

"Certainly not, sir."

"I'd sack you as soon as look at you."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Jarvis.

"You've got everything ready?" grunted Bunter.

"Everything, sir!" said Jarvis smoothly. "The plane, Kingfisher, one

of the best on this line, has been specially chartered, and now awaits you, sir! The passports are in order, and the—"

"What about the grub?"

"Ample supplies, sir, have been provided, and the usual attendant has been retained, sir, to wait on you—"

"Well, that's all right!" said Bunter. "If the grub's all right, everything's all right! Have you ever flown, Jarvis?"

"Several times, sir, with my former employer."

"Well, I don't want you to be nervous! I expect those fellows will be nervous, and I shall have my hands full with them!" grunted Bunter. "I'm the only chap in the party with anything like pluck. I—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a roar from within. "Are you coming, Bunter?"

"I'm coming when I jolly well choose!" retorted Bunter. "I don't want any instructions from you, Bob Cherry."

However, the fat Owl rolled in. Jarvis remained for a moment to speak to the chauffeur, and then followed him respectfully. He lingered in the porch to glance back as Parkinson drove away. Another car—a green Mercedes—appeared at the gate, and Jarvis's eyes lingered for a moment on a man in a slouched hat at the driving-wheel. He smiled, and went after the Greyfriars party.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Up!

"Is—is—is that it?"

Billy Bunter blinked at the plane.

It looked enormous as it stood there on the concrete. Harry Wharton & Co. stood looking at it with interested and admiring eyes. But Billy Bunter blinked at it with a dubious blink behind his big spectacle.

Bunter had never been "up"—and anything that Bunter had never done, he always fancied that he could do without turning a hair. Often enough he had blinked at planes twirling in the sky, and told himself that it was as easy as winking; and, in fact, Bunter had often dallied with the idea of becoming a flying-man later on. But now that he blinked at the huge Kingfisher at close quarters, something like a doubt smote him.

He was conscious of a slight sinking feeling in his podgy inside!

Suppose, for instance, they fell?

That was not a cheery sort of thing to suppose, when about to start on an air journey! It made Bunter feel anything but cheery.

It occurred to him now, rather late, that he was not frightfully keen on air trips!

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

"Jolly old bus, what?" said Bob Cherry. Bob was in great spirits. He had been up with his father, Major Cherry, a good many times, and revelled in it. Even Billy Bunter's company could not dash Bob's spirits now.

"Is—is—is it safe?" asked Bunter. He seemed to doubt it.

"Safe?" repeated Bob, with a stare. "Of course it is, fathead! Planes don't have accidents like cars and trains."

"They jolly well do!" growled Bunter. "I've heard of lots."

"Well, not so often, anyhow."

"Safe as esteemed houses, my fat and ludicrous Bunter!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh reassuringly.

"Unless Bunter's weight sinks it!" remarked Johnny Bull.

Beast!"

"This way, my boys," said Colonel Wharton. He led his flock to the steps that gave access to the door in the side of the big plane.

Billy Bunter lingered behind.

The nearer he approached that plane, the less he liked its looks. He found himself hating the thought of disappearing through that doorway into the interior. Once inside, he would not be able to get out again.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Up you go, Bunter," said Bob.

"Lead on, Macduff!"

"The—the fact is——"

"Come on, fatty!"

"The—the fact is I—I'm afraid——"

"I guessed that one."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass! I mean I'm afraid——"

"The afraidfulness is terrific."

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to start to-day. I—I forgot an engagement—a rather important engagement——"

"Forget it again," suggested Nugent.

"The—the fact is it's an appointment with one of my titled relations——"

"Help Bunter up, you men," said Bob Cherry.

"I say—— Leggo!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Here's somebody come to see us off, Bunter. Look!"

He twirled the fat junior round with one hand and pointed with the other. Coming through the doorway on to the drome was a tall, lean figure surmounted by a slouched hat.

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter.

He gave Tiger Bronx one blink, then without waiting for assistance he bolted up the steps to the cabin door.

The juniors chuckled.

The long, lean gangster had no terrors for them; neither did he seem to have any for Mr. Jarvis, though they could remember having seen the sleek man fleeing from him in deadly fear. But he had unlimited terrors for Bunter, and the fat Owl forgot that he was afraid to fly, so much was he afraid of Mr. Bronx.

After him went the grinning juniors. Colonel Wharton shook hands with them in turn and said good-bye and wished them a pleasant trip and a happy holiday. He seemed to overlook Bunter—but that did not matter, as the fat Owl had forgotten his existence.

"I—I say, you fellows, is—is that beast coming after me?" gasped Bunter when they were inside.

"Ha, ha! Not likely!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He seems to have followed us to Croydon. Much good may it do him! He can't do anything here, ass!"

"I—I suppose he can't." Bunter recovered himself a little and blinked out of the doorway. "He could be run in if he did."

"Of course he could!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"There's a lot of people about," said Bunter. "I'm not afraid of the brute! I—I think, after all, we won't go to-day, you fellows."

"Think again!" suggested Bob.

"I suppose I can do as I like on my own plane!" hooted Bunter wrathfully. "I'm not taking orders from you, I suppose! Where's Jarvis? Where's that fool Jarvis? Where's that idiot Jarvis? I'll sack him—I'll——"

"Here, sir!"

"Oh, there you are—blow you! Jarvis, I think I shan't be going to-day, after all. I'm not nervous, you know—not in the least. But—but I've got to see the Head—I mean I've got an appointment in the West End——"

Slam!

The door closed.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,385.

"Hold on, Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter held on to one of the seats. His impression was that the plane was just going to shoot like an arrow into the sky.

It didn't.

"I say, you fellows, are we starting?" he gasped as the plane did not move.

"Any minute," said Bob. "Hold on! Hold on for your life!"

Bunter held on like a limpet to a rock. There was nothing to hold on for. Bunter, however, was not aware of that, so he held on. His clutch on the seat was convulsive. It did not occur to him for the moment that Bob's object was to keep him busy till the Kingfisher took off.

Harry Wharton glanced from the window. He waved his hand to his uncle who smiled and waved back. A man in uniform was making a signal, which was followed by the deep hum of the motors.

"I—I—I say, we're going!" gasped Bunter.

"Hold on!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"I want to get out!" yelled Bunter.

"Hold on for your life!" grinned Johnny Bull.

Bunter clung.

The hum deepened to a roar. To the juniors looking from the cabin window it seemed as if the ground was moving, as in a railway train; but it was the Kingfisher that was moving.

"I say, you fellows, speak to the pilot and tell him to stop!" howled Billy Bunter. "I want to get out, you know!"

"Mustn't get off a bus while it's moving," said Bob Cherry, shaking his head; "it's against the rules."

"Tell them to stop, then!"

The Greyfriars fellows chuckled. Even Jarvis allowed a grin to spread over his sleek features.

The buildings and the little crowd of onlookers were slipping away. Harry Wharton saw his uncle's hand waved again, and then lost him to sight. But he had a last glimpse of a slouched hat tilted up and a lean, hard face under it, staring. Tiger Bronx was standing there watching the plane that was carrying off the present possessor of the Shook billions. His slits of eyes were glittering, his lean jaw hard set. In a moment more, however, he had vanished.

"I—I—I say, how high are we now?" gasped Bunter. The motion of the plane seemed to be turning him into a fat jelly.

It was a rather difficult question to answer, as the Kingfisher had not yet left the ground. However, Bob answered.

"Less than a mile," he said.

"A mile!" howled Bunter.

"Less than that!" said Bob.

"Much less!" grinned Nugent.

"The lessfulness is terrific."

"Oh crikey! Oh lor! I—I wish I hadn't come! I say, you fellows, tell the pilot to go down! Tell him to go down at once!"

"He can't get any farther down than he is now, old fat man!" chuckled Bob.

"Why not?" howled Bunter.

He was unaware that the plane was yet taxiing on the solid surface of the earth. Certainly going down would have presented difficulties to the most skilful pilot.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as he felt a sudden change of motion. "We—we—we're falling!"

"Only turning, old bean," said Bob.

"How high are we now?"

"Less than a mile."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The engines roared with a deeper roar. The plane was racing like a car.

Wharton, looking out, could see the landing wheels detach themselves from the earth.

"We're lifting!" he said.

"We're up!"

"Up!" howled Bunter. "Weren't we up before?"

"Ha, ha! No. But we are now."

"You said we were a mile up!" yelled Bunter.

"I said less than a mile," corrected Bob. "So we were—one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards less than a mile!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Hold on!" chortled Bob.

"How far up are we now?"

"Less than a thousand miles."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you rotters! I don't believe we've started at all! I'm jolly well going to get out!" yelled Bunter.

"Hold on!" yelled Bob.

Bunter held on convulsively. The juniors, from the windows, watched Croydon sinking away to a blur. They were up now and flying. The motion was as smooth as that of a car on a good road. Even Billy Bunter realised that.

"I say, you fellows, are we really up?" he gasped.

"Rising fast, old fat man."

"It—it—it feels all right."

"And it's just like it feels," said Harry, laughing. "Nothing to worry about, old fat man. Right as rain!"

"It seems steady enough!" said Bunter.

"Steady as the Buffs!" answered Bob.

"Then what did you tell me to hold on for?" demanded Bunter.

"Just to keep you busy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

And he ceased to hold on.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

In the Air.

UP and up and up!

Some of the juniors had been up before, but it was their first trip in a big passenger plane. The roomy cabin was very different from the narrow limits of a cockpit. And the motion—so far, at least—was beautifully smooth. There was room on the Kingfisher for quite a large number of passengers, but the Greyfriars billionaire having chartered the plane—the Remove fellows had it mainly to themselves.

Billy Bunter ceased to cling to the back of the seat, now that he had discovered that there was no reason for holding on. He plumped into a seat instead. The roar of the engines settled into a steady drone—rather fortissimo, but not really unpleasant. Bunter sprawled at ease, and, as was usual with the fat Owl, passed at one jump from blue funk to airy confidence.

"I say, you fellows, this is jolly comfy!" said Bunter. "Nothing for you chaps to feel nervy about that I can see."

"Who's nervy?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Well, you're looking a bit pallid, old man."

"You silly ass!"

"You're rather pale, Nugent——"

"Fathead!"

"Buck up, Bob, old man! Don't keep on blinking from the window in that frightened way! We're not going to fall!" said Bunter encouragingly.

Bob Cherry turned from the window and gave William George Bunter a very, very expressive look. But expressive looks were wasted on Bunter.



As he was looking back over his shoulder, Coker did not see the long legs stretched out across his path. And not seeing them, naturally he stumbled over them. "What the thump——" he gasped, as he sprawled headlong, and his head rapped sharply against the hard stone pillar. There was a yell of surprise and pain from the man behind the newspaper. "You dog-goned, pie-faced geck!"

"Keep your pecker up, Wharton!" went on Bunter cheerfully. "If you feel funk coming on, keep an eye on me!"

"I don't feel it coming on yet, thanks!" answered the captain of the Remove. "And I'd rather not keep an eye on you, if you don't mind! You're not pretty to look at!"

"Yah! I say, Inky, you can't turn pale—he, he, he!—not with that boot-black complexion of yours! He, he, he!"

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter——"

"Don't tremble!" said Bunter.

"The trembleness is not terrific!"

"The fact is," said Bunter, "it's as safe as a train, or safer! I don't see any reason at all for you fellows to be nervy! The best thing you can do is to pull yourselves together! Keep a stiff upper lip!"

"Are you wound up?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"Will you shut up?" inquired Johnny Bull.

None of the Famous Five felt in the slightest degree nervous. There was nothing to feel nervous about, even if they had been given to nerves. Air accidents are more uncommon than railway accidents, and, of course, infinitely rarer than car accidents. But Bunter, without any reason at all, had been in a blue funk. So it was rather irritating to hear him lecturing them on keeping up their courage. That, of course, was Bunter all over!

"You needn't get ratty, Bull, simply because you're feeling nervy!" said Bunter. "I'm trying to encourage you. What you really want is a little pluck.

Well, keeping your eyes on a plucky fellow will help you to keep cool. It's a bit sickening to see you fellows frightened at nothing! I must say that."

"We're three thousand feet up!" remarked Bob Cherry, glancing at a dial on the wall.

"And doing a hundred and ten!" said Harry, with a glance at another dial.

"That's all right!" said Bunter. "Nothing to frighten you in that."

"Who's frightened?" bawled Johnny Bull in a voice that nearly drowned the deep drone of the Kingfisher.

"You are, old chap!" answered Bunter calmly. "But don't yell because you're in a funk! Keep cool!"

"I'll jolly well——"

"Keep cool, old chap—keep cool!" urged Bunter. "Don't get excited! The worst possible thing is to give way to it! Pull yourself together! Try to think about something else, and you'll soon be all right!"

Johnny Bull gave the fat Owl a glare that was almost homicidal. Bunter grinned at him cheerfully.

"The fact is," said Bunter, "I was a bit doubtful about bringing you fellows on this trip. I was afraid you'd get into a tremble! But it's too late to back out now! You can't jump out at three thousand feet! He, he, he! Make up your minds about it! Keep cool, like me! I can jolly well say——WHOOOOOP!"

The plane gave a sudden lurch.

Hitherto the motion had been so smooth that it was difficult for the passengers of the Kingfisher to realise that

they were flying at all. Now there was rather a change.

The Kingfisher was dipping and swooping. There was nothing alarming in it, though it was for the moment startling. Planes had those little ways in the air. But from Billy Bunter there came a yell of fright.

The sudden dip rolled him off his seat, and he sat on the floor. He sat there and roared.

"Whoop! Yooop! Help! I say, you fellows——Yaroooh! Stop! Tell 'em to stop at once! I want to go down! Yaroooh!"

Bob Cherry winked at his comrades. They suppressed a desire to chortle. With a great effort, they turned serious faces on Bunter.

"You want to go down?" asked Bob.

"Ow! Yes! Wow!"

The plane dipped again. Bunter clutched frantically at the seat.

"Well, if you want to go down, you won't be long in going if we fall!" said Bob. "Keep your eyes on Bunter, you fellows! He's going to show us how to keep a stiff upper lip!"

"Yaroooh!"

"It will be rather a bump if we hit the earth from this distance!" remarked Harry Wharton.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Bit of a smash, and no mistake!" said Nugent.

"Help!"

"The smashfulness will be terrific!"

"Rescue!"

Dip, dip, dip went the plane. Bunter rolled and roared. Then the Kingfisher levelled out again, and all was calm. Bunter sat up.

"Are we falling?" he gasped.

"Not at all!"

"Not falling?" gasped Bunter.

"Hardly!"

Bunter staggered up. He blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles with an infuriated blink. It dawned on his fat brain that they had been pulling his podgy leg. An occasional dip and swoop was incidental to a flight, and there was nothing the matter.

"You rotters!" gasped Bunter. "You—you blighters! You—you—you beasts! You made me think we were falling, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky, cackling rotters—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five. Bunter's panic, after his airy swank, was rather too much for them. They roared.

"You can cackle!" yelled Bunter.

"Thanks, we will! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

Bunter plumped into his seat again, and glowered. But no more words of encouragement were heard from the fat Owl. He did not urge the fellows to keep their courage up and keep a stiff upper lip. He sat in frowning silence—which was a relief, at least. Silence was never so golden as when Billy Bunter was silent.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Lost Lunch.

"LUNCH, sir!"

Billy Bunter brightened up. Jarvish's sleek voice, not otherwise musical, was as the music of the spheres to Bunter as he pronounced that magic word.

The Kingfisher was over the Channel now. Harry Wharton & Co. found keen interest in looking down at the sea far below and trying to spot the steamers. Bunter did not look out. The smooth and easy motion of the plane had restored his courage, such as it was; but he had a misgiving that, if he looked down, funk would supervene.

Lunch was just what he wanted. It distracted his fat thoughts from the remote possibility of a crash. And he was, of course, getting hungry. It was nearly a couple of hours since he had eaten anything.

Flaps were let down for tables, and the attendant brought lunch along. It was an ample lunch—a beautiful lunch. Bunter had given Jarvish very particular instructions on that point, and Jarvish had carried out his instructions. Harry Wharton & Co. were ready for lunch, and they sat down to it cheerfully. Bunter beamed. He had been annoyed, but in the presence of food-stuffs his equanimity returned.

"I say, you fellows, this is better than lunching on the Channel steamer—what?" he remarked. "No danger of seasickness. Not that I was ever seasick. I'm too good a sailor. But I remember you fellows being awfully green and yellow that time we crossed the Channel. You remember, Bob?"

"I remember you hanging over the side, making a weird row!" answered Bob Cherry. "Go easy on the grub, Bunter! You can't hang over the side on a plane!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I've heard of passengers being air-sick," said Frank Nugent. "Don't scoff more than enough for ten, old chap, in case of trouble!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter elegantly.

"Who'd imagine that we were in the chops of the Channel!" remarked

Johnny Bull, as he dealt with an excellent cold chicken. "We don't feel the chops up here."

