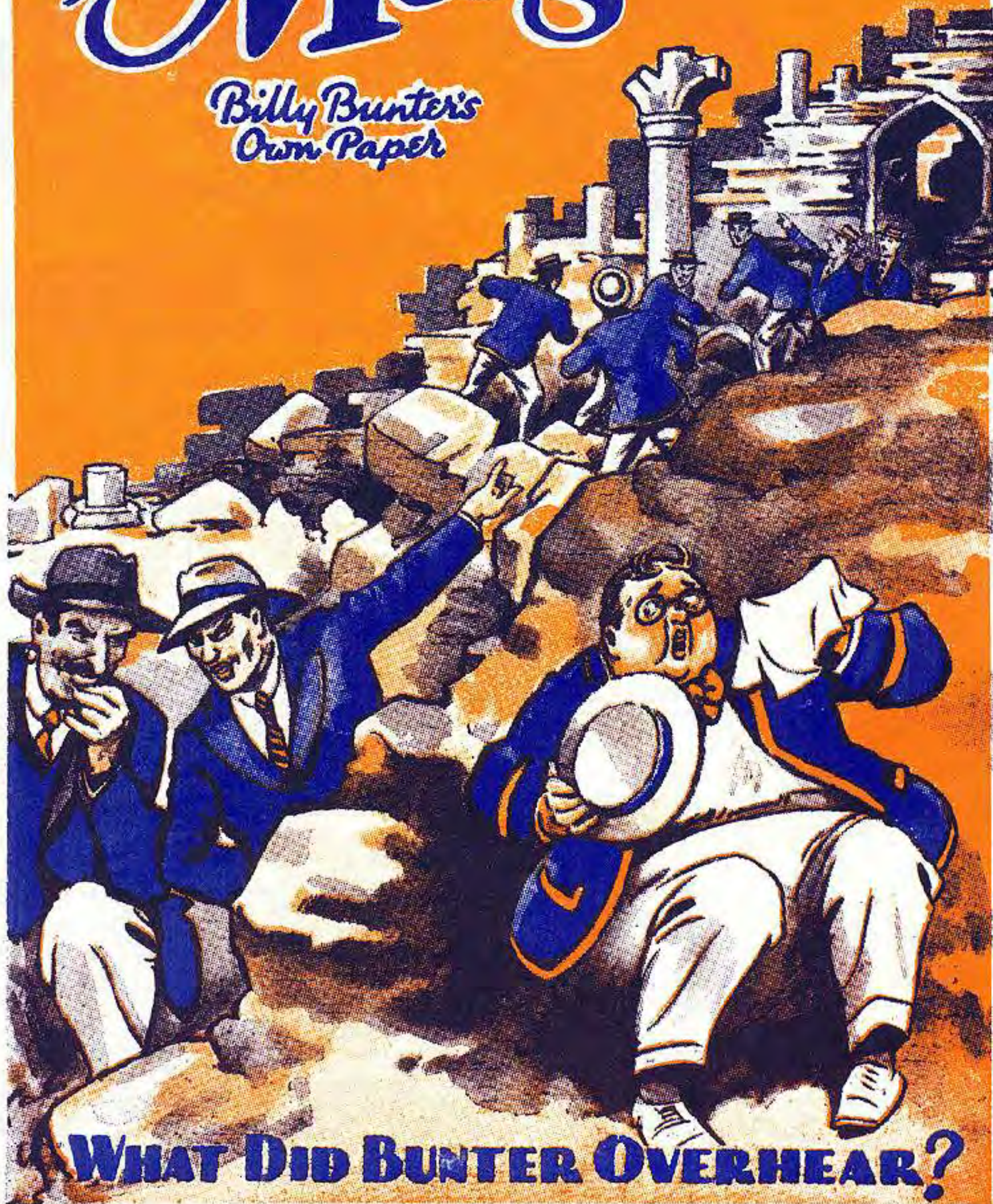


BOYS! The 1938 "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" is NOW ON SALE!