"The chopfulness is not terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows, you can tuck in!" said Bunter. "You needn't be afraid of mal-de-mer! It would be different on a steamer—you're not good sailors like me! But you're all right here."

"Right as rain, old fat bean!" said Wharton good-humouredly. "This trip was a ripping idea of yours."

"Topping!" said Nugent.

"Vote of thanks to Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

The Famous Five were enjoying that trip; and it was only cricket to acknowledge the same. Bunter reacted to the acknowledgment in the manner that might have been expected of him.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said. "Glad to give you a treat! When a fellow's got pots of money, why shouldn't he spend it, what? Of course, you couldn't have afforded a trip like this!"

"Hem!"

"Rather out of your depth, what?" said Bunter. "Well, we can't all be enormously rich! Bit of luck for you to know a wealthy fellow who doesn't care how much he spends, what?"

"Um!"

Bunter's observations did not seem to encourage light and genial conversation. The chums of the Remove finished lunch, and gave their attention to the windows, and what was to be seen outside. There were clouds below the Kingfisher now, and they could not tell whether they had passed the sea, and were over the land or not. So they watched with great interest for a sign of "la belle France" below them.

Bunter was interested neither in the sea nor in la belle France. He was deeply and intensely interested in the lunch.

How many lunches Bunter packed away one after another it might have been difficult to compute. He was still going strong, long after the other fellows had finished. The plane attendant had quite a busy and tiring time, bringing dishes, and taking them empty away. Where Bunter put it all was a mystery to him.

At Greyfriars School, where his allowance had been rather on the small side, and the postal order he had constantly expected had seldom arrived, the fat Owl had not often been able to reach the limit of his powers in surrounding tuck. But since he had been a millionaire he had often reached that limit—and frequently passed it!

When the supply of tuck was ample, Bunter was rather given to disregarding the Plimsoll line. Now the supply was unlimited. Bunter was at liberty to wrap himself round anything he liked and as much of it as he chose. So his wrapping-round operations were extensive.

But even Bunter was finished at last. Regretfully, he realised that he had not even room for another bunch of luscious grapes.

He leaned back in his seat, breathing hard.

"Nothing more, sir?" asked Jarvish, with a faint inflection of sarcasm in his sleek voice.

"No!" said Bunter. "I haven't much appetite to-day, Jarvish."

"Oh!"

Bunter, leaning back, closed his eyes behind his spectacles. After a meal Bunter liked a nap. And he really needed a rest, after his exertions at lunch.

"Hullo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "That's jolly old France!"

The clouds below opened, and the land rushed into view. The Channel was far behind. Three thousand feet below, the earth was spread out like a map under the plane. Roads and lanes and streams were like a fine network.

"Bunter, old bean—"

Snore!

"We're over France, Bunter!"

Snore!

The juniors chuckled, and left Bunter to snore. With keen interest they picked out the objects below. Bob Cherry pointed out the railway line, that ran from Boulogne to Paris. A tiny train seemed to be crawling along the Nord railway. An immense white circle indicated an aerodrome.

Then the clouds shut in again. Drifts of vapour passed the windows. Above the sun was shining brightly, but it could not be seen, for there were banks of clouds above as well as below. It was rather a queer feeling, to be shut off from the sight of the earth and the heavens, as if the Kingfisher and its passengers were the sole occupants of a universe of their own. The plane droned on, and there came a sudden dip, followed by a bump as Billy Bunter rolled off his seat.

"We're climbing!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yarrah!"

"Getting over the clouds!" said Nugent.

"Whoop!" shrieked Bunter. "I say, you fellows, help! What's happened?"

"Nothing, old bean!"

"Ow! We're falling—"

"Safe as houses!"

"Oh, crikey! Ow!"

The juniors kindly picked Bunter up and wedged him into his seat again. He blinked at them, over the spectacles that had slid down his fat little nose. The plane was no longer gliding smoothly. To Bunter's scared imagination it seemed to be rocking about like a cockleshell in a storm at sea.

"I—I say, you fellows—" he gasped.

"We're going higher," explained Bob. "I dare say the pilot wants to get through the clouds. They're rather thick here."

"The beast!" gasped Bunter. "You—you—you're sure we're not falling?"

"Aeroplanes seldom fall upwards!" said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"Beast! Groogh! I—I say, you fellows, cut along and tell the pilot to keep still! Tell him to stop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I'm feeling queer inside!" gasped Bunter. "It's just like being on a steamer! Only worse! I—I say, I don't want to keep on to Paris! Go and tell the pilot to stop at once! Urrrrgh!"

Bunter gurgled. He had lunched, not wisely, but too well. The present motion of the plane was not in the least alarming. But it was disturbing to a fellow who had parked too many lunches at once. Perhaps, as the poet nearly said, 'tis better to have lunched and lost, than never to have lunched at all. But the losing of a lunch was an uncomfortable process. And Bunter had several lunches to lose.

"Urrrrgh! Jarvish! Wurrgh! Where's that fool Jarvish? Gurrgh! I'll sack him! Where—"

"Sir!"

"Oh, there you are, you idiot! Go and tell the pilot to— Wurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get along to the pilot at once, Jarvish, and tell him to— Grooogh!"

"Poor old Bunter!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It will be all right soon—we shall level out a bit higher—"

"Urrgh! It's my plane, ain't it?" shrieked Bunter. "I'm not going to be sick to please a beastly airman! Jarvis, go at once, and— Urrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tell the man to stop!" raved Bunter. "I want to— Urrgh! I want to get out and—and walk! I want to— Groooogh! I—I want to— Yoooch!"

"I fear, sir, that the pilot would not receive instructions from me, sir!" said Jarvis.

"I'll sack you! Groogh! Oooogh! Might as well be on a— Yurrgh! Steamer! I'm feeling ill—fearfully ill! Wooogh! Mum-mum-my inside's shifting about! Gurrerrgh!"

Billy Bunter curled up.

Jarvis brought him a glass of water. Bob Cherry patted him on the back. Wharton and Nugent held him in his seat. But it was a scene of woe and suffering. The Kingfisher slid out of the clouds into a blaze of sunshine. All was calm and bright. But Billy Bunter, empty as a drum after all his efforts at lunch, gasped and groaned and guggled, as if he would never leave off gasping and groaning and guggling.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Landing in France.

"**O** LISTEN to the band!" sang Bob Cherry softly. The Greyfriars fellows chuckled.

Billy Bunter had ceaser, at long last, to groan, to gurgle, and to guggle. There was a brief silence. But the silence did not last long. There was seldom silence for long when William George Bunter was present. Asleep or awake, Bunter made himself audible. It was only a change of melody. He had fallen asleep again, and with his eyes shut and his mouth open, he snored. Perhaps he was dreaming of the lunch he had lost, or the dinner that was to come, for he smiled in his sleep. And he snored!

The plane droned on, to the accompaniment of Bunter's snore. Which was the louder of the two was perhaps a question. But there was no doubt which was the more musical of the two! The plane had the advantage there!

The north of France was flitting under the Kingfisher, and the Famous Five were keenly interested in all they could see. They had done the journey before, by train; and they agreed nem. con. that it was ever so much better by plane. It was only a four-hour trip, from Croydon to Paris, and the chums of the Remove could have wished that it was longer.

The Gallic landscape evidently had no interest for Bunter. He could really have lunched, and gone to sleep after lunch without chartering a plane for the purpose.

Still, if Bunter preferred to go to sleep the other fellows were only too willing to give him his head. Bunter asleep was a little more tolerable than Bunter awake. His snore, on the whole, was preferable to the wagging of his fat chin.

The Famous Five had their eyes on the big white ring that marked the Paris aerodrome, and were trying to pick out the letters enclosed in it, when Jarvis came along the passage between the seats.

"Getting in, Jarvis, what?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, sir; we land in a few minutes now."

"Better wake up his nibs!" grinned Bob.

Jarvis shook Bunter gently by a fat shoulder.

Snore!

Shake!

Snore!

"Master William, sir—"

Snore!

Shake! Bunter's eyes half-opened behind his big spectacles.

"Beast! Lemme alone!" he grunted.

"Tain't rising-bell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter evidently fancied that he was being awakened in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars.

"Wake up, old fat bean!" roared Bob Cherry. "We're getting in!"

"Lemme alone!"

"But, Master William—" urged Jarvis.

"Shut up!"

"But we—"

"I'll sack you!"

"Very good, sir!" said Jarvis, and he retired again, and left William George Bunter to repose.

Bunter's eyes shut again behind his spectacles. He resumed snoring after the brief interval.

Meanwhile, the Kingfisher was descending. The big plane dropped as gently as a lift. The engines droned, and ceased to drone, and droned again. There were no clouds below now, and the juniors could see the great, green expanse of the drome, and make out the name in great letters, and the buildings. Then the ground seemed to rush up to meet them. Men could be seen below, glancing up. The plane seemed to swoop, and then it banked, and there was a grunt from Bunter, as he nearly went rolling. Then the Kingfisher settled down smoothly, and Bunter snored peacefully once more.

The speed was still very great. The Kingfisher shot like an arrow across the drome, dropping, and suddenly the landing-wheels were on the earth, and revolving at a terrific rate. So softly did the great plane land that the juniors were not conscious of the moment of contact. But they found themselves taxiing across the drome, slackening speed. The plane seemed almost to walk up to the buildings. It stopped.

"Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" sang Bob Cherry, cheerfully if not melodiously.

"The herefulness is preposterous!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wake up, Bunter!"

Snore!

"We shall have to wake up the jolly old sleeping beauty now!" chuckled Bob. "Bunter! Bunter! Bunter! Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry bent over the Owl of the Remove to roar into his ear. Bunter's eyes opened. Even Bunter could not resist that. He had to wake.

"Beast!" he snapped. "Wharrer you waking me up for? I was having a lovely dream—about pate-de-foie-gras! Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"My dear ass—"

"Shut up! I'm going to sleep!" roared Bunter. "Now the plane's running so smoothly, it's a chance to get forty winks."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter, evidently, was unaware that the Kingfisher had reached the end of her flight, and stopped.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" he snapped. "I say, you fellows, this is all right! You can hardly feel the plane move!"

"Hardly!" chuckled Nugent.

"It ought to have been like this all the time!" grunted Bunter.

"We should hardly have got to Paris

if it had been!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Rot! I shall insist on it next time! I can afford to have a good pilot, I suppose! Even the engines ain't making such a beastly row now!" said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As the engines had stopped, that accounted for the phenomenon. But that simple explanation did not seem to occur to Bunter's powerful intellect.

"Well, I'm going to sleep, now I've got a chance!" said Bunter. "Tell Jarvis to tell the pilot to keep on like this! It's ever so much better."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle!" snorted Bunter. "If you call it civil to cackle at everything a fellow says, I jolly well don't, see? Shut up!"

"But—" began Harry.

"Shut up!" roared Bunter.

"You silly Owl—"

"Will you shut up, and let a fellow sleep?"

"Oh, all right!"

The juniors shut up, and Bunter closed his eyes and opened his mouth again. The attendant came along and opened the door, and the Famous Five descended. Then the man gave Bunter a shake. Bunter's eyes opened wide behind his spectacles, with a glare of fury in them.

"Will you let a fellow sleep?" he bawled.

"But, sir—"

"Oh lor'!" Billy Bunter blinked at the open door, and jumped. He blinked round for the juniors, failed to see them, and jumped again. "Oh lor'! I say, where are the fellows? Has there been an accident? Have they fallen out?"

"Eh? No! Oh! No!" gasped the Kingfisher man.

"Then what's happened?" gasped Bunter.

"Nothing, except that we've stopped."

"Stopped?"

"On the drome! The flight's over! If you're getting out—"

"Oh, the beasts! Leaving me here asleep after they've got out! Just like them, of course!"

Bunter rolled to the door. He blinked out at a group of cheery faces looking up from the bottom of the steps.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coming out, after all, Bunter?"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter shook a fat fist at five grinning faces, as he started to descend. Perhaps that was how he came to miss the top step.

Anyhow, he missed it, and made the descent in one!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as he rolled.

"Oh, my hat! Look out!"

"Yow-ow! Ooooop!"

Bunter flew.

Bump!

"Wow! Yow! Wow! Whooop!" roared Bunter, as he sat on France, with a bump that almost made France jump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Wow! Beasts! Wow!" roared Bunter.

"Fine!" said Bob Cherry. "Do that again, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help a fellow up!" roared Bunter. "Can't you help a fellow up, you rotters? Can't you take hold of a fellow and help him up?"

"Go it!" said Bob. "Take his other ear, Johnny!"

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry grasped one fat ear. Johnny Bull grasped the other. Between them they helped Bunter up. He got up quite quickly. Even then he did not seem satisfied.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

An Old Acquaintance!

"BILLIONAIRE'S not bad!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

Billy Bunter smirked. Any allusion to his wealth had a grateful and comforting sound to Bunter's fat ears.

Really, there was no doubt that "billionaire," as Bob called it, had its agreeable side. On the previous occasion when Harry Wharton & Co. had "tripped" to Paris, they had arrived in a crowded train at the Gare du Nord, and packed into a taxi to go to their hotel. Now they had arrived by plane—a magnificent plane all to themselves. And from the drome they travelled in a car as superb as the one Bunter had left behind at Croydon. They did not yet know what their quarters in Paris were going to be like; but if they were going to be on the same scale, something like a palace was to be expected.

"Like the car?" smirked Bunter.

"Topping, old fat bean!"

"I told Jarvis to have everything ready in the best style!" said Bunter carelessly. "I suppose he did it by phone! I leave everything to Jarvis."

Whereat the juniors smiled.

From Bunter's remarks, it might have been supposed that the fat junior had rolled in lifelong luxury, and had been accustomed to leaving all arrangements to his "man," regardless of expense.

Instead of which, it was only two or three weeks since Billy Bunter had been borrowing sixpences and shillings up and down the Remove at Greyfriars, and forgetting to repay the same!

The change was certainly tremendous! It was still a mystery to the juniors where Bunter's immense wealth came from. They were not aware that it was, to a great extent, a mystery to Bunter also! Bunter was far from clear as to why James Jarvis had assigned him boundless riches. But he was content to take things as he found them.

To hand over immense wealth to Bunter, and to serve that fascinating young gentleman as his valet, was undoubtedly a very strange and mysterious proceeding on the part of Jarvis! It was so strange and mysterious that even Bunter realised that there must be something behind it—some sort of a "catch" in it! Still, there it was!

Sometimes, when Bunter woke up in the morning, he wondered whether it was all a dream! But it was no dream! Nothing could be more real and genuine than the banknotes that Bunter chucked about him as if they were coppers.

Indeed, he was more profuse with banknotes than he had ever been with coppers in his impecunious days! In those days Bunter had not believed in tipping! It seemed absurd to him to waste in tips cash that could be expended in tuck! Now he tipped on a tremendous scale.

A man could not open a door for Bunter, or pick up his hat for him, without being tipped a pound. If a pound note did not come handy, Bunter would make it a fiver.

"I say, you fellows," said the fat Owl, blinking at the chums of the Remove as the car ran up a wide,

sunny avenue, with the Arc de Triomphe in view in the distance. "I say, you'll want some pocket-money in Paris."

"We've got some!" said Harry, with a smile.

Sniff, from Bunter!

"A few pounds, I suppose!" he said contemptuously. "Don't be an ass! What's the good of a few pounds? You're here with me, and I'm seeing you through. I'll tell Jarvis to let you have a couple of hundred pounds each."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"My esteemed and absurd Bunter—"

"Draw it mild, old podgy bean!" said Johnny Bull.

Bunter waved a fat hand.

"That's all right!" he said. "Don't say anything more about it. A couple of hundred each will see you through for a week or two. What?"

"Longer than that, I think," said Harry, laughing. "It's awfully good of you, Bunter—"

"I always was a generous chap!"

"Um! But we won't take it, all the same, thanks!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—" Bunter knitted his fat brows.

"Not a jolly old bobble!" said Bob Cherry. "In fact, don't be an ass, if you can help it!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Do you think—" began Johnny Bull, in a deep, growling voice. But he checked himself.

Bunter, after all, meant well.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"We'll take the will for the deed, old chap!" said Harry Wharton soothingly. "You must be spending a fearful lot of money on this trip!"

That was touching the right chord! Bunter smiled again.

"Oh, a few thousands!" he said carelessly. "Nothing to me! Not that I know what it costs! Leave all that to Jarvis!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly. "Seen that chivvy before?" He made a gesture towards a burly figure on the pavement.

The car had slowed down in a traffic block. Among the crowd on the pavement only a few yards distant, was a burly form that the Greyfriars juniors knew well. It was Horace Coker of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.

The juniors remembered that they had heard, when Greyfriars was breaking up, that Coker of the Fifth was tripping to Paris, with his friends Potter and Greene. Evidently he had tripped, for here he was. Potter and Greene were not in evidence. Perhaps Coker had lost them, or perhaps—more probably—they had lost Coker!