The Magnet 2^D

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



WHAT DID BUNTER OVERHEAR?

SCHOOLBOYS' HAIR-RAISING HOLIDAY ADVENTURES WITH CUNNING CHINAMEN!

MENACE *from the* EAST!



Starring HARRY WHARTON & CO., of GREYFRIARS, and their celestial chum, WUN LUNG.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Billy and a Bill!

"FIRST of all—" said Billy Bunter.

He held up a fat hand, to command attention.

He did not receive very much.

There was no doubt, in Billy Bunter's fat mind, that he was the most important member of the Greyfriars holiday party. The others, in comparison, were merely "also rans."

The trouble was, that the other fellows never could see this. Why, Bunter did not know, for he pointed it out often enough.

But, there it was, Bunter might talk incessantly—he often did!—but Harry Wharton & Co. would pass him by like the idle wind which they regarded not.

So it was on this occasion. The Famous Five, of the Greyfriars Remove, were gathered in a handsome salon, in a magnificent mansion of a fashionable avenue in the city of Paris.

That magnificent mansion appertained to Mr. O, the uncle of Wun Lung, the Chinese junior in the Remove.

That afternoon, the Greyfriars Removites were visiting the Paris Exhibition. Now they were waiting for Wun Lung to join them—Wun Lung having gone to say good-bye to the venerable Mr. O before they started.

A car was waiting at the door while they waited for Wun. Billy Bunter was with them. He was travelling, slowly but surely, through a large bag of sticky sweets. His jaws were fairly busy—but not too busy for talk. But his talk fell on unregarding ears.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were bending over a newspaper, open on a Louis Quinze table, rooting out information concerning the exhibition. Johnny Bull was scanning a French phrase-book for the use of travellers.

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Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was looking out of the window, into a court bright with flowers in the summer sunshine. Bob Cherry, standing in front of an Empire mirror, was putting his tie straight for the umpteenth time. Nobody was heeding the most important member of the party. Which was very annoying to Bunter, though, of course, just what he might have expected of those beasts.

"First of all—" repeated Bunter, in a louder key.

"Is that dashed thing straight?" asked Bob Cherry, turning round from the glass.

Harry Wharton glanced up.

"As straight as it ever is, old bean!" he answered.

"Fathead! You look at it, Inky!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked round from the window, with a cheery grin on his dusky face.

"The straightfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Bob!" he answered. "But what is the oddfulness, so long as the happiness is preposterous?"

"I say, you fellows!" roared Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Johnny Bull, the first reply that Bunter received, and not in the least the one he wanted.

"You'd better listen to me!" hooted Bunter. "Wun Lung will be back in a minute, and we shall have to start. Now, first of all—"

"Speech taken as read!" said Frank Nugent. "Now dry up!"

"Will you listen to a chap?" howled Bunter. "You fellows will want somebody to talk French at the exhibition, and I'm going to stick to you—"

"You're jolly well not!" said Bob. "You'd better have a wash, after that toffee! If you stick to me, I'll jolly soon make you come unstuck!"

"The stickiness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter.

"I'm not asking for rotten jokes! I'm going to stick to you and see you through, being the only fellow in the party who can talk French! But, first of all—"

"Time Wun Lung turned up!" said Bob Cherry, glancing out of the doorway.

"Never mind Wun Lung!" hooted Bunter. "Do you think that kidnapper's after him, in his uncle's house, fathead? Just listen to me! I'm a bit more important than that Chinee, I suppose."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. "Something wrong with your supposer, in that case."

"Beast! First of all," roared Bunter, getting going again from the beginning. "First of all, if I'm coming to the exhibition with you fellows, I shall have to have some cash. I've told you already that, leaving England in such a hurry, I came away without any money. Who's going to lend me a billy-de-bong—"

"A which?" ejaculated Bob.

"A billy-de-bong for a thousand frongs!" said Bunter.

"Oh crikey! Do you happen to mean a billet-de-banque for a thousand francs?" gasped Bob.

"My advice to you, Bob Cherry, is to listen to me carefully when I'm speaking French, and pick up the pronunciation!" said Bunter scornfully.

"They call banknotes billy-de-bongs here. Now, I want a bill for a thousand francs. Who's going to lend me one?"

"The who-fulsness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"It's not much—only about eight pounds in English!" said Bunter. "I'll settle in a few days, if some postal orders I'm expecting are sent on. Otherwise, you'll have to wait till we get home. Are you lending me a thousand franc bill, Wharton?"

"Nix!"

"What about you Nugent?"
 "Nix again!"
 "What about you, Inky?"
 "The nixfulness is terrific."
 "Look here, Bull, you lend me——"
 "I'll lend you a boot," said Johnny Bull, "and the other boot after it, if you like. Nothing else."
 "Well, it's up to you, Bob Cherry!" said the Owl of Greyfriars, blinking at Bob through his big spectacles. "Don't you be mean like those cads, old chap. Mind, if somebody doesn't lend me a bill for a thousand francs, I shan't come. That means that you'll land in difficulties at the exhibition, with nobody to speak French for you. The fact is, I'd just as soon stay in. The grub here is splendid. I'll bet it's not so good at the exhibition."

Whereat the Famous Five chortled. They were not thinking of the Paris Exhibition solely from the point of view of the grub supplied there. Bunter, apparently, was.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" snapped Bunter. "I know these French places—the grub's absolutely no class! Why, with waiters on strike, and all that, you mayn't get any grub at all! It's a jolly big risk, if you ask me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, cackle!" snorted Bunter. "But I mean what I say! Either you lend me a bill for a thousand francs, or I don't come! You've got plenty of money, Bob! You spent a thousand francs yesterday at the Louvre. I saw them making up the account."

"Spending a thousand francs doesn't leave me more—it leaves me less!" Bob pointed out mildly.

"Well, if you're going to be mean, you lose my company!" said Bunter darkly.

"This," said Nugent, "is where we burst into tears! Where's my hanky?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean it!" roared Bunter.

"Well, if you really mean it, Bunter——" said Bob Cherry, dipping his hand into his pocket.

"I jolly well do!" declared Bunter.

"If a bill for a thousand francs will do——"

"It's not much, but I can make it do. I don't expect much of you fellows," said Bunter scornfully. "Still, you might make it two thousand."

"Can't!" said Bob, shaking his head. "I've got a bill for a thousand francs I can spare. But if it won't do——"

"It will do all right!" said Bunter hastily.

"You silly ass," bawled Johnny Bull, "are you going to let that fat frog stick you for seven or eight pounds, to blow on stuffing, when he's nearly bursting already?"

"You shut up, Bull!" hooted Bunter.

"Look here, Bob, you fathead!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You can't chuck away quids like that——"

"That's all right!" said Bob. "Bunter doesn't want quids—English money is no good here. He wants a bill for a thousand francs."

"That comes to the same thing, ass, doesn't it?"

"Not always!" said Bob. "Anyhow, I've got a bill for a thousand francs here, and if Bunter wants it, he can have it. Want it, Bunter?"

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter, hardly believing in his good luck, stretched out a fat and sticky paw for the bill. His dire threat of depriving the Co. of his fascinating company seemed to have produced its effect. But, really, this seemed too good to be true. As a matter of fact, it was.

Bob Cherry, under the stares of the

other members of the Co., drew a folded paper from his pocket.

Harry Wharton, who was nearest to him, stared at it, and ejaculated:

"What on earth's that?"

"Bill for a thousand francs," answered Bob. "It's all right—I got it at the Louvre Magazines yesterday, when we were shopping."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well, fools and their money are soon parted!" commented Johnny Bull.