Coker was staring about him, apparently in search of somebody or something—no doubt of his missing comrades.

"Jolly old Coker!" said Johnny Bull.

"The silly idiots!" They heard Coker's exasperated voice. "Can't take my eyes off them for a minute without their losing themselves! Where on earth have they got to?"

With his rugged face red with annoyance under his straw hat, Coker stared round.

"Potter!" he bawled. "Greene!"

A score of people, at least, stared round at Coker as he roared. Coker did not heed.

"Potter!" he roared. "Greene!"

"They'll hear that, if they're in Paris at all!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"They'll hear it if they're in France, I think," said Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The traffic being jammed, the car had stopped, waiting for a chance to move on. Coker was almost near enough for

Bob Cherry to tip his hat off. To Bob's regret he was not quite near enough.

No answer came to Coker's bawl. He strode up to a gendarme on the edge of the pavement, and drew his attention by poking him in the ribs. Coker had a heavy hand, and the French policeman gasped as he stared round in surprise.

"Plait-il?" he ejaculated.

"I've missed two fellows," said Coker. "Seen anything of them?"

It did not occur to Coker's powerful brain for the moment that English was not the native language of France.

"Comment?"

"Oh, I forgot! All right, I'll put it in French! Avez vous voo deux chaps—I mean fellows. How the thump do you say chaps in French? Mossoo never gave us the word in the French class at Greyfriars—"

"Je ne comprends pas, monsieur!" said the gendarme, and he turned away.

Coker grabbed his arm, and he turned back again.

"Scootez!" said Coker.

"He means écoutez!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Scootez! Je vous ask if you avez seen deux young hommes—that is, deux garçons like moi—English—that is, Anglais!" said Coker. "If vous avez seen them, dites!"

The gendarme smiled and shook his head. Evidently he did not understand Horace Coker's French! Perhaps he did not even know that it was French at all!

"Don't you comprong?" demanded Coker.

"Plait-il?"

"Oh my hat! Of all the idiotic foreigners!" exclaimed the exasperated Coker. "They don't seem even to understand their own language!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a yell of irrepressible merriment from the car. Coker turned round and stared at it, and started at the sight of the Remove fellows.

"Hallo, you cheeky young ticks!" he exclaimed. "What the dickens are you doing here, I'd like to know?"

"Laughing at a silly ass!" said Bob Cherry politely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker knitted his brows. At Greyfriars School, Coker of the Fifth had a short way with fags. He still had it, apparently, on holiday in Paris. He made a stride at the car, to inflict summary punishment on the occupants.

Just then the traffic jam broke, and the car moved on. Bob Cherry, leaning over, was just able to reach Coker's hat, as Coker had obligingly come within reach. He tipped it off.

"Why, I—I—I!" spluttered Coker.

He plunged after the hat. The gendarme plunged after Coker, to rescue him from the traffic. He jerked Coker to the pavement. The juniors, looking back as the car glided on towards the Arc de Triomphe, chuckled as they saw Coker's hat crunched under a wheel, and Coker, with a face of red wrath, arguing frantically with the gendarme on the pavement.

Then the car ran on, and Coker of the Fifth disappeared from sight, and the juniors charitably hoped that Coker's excited argument with the gendarme would end without the official "running him in."

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Does It In Style!

"MY mansion!" said Billy Bunter carelessly.

"Oh!"

If Bunter the Billionaire desired to impress the Greyfriars party—as undoubtedly he did—he succeeded.



Coker had been klieked, and kicked hard! He regained the perpendicular, crimson with wrath, panting with fury, gasping with rage and seeing red! Without a second's pause, he hurled himself at Bronx, hitting out right and left. Coker and the tall American crumpled up together among the tables, amid a shower of glasses, teacups and dishes. "You cheeky tick!" bawled Coker. "Take that, and that, and—yaroooh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had supposed that they were driving to an hotel. They had no doubt that it would be a magnificent one, and as expensive as possible. But they had not expected this.

At the corner of the great avenue stood an immense building with walls of huge stone blocks that gave it rather the appearance of a fortification.

The car rolled through an immense gateway into an inner courtyard.

It stopped at a great flight of steps.

Huge bronze doors above were opened. Footmen in livery appeared. How many there were of them the juniors did not, at the moment, count. But there seemed to be a battalion, if not a regiment.

A large plump man, with a pink face, a grave expression, and a swelling chest that gave him rather the look of a pouter pigeon, swam rather than walked to the car. He opened the car door. The footmen, apparently trained to it, lined up on either side of the massive steps, and stood at attention.

Bunter stepped out. Jarvis, who had been seated beside the chauffeur, spoke to the large man in rapid French. The large man replied in the same tongue, and bowed deeply before Bunter. Indeed, the juniors fancied for a moment that he was going to fall on one knee and kiss Bunter's hand, as if he had been receiving royalty.

"Who's that bird, Jarvis?" asked Bunter.

"Your major-domo, sir!"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter.

He gave the Famous Five a blink. If these fellows weren't impressed by a mansion as large as a palace, with a major-domo in charge of it— But they were! They were quite impressed.

"His name, sir, is Antoine!" said Jarvis. "He does not speak English, but your French is so perfect, sir, that that, of course, is immaterial."

"Exactly!" assented Bunter.

Monsieur Antoine addressed Bunter in French. He spoke volubly, but gravely, evidently aware of what an important personage Billy Bunter was. He waved both hands as he talked. Bunter's perfect French did not enable him to follow Antoine's remarks. Bunter was about the worst member of the French class at Greyfriars. However, Bunter answered in French, which bore a closer resemblance to Coker's than to Antoine's.

"Bong!" said Bunter, with a gracious nod. "Very bong! Je comprong every word que vous speaky. What's he saying, Jarvis?"

"He is welcoming you to your mansion, sir, and expressing his happiness at the honour of serving you."

"Good!" said Bunter. "That's how servants ought to feel when they're serving fellows of really good family. You've done well, Jarvis."

"Thank you, sir!"

"I'm satisfied with you, Jarvis!" said Bunter.

"You are very kind, sir."

"Bong!" said Bunter to Antoine. "Je suis quite satisfied—je like your looks—rather like our butler at home, you fellows! I think you've never seen our butler at Bunter Court, though! Very like this chap!"

Monsieur Antoine proceeded to show Bunter into his mansion. If Bunter had been a prince of the royal blood Antoine could not have done it better. Perhaps Antoine regarded a billionaire as rather more important than a prince of any blood royal. Princes, in these revolutionary days, go rather cheap. But billions are billions. Antoine proceeded backwards before Bunter. He bowed as he went. Bunter, with his fat chin high, rolled after him. Harry Wharton & Co. followed.

Every moment they expected to see Antoine catch a foot and sit down on

the steps! How he did these gymnastic backwards was rather a mystery. But no doubt he had had a lot of practice. He did not sit down! Bowing and backing, Antoine negotiated the broad low steps successfully, and without turning a hair. On either side, the footmen were ranged, with grave, respectful faces.

"Some pomp!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The pompfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "We now behold the esteemed and ridiculous Bunter in all his ludicrous glory!"

There was a fat smirk of satisfaction on Bunter's face. He blinked approval at the major-domo and at the lines of footmen, through his big spectacles. Bunter liked this! This was the sort of thing that Bunter had always wanted! Now he was getting it.

Still in reverse, so to speak, Antoine entered the vast hall within the double doors of Bunter's mansion.

The hall was immense; adorned by glimmering statuary, and with a double staircase. Tall palms, in great tubs, nodded their feathery fronds. In stately procession, Bunter and his guests were conducted to their apartments.

"I say, you fellows!" grinned Bunter. "How do you like my Paris mansion?"

"Tip-top, old fat bean," said Harry, with a smile.

"The tip-topfulness is—"

"Terrific and preposterous!" said Bob Cherry.

"Bit different from your poor little places at home—what?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes!"

"Knocks you out rather, doesn't it?"

"Oh, frightfully!"

"Jarvis!"

"Sir!"

"You've carried out my instructions

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(Continued from page 13.)

for each of my guests to be provided with a valet?"

"Quite so, sir."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry.

"Really, old fat bean—"

Bunter waved a fat hand.

"You'll be living in decent style here," he said. "None of your poverty-stricken ways in my Paris mansion, if you please."

"Oh!"

"Try not to commit any fooh pahs!" said Bunter.

"Any which?" ejaculated Nugent.

"Fooh pahs! That's French! You'd better listen to me speaking the language here, and you'll pick it up, see?"

"Oh! Faux pas!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. Evidently Bunter was a little afraid of his guests making false steps!

"I said fooh pahs," answered Bunter, with dignity. "You haven't got the pronunciation quite right, Wharton! I dare say you'll pick it up from me! I say, you fellows, I want you rather to keep up appearances here, you know! Of course, you're not accustomed to valets, as—as I am! But don't let me down by letting any of the servants see you brush your own clothes, or pick up your own hats, or anything low like that."

"Oh!"

"No fooh pahs, you know," said Bunter. "Don't try dressing for dinner, for instance, without the help of a valet! It can't be done, really! Take the word of one who knows."

"Oh!"

"Tell Ongt Wong to show them to their rooms, Jarvish! I can't be bothered with speaking French."

"Very good, sir."

"And, I say, you fellows, no fooh pahs, you know! Don't let me down! Don't let all these French servants see that you come from poor homes, and are not used to wealth."

Billy Bunter rolled away before the chums of the emove could reply.

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Well, here we are!" he said.

"I suppose it wouldn't do to kick Bunter, in his Paris mansion?" remarked Johnny Bull thoughtfully.

"The kickfulness is not the proper caper, my esteemed Johnny!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"It would be rather a fooh pah!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five were shown to their magnificent apartments in Billy Bunter's magnificent Paris mansion.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Shindy in the Bois!

PARIS was quite a jolly place for billionairing, as Bob Cherry called it. It was hot, in August. But it was sunny and bright, and full of entertainment for visitors.

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Bunter, as host, was rather a fly in the ointment—a fat fly. But during the first half of the day, at least, the chums of the Remove saw little of Bunter, and a week passed away very agreeably. Bunter did not wake till ten in the morning. He breakfasted in bed, and had an extra nap after brekker. So he was seldom seen much before lunch. The Famous Five found the mornings more agreeable than the afternoons!

Still, it had to be admitted that the fat and fatuous billionaire was "doing them well." Where the cash came from was still a mystery, but it was obvious that there was plenty of cash—it seemed as if there were tons of it. The gorgeous mansion in the Champs Elysees was rented—even Bunter had not bought it. But the cost must have been stupendous. Bunter's resources were amazingly unlimited, and he generously placed them all at the disposal of his guests. All he wanted was to be allowed to swank—and, after all, that was not asking a lot.

While Bunter snored in the fine sunny mornings, ate three or four breakfasts, and snored again, the chums of the Remove turned out at their usual early hour. Holidays were holidays, but slacking was not in their line.

They had seen the sights of Paris on a previous trip, but not, they freely acknowledged, as they were seeing them now.

If they wanted a run out to Versailles there was always a magnificent car and a magnificent chauffeur at their orders.

If they wanted to go to the opera there was a box for them.

If they wanted to eat there were unlimited quantities of the very best French cookery. That certainly did not appeal to them so much as it did to Billy Bunter. Still, they generally came back from their excursions up and down and round Paris with excellent appetites, prepared to do full justice to the excellent fare provided by an excellent chef.

To Bunter's relief, they did not commit any faux pas. Indeed, had Bunter only known it, the innumerable retainers of his great mansion regarded the Famous Five with eyes rather different from those with which they regarded Bunter the Billionaire himself.

Billy Bunter received every outward sign of the deepest respect—he was entitled to receive what he paid for. But some of the remarks of his retainers among themselves, had he overheard them and understood them, would have given rather a shock to Bunter's self-satisfaction.

Even Monsieur Antoine, who always acted to Bunter as if he mistook him for a monarch—or a prince, at least—allowed such expressions as "Gros cochon!" to escape him in conversation below stairs. In Bunter's lofty presence certainly Antoine never betrayed the fact that he even dreamed of alluding to his master as a "fat pig."

Bunter was enjoying every minute of it—especially at meal-times. Meal-times were a sheer joy. He pondered over the last meal and dreamed of the next. Next to the grub the pride, pomp, and circumstance appealed to Bunter.

Bunter generally honoured his guests with his company in the afternoon. Then there was no question of walking. Bunter had never been keen on walking, and with a fleet of wonderful cars at his orders he was less likely to walk than ever. Generally an excursion led by Bunter arrived somewhere where there was something to eat. Nothing would persuade him to the summit of the Eiffel Tower. Three minutes in a

picture gallery were enough for Bunter. When the chums of the Remove almost dragged him to look at the Venus de Milo, Bunter gave that famous and wonderful statue a disdainful blink.

"I wonder they don't have it repaired," he remarked. "It wouldn't cost much to have a new arm put on."

By this time Billy Bunter had almost forgotten the existence of Tiger Bronx. Out of sight was out of mind with Bunter. Harry Wharton & Co. wondered sometimes whether they would see anything of that long, lean personage in Paris. They also wondered at times if they would run across Coker of the Fifth again. As it happened, they were going to run across both of them at the same time.

Bunter's biggest car bore them one blazing afternoon into the Bois de Boulogne. It landed them at the cafe there, where they sat at the little tables under shady branches for coffee and cakes. There were plenty of people there already, and one of them—a long, lean man—lifted a newspaper from his knees and held it up as if reading it intently as they sat down near him.

The "Temps" completely screened him from their sight—except his long legs, which were stretched out at full length.

There was nothing special about those legs, excepting their length, to draw attention, and the Greyfriars fellows gave the man with the newspaper no heed.

They did not guess that behind that newspaper Mr. Bronx was listening to their chatting.

Billy Bunter, who was bolting sticky cakes at a great rate, would probably have bolted himself at a greater rate had he been aware of it.

The gangster could not see them through his newspaper, but he could hear them, and there was a glitter in his slits of eyes.

Bunter the Billionaire had dodged him by leaving England in a plane, but the man from Chicago had run Bunter down again at last. In the crowded Bois even Tiger Bronx did not think of "starting anything," as he would have expressed it. His idea was to keep himself out of sight, and keep the Greyfriars fellows in sight when they left, and discover their residence. After which the Tiger had his own means of getting at a "guy" in the small hours.

"I say, you fellows, it's prime!" said Billy Bunter, as he finished negotiating his seventh sticky cake.

"Jolly place, and no mistake," said Bob Cherry. "You can see all sorts of types, as the French call 'em, trickling about."

"Eh, what?" said Bunter. He was not regarding the passing crowd. "I mean this cake—it's really prime! I say, you fellows, try some of these chocolate-creamy ones; they're really topping! Where's that waiter? Where's that dashed waiter? Here, waiter—I mean garsong—"

"Oui, m'sieur!"

"Bringez some more of those gattoos!" said Bunter in his remarkable French, and the garcon blinked.

"Gattoos!" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I suppose I can pronounce French. Garcon, boko of these gattoos," said Bunter.

"Beaucoup!" said Johnny Bull. "If you mean beaucoup—"

"Don't be an ass, Bull! You can't talk French. Vous hearez me, garsong? Boko gattoos, and lookez vous sharp."

"Oui, m'sieur!" gasped the waiter.

"This table will do, you fellows," said a rather gruff and well-known voice. "My hat! If those dashed fags aren't here!"

Horace Coker came among the tables, followed by Potter and Greene of the Greyfriars Fifth. Coker frowned at the party of juniors. They smiled at him, but their smile did not have the effect of chasing away Horace Coker's frown—rather, it intensified.

Potter and Greene nodded civilly enough to the Remove fellows.

They were not, like their great leader, always on the look-out for any trouble that might be going; also, they were tired and keen to sit down.

Coker had been walking them round Paris and showing them the sights—and whenever there was a wrong turning to be taken Horace Coker could always be depended upon to take it, and insist vociferously on his lead being followed unquestioningly. Potter and Greene had done quite a lot of walking that hot August afternoon, and they were privately considering whether to lose Coker again. Several times already

during their week in Paris they had lost Coker, and thus obtained a much-needed rest.

"You kids staying in Paris?" asked Potter as he nodded.

"They're staying with me at my mansion in the Champs Elysee," said Billy Bunter before the other fellows could speak.

"The which?" ejaculated Greene.

"I mean the Champs Elushee," said Bunter. He always found a little trouble with the Champs Elysees.

"Never heard of it," said Greene. "Is it in Paris?"

"Lot they know in the Fifth, don't they, you fellows?" said Billy Bunter. "They've never heard of the Champs Elooshey!"

"Don't stand there talking to those fags, you men!" snapped Coker, looking back over his shoulder, as he tramped among the tables. "We haven't

come here to pick up Lower Fourth fags. Can't you come on?"

Coker strode on as he spoke. An old proverb recommends that one should look before one leaps. It is equally advisable to look where one is going. The little tables under the trees were set fairly close together, and a pair of long legs were stretched across Coker's way.

Had Coker been looking where he was going he could have stepped over those legs, or politely requested the owner to pack them up while he got by.

As it was, looking back over his shoulder, he did not see them. Not seeing them, naturally he stumbled over them.

"What the thump—" gasped Coker, as he stumbled and sprawled.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

Horace Coker went headlong over the long legs. He came down on them
(Continued on next page.)



This week we reintroduce an old friend in "Linesman," a veritable walking encyclopedia where Soccer is concerned. He's ready and willing to answer intricate football problems. If you want an expert opinion, write to him: c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and then watch for his reply in this weekly feature.

EAGER FOR THE FRAY!

KING CRICKET has nearly had his day—for another season. Already the old familiar sound (how some of us love it) of boot against football is heard. In Scotland they are already hard at it. On this last Saturday in August all the English League clubs start out on the search for goals and points.

I hope to have a weekly talk with MAGNET readers who are football players or football fans. As usual, I want you to consult me on any questions which arise in connection with the game; if there is a point on which you are in doubt, consult me. If you want to improve your game and are not quite sure about the best way to do it, send me a letter. The more the merrier, is my motto. Thus we shall be able to help each other. Your questions will give me an inkling of the things you want to know. I shall talk about the leading football clubs and the star players, and, moving behind the scenes as I do, I hope to be able to tell you things about your favourite players you would not otherwise know.

There are people who think the football season starts too soon. Perhaps, in a way, this is true.

I have known the time when the season has started with the instruments registering ninety or more in the shade; when it has been so hot that the players have collapsed, and when there have been pails of water all round the playing pitches with which fainting spectators have been brought "back to life."

None of the football fans or the players say the season starts too early, however. I have called in at the homes of many big clubs during the past few days: poked my nose into various dressing-rooms. There I have found players eager for the fray; straining at the leash, as it were. And now they're off!

PROUD PRESTON!

THERE is promise of a wonderful season in the big football sense; of thrilling struggles and keen fights in all the big Leagues. Here is something which perhaps you did not know. We are now entering on the fiftieth year of recognised professionalism in football. It was in 1885 that the momentous decision was arrived at to permit footballers to be paid for playing the game.

There were officials of those days who were dead against professionalism. They said it would be the end of all sport in the game. They were wrong. There was what might be called veiled professionalism previous to 1885. For a year or two before then fellows had been coming from Scotland to play football in England, and it was obvious that they could not afford to do this unless they were rewarded.

They came all the way from Scotland to Sheffield. When the question was asked: "Why do they do it?" the reply was: "They've come to smelt steel." But those who knew the truth winked and said: "They've smelt silver!" And that was the truth.

That's enough of ancient history for the moment. There have been no changes in the laws of the game since last season, but, of course, there have been the usual changes in the make-up of the big Leagues. Most of us rejoice over the return of Preston North End to the First Division after a long sojourn in the "wilderness" of the Second Division.

Preston is proud once more, as it was in the days when the side was known as the Invincibles, and when they won the League championship without losing a match and the English Cup in the same season without having a goal scored against them in that competition. I am going to be bold enough to say that such a double record will never be equalled.

Bob Kelly, one of the greatest footballers the game has ever known, is still at Preston. His chief task this season, however, is to show the younger players the art which he mastered, and the tricks which he knows so well. Lucky lads to be taught by such a master!

UPS AND DOWNS!

GRIMSBY TOWN are back with Preston North End in the First Division. To make room for these clubs, two of the most famous teams of all time have dropped into the second class—Newcastle United and Sheffield United. Their failure last season was something of a tragedy, but it won't be fatal if they get down to it and fight back.

That they have dropped out of the top class for the time being serves as a reminder that failure comes to all teams sooner or later. You can never tell, at the start of a season, which clubs will have a good time and which will have a bad one. Ups and downs are the very essence of the game.

That is one reason why there is optimism in every big football camp just now. If you listened to the talk of the managers and the players, as I have done, you would be forced to the conclusion that in each League twenty-two teams were going to win the championship. 'Twas ever thus.

One footballer I shall watch very carefully during the opening weeks is James Allon, now the centre-half of Aston Villa. He occupied that position with Portsmouth in the Cup Final last season. He interests me because Aston Villa paid the highest transfer fee which has ever been paid for a single footballer—nearly eleven thousand pounds.

Can one player be worth so much? He may—if he brings Aston Villa back to the top of the tree!

Five years ago this player was spotted by the Portsmouth manager quite accidentally. He went to Poole to watch another player for that club; was impressed by a lengthy lad named Allen, and signed him on forthwith. That's football. In Allen's experience there is a lesson for all who want to get on in the game. Play your best! You never know who is watching!

That'll do for the kick-off. Now once more, I want you to say, all together: "I'll write to Linesman about football."

"LINESMAN."

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with a terrific wallop, and his head rapped sharply against the hard stone pillar. There was a yell of surprise and pain from the man behind the newspaper.

Coker's weight wallowing on his legs was no light matter; they felt for the moment as if a lorry had passed over them.

Down went the newspaper, and up jumped Mr. Bronx yelling.

With a heave of his legs he sent Coker rolling off.

Coker rolled, sat up against a table, gasped, and blinked. The long, lean man towered over him shaking a lean fist at him.

"Say, you boob," roared Mr. Bronx, "You moseying about with your eyes shut! You doggoned, pie-faced geek, what sort of a goob from Goobsville do you call yourself, anyhow? I'll tell a man!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at Mr. Bronx. Harry Wharton & Co. jumped to their feet. They had not had the remotest suspicion that the gangster was seated only a few yards away from them under the shady trees in the sunny Bois.

"I say, you fellows, hook it!" gasped Bunter.

"Fathead!" growled Johnny Bull. "Stick where you are!"

"Beast! I say, it's him!" squeaked Bunter.

"It's all right, Bunter," said Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five had no idea whatever of bolting at the sight of Mr. Bronx. The Chicago gangster had no terrors for them. Besides, they were interested in his proceedings with Horace Coker.

Coker scrambled up, red with wrath. As he did so Mr. Bronx shot out a long leg, and his boot caught Coker rearward. Instead of getting on his feet, as he had intended, Coker went sprawling on his hands and knees, with a fearful roar.

"I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

"You're all right, ass," said Nugent. "There's a dozen gendarmes in sight!"

"Oh!" said Bunter.

He realised that he was not, at the moment, in danger. Moreover, Mr. Bronx's attention was just then wholly occupied by Coker of the Fifth.

Coker had been kicked! It was difficult for Coker to realise that anybody could possibly have had the nerve, the neck, the effrontery, to kick him. Yet it had happened. There was no doubt that it had happened! Bronx had not only kicked him, but kicked him quite hard. Coker sprawled in the dust and breathed fury—and dust—for a moment. Then he bounded up.

Bronx glared at him. He had been rather hurt, and still more irritated, by Coker clumsily stumbling over his long legs. Perhaps there was some excuse for his retaliating by landing his boot on Coker's trousers.

If so, Coker did not see it. Coker regained the perpendicular, crimson with wrath, panting with fury, gasping with rage, seeing red—and not merely red but the brightest scarlet.

And without a second's pause he hurled himself on the tall American, and they crumpled up together among the tables, amid a shower of glasses, teacups, coffee-cups, saucers, and dishes of cakes.

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THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Run In!

"GREAT pip!"
"Oh, my hat!"
"Coker—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Go it, Coker!"

"Qu'est-que-c'est?"

"Appellez les gendarmes!"

"Oh crikey!"

A crowd of people were on their feet, at various tables, staring and exclaiming. Harry Wharton & Co. looked on with keen interest. Potter and Greene gaped. Waiters rushed up, gesticulating. Several of the little tables were knocked over. Chairs were added to the wreckage. Crockery and food-stuffs fell like leaves in Vallombrosa. In the midst of the havoc Horace Coker and the lean gangster were fighting like tigers.

There was a babel of excited voices on all sides. Neither of the combatants heeded.

Coker had been kicked. He had been kicked on his trousers by a man he had never seen before. That fact stood out; in Coker's mind, as the one matter of importance in the whole wide universe at the moment. Summary vengeance had to be taken for that kick. Coker was taking it.

The long, lean gangster was a muscular man. But Coker was big, and burly, and hefty, and whatever he lacked, he did not lack pluck.

Bronx, having wreaked his angry temper by kicking the sprawling Coker, had no doubt expected to "get away" with it, as he would have expressed it. He had not been looking for that berserker rush from Coker, anyhow.

Coker had got one in, to begin with—one from his right, which very nearly pushed Mr. Bronx's short, sharp nose back through his head, and did draw a stream of claret from it.

Then they were struggling, scrambling, and rolling!

That crash on his nose had roused Bronx to a fury equalling Coker's. Like Coker, he forgot everything but his desire to punch, and punch hard.

It was a terrific shindy.

They rolled and struggled and punched and hammered and thumped. Both of them were fearfully untidy. Their hats flew off, their hair was wildly ruffled. Collars and ties were torn out.

"Wake snakes!" howled Bronx, as a set of knuckles landed in his eye. "By the great horned toad, I guess I'll sure soak you!"

"You cheeky tick!" bawled Coker. "Take that, and that, and—Yaroooh!"

It was Coker's turn to take one, and he roared as he took it.

Two waiters rushed in to drag them apart. But it was a dangerous game. One of them got Coker's punch, intended for Bronx, and rolled over with a howl. The other got Bronx's punch, intended for Coker, and collapsed, moaning.

And the fight went on, fast and furious.

"Good old Coker!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If there's any trouble lying around, Coker's the man to pick it up!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Why don't you fellows lead him about on a chain?"

Potter and Greene exchanged a glance. Gendarmes were hurrying to the exciting scene. They had already been thinking of losing Coker. This seemed about the time to get on with that idea.

If Horace Coker found it amusing to get mixed up in a fight with a lantern-jawed American in the Bois de Boulogne, Coker was welcome to have the amusement all to himself.

Potter and Greene did not want any! That, in point of fact, was not what they had tripped to Paris for.

So, after exchanging a glance, they backed away in the thickening crowd and did a sudden disappearance.

Heedless of their desertion—indeed, unaware of it—Horace Coker pounded and punched, and punched and pounded.

"Kick me, what!" spluttered Coker. "By gum! Why, I'll smash you, you long-legged scarecrow! I'll pulverise you! I'll spifficate you!"

"Look out, Coker!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Here come the bobbies!"

Coker did not heed. He had Bronx's head in chancery now, and he was giving his earnest attention to the alteration of the lean features.

Bronx, on his side, was hitting Coker hard and often, but his punches, hefty as they were, seemed to have no more effect on the enraged Horace than on a punchball.

Two gendarmes came forcing a way on the spot. One of them grasped Coker, the other grasped Bronx.

They had better luck than the waiters. Grasped in powerful hands, the breathless combatants were wrenched apart.

"Leggo!" roared Coker furiously. "You silly Frenchies, leggo! I'll jolly well punch you, you fatheaded Froggies!"

"Monsieur, calmez-vous—" gasped the gendarme who was holding Coker.

"You frog-eating freak, leggo!" roared Coker, struggling.

It was just as well for Coker, perhaps, that the gendarmes did not understand English.

Mr. Bronx calmed down very quickly. He gasped for breath and mopped his streaming nose. He was damaged, he was untidy he was breathless, and he looked as if he would have liked to eat Coker. But he did not want trouble with officers of the law.

He burst into a torrent of French, which he appeared to speak with great fluency. He had the advantage of Coker there. Coker's attempt at explanation was inadequate.

"Leggo! Will you leggo? You frog-eating idiot, leggo! He kicked me—can't you understand, you fool? Cet homme kicky moi—kicky moi sur les trousers! Comprenny? Je vais smashy cet homme—je le punchy la nose! Now leggo, you bun-faced blighter!"

"Coker, keep quiet!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "For goodness' sake—"

"Shut up, you cheeky fag!"

"They'll run you in if you check the bobbies, you ass!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Shut up, Nugent!"

"You'll get arrested, you fathead!" shrieked Bob.

"I'd like to see them arrest me!" roared Coker. "Now, look here, you potty idiot of a jongdarm! I've told you how it is—j'ai expliky—expliky toot—you comprenny, if you're not a born idiot! Now leggo! I'm going to smash that cheeky tick! See? Voyez? If you don't leggo my arm I'll jolly well dot you in the eye! Get that, you frog-eating, fried-face freak?"

The gendarme tightened his grip on Coker's arm. The other gendarme left Bronx and grasped Coker's other arm.

Neither of the gendarmes was as tall as Coker, but they were muscular men. Coker found that both his arms were safely held, and that he wriggled in vain. Still, he wriggled. Coker was not the man to give in to foreigners.



The stout madame who owned the cafe bore down on Coker, and grasped him by the wrist, twisting his arm backwards and upwards. "Leggo!" roared Coker, wriggling and struggling in vain. "I say, ma'am—leggo!" "Say, bo', you've sure woke up something," said Bronx, grinning at Coker. "I guess I'll leave you to it! So-long, big boy!"

"Vous venez avec nous!" one of the gendarmes hissed into Coker's ear. "Allons! Avec nous toute de suite!" "Vayney be blowed! I'm going to pulverise that cheeky tick!" bawled Coker. "Leggo, or I'll give you a taste of Waterloo over again!"

Instead of letting go, the two gendarmes held on tight and marched Horace Coker away.

A crowd followed, talking, vociferating, and gesticulating.

One polite Frenchman picked up Coker's hat for him, and as his hands were occupied, put it on his head. He received a fierce glare in acknowledgment.

The hat was cocked over one of Coker's eyes, giving him a rather intoxicated look as he was led away. Bronx was left victorious. Resisting the police was as serious a matter in Paris as in London, though Coker did not realise that—his frank opinion of the French police being that they looked like a lot of monkeys.

Whatever they looked like, in Coker's opinion, they handled Coker quite efficiently. He was still wriggling and resisting, and his voice could be heard from afar as he was led off the scene.

"Poor old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "What a man he is to ask for it!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Better get out of this!" said Harry.

"Just what I was going to say!" grunted Bunter. "That lanky American has got his eye on me!"

"Only one eye!" said Bob. "Coker's stopped up the other!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The "addition" was called for, and paid, and the Greyfriars party left the cafe under the trees. Looking back, a

few minutes later, they observed a long, lean figure behind.

Mr. Bronx had recovered his hat and readjusted his collar and tie. But he was dabbing his nose as he followed the juniors.

Coker's hefty punch had done considerable damage to it, and the claret persisted in flowing. But, damaged as he was, the gangster was determined not to lose sight of his quarry now that he had run it down in Paris.

"I say, you fellows, he's after us!" squeaked Billy Bunter, blinking back through his big spectacles. "I say, you know, he was watching us all the time, and we should never have seen him but for Coker! I'm jolly glad that silly idiot punched his nose!"

"Well, we've spotted him now," said Harry. "He seems to want to stick to us now he's found us. We can soon drop him once we're in the car."

The Greyfriars fellows walked back to the road, where they had left the car and the chauffeur. Behind them, at a distance of a dozen yards, followed the gangster. Evidently he had set out to shadow them.

But his shadowing came to a rather abrupt determination as the juniors packed themselves in the big car, and shot away.

"Quick!" Bunter yelled to the chauffeur. "I mean, vite! Vite! Allez vous vedy vite, as vite as you can!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors looked back with grinning faces at Mr. Bronx. He had come to a stop, and was glaring after the car with the eye that Coker's fist had spared. Bob Cherry waved a hand to him, and then he disappeared as the car shot away. The man from Chicago had found Bunter the Billionaire, only to lose him again.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Tracked Down!

MR. JAMES JARVISH paused under one of the trees in the avenue, took a pocket mirror from his vest pocket, and lifted it to his face, concealed in the palm of his sleek, plump hand.

Had Billy Bunter, or any of the Greyfriars fellows, observed that action of Mr. Jarvis, it would have caused surprise.

Jarvis certainly had not struck them as a man likely to carry a pocket mirror, and look at himself in it. Neat and clean, tidy and sleek, as Jarvis was—the very model of a manservant—he was hardly a dandy.

But it was not at his reflection, as a matter of fact, that James Jarvis was looking in the little mirror. He was holding it so that he could see the crowded pavement behind him.

Mr. Jarvis's object was not to see the reflection of his own sleek face, but to ascertain whether he was being followed!

Bunter would have understood that! He remembered Mr. Jarvis's deep terror of the gangster; his fear-stricken flight from the man from Chicago which had indeed led to his first acquaintance with Bunter.

But that deep terror seemed to have quitted Jarvis since he had transferred his immense fortune to the lucky Owl of the Remove. Bunter did not know why, but that transaction seemed to have relieved Jarvis of his dread of the gangster.

The little mirror showed Jarvis the pavement behind him, and a number of faces, mostly French, of people coming along, appeared and disappeared in the glass.

Then in the glass he spotted a lean, hard face under a slouched hat, and, having spotted it, he slipped the mirror back into his pocket, and strolled on without turning his head.