"Rot!" said Bunter. "You've still got yours, Bull!"

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Johnny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hand it over, Bob, old chap!" said Bunter eagerly. "I'll settle out of my postal order!"

Bob Cherry dropped the paper into the fat, sticky paw.

Bunter blinked at it. French banknotes were not much like English ones, it was true; but this did not seem to look like a banknote at all.

Bunter unfolded it, and his eyes almost popped through his spectacles at it.

"Wha-a-t's this?" he gasped.

"Bill for a thousand francs," answered Bob innocently. "And the only one I can spare, really."

It was a bill for a thousand francs! There was no doubt about that, but it

For some mysterious reason, Mr. O., from far away China, is bent on kidnapping Wun Lung, of Greyfriars. But Harry Wharton & Co. are determined that nothing shall separate them from their Chinese chum!

was not exactly the sort of bill for a thousand francs that Bunter wanted:

MAGAZINS DU LOUVRE.

	Frcs.
Soldiers	200
Gants	90
Mouchoirs	150
Chaussettes	150
Des cols	60
Robe-de-chambre	350

Frcs. 1000

Paye.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Left Behind!

WUN LUNG looked in at the door with a cheery grin on his little yellow face.

There was a roar of laughter in the salon as he came in. His slanting eyes passed from face to face. Five fellows were yelling—one fellow sat blinking at a shop bill in his fat paw—glaring at it with a glare that might have cracked his spectacles.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

"Beast!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellow makeo plenty jokee?" asked Wun Lung. "You teller this li'll Chinese jokee?"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whatt'er jokee?" asked Wun Lung.

"Ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull.

Bunter's just borrowed a bill for a

thousand francs from Bob! Ha, ha!"

"And he wouldn't be happy till he got it!" chortled Nugent. "But he doesn't seem happy now he has!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wun Lung, puzzled, glanced at the bill in Bunter's hand. He did not see anything funny in Bunter sticking a fellow for a thousand-franc bill. But as soon as he saw that particular bill for a thousand francs, he joined in the roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter says he won't come to the exhibition with us, unless a fellow lends him a bill for a thousand francs," explained Bob Cherry. "So I've played up. It's quite a good bill—I got it at the Louvre yesterday——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared ferociously at that bill. Bunter's French was not, perhaps, quite so good as Bunter believed it to be. Bunter was, in fact, the despair of Monsieur Charpentier, in the French class at Greyfriars School. Still, Bunter could understand that bill. In English it ran:

MAGAZINES OF THE LOUVRE.

	Frcs.
Shoes	200
Gloves	90
Handkerchiefs	150
Socks	150
Collars	60
Dressing-gown	350

Frcs. 1,000

Paid.

In French or in English, it was a bill for a thousand francs—an absolutely genuine bill for a thousand francs, handed over to Bob by the shopman when he paid for the goods he had bought. But it bore no resemblance whatever to a banknote for a thousand francs—it had not the most distant relationship to a billet-de-banque for that sum!

"Ole Bob Chelly velly funnee!" chuckled Wun Lung. "Pullee fattee leg blong Bunteree."

"You—you—you——" gasped Bunter. "You silly ass! You cheeky beast! Pulling a fellow's leg! Now, look here——"

"Ready, Wun Lung?" asked Harry Wharton.

Now that the little Chinese had joined up, it was time to start for the exhibition; and further conversation from Billy Bunter was superfluous.

"Me leade!" assented Wun. "You fellee comee."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Buck up, Bunter, if you're coming! We'll hang on a minute or two while you wash that teftee off——"

"First of all——" roared Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! He's beginning again!"

"First of all"—once more Bunter had got back to his starting-point—"first of all, if I'm coming with you fellows, and seeing you through the exhibition, I've got to have some cash. I don't want any more rotten jokes—I want a bill for a thousand francs. Who's going to lend me a billy-de-bong?"

"You pie-faced, pilling, pernicious porker!" hooted Johnny Bull. "You won't have to stand any of the exes! You never do! Shut up, and come on!"

"That won't do!" said Bunter. "If you think I'm the sort of fellow to let other fellows pay my expenses——"

"Feh?"

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"What?"

"That sort of thing might suit you chaps!" said Bunter scornfully. "It's hardly the sort of thing I could do."

"Oh crikey!"

"I pay my way, or I don't come!" said Bunter. "I'm willing to pay for you fellows, too, if you come to that! All I need is some money."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cackle!" snorted Bunter. "But I mean every word of it! I'm not keen on the exhibition. It's beastly hot, and I'm not at all sure about the grub there. I'm coming for your sakes—as usual. But if you're too beastly mean to lend me a billy-de-bong for a thousand francs—I say, you fellows, don't walk away while a fellow's talking!" bawled Bunter.

But the Greyfriars fellows did walk away. That afternoon was booked for the Paris Exhibition—not for conversation with William George Bunter. They walked out of the salon, leaving Billy Bunter to follow on, or not, as the spirit moved him.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

Six cheery schoolboys went out to the car—bowed on their way by a stately major-domo and five or six footmen.

The magnificent mansion, which was rented by Mr. O Bo from a French nobleman, was manned by an almost innumerable staff, who were let with the mansion. Harry Wharton & Co. were not accustomed to much magnificence at home; but they found it quite agreeable. Billy Bunter, indeed, had declared that Mr. O's mansion was run on a scale almost equal to Bunter Court.

A handsome car awaited them in the courtyard. They proceeded to pack into it.

Billy Bunter blinked at them from the window. Really, it looked as if they were quite prepared to go without Bunter—in spite of their need of a fellow who could really talk French, as an interpreter. And as Bunter had no intention of staying behind, he blinked round for his hat, to follow on.

His hat was missing!

It was fearfully annoying, as Bunter realised now that the beasts were really going without him. But it was not surprising, for that hat, which Bunter had carefully selected and brought down with him, did not happen to be his property. It was Bob Cherry's best straw hat—and Bob had put it on. That accounted for its being missing.

It was Billy Bunter's way to travel light. He borrowed things that he wanted from his pals. That really was the reason why the shopping expedition at the Magazines du Louvre had been necessary the previous day. Bunter had made rather a deep inroad on the general wardrobe.

Bunter saw no reason whatever why he should not wear Bob's hat, as he was already wearing his socks, and a shirt of Wharton's, a necktie of Nugent's, a collar of Johnny Bull's, and a waistcoat of Hurree Singh's, and had a handkerchief of Wun Lung's sticking out of the pocket of one of Bob's jackets.

The straw hat was quite a small detail, with all the rest. But Bob, for some selfish reason, seemed to want his hat—anyhow, he had picked it up as he went out, and it was now on his head in the car.

Bunter blinked round for it—in vain. He blinked to the right, he blinked to the left, he blinked all round—but no hat met his view.

Breathing wrath, the fat junior rolled away to his room for a hat of

his own. He preferred Bob's—it was newer, and much, much cleaner. Still, a fellow had to have a hat!

Bunter put on speed. But Billy Bunter's speed was very like any other fellow's dawdling. It was nearly five minutes before he emerged, panting, into the court, with a grubby straw hat on his fat head. Before that time the big bronze gates on the avenue had opened and shut behind the car. The Greyfriars party were gone!

Billy Bunter blinked into the flowery court, as if he could hardly believe his eyes or his spectacles.

He had been left behind!

True, he had said that he wasn't going. Still, those beasts jolly well knew that he was—or, at least, they ought to have known; and they would have known, had they concentrated their whole thought and attention on William George Bunter as they ought to have done.

They hadn't! They were gone!

"Gone!" gasped Bunter.

There was no doubt about it. They were gone. Already the big car was bowling away down the avenue. Billy Bunter was left on his own.