He did not hurry.

Mr. Jarvis had taken quite a long walk in the streets of Paris that morning. Bunter did not require his services till he rose, and Jarvis was at liberty in the mornings.

Nearly every morning Jarvis walked about in the most frequented streets—really as if he wanted to be seen. He knew that Bronx was in Paris, having heard of the adventure in the Bois de Boulogne. He could, had he chosen, have lain low in the magnificent mansion of his young master. Instead of which, he took constant walks abroad; and—as was bound to happen at last—he had been spotted by the lynx-eyed man from Chicago.

Now Bronx was shadowing him.

From the Rue de la Paix, where he had first spotted the sleek man, up one street and down another, the lean man had followed the sleek valet; and every now and then, in a shop window or in the little pocket mirror, Jarvis had made sure that the man was still on his track.

Not once did he look back. Bronx undoubtedly supposed that Jarvis did not know that he was followed.

No doubt he would have expected Jarvis to cut and run, to call a taxi, or even a gendarme. Instead of which, Jarvis walked at an easy pace, and gave the gangster every opportunity of keeping on his trail.

A sly, unpleasant smile was on Jarvis's sleek face as he walked on and arrived at Bunter's mansion at the corner of the avenue.

He went in by the service door, but at that door he lingered a few minutes, in full view, talking to one of the French footmen.

Then he went in, and the door closed.

Within the house, Jarvis ascended the stairs with his soft and cat-like tread, and stopped at a window that looked out from the staircase across the wide, tree-lined avenue.

His searching gaze scanned the avenue, and fixed at last on a lean figure that leaned against a tree on the opposite side.

Evidently, Mr. Bronx had seen him enter that house, and was now watching it.

Jarvis smiled in his cat-like way.

The gangster had run him down. What he wanted to know now was whether Bunter the Billionaire was in that house.

Once upon a time Bronx had wanted Bunter, as a guide to Jarvis, the possessor of billions. Now he wanted Jarvis, simply as a guide to Bunter, the present possessor of the billions, and had no further use for him. And Mr. Jarvis had served his turn that morning.

Jarvis turned away from the window.

He went into Bunter's dressing-room, to wait there till it pleased the Owl of the Remove to ring for him.

Harry Wharton & Co. were out that morning. They had gone on an excursion to Fontainebleau.

As it was only half-past eleven Bunter was not up. He had breakfasted in bed, and was taking one of his little extra naps afterwards. However, it was getting near time for even the fat Owl to stir; and Jarvis's bell rang at last. He went into Bunter's lofty and magnificent bed-room by the communicating door from the dressing-room.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Jarvis, standing respectfully by the bedside, winding his smooth hands together.

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"Oh, 'morning!" said Bunter carelessly. "My dressing-gown, Jarvis."

Jarvis brought a gorgeous dressing-gown, which contained most of the colours of the rainbow. Bunter's taste ran rather to colour.

The fat Owl yawned, yawned again, and moved. He encased himself in the dressing-gown, and sat on the side of the bed.

"My slippers, Jarvis!"

Jarvis put his slippers on.

"Is my bath ready?" asked Bunter, without enthusiasm.

"Quite, sir."

"Not too hot?" asked Bunter.

"I think not, sir."

"It was too hot yesterday morning!" said Bunter accusingly. "I had to ring for you to cool it!"

"I trust, sir, that you will find it to your satisfaction this morning."

Bunter grunted. He was not so sure of that. Attached to his magnificent bed-room was an equally magnificent bath-room. Bunter, in point of fact, had no great use for bath-rooms. At Greyfriars School he put in the very minimum of washing. Indeed, it had been known for Mr. Quelch to send him out of the Form-room for another wash!

There were drawbacks to being a billionaire, lord of a magnificent mansion and an army of servants! A fellow had to live up to it!

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the super-rich are free to do exactly as they like. They are the slaves of their servants. The most powerful of Emperors would not dare to dine in a tweed jacket!

Thus it was with Bunter! Bunter's idea of a holiday was of a time when he did even less washing than he did at school.

Now he had to take a bath every morning! He did not want to. But he had to! His servants expected it of him!

It was one of the irksome responsibilities of wealth! Bunter in his impecunious days had heard of the worries of wealth, and thought that it was all rot! Now he realised that the wealthy had their worries! This was one of them!

Bunter grunted, and rolled into his bath-room.

When he rolled back again, Jarvis dressed him! Bunter, in the short time that had elapsed since he had grown wealthy, had become quite incapable of dressing himself.

The process was completed at last.

"You will be taking the car, sir?"

"No!"

"Perhaps a walk in the avenue, sir?"

"No!"

Jarvis coughed.

"This afternoon, sir—"

"I'm not going out to-day, Jarvis."

"Very good, sir!"

"Not that I'm afraid of running into that lanky American beast I saw in the Bois the other day, Jarvis!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I'm not afraid of the brute, I hope."

"Scarcely, sir!"

"I've stayed in since that day, Jarvis, simply because I prefer to stay in."

"Quite, sir!"

Jarvis opened the vast windows which gave on the vast balcony in front of Bunter's vast mansion.

"Perhaps, sir, if you cared to take the air here—"

"Yes, that's all right!" agreed Bunter.

He rolled out on to the balcony. But he did not approach the bronze balustrade in the front of it. Since that meeting with Bronx in the Bois de Boulogne, Billy Bunter had been haunted by the thought of the gangster.

He saw those slits of eyes watching for him everywhere.

"You could see the dome of the Madeleine from here, sir!" murmured Jarvis.

"Blow the Madeleine!" answered Bunter.

"And the summit of the column in the Place Vendome—"

"Blow it!"

Bunter did not seem interested in a bird's-eye view of the sights of Paris. He did not step towards the bronze balustrade.

Had he looked over, his fat face and gleaming spectacles would have been visible to the lean man watching from under the tree across the wide avenue. Tiger Bronx would have known at once that he had found the lair of the billionaire. Perhaps that was what Mr. Jarvis wanted, for mysterious reasons of his own!

Bunter certainly had not the remotest suspicion that Bronx was there. He was quite unaware, and unsuspecting, of Jarvis's strange proceedings that morning.

But, since the meeting in the Bois, Bunter was feeling that a fellow could not be too careful. Indeed, he was thinking of leaving Paris, since the gangster had turned up in that city.

The fat billionaire paced up and down the balcony. He was thinking chiefly of lunch. That important function was now drawing nigh.

Jarvis compressed his sleek lips. A glance had shown him that the man from Chicago was still in his place, watching the house across the wide street. Bunter had to show himself!

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jarvis suddenly, staring down over the balcony balustrade.

Bunter blinked round.

"What's up?" he asked.

Jarvis did not answer. He leaned over the balustrade, staring down at the cars that passed up and down the street, as if at some absorbing and fascinating sight.

Curiosity drew Bunter. He joined Jarvis at the balustrade, and blinked over it through his big spectacles.

He did not see the lean man across the avenue. Mr. Bronx was half-hidden by the tree, and he was out of range of Bunter's limited vision. Bunter, leaning his fat face over, blinked down, but failed to spot anything unusual.

"What the dooce are you staring at, Jarvis?" he demanded.

"Oh! For a moment, sir, I feared that that lady was about to be run over," said Jarvis. "She was quite in front of the car—"

"Oh, rot!" grunted Bunter. He could discern neither the lady nor the car!

"I really thought, sir—"

Jarvis.

"You're a fool, Jarvis!" grunted Bunter.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Bunter resumed his pacing, while he waited for the gong for lunch.

Jarvis, glancing through the carved columns of the balustrade, smiled. He had a glimpse of a long, lean figure walking away across the avenue.

Mr. Bronx had seen Bunter, and was going—satisfied that he had tracked the billionaire to his lair.

Bunter had told Jarvis that he was a fool! Jarvis had no doubt that there was a fool present. But he did not think the fool's name was Jarvis.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Seeing Paris!

"THIS will do!" said Horace Coker.
"Looks a low hole!" said Potter.
"Putrid!" remarked Greene.

"We're seeing Paris!" answered Coker, as if that settled it. And he marched under the dingy, ragged awning of the Cafe du Chat Noir, through the dingy, dusky entrance, and into the low-ceiled, tobacco-stained, dingy interior.

Outside, two or three iron-legged tables stood on the cracked pave, with iron-legged chairs by them, and a mouldy tub in which a dreary shrub prolonged a dismal existence. The Rue du Mont, in Montmartre, was not a fashionable thoroughfare. The Cafe du Chat Noir was nothing like the Cafe Royal, or the Cafe de Paris, any more than the street was like the Rue de la Paix or the Avenue de la Grande Armee!

But Coker, as he said, was seeing Paris!

Paris could not be seen simply by staring up at the Vendome Column, ascending the Eiffel Tower, walking over the site of the Bastille, driving in the Bois de Boulogne, and taking a stroll along the Boul' Mich'. Coker wanted to see the byways as well as the highways of Paris.

Potter and Greene were not so keen about all that. They had heard of the "Apaches" of Paris—sportsmen as ferocious as the tribe of Red Indians from whom they borrowed their name. Potter and Greene would have preferred to keep to the beaten tracks.

But it was no use arguing with Coker. And, indeed, even on the beaten track of the tourist, Coker was the man to pick up trouble, if there was any going. Only the other day he had got into that scrap with some lanky American in the Bois de Boulogne—a place where even Coker might have been expected to escape trouble. He could do no worse in Montmartre.

Coker, on that occasion, had had a rather narrow escape of serious trouble. He had been taken along to the Bureau de Police. The two monkeys, as Coker considered them, who took him, had handed him over to a fat man in uniform, who looked, Coker thought, like a tortoise. The three of them had held an animated discussion over Coker in rapid French, with many gesticulations, not a word of which was comprehensible to Coker. A fourth, and apparently still higher official, who looked, in Coker's eyes, like a very fat rabbit, had joined up, and there had been more rapid French, more gesticulations.

Coker had almost begun to wonder whether these silly foreigners supposed that they could stick him in chokey! Continually they repeated the word "fou," and the word "drole," the meaning of which was not clear to Coker.

He was unaware that they were discussing whether he was mad, or merely a fool!

Finally, the two monkeys, the tortoise, and the rabbit, seemed to have had enough of Coker, and he was led out into the street and told to "allez."

Coker, so to speak, allezed! He was glad to go.

That was the end of it.

Which was rather fortunate for Coker, if he had only known it. But he did not know it. His opinion was that he had been bothered by a lot of silly foreigners, and he had rather exercised self-restraint in not punching their silly heads all round!

So far from taking warning by that episode, and resolving to keep clear of trouble during the remainder of his holiday, Coker was in a quite unsubdued state. He was deeply annoyed at having been marched off before he had properly thrashed that lanky, cheeky scoundrel who had kicked him.

He nourished a hope of coming across that scoundrel again before he left Paris, and getting on with the good work.

Often, in their walks abroad, Potter and Greene noticed Coker casting sharp glances to right and left, and they knew that he was looking for that American of the Bois de Boulogne, and hoped fervently that Coker would not spot him.

Luckily, they had seen nothing of that lanky American, and they hoped that he had gone back to Kalamazoo, or wherever it was he had come from.

Now, in the blazing heat of a blazing August afternoon, they were "seeing Paris"—rather the seamy side of Paris. Coker led them up one smelly street, and down another smelly street. They were seeing, at least, that Paris was not wholly the bright, wonderfully clean-looking city that it looked at first glance.

Paris, like other cities, was rather unwashed behind the scenes. And the Rue du Mont was the most unwashed spot they had struck so far. Potter and Greene hoped that they would get out of that quarter alive! They would not have been surprised, any moment, to be surrounded by a mob of Apaches demanding their watches and cash, and perhaps flourishing knives!

Coker had no such fears!

There might be Apaches about, but Coker would have undertaken to knock them into a series of cocked hats had they turned up and offered trouble.

Potter and Greene felt uneasy and uncomfortable as they entered the Chat

Noir. Not so Coker! He glanced round him with a serene eye.

There was hardly anyone in the place at that time of day. Of all the rickety, beer-stained tables, only one was occupied. There, a shabby man lay with his head on his arms, asleep, with an empty absinthe glass at his elbow.

In the bar presided an immense woman in black. She turned a beefy eye on the newcomers for a moment, and then disregarded them.

On the further side of the public room was a door leading to an inner room. It was half-glass, with a dirty curtain, rent in several places. Coker, as he looked round, could see partly into the inner room, which was dimly lighted by a window giving on a narrow courtyard that was like a well deep among brick walls.

In the inner room was a table which had several bottles and glasses on it. On either side of the table sat a man.

One was a Frenchman, and even Coker could see that he was of the Apache species. His black felt hat was on his greasy head, and under its brim was a sallow face, pallid with drugs, and black eyes like a rat's. He rolled incessant cigarettes in stained thin fingers, and only ceased smoking when he filled his glass and emptied it.

The other man was much bigger, but all Coker could see of him was a big slouched hat that hid his face from view.

"We'll go in here, you men!" said Coker. "Not so many flies in here."

His hand was on the door-handle, when a waiter glided up and interposed. Coker stared at him as he volleyed French.

"What the dickens does the man mean?" snapped Coker, irritably. "I suppose we can go in if we like."

"He means that that room's private!" said Potter.

"What rot!" grunted Coker.

However, he gave up the point, left the glass door, and sat down at one of the unclean tables. Potter and Greene sat also, with suspicious glances at the chairs before they sat down. There was a ceaseless, monotonous buzzing of flies in the hot air. Coker ordered coffee, and they sat down and swatted flies while they waited for it to come.

"Putrid place!" remarked Potter restively.

"Rotten!" agreed Greene.

"We're seeing Paris!" said Coker. "You can't see Paris by walking up and down the Rue de Rivoli. We're seeing it now."

"And smelling it!" grunted Potter.

The coffee came. It was sticky, and there were flies in it. The waiter, fat and greasy, in unclean shirt-sleeves, walked to the door, and stood staring

(Continued on next page.)

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out into the hot unclean street. The fat woman in black sat like an immense statue, half asleep. Evidently it was not the Cafe du Chat Noir's busy time! The flies buzzed and droned and buzzed.

"This place is near the show we're going to, to-night," remarked Coker. "It's called the Chat Noir, and the show is called Le Chat Noir! Just at hand, I should think. Chat Noir means Black Dog or something."

"Black Cat!" murmured Potter.

"I know what it means, Potter—you needn't start teaching me French. It's one of those Montmartre shows, you know—real French! I dare say you fellows would rather go to the Opera Comique, like all the tourists!" added Coker with sarcasm. "But we're seeing Paris, you see."

The glass door of the inner room opened. A tall lean figure in slouch hat appeared in the open doorway.

"I guess that fixes it, bo!" said a nasal voice. "To-night, then."

"C'est entendu, monsieur!" answered the other man's voice in French, and he went on in English, "You may trust Louis le Couteau!" Then in French again, "Tout s'arrange! Vous aurez ce gros cochon."

"I guess—"

The long lean man was interrupted by a crash as Horace Coker leaped to his feet, knocking over his cup of coffee in his hurry.

"That rotter!" roared Coker.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Potter and Greene in dismay.

Heedless of them and their dismay, Horace Coker rushed across at the long, lean man, who turned and stared at him blankly.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hold On!

TIGER BRONX stared at Horace Coker. The sallow-faced Apache in the inner room stared. Probably Mr. Bronx had forgotten that shindy in the Bois de Boulogne. If so, he was reminded of it now, as Coker rushed across the cafe, his eyes blazing and his fists up.

"Coker!" howled Potter.

"Coker!" shouted Greene.

"You rotter!" roared Coker, brandishing a fist under Mr. Bronx's surprised nose. "You cheeky tick! I've jolly well found you, have I!"

"Carry me home to die!" said Mr. Bronx. "Yeh! I'll say you've found me, bo, if you want me! What's the noos from Goobsville?"

"You kicked me!" bawled Coker.

"I'll say I did!" agreed Mr. Bronx. "I'll say I'm ready to kick you agin, if you're honing for it, honey."

Coker made no answer to that. He hurled himself at Mr. Bronx. A man who had kicked Coker could not be too soundly thrashed. Coker had hardly half-done the job last time. He was going to complete it now.

"Aw, can it, you boob!" roared Mr. Bronx, backing away. "What's got you? I'll say this is the opossum's eyelids! Thunder!"

Coker followed him up, hard and fast. He hit out as he followed up with right and left. Mr. Bronx caught Coker's right with his nose, Coker's left with his chin. Coker was on the war-path. Mr. Bronx, though certainly he was not afraid of the egregious Coker, did not want another shindy. But he had no choice about the matter. He backed across the cafe floor, defending himself from a terrific onslaught.

The Apache—Louis le Couteau as he called himself—stood in the inner doorway, looking on. The shirt-sleeved waiter turned round in the outer doorway, also staring. Potter and Greene gazed in dismay. The woman in black, in the bar, sat up and took notice. She screamed in French at Coker, who paid no heed.

Then she waddled out from the bar, bore down on Coker from behind, and grasped him by the wrist, twisting his arm backwards and upwards. He was jerked away from his enemy.

Bronx, gasping a little, dropped his hands. He grinned. Coker, struggling in the grasp of the immense woman, had his comic aspect.

"Leggo!" roared Coker. "I say, ma'am, leggo! If you were a man I'd

jolly well punch you! Will you let me go, you blithering female!"

A volley of spluttering French answered him. Madame did not let him go. Coker was a powerful fellow. He was big, he was hefty; he was a match for Bronx, who was no infant. But he was absolutely helpless in the powerful grasp of the immense patronne of the Chat Noir.

He wriggled and struggled in vain. Bronx rubbed his nose, set his hat straight, and grinned at Coker.

"Say, bo, you've sure woke up something," he said. "I guess I'll leave you to it! So-long, big boy."

"You rotten funk!" roared Coker, struggling.

Mr. Bronx walked out of the cafe.

"Madame! Woman! Old cat!" yelled Coker. "Will you let me go? Can't you see that American blighter is getting away? I'm going to thrash him! I'm going to spificate him! Leggo!"

Madame did not understand a word. But she understood that this excited tourist was giving trouble to a monsieur who, during his residence in Paris, had business with the rather questionable habitues of the Cafe du Chat Noir. So she held him in her enormous grip while the gangster walked away and disappeared. There was no arguing with her grip. It was like that of a boa-constrictor.

She shifted her grasp to Coker's collar. For full five minutes Coker wriggled and struggled, and shouted and roared. Massive and impassive, madame ignored him, only holding on like a vice. Coker exhausted himself in vain. He was anchored to that mountain of flesh until madame chose to let him go.

The grinning waiter, at the door, said something in French; probably an intimation that Bronx was gone from sight. Then the patronne of the Cafe du Chat Noir released Coker, and pointed to the doorway with a hand like a leg of mutton.

"Allez vous en!" she barked. And she rolled back to her chair.

Coker panted for breath, rushed to the door, and stared out. There was no sign of a long, lean figure in the street. Once more he had lost his chance of administering that thrashing.

Potter and Greene followed him out. They were glad that it had ended no worse. After them came the sallow, lithe, rat-eyed Apache, who had been with Bronx in the inner room. He shoved against Coker as he passed, and Coker turned on him with an angry snort.

"Look here, you dashed Froggy—" he roared. Coker's temper was not at its best.

The Apache slouched away.

Coker made an angry stride after him. Potter and Greene grabbed him by the arms, and fairly dragged him back. A row with Bronx was bad enough, but a row with that rat-eyed, slouching crook was too awful to contemplate.

"Coker, you ass—" gasped Potter.

"Shut up, Potter!"

"Coker, you chump—" spluttered Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

Luckily, Louis le Couteau vanished round the corner of an alley.

Coker, snorting, allowed himself to be led away.

It was about half an hour later, when the Fifth Form tourists had walked into more civilised regions and Coker was hailing a taxi, that he made the interesting discovery that his pocket had been picked!

Then it dawned on Coker why the



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The Apache grasped Bunter's little fat nose and tweaked it sharply. The fat junior started out of slumber, with a startled yelp. "Ow! Beast! Wharrer you at?" he gasped, blinking dizzily in the light. "Is that you, Bob Cherry, you beast?" "Taisez vous!" muttered Louis le Couteau. "Ow!" gasped Bunter. His eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of the evil, unhealthy face of the Apache.

Apache had shoved against him in coming out of the cafe!

"You silly idiots!" said Coker. "My money's gone! Five hundred francs! That slouching rat had it! If you'd let me go after him—"

"You blithering ass!" said Potter. "Serve you right for barging into a den of crooks!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" agreed Greene.

At the Cafe du Chat Noir, Louis le Couteau sat with a cigarette in his thin mouth, and a glass of green liquid at his elbow, richer by five hundred francs that had once belonged to Horace Coker. But he was not thinking of Coker. He was thinking of his bargain with Mr. Bronx—which had to do with a "gros cochon." Bunter the Billionaire, in his magnificent mansion in the Champs Elysees, was destined to learn something of the underworld of Paris.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Kidnapped at Midnight!

SNORE!

It was midnight.

In their apartments in the magnificent mansion, Harry Wharton & Co. were sleeping the sleep of healthy youth.

In his canopied bed in the state bedroom, Billy Bunter was sleeping and snoring.

That deep and resonant snore, which had been wont to rumble through the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, now rumbled and rolled in Bunter the Billionaire's magnificent Paris mansion, and woke the echoes thereof.

The whole vast edifice was buried in slumber.

Nevertheless, there was an ear to hear the deep snore of William George Bunter. A door opened silently, and a crouching, slouching figure glided into Bunter's bed-room and stood listening.

In the gloom, a grin passed over the thin, pallid, evil features of Louis le Couteau. He closed the door as silently as he had opened it, and with the tread of a cat approached Bunter's bed.

Snore!

The gentleman who bore the cheery name of "Louis the Knife," stood by the bedside for some moments, looking down on the sleeper. He seemed to be able to see like a cat in the dark.

Bunter snored on!

The Apache trod silently back to the door and locked it. Then, still seeming to see like a cat in the dark, he trod to the other doors, locking them one after another.

Then he came back to Bunter's bed and switched on the shaded electric lamp affixed to the bed-head. The shaded light glimmered on Bunter's unconscious face. It revealed him with his eyes shut and his mouth open.

"Gros cochon!" murmured the Apache.

He tapped Bunter on the head. No doubt he expected that to awaken him. Bunter snored on!

The Apache gave another tap! Bunter snored on! Then he gave the sleeper a shake! Bunter murmured.

"Urrgh! Beast! 'Tain't rising-bell! Beast! Urrgh!"

"Non d'un nom d'un nom!" breathed the Apache. He grasped Bunter's little fat nose and tweaked it sharply.

That awakened even Bunter! He started out of slumber with a startled yelp. He blinked dizzily in the light.

"Ow! Beast! Wharrer you at!" gasped Bunter. "Is that you, Bob Cherry, you beast? I don't want any of your rotten larks here, I can tell you—"

"Taisez vous!" muttered Louis le Couteau.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

He sat up.

His eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of the evil, unhealthy face of the Apache. It was hardly necessary to tell him to be silent! He was incapable of speech. He blinked with popping eyes.

"N'ayez pas peur, petit m'sieur," grinned Louis. "Have no fear, little cabbage."

Bunter only blinked.

The Apache had intended to display the knife from which he derived his agreeable nickname, and terrify Bunter into silence. But Bunter's terror was so profound at the sight of him that he reassured him instead.

"You have no fear, mon vieux!" said Louis. "Je ne suis pas ici pour tuer—zere is no to kill! Non! Pas de danger! Courage, mon ami!"

Bunter sat up.

He tried to collect his scattered wits.

He realised that the man was not going to hurt him. That was reassuring. The sallow-faced, evil-eyed Apache looked capable of anything—as indeed he was. He had killed men in his time. But that, fortunately for the Greyfriars billionaire, was not his errand now.

He made reassuring gestures.

"I—I say—" Bunter found his voice. "Wharrer you want? Who are you?"

"Ecoutez! Listen! You rise from a
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bed—you make to dress—yes? You make not to call, to cry out! Zere is a knife if you cry out."

"Oh crikey!"

"You are silent, and zere is no hurt! Comprenez?"

"Oh lor'!"

"Depechez!" said Louis, in the same low voice. "Vitel! Zat is, fast!"

"B-b-but—" stuttered Bunter. "I—I say, if you're a burglar—"

Billy Bunter groped for his spectacles and jammed them on his fat little nose. He blinked at the Apache again.

"I—I say—" he mumbled.

"Zere is a knife!" hissed Louis. "Depechez!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I'll get up!"

And he got out of bed.

There was an electric bell at hand. With the evil, watchful eyes of the Apache on him, Bunter dared not touch it.

He proceeded to dress; quite forgetting that since he had become a billionaire, he was unable to dress without assistance.

Louis le Couteau watched him like a cat! He did not need to display his knife! His look was enough.

Bunter, as he dressed, wondered dizzily whether the man was a lunatic. A burglar he could have understood; and gladly he would have plunged beneath the bedclothes and left him to get on with it.

But this man did not seem to be a burglar! He did not seem to be after Bunter's wealth! He was after Bunter!

It was a terrifying puzzle to the fat billionaire! But one thing was clear to him—he dared not resist.

With trembling hands, the Greysfriars billionaire dressed himself. Louis le Couteau nodded with satisfaction and shut off the light.

In the darkness, his thin, sinewy hand grasped Bunter's fat arm. The fat junior shuddered at the contact.

"Venez avec moi!" whispered Louis.

"You come viz me, hein?"

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'd rather not—"

"Venez!"

"I—I mean, I—I—I say, wharrer you want me to come for?" groaned Bunter.

"You come to see one friend zat await to see you! Zat is all right—tout a fait! Zere is no danger if you come in ze silence! If you go to make one sound zere is a knife! Voila! Vous etes mort!"

"But—but—I say—urrrrgggh!" gurgled Bunter, as something sharp touched his fat ribs. "I—I say, take it away—oh, lor'! I'm coming, ain't I? I—I want to come! I—I want to, like anything. Oh crikey! I—"

"Silence!" hissed the Apache.

The sharp point was withdrawn. Bunter was silent. That momentary touch was more than enough for him. He tottered beside the Apache as Louis led him to the door. Silently the Apache unlocked it and led him out, closing it as silently behind him.

The vast building was silent and still. With the thin, sinewy grip on his fat arm, Bunter accompanied the Apache down the great staircase. Harry Wharton & Co. were within easy sound of a shout—if he had dared to shout! Jarvis, no doubt, and Antoine, and his numberless servants, would have heard a yell for help. But Bunter dared not yell. He only wondered dizzily where the man was taking him, and why. In the grip of the Apache, he was as clay in the hands of the potter.

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Perhaps it was as well for him, for Louis le Couteau would not have hesitated for a moment to stun him with a crack on the head had it been needed. But, as it was not needed, no doubt Louis preferred him to walk instead of having to carry him.

A shadow loomed up on the landing below. Bunter realised that the man who had seized him had an accomplice keeping watch on the stairs. There were two of the miscreants—perhaps more!

He heard a low, rapid whisper in French. Then he was led down the lower stairs between the two night-prowlers. He was led along a passage, and a breath of fresher air told him that a window was open.

"Pas un mot!" breathed Louis, in his fat ear. "Silence!"

He was lifted from the window, and passed into the arms of a third man, standing below outside. He heard a grunt from that shadowy personage. Billy Bunter's weight, perhaps, was a little unexpected.

However, he was landed on his feet, and the two rascals dropped from the window after him. He was in his own courtyard; but they did not lead him towards the great gates, in at which he was accustomed to roll in his splendiferous car. They led him to a service gate, which was used by Antoine's staff, and which opened to Louis' touch.

"I—I say—" groaned Bunter.

"Taisez vous!" hissed a savage voice in his ear. And the Greysfriars billionaire quaked into silence.

Louis le Couteau stepped out at the gate, and for a full minute watched the silent street, before he signed to his companions to follow with Bunter. Then Bunter was hurried out. A closed car, without lights, was standing at a little distance under the trees. Almost in a twinkling, Billy Bunter was dropped into the car, and the engine started up.

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter.

"Zere is a knife!" came a hissing voice. "Silence, zen!"

And Billy Bunter was silent, as the car drove away through the night.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

One for His Nob!

"**R**OTTEN!" growled Coker.

Harry Wharton & Co. were fast asleep in Bunter's mansion. Potter and Greene were fast asleep in their rooms at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. But Horace Coker was awake—sleepy, but awake, and in a bad temper that was growing worse.

It was nearly midnight when Coker came out of the gaudy building over the portals of which, in illuminated letters, were the words "LE CHAT NOIR."

It was a "show," and the show was over. The audience poured out, and Coker poured out along with the rest.

But Potter and Greene had, so to speak, poured out early, and avoided the crush.

The fact was, that Coker's idea of "seeing Paris" had begun to bore Potter and Greene. Coker had selected that "show" in the dusky recesses of Montmartre, as something truly French and truly native and truly Parisian. But what it was all about when he came to look at it, would have puzzled Coker to say. The people on the stage performed all sorts of weird antics, and spoke in rapid French that was half slang, and wholly incomprehensible to Coker & Co. Roars of laughter from the native part of the audience showed

that it all probably meant something; but what it all meant, if anything, was a hidden mystery to Coker & Co.

It was natural that Potter and Greene should get fed up, with a show of which they understood hardly a word, in a stuffy low-ceiled place, where at least half the audience had forgotten to wash that day.

They stuck it as long as they could. Then they told Coker, firmly, that they were going.

And they went!

Coker at the bottom of his heart was fed up, too, and would gladly have gone also. But that would have been admitting that he, Coker of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, was in error. Which was impossible!

Instead, therefore, of admitting that he was fed up to the back teeth, Coker snorted, announced that he was going to stay to the finish, and told Potter and Greene that they could go back to the hotel, go to Jericho, or go and eat coke, as they preferred.

With grim determination Coker held out, all through the dreary performance at the Chat Noir, till the finish.

That was how Coker came to issue forth from the illuminated entrance of "Le Chat Noir" on his lonely own. It was more than an hour since Potter and Greene had cleared off. At midnight, and in the Rue du Mont, there were no taxis to be had—it was not a quarter where taximen expected to pick up fares. Coker started to walk, to pick one up in a more salubrious spot. Ten minutes' walk should have brought him to a street where wandering taxis might have been found, even at midnight.

Ten minutes' walk failed to do so, for the simple reason that Coker took the wrong turnings.

The streets were hilly, rugged, and ill-lighted in the quarter where Coker was wandering. Dingy little shops were all shut. Even the dingy cafes were closed down.

Coker had no love for French gendarmes; but he would have been glad to meet a gendarme and inquire his way.

Gendarmes, however, were not to be seen.

Coker tramped on, looking about him angrily and irritably. Silent streets echoed to the sound of his large boots.

He did not seem to be getting nearer to a quarter where taxicabs might be found. He seemed to be getting farther away from such a quarter. The streets grew dingier; he passed dismal alleys. He began to realise that he had lost himself in an exceedingly slummy part of Paris.

"Rotten!" said Coker for the tenth time.

Coker was not alarmed. Some fellows might have been a little alarmed in such a situation. But Coker had heaps of pluck, and boundless self-confidence.

But he was tired, and he was fed up, and his temper was growing worse and worse. Several times he spotted figures that seemed to slink in a stealthy way, and he had sense enough to give them a wide berth, anxious as he was to get his direction.

It was sheer joy to him when he sighted, suddenly, a tall and well-dressed figure passing along the ill-lighted street in which he found himself.

Had Coker only known it his wanderings had brought him back nearly to the spot where he had started from. He was not many minutes walk from "Le Chat Noir" once more, and had the glaring lights been on, he would have seen the place. But all was dark and silent now.

The tall figure was walking very quickly on the other side of the street. Coker could see that it was that of a well-dressed man in a slouched hat. He hurried across.

"I say—" he began.

The tall man glanced round, and Coker broke off. He had been going to ask his way; in English if the man proved to be a tourist, in French if he turned out to be a native.

But now he spoke in neither language. He stared. It was the tall man in the slouched hat who spoke.

"Great jumpin' frogs! I'll say this is the opossum's eyelids. You agin, you big stiff!"

"You!" ejaculated Coker.

"I guess you keep on turning up!" said Mr. Bronx, staring at him. "Say, ain't it time you was in your little bunk, big boy?"

Coker clenched his hands.

It was the lanky American again; the man who had kicked him, in the Bois de Boulogne, and whom Coker had not yet sufficiently thrashed for that offence.

"You, you rotter!" exclaimed Coker.

"Aw, can it!" snapped Mr. Bronx, stepping back. "This is where you get off, see? You hunting more trouble, you big stiff!"

Coker was.

Even Coker might have hesitated. It was past one in the morning; he was lost in a slummy quarter of Montmartre; a shindy would bring people to the spot, of a kind hardly desirable to meet, at such an hour in such a place. But all these considerations were lost on Coker. This was the man who had kicked Coker.

He advanced on Mr. Bronx with gleaming eyes, and his hands up. He was not likely to meet the man again, and he was not going to lose this chance. It was, from Coker's point of view, a lucky meeting. Mr. Bronx, who had other matters on his mind, was not equally pleased. To his mind, Coker was nothing but a troublesome fool!

He backed away.

"Say, ain't I told you this is where you get off?" he demanded, in a tone of menace, his hand slipping into a pocket.

"You rotten, sneaking, funky, cheeky blighter!" said Coker, and he rushed at the lean American.

Mr. Bronx's hand came out of his pocket, with something in it that glimmered. Coker did not know what was happening, till a heavy metal barrel rapped on his head, and he went spinning across the greasy pavement.