"Beasts!" hissed Bunter.

Other cars were available at Mr. O's mansion. Bunter could have had one. But it was useless to take a car to the Paris Exhibition, or anywhere else in the Capital of the Universe, without cash.

Bunter turned back into the mansion, breathing hard and deep. He had one consolation. The food at Mr. O's mansion was better, undoubtedly better, than it would be at the exhibition. It had the additional advantage that it did not have to be paid for.

But even that consolation was slight; for Bunter, at the moment, was not hungry. He was full of lunch—even a little over-full! He had had some little trouble in packing the toffee down on the lunch.

So even that solitary consolation was not, at the moment, available.

Billy Bunter rolled back into the house with his fat brow corrugated in a deep frown. Not for the first time, it was borne in on his fat mind what a beastly world it was—populated entirely by beasts, and himself the only really nice fellow in it.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Looking After Wun!

"JOLLY!" said Bob Cherry.

It was jolly.

The big Daimler bowled away down the broad avenue, amid innumerable cars. On a bright summer's afternoon Paris undoubtedly looked jolly. The Greyfriars fellows were enjoying their continental trip.

They had been some days now "chez" Mr. O. Of the ancient Chinese gentleman they saw little—but what little they saw of him they liked. In his many coats of many colours, he looked like a figure off a Chinese jar, and his manners had all the ponderous politeness of "Old China." But he seemed, to the Greyfriars juniors, a very decent old boy, and his affection for his nephew, or great-nephew, Wun Lung, made them like him all the more.

But in their cheery enjoyment of the holiday, the Famous Five had not forgotten what was their chief object in joining up for the trip—seeing Wun Lung safe from the enemy who had attempted to kidnap him at Greyfriars School.

It was known now that the kidnapper was Mr. O's secretary, Sin Song—and Sin Song had been, so they supposed, sacked. At all events, he was not to be seen at the mansion of Mr. O.

The discovery of Dr. Sin's duplicity had been a blow to Wun, who had known the man in China, and liked him.

But there was no doubt about it, and Wun Lung admitted that Dr. Sin was a "velly great lascal."

Even in the house of Mr. O, Wun Lung was hardly safe from him, for on the very night of arrival, only Bob Cherry's watchfulness had saved him from another attempt of the kidnapper.

Since then, the juniors had occupied a room together, as in the dormitory at Greyfriars; which put paid to any further nocturnal attempts on the part of Dr. Sin.

Whether the Chinaman was still hanging about Paris, on the watch for another chance, they could not tell; but they were wary.

Wun was quite aware of his danger—indeed, he had refused to accept Mr. O's invitation for the holiday, unless his friends came with him.

Never once did Wun leave the mansion without his friends; and if Dr. Sin tried again, he had the whole party to deal with. So far, he had not tried again, and the juniors hoped that he was done with.

Only Bob Cherry was quite sure that he was very far from done with.

Bob believed that, for some mysterious reason, Sin Song had been acting under Mr. O's orders—that it was Wun's own ancient relative who was at the bottom of the kidnapping scheme.

He had told Wharton, who laughed at the idea. Indeed, it seemed so fantastic, that even Bob felt disposed to laugh at the idea at times.

Yet, at the back of his mind, he never doubted.

He had said nothing to the rest of the Co.—least of all to Wun Lung. Wun not only would not have believed it—but he would have been sorely offended, to such an extent, that Bob could hardly have stayed on with him. Which he was determined to do, for Wun's own sake.

Now, however, as the Daimler bowled away down the sunny avenue, amid the buzz and clangour of Paris, Bob Cherry was not thinking of that. With his friends, Wun was safe, and kidnappers and all their works could be dismissed from mind.

Bob pronounced that it was jolly—and it certainly was. It was not the less jolly because Billy Bunter was conspicuous by his absence.

Honk, honk!