Bump!

"I guess you wouldn't say no to it!" remarked Mr. Bronx, slipping the revolver back into his pocket, and walking on.

"Ow! Ow! Wow! Ooogh!" stuttered Coker.

He sat up dizzily, his hand to his head, trying to gather his scattered senses. Dingy houses, and dim street-lamps, and a tall figure walking away, seemed to swim before his dizzy eyes.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker.

He staggered to his feet.

The lean man was turning a corner into a narrow, dusky alley. He disappeared as Coker stood unsteadily, his hand to his aching head, staring wildly.

"Ow, ow! Wow!" repeated Coker. "Oh scissors! My napper! The scoundrels! Ooogh! Oh crikey! Ow!"

For some minutes Coker stood there, trying to collect his wits. What had happened had been quite unexpected. Coker really might have looked for something of the sort. But he hadn't.

He rubbed his head. His hat had

stopped some of the force of the blow; but it had been a hard one, all the same. There was a big bruise forming under Coker's mop of hair. He ran his fingers over it, and yelped.

Coker breathed hard with rage.

That lanky blighter fancied, of course, that he was done with him now. He was going to find out his mistake.

Coker was by no means done with.

He limped rather than walked in the direction Mr. Bronx had taken. He turned into the dim alley in which the lean man had disappeared.

Nothing was to be seen of the man there. Little, indeed, was to be seen at all in the dimness.

Coker tramped down the dim alley with burning eyes and clenched fists. He found himself face to face with a blank wall.

The alley was a cul-de-sac. There was no way out at the end.

Evidently the lean man had gone into one of the buildings.

In only one window was a light. Coker, coming back along the alley, stopped at that lighted window.

A shadow fell on the blind within. It was the shadow of a tall man standing in the room between the light and the window. Coker's eyes gleamed.

A few paces on was a doorway, open. It gave on a dark hall-way, evidently used in common by the many inhabitants of the house. There was no concierge; and even Coker could guess that it was the sort of residence that it was highly undesirable for any respectable person to enter.

Coker cared nothing for that. From under a door inside came a gleam of
(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS.

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

GET READY TO CHEER, CHUMS!

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Do you collect autographs, chums? I know quite a number of my readers do, so they may be interested in the query which a Birmingham reader puts up to me this week. He wants to know

WHAT ARE AUTOGRAPHS WORTH?

He has an autograph of R. M. Ballantyne the well-known boys' author, and would like to know if it has a marketable value. Naturally, there is a limited demand for autographs, although there are several autograph dealers in London. One of them tells me that Ballantyne's autograph is worth approximately one shilling, though it is doubtful if a dealer would pay that much for it.

Autographs of well-known people range in price from one shilling to about ten. Letters in famous people's own handwriting bring from five shillings upward, according to the interest of the letter itself. Generally speaking, the longer a famous person has been dead, the bigger the price one can obtain for his autograph. There is a demand for Charles Dickens' autographs, while, if one had an authentic autograph of Shakespeare, I should imagine that an American millionaire would make a handsome offer for it!

Ever heard the expression:

DUTCH COURAGE?

Do you know where it comes from? A. H. F., of Framlington, doesn't, so he asks me to elucidate the mystery. This expression dates from the time when England was at war with Holland, and all sorts of expressions were used to belittle the Dutch. A Dutchman was not supposed to have any courage until he had befuddled himself by drinking strong liquor. In other words, it means no courage at all. There are a number of similar expressions. "Dutch comfort," for instance, means that things are a little better than no comfort at all. A "Dutch Concert" is a rowdy uproar. A "Dutch Auction" is one where the bidding starts high and then comes low—the reverse of an ordinary auction. "Dutch nightingales" means frogs. A "Dutch uncle" is one who reproves smartly. At the time of our war with Holland it was the greatest insult that could be paid to a man to call him a Dutchman.

Even to-day our sailors constantly use the expression:

A DUTCHMAN'S SHEET ANCHOR!

A sheet anchor, as you know, is a reserve anchor which is carried on a ship in case the ordinary anchors are carried away and lost. Then the sheet anchor is rigged. But the legend goes that the Dutch always used to leave their sheet anchors at home. So, when you are aboard ship, and happen to have forgotten anything, you will be told that it is like "the Dutchman's sheet anchor"—that is, left at home!

The curious thing is that "Dutch" does not really mean anything appertaining to Holland. The word is a contraction of "Deutsch," which actually means a German!

Now, as space is running short, let me tell you what is in store for you in next week's issue.

"THE SHADOWED BILLIONAIRE!"

By Frank Richards,

is another of our new series of "cover-to-cover" tales of the chums of Greyfriars. It's a winner, I can tell you! What do you think of this special series of extra-long complete tales? Doubtless, you'll say that you can't have too much of a good thing. But don't forget to drop me a line and give me your opinions.

There will be a full-of-chuckles issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" and, as usual, I shall be waiting "in the office" to have another chat with you.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,385.

light from the one room that was lighted.

That was enough for Coker.
He barged in.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Beastly for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER would have groaned aloud in sheer misery and funk.

But he couldn't.

There was a gag in Bunter's mouth, which effectually choked all such sounds of woe and alarm.

The Greyfriars billionaire was in a parlous state.

Where he had been taken in the car, after being kidnapped from his magnificent mansion, Bunter had not the faintest idea.

All he knew was that the car had driven some distance.

After that he had been lifted out, but not at his destination. His destination, it seemed, was not a spot that could be reached by car. He had had a glimpse or two of a dark and dismal street as the three Apaches, bunched close round him, hurried him along. Then he had had a glimpse, and a scent of a dismal alley.

Then he was pushed into a room on the ground floor of some building in the dark. Somebody had lighted the gas.

Louis le Couteau gestured to him to sit down in a chair. Bunter sat. The Apache took a cord—evidently placed in readiness—and tied him to the chair. Then, with scientific care, he gagged the fat billionaire.

Then, without troubling to speak a word to the kidnapped Owl—not that speech would have comforted him—the three Apaches left him to himself.

They shut the door after them, and Bunter heard the key turn in the lock, and heard it withdrawn.

Then they were gone.

How many hours had elapsed since then Bunter did not know. It seemed to him that several centuries had elapsed.

He could not even groan. His feelings were inexpressible, and he could make no effort to express them.

He blinked round through his big spectacles in horror and dismay. He saw a dingy, dirty room with a single window that was covered by a blind. He could not utter a sound, or move a limb.

It was a fearful change after the magnificence of his mansion in the Champs Elysees.

But that was not the worst. What was going to happen to him? Why had the beasts brought him there?

It was utterly mysterious to Bunter.

They had brought him there, and gone away and left him there. Why? Were they acting under the orders of some other person? And had they, after landing Bunter in a safe place, gone to report their success? The idea worked into Bunter's fat brain at last. It looked like it. But who—

Back into his fat brain came the recollection of the gangster. Was Tiger Bronx at the bottom of this? Was this why the man from Chicago had been following him?

The gag choked back the groan that Bunter would have uttered. He could not doubt that he had hit on the solution of the strange mystery. He was in the power of the gangster.

Somehow, that beast had found out

where he was in Paris, and had employed a bunch of native crooks to bag him.

It was clear now.

It was still a mystery what the lean man's game was. But the fat billionaire could not doubt that he owed this to Tiger Bronx.

The key turned in the door at last.

The door opened, and Bunter blinked at the tall, lean figure that came in. Tiger Bronx gave him a nod and a grin.

He threw the door shut, and stepped towards Bunter. The flare of the unshaded gas-jet revealed his hard, lean face, and a grin on it.

"I guess I got you, bo!" said Mr. Bronx.

Bunter blinked at him.

"They've sure fixed you up to the queen's taste," said the gangster. "I'll say these French crooks are some lads at handling a job like this. Yep! I'll say Louis has earned his thousand francs. You savvy where you are?"

Bunter shook his head.

Mr. Bronx stepped to him and removed the gag. Bunter gasped.

"You don't want to yaup," said the gangster warningly. "I'll mention that if you give one hoot you'll be put to sleep so sudden, you won't know what hit you! Got that, fat boy?"

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter.

"Not that any of the guys in this here palatial abode would sit up and take a lot of notice if you was to yell till the cows came home," grinned the gangster. "I guess they've heard yelling once or twice. Sure! All the same, don't howl! You don't want me to crack that fat cabeza of yours."

"I—I say—" groaned Bunter.

"I got you!" drawled Mr. Bronx. "I sure got you safe and sound, bo! Been arter you long enough. I'll say you was some jay to let Jarvis land you in it. I guess that all-fired geck reckoned that I should come a' shooting. And I'll say that would suit my game better'n cinching you like this here."

Bunter shuddered.

"I—I say, you—you—you wouldn't do—" he gurgled.

"You get me," agreed Mr. Bronx. "I'll say I've burned powder a few in my time. But I ain't no baby-killer. Not Tiger Bronx."

Billy Bunter was glad to hear it.

"It'd suit me fine," said Mr. Bronx regretfully, "if you was to be picked out of the Seine—found drowned. Louis would have done it for an extra five hundred francs. I'll say he's some lad."

"Oh lor'!"

"I guess Jarvis figures on it," Mr. Bronx's slits of eyes glittered. "That would sure put me where he'd like to see me. But I couldn't stand for it. No, sir." Tiger Bronx shook his head. "I sure ain't going to wash you out. Nor it ain't necessary, neither. You got to cough up the dust. I guess I'll make you cough it up fast enough."

"I—I—"

"I'm talking," said Tiger Bronx. "I'll say I've had guys through my hands over the pond what have coughed up the dollars so quick it'd make your head swim to see 'em. Yep! I got a way with me." He grinned. "If Jarvis had froze on to Old Man Shook's billions, I guess I'd have squeezed 'em off him. Jest a few. Now you got 'em. You're the guy I'm going to squeeze. You get me, fat boy?"

"You—you're going to hold me to ransom!" gasped the Greyfriars billionaire.

"I guess you can call it that if you want. I'm going to twist you till you've coughed up every red cent that you've got from Jarvis!"

"Oh crikey!"

"I guess them dollars ought to have come along to a guy about my size," said Mr. Bronx. "But that double-crossing gink, Jarvis, butted in and scooped the jackpot! I'd sure have skinned that galoot down to the bone if he hadn't put up this stunt! Yep! Now it's you for the skinning!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter. "I—I say—"

"I guess I got you safe in this here shebang till I can fix things to move you where I want you, fat boy! And I'll say— Great Christopher Columbus!"

Mr. Bronx broke off, with a startled yell, as the door was suddenly hurled open and a burly figure rushed in.

He fairly jumped as he saw Coker of the Fifth.

His hand whipped to his hip.

But Coker was wary of that. Coker was not to be caught twice in the same way.

He gave Bronx no time to draw the revolver.

The gangster's hand had hardly reached his hip-pocket when a big fist, clenched hard, landed on his sharp chin with something like the force of a sledgehammer.

Tiger Bronx went over backwards as if he had been shot.

Crash!

He landed on the floor with a crash that shook the room. The back of his head struck the bare planks with a terrific bang.

One gasp escaped Tiger Bronx.

That was all.

Coker stood over him, with clenched fist and blazing eyes. He was ready to smash him, to pulverise him, and to spifficate him. But none of those processes was required. That terrific bang of his head on the hard floor was enough for Mr. Bronx. He did not move. He was stunned.

"Oh!" gasped Coker. He rubbed his knuckles. "Oh! My hat!"

"Kik-kik-Coker!" stuttered Bunter.

Coker spun round and stared at him.

"Kik-kik-kik-Coker—"

"Bib-bib-bub-Bunter—"

It was a stuttering match for a moment or two as Coker and Bunter stared at one another in equal amazement.

"I say, lemme loose!" gasped Bunter. "Quick!"

"But what—"

"Lemme loose!" howled Bunter.

"But how—"

"Will you lemme loose?" shrieked Bunter.

Coker let him loose.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Sudden!

HARRY WHARTON awoke. So did the other Greyfriars fellows.

Probably everybody in the magnificent mansion in the Champs Elysees awoke! Seldom, or never, had there been such a knocking and a ringing in that superb residence.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo—"

"What the esteemed dickens—"

Electric lights flashed on. The Famous Five, in their pyjamas, met outside their rooms. Lights flashed on all over the house. Voices, in startled tones, came from all quarters.



"I guess I got you safe in this here shebang, fat boy!" said Bronx. "And I'll say—Great Christopher Columbus——" He broke off, with a startled yell, as the door was suddenly hurled open and the burly Coker rushed in. The gangster's hand had hardly reached his hip-pocket, when a big fist, clenched hard, landed on his sharp chin. Crash! "Oooooch!" Bronx staggered backwards, as if he had been shot.

"What on earth's happening?" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Something's up!" said Johnny Bull. They ran to the stairs. A sleek figure in a dressing-gown was on the landing, peering down into the vast hall.

Harry Wharton caught Mr. Jarvis by the arm.

"What's the row, Jarvis?" he exclaimed.

Jarvis's usually composed, sleek face was disturbed. For once he had lost the calm composure of the perfect manservant.

"I—I—" he stammered. "I—I am at a loss! I—I—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob.

He pointed over the banisters. In the glare of electric lights in the hall stood Billy Bunter, surrounded by Antoine and his numerous staff, half-dressed and babbling French.

The Famous Five ran down.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter.

"What's happened?" bawled Bob.

"I say, you fellows, you keep with me!" gasped Bunter. "He may come back again! You never know!"

"He? Who?" yelled Wharton.

"The beast who kidnapped me!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I've been kidnapped——"

"Nightmare?" asked Johnny Bull.

"A French beast—kidnapped me—got me to some awful place! Oh lor! Where's that beast Bronx?"

"Bronx?" gasped the juniors.

"Yes! Oh lor! Tied me up in a chair! Oh crikey! Jarvis! Where's Jarvis? I'm getting out of this! Where's that fool Jarvis?"

"Here, sir!"

Jarvis, composed once more, came down the stairs.

"Pack up!" gasped Bunter. "I'm leaving Paris! Oh lor! I say, you

fellows— Oh crikey! I say— Oh dear!"

"But what's happened?" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"I've told you! That beast Bronx—tied me up in a chair—in some slum—kidnapped— Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "If Coker hadn't come in— Oh lor!"

"Coker!" said Harry Wharton dazedly.

"Yes! He barged in—goodness knows how, but he did! He hit the beast and floored him! Oh dear!"

"But where is Coker?"

"He's gone home in a taxi, after dropping me here! I was ringing and banging for hours before these sleepy beasts let me in! Oh crikey! Minutes, at least! Oh lor! You fellows get packed! We're leaving Paris!"

"But—" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Don't jaw! Jarvis!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Get packed! Get on the telephone to the aerodrome! Tell them to get ready to start at once!"

"Very good, sir!" said Jarvis. "But where——"

"Anywhere?"

"I fear, sir, that the pilot will require somewhat more explicit instructions," said Jarvis deprecatingly.

"Oh! Yes! Anywhere out of France! Germany—no, they're always shooting somebody there! Spain—no, they've got a revolution going on or something! Italy—get the passports visaed for Italy, Jarvis! That's all right! That beast will never guess we've gone there! I say, you fellows, get your things packed! We're going to Italy in the plane!"

"But—" yelled the Famous Five with one voice.

"Shut up!" said Bunter.

"But——"

"Shut up!" yelled Bunter.

And he rolled away, leaving the chums of the Remove blinking.

Bunter the Billionaire's stay in Paris had come to a sudden termination.

It was in vain that Harry Wharton & Co.—when the billionaire was a little calmer—argued with him.

The billionaire was deaf to argument.

One city, even a capital city, was not large enough to hold him and Mr. Bronx. The Greyfriars billionaire had had enough of Paris—especially of its Apaches. And a thousand miles or so seemed a safe distance to put between his precious person and the man from Chicago. Bunter was adamant; and Harry Wharton & Co., who had not the least objection in the world to flying to Italy, gave up arguing, and gave a cheery assent.

Not till they were on board the Kingfisher and flying southward did the Greyfriars billionaire breathe freely.

"I hope you don't think I was funky of that lanky American, you fellows?" he said, with dignity.

"Oh, my hat! Weren't you?"

"Not in the least!"

"Then what are we scudding off to Italy for?"

"Because I want to give you fellows a really ripping holiday! You don't get a chance every holiday to see the world in a plane. I'm doing this entirely for your sakes—and there's nothing to cackle at!" roared Bunter.

But the Famous Five seemed to think that there was! Anyhow, they cackled!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE END.

(Be sure and read the next extra-long story in this grand new series. It's entitled: "THE SHADOWED BILLIONAIRE!"—a real feast of fun and thrills! Watch out for it in next Saturday's MAGNET, chums!)

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This Ticker Hand Shocker is the funniest Joke's Novelty ever invented. It can be used for so many purposes. Slip the ring round your finger and hold it in the palm of the hand, then shake hands with a friend! Postage 2d.