A motor-horn attracted no attention. Cars were as thick as flies on the avenue.

But if the Greyfriars juniors did not heed, the man who was driving them did. The Daimler slowed down.

Honk, honk, honk!

Bob Cherry glanced out of the window at the back.

He was quite prepared, on any occasion when the juniors went out, to spot the sleek Dr. Sin shadowing the party, looking for a chance to catch Wun Lung on his own. Neither would he have been surprised had any servant in Mr. O's house played into the Chinaman's hands.

Whether Mr. O was, or was not, at the bottom of it all, it was certain that Sin Song had confederates in the house.

So when the Daimler slowed down Bob gave attention to the honking behind. The chauffeur, for all he knew, might be one of Sin's confederates. Anyhow, he guessed that the chauffeur recognised the pursuing honk and was slowing down in response to it.

He started a little as he saw a Mercedes behind, with a Chinaman sitting in it.

It was not Dr. Sin—it was one of Mr. O's servants, who was named Li Yi.

He was the old gentleman's special

Bob Cherry caught his breath.

Wun turned to his friends.

"Me solly no stop 'long fiends blong me," he said. "Uncle O no velly well, and he wantee me. Me stop 'long Uncle O, 'long you fellee goey 'long Palis Exhibition."

"Sorry, kid!" said Harry Wharton. "We haven't seen your uncle to-day, but I thought he looked pretty fit when we saw him yesterday."

"Uncle O velly old," said Wun Lung. "Velly, velly old. Tinkie become guest on high spouse he gettee velly ill."

Chinese might guess what was in Bob's mind.

Bob's ruddy face set doggedly.

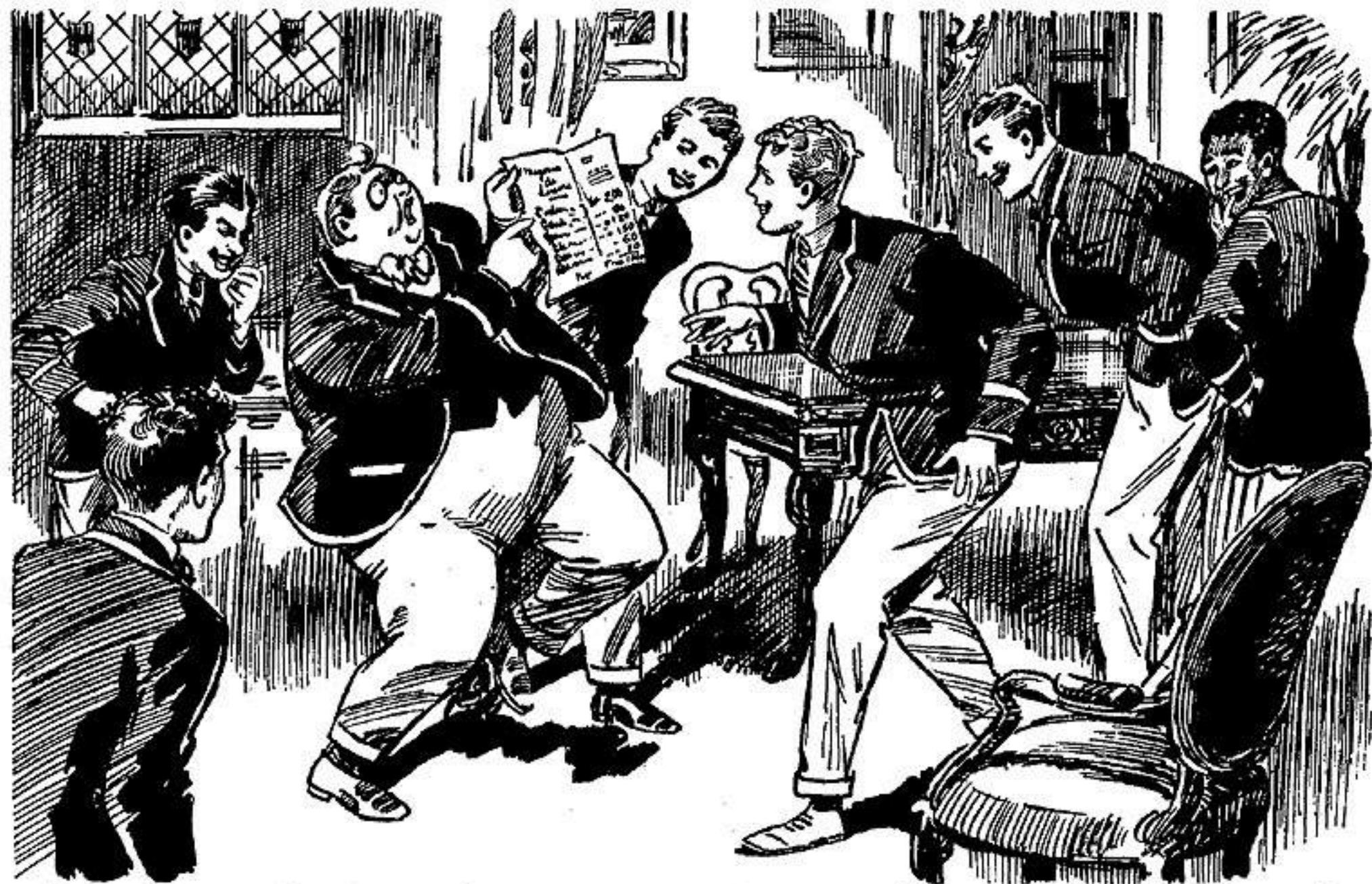
"Wun's not going alone," he said. "It's all right; I'll go back."

"That's rather rot, old chap!" said Johnny Bull. "Wun will be with that chap Li Yi, and I suppose Mr. O knows whom he can trust."

"He trusted Dr. Sin," said Bob dryly.

"Oh, yes! But——"

"I'm going."



"I've got a bill for a thousand francs, if that'll do," said Bob Cherry. "Hand it over, old chap!" said Bunter, eagerly. Bob Cherry dropped the paper into a fat sticky paw. Bunter unfolded it, and his eyes almost popped through his spectacles as he realised that it was none other than a shop bill.

personal servant, always with Mr. O. The juniors had made his acquaintance, and had found him very polite and respectful, and the fact that he was in Mr. O's confidence, assured them that he, at least, was no confederate of the kidnapper; though to Bob Cherry's mind it meant exactly the reverse.

"The car's after us!" said Bob abruptly.

Wun Lung glanced back.

A faintly anxious shade came over his smiling little yellow face.

"That fellee Li Yi, blong Uncle O," he said. "Uncle O no velly well to-day. Tinkie plaps he wantee telles this li'll Chinese something."

The chauffeur, without waiting for instructions, drew up to the pavement.

The Mercedes halted behind, and Li Yi alighted.

He came along the pavement to the Daimler, and saluted Wun Lung with profound respect, as the little Chinese looked anxiously out.

Wun spoke to him in Chinese, and Li Yi answered in the same tongue.

What they said was a sealed book to the English schoolboys; but they saw a cloud settle over Wun's little face.

Li Yi, who had been speaking through the window, opened the door of the car

"Look here, let's chuck it for to-day," said Bob. "We'll all come back with you, Wun, old man."

The other fellows nodded assent. Certainly they would be of no use to a sick man; they would not even see him. Still, they were quite prepared to throw up the afternoon's excursion and return with Wun Lung.

"No—oh, no!" said Wun, at once. "Uncle O wantee see me—no wantee see fiends blong me. You fellee goey 'long exhibition; me goey back 'long Li Yi. Allee light."

"Right-ho, old chap!" said Harry.

He started a little as he caught Bob's eye. He remembered Bob's fantastic