THROW YOUR VOICE

into a trunk, under the bed, or anywhere. Lots of fun, fooling policeman or friends. THE TRILO a little instrument fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never fails. A full course book on Ventriloquism, together with the Ventrilo, all for 1s., plus postage 1 1/2d.

POWERFUL BINOCULARS

They are strongly made, optically dependable and pleasing in appearance. Jointed bars provide for interpupillary adjustments. Universal focussing by means of thumb-screw. The lenses give good vision, undistorted and free from colour. For Camping, Fishing, and outings of all kinds they are a wonderful convenience. Postage 3d.



3 1/2

BABY TANK



Made entirely of metal in camouflaged colours. Simply draw the wheels backwards, either with your hand or over the floor or table, and it will go slowly forward, overcoming all obstacles—just like a real war-time tank! You can arrange various pranks with this small ingenious novelty that will create endless amusement. Postage 2d.

6d

PERISCOPE

SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN

Look over the heads of the tallest men in a crowd. See over a fence, around corners, etc. Lots of fun and amusement. Strongly made. Equipped with Mirrors, Sightfinder and Eye-piece. It measures 12 inches long and a little over 2 inches wide, and with ordinary care should last a lifetime. Postage 3d.

1 1/2

MICROSCOPE

Combined with FLUOROSCOPE

There are few things so interesting as a Microscope. It enables you to minutely examine mineral, animal and vegetable specimens. It is exceedingly interesting to examine the dust (scales) from moth and butterfly wings, human hairs, flies, insects, while the animalcules in water are a never-falling source of wonder. This instrument is capable of magnifying 150 areas. Postage 3d.

1 1/2

ACTORS' MAKE-UP OUTFIT

Materials exactly the same as used by Film Stars. Contains everything you want. Grease Paint, Nose Putty, Burnt Cork, Cream, Spirit Gum, Lines, Hair, Moustache, etc. **WARRANTED PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO THE SKIN.** Price 6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-. 7/6. Postage 3d. and 8d.

CYCLE SYREN

Operates on front wheel of Cycle. Very well made, highly nickel-plated. Complete with control, large size. Postage 3d.

2 1/2

PEN, PENCIL & RUBBER STAMP

with your own name. 5 inches long, fits into pocket. The pen and pencil are in two separate compartments inside the handle. Press the releasing snip at top and the cleverly concealed rubber stamp swings open, inking itself first, and is ready for immediate use on your correspondence, books, music, linen, clothing, stationery, etc. Send us your name in BLOCK LETTERS. Postage 3d. The Most Useful Novelty Ever Invented.



2 1/2

BLACK FACE JOKE



Surprise Soap

Just an ordinary looking piece of toilet soap, but when you try to wash, your face becomes all black. Postage 1 1/2d.

6d

SORE FINGER JOKE

You will never know how much sympathy and consolation it is possible to receive until you fool your friends with this "SORE FINGER JOKE." It is a compact bandage which slips on over the finger, in an instant just as readily as a thumb, and may be just as readily taken off. It is coloured with a red colouring matter which has the appearance of blood, and when worn will elicit many sympathising inquiries. Postage 1 1/2d.

BLACK EYE JOKE

Surprise Kaleidoscope. Your victim cannot understand why everybody laughs when he takes the scope away from his eye. He looks as though he has taken part in a prize fight, and rubbing makes it worse. Postage 1 1/2d.



9d

FLY ON SUGAR JOKE

A genuine lump of sugar on which is mounted a perfect imitation of a real fly. Place one of these in the sugar pot and watch for the fun! Deceives everybody. Postage 1 1/2d.

CENTRE SECOND STOP WATCH

Gent's centre second Chronograph Stop Watch, reliable lever movement. Accurate timekeeper, in strong nickel case. Postage 3d. Heavy Chain Albert given FREE with each watch!

6d

REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR ENGLISH STAMPS (NOT COINS). OVERSEAS ORDERS REMIT BY INTERNATIONAL MONEY-ORDER OBTAINABLE AT ALL POST OFFICES. WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY. YOU MAY ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE. OUR STORE IS AS CLOSE AS YOUR NEAREST PILLAR BOX.

ELLISDON & SON (F), 125, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1. (Est. 1897).

LOST—A HUMAN OSTRICH

Answers to the name of Alonzo. You'll know him at once by the ease with which he swallows everything he's told!—Apply "PETER," Winklesea-on-the-Wink.



THE NEW Greyfriars Herald



No. 100 (New Series.)

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

September 1st, 1934.

FIRE FIGHTERS—PLEASE NOTE

If you call out the brigade again just because of the dense clouds of smoke that pore out of the Sixth passidge every morning, we shall complain to the Head. How the dickens can we make toast for the Sixth while they're chucking buckets of water over us?

By Order, DICKY NUGENT,
Toast-Maker-in-Cheef.

Dr. PILLBURY on DOCTORS' DILEMMAS

It's sometimes surprisingly difficult to diagnose the simplest complaints among you schoolboys.

I shall always remember the case of the fat junior named Bunter. He came to me one day in an awfully excited state to tell me he couldn't see properly, and, try as I would, I couldn't find out what was wrong with the lad. There was nothing whatever to explain his trouble, apart from the fact that he had lost his spectacles.

Then there was Alonzo Todd, who simply staggered into my surgery, complaining of a sinking feeling. My first thought was that it was dyspepsia, with perhaps a touch of acidity; but there was a total absence of other symptoms to support that theory. Reluctantly, I had to admit that I could not explain it. Unless it was due to the fact that he had nothing to eat for a day, it simply could not be accounted for!

I recall, too, the very strange case of Temple, who was alarmed at the stabbing pains he was experiencing in his chest. I thought of every disease which could bring about that state of affairs, but none seemed to fit in. To all appearances, he was normal. Nothing, except the two pins which I discovered sticking in him, could have caused it. I simply had to give it up!

Another curious case was that of Claude Hoskins, who complained that every time he took a dip in the river he sank to the bottom. "Cramp!" was my immediate impression—but, after examining the patient, I had to confess that it was not that. There again, I had to give it up as hopeless. Leaving aside the fact that Hoskins could not swim a stroke, there was absolutely no explanation of it.

Extraordinary, how difficult these seemingly simple maladies are really, isn't it?

(The above article, which reached us by post, so delighted us that we promptly rang up Dr. Pillbury to thank him. Much to our surprise, he asked us what the thunder we were talking about. Absent-minded old buffer, isn't he?—Ed.).

His Wish Was Granted

Came, of the Sixth, wasn't a bit happy when an elephant he had annoyed at a circus coiled its trunk round him and lifted him in the air; but by rights he should have been jolly pleased about it.

Only a few minutes before he had remarked that he felt in need of a good "pick-me-up!"

He galloped his mare—Lawrence Faulkner. She ditched him—so now he's just walking (walking her.)

Cook's efforts so badly serve Hacker. He's asking the Head if he'll sacker!

Brain power in addition to muscle. Displayed in one fellow—Dick Russell!

GREYFRIARS IN THE EARLIES

Gosling's Vivid Memories

Old Gossy has been at Greyfriars since the year dot, and a talk with him gives one a vivid picture of the old school in years gone by. Names that have since become famous, scenes that have become part of history, Gosling's unfailing memory brings them to life in the most wonderful way.

"Wot I says is this 'ere," he told our reporter, just before the end of the term. "I knew this school afore any of you, an' wot I don't remember about it ain't worth rememberin'."

"Why, it seems only yesterday since young Master Wot's-is-name was 'ere, an' even young Who's-it, when I come to think of it."

"The times those boys used to 'ave! In those days they used to play wot-d'you-call-it

and that other game—you know wot I mean!"

"Of course, the school looked different then. That was afore they'd built the wot's-it, an' they 'adn't even laid the foundations of the thingummy."

"It was all 'ow-can-I-put-it in those days. Thigummy-bobs 'adn't been invented and everybody used to ride in wot-you-may-call-'ems."

"The masters all seemed so different. I well remember Mr. —er—um, and I shall never forget Mr. —um—huh, nor Mr. —lemme see now—"

Our reporter couldn't stop to hear more, but he came away marvelling at Gosling's amazing memory.

It's really astonishing that so many recollections can be contained in one man's brain—ain't it?

FIRST STEPS IN ANATOMY

By TOM BROWN

(Editorial Note. We have always firmly believed in publishing a certain amount of serious stuff in the "Greyfriars Herald." Dash it all, there's room in a paper like this for an occasional learned article or intellectual discourse! Hence, we make no apology for inserting these few definitions by Tom Brown for the benefit of students of anatomy. That they may help students in their studies and interest all our other readers is our earnest wish.)

THE NECK. The place in which you get it when you're late for calling-over.

EARS. They give out thick ones behind the chapel any scrapping night.

HEART. The thing Quelch shows no trace of when he finds you've forgotten to do prep.

HANDS. What the spectators yelled on Little Side when Linley absent-mindedly started playing the Rugger game.

BACKBONE. Jellyfish and Sidney James Snoop manage to do without it.



Bob Cherry has a sincere regard for Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School, and any fellow who breathes a word against her is "for it!" Bolsover made a jest about it not long ago—and Bolsover now nurses a "prize" nose!

The MONSTER of the RIVER

By DICKY NUGENT

Jack Jolly, Merry and Bright, of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's, were preparing for a row up the River Ripple and a piknik on the island, when Dr. Alfred Birchmell, the headmaster, came galloping down to the boathouse.

"Half-a-minnit, my boys!" he cried. "I've a very plezzant serprize for you!"

"You've found the sixpence I lost in the quad, yesterday, sir?" asked Jack Jolly, the kaptin of the Fourth, inner-sently. "Thanks, awfully!"

"Wrong first time!" grinned Dr. Birchmell, as he calmly seated himself in Jack Jolly & Co.'s boat. "It's a much plezzanter serprize than that. The fact is, I've decided to come with you this afternoon!"

"M-m-my hat!" "You are overwhelmed with plezzure, eh?" chuckled the Head. "You feel it's almost too good to be trew?"

"Not exactly, sir!" groaned Jack Jolly. "As a matter of fact, we're speechless with dismay!"

Dr. Birchmell frowned. "If that's the way you feel about my kindness and jennesosity, Jolly—"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped the kaptin of the Fourth hurriedly. "We're simply delited, aren't we, chaps?"

"Oh, rather!" groaned Merry and Bright.

"Just as well for you that you are!" grinned the Head. "Now, buok up, my boys! Jolly and Merry! You will do the rowing. Bright! You will steer."

"And what about you, sir?" asked Bright pointedly. "I will give you the bennyfit of my nollidge of rivercraft and regale myself

with the contents of your tuck-hamper," answered the Head. "Rather a measly hamper, by the way, isn't it, Jolly?"

"We thought it was sufficient for the three of us, sir," said Jack Jolly, as he pushed off from the landing-stage.

The Head frowned. "Two pork-pies, one fruit cake, some sandwiches, and fruit and chocklate—why, bless my sole, there's hardly enuff for me, let alone you! However, carry on, boys! I dare say I can manidge!"

Jack Jolly & Co. bent to their oars with feelings that were too deep for words. It was a bit thick, they reflected, to have an uninvited guest planted on them like this for the afternoon. But what could they do when the introoder was the revered and majestic Head of St. Sam's himself?

The natcheral answer was "Nothing." But Jack Jolly wasn't content with that answer, and, as they rolled and pitched gracefully up the river towards the bathing-pool, he had a sudden brane-wave.

"The Monster!" he cried, suddenly, in a hoarse, terrified whisper.

Dr. Birchmell stopped in the middle of the first pork-pie.

"What about it?" gasped Jack Jolly. "Why, there it is!"

And he pointed a trembling forefinger to the bathing-pool.

Dr. Birchmell looked. What he saw brought a yell of utter horror to his lips!

Rising out of the water was an enormous mountain of flesh which he could see at a glance was the hump of a river monster!

"Yarooooo!" shrieked the Head suddenly. "Help! Save me!"

Then he acted. Casting aside the remainder of his pork-pie, he made a frantik leap out of the boat and started swimming for the shore for all he was worth!

In a matter of seconds, he was crawling out of the water on to dry land. Having



shaken himself, with desprit haste, he ran like the wind for the safety of the boat-house, and was soon out of sight.

Only then did Jack Jolly relieve the tension with a barty larf.

"Ha, ha, ha! Werked like a charm!" he cried cheerfully. "Now we can enjoy ourselves, after all!"

"B-but what about the Monster?" asked Merry, eyeing the river rather dew-biously.

"Can't say I've ever heard tell of it myself, Jolly," he plattered. "What about it, anyway?!"

(Continued at foot of next col.)

INKY'S BIRTHDAY GUIDE

This Week: BOLSOVER MAJOR

In the horoscope of the esteemed and disgusting Bolsover, I seem to see an immense number of trees. Does this, you askfully demand, mean that the shelterfulness of Bolsover's life will be terrific? No, esteemed readers, it does not. What it does mean is that Bolsover's life will be disgustfully shady!

Mops for cleaning the floor wipefully occur oftenfully in the near future. But if you deducefully infer that Bolsover is going to mop up the floor wipefully with somebody, you're wrong. SOMEBODY IS GOING TO MOP UP THE FLOOR WIPEFULLY WITH HIM!

The learned books of my esteemed and ridiculous soothsayers of Bhanipur tell me that Bolsover should beware of a gnat in human shape. The

likelihood that the esteemed and scrubby Dicky Nugent will give him the honoured and absurdful knock-out is terrific! Take care, my esteemed and idiotic Bolsover heedfully, before it is too late.

The starful view of Bolsover's esteemed character is that unless he takes himself in hand gripfully he may easily become a twistful crook. But underneathfully, the honoured and brutal Bolsover is not really bad, hatfully. If he will only decide firmly to lead an honest life, there is hope for him yet. It hingefully depends on the profession he decides to pursue.

My own modestful suggestion is that he becomes an esteemed and throwful chucker-out at a boxing-hall!

THERE'S A CATCH IN THIS

Skinner boasts that he never drops anything at cricket—but that evidently doesn't apply to other things. When we caught him smoking a cigarette before the vac., we threw him a scornful glance—and he dropped it immediately!

(Continued from previous col.)

"There wasn't one!" grinned Jolly. "If you'll look again, you'll see that it isn't a monster at all. It's only our old pal Tubby Barrell having his annual dip in the river!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" And Jack Jolly & Co., grinning all over their diles, carried on with their river trip, rejoicing!

TUBB'S DYNAMIC PERSONALITY

Tubb, of the Third, seems to have developed a dynamic personality lately. There's no mistaking the fact that everyone found a new respect for him the last week or two before the vac.

Time was when everyone in the Remove treated Tubb just like any other fag. Not so to-day! When Tubb takes a stroll round the quad, chaps no longer boot him gently away with a reproving "Get out of my way, you scruffy young ass!" They stand aside and let him pass instead, and even smile an ingratiating and slightly nervous smile as he passes!

The seniors have changed, too. True, they frown and rub their chins as though he annoys them a little, but they take jolly good care not to be openly unfriendly!

Even the prefects have caught the infection. We haven't heard a prefect order Tubb to bend over and take six for at least a couple of weeks. They seem particularly anxious to keep away from him!

Tubb must have altered a lot. Some latent, compelling force has perhaps come to the surface—some instinct for command that causes others to yield to him!

On the other hand, the ferocious bulldog he bought a fortnight ago may have something to do with it!

Ferrers Locke, Detective

Begs to announce that his visit to Greyfriars, after the vac, is purely in the nature of a holiday. This advertisement is inserted out of kindness to Skinner & Co., who might otherwise die of fright!

LONELY YOUNG FELLOW

Would like to meet another who is looking for a real pal to teach him to play nap and banker. No sponging. Just real, genuine friendship. MUST BE WEALTHY.—S. J. SNOOP, Box 13, Stoneyend.

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



Bob Cherry has a sincere regard for Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School, and any fellow who breathes a word against her is "for it!" Bolsover made a jest about it not long ago—and Bolsover now nurses a "prize" nose!



Dicky Nugent was very wroth when Coker on his motor-bike nearly ran over Dicky's pet duck. The Head finally persuaded Dicky that a duck is not a suitable pet for a schoolboy—and the fag now sticks to his pet rabbits!



Bunter, prowling in the Head's greenhouse in search of a button-hole, discovered a cactus plant, and found himself in a "prickly" situation! Bunter spent a painful hour removing the myriad little prickles, one by one!



William Wibley's open-air production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on the Head's lawn, raised a goodly sum for the Cottage Hospital. "Wib" produced, supervised, stage-directed, and acted the leading part—all very creditably!



Lord Mauleverer, champion slacker of the Remove, went for a cruise during the vac.—but when asked by the Removites to describe what he saw, he merely yawns and explains that he slept throughout the voyage!



George Blaudell hopes to qualify as a champion hammer-thrower. He hurled one far across Big Side the other day—narrowly missing Bunter. It was not necessary to "hammer" it into Bunter that he must keep off senior precincts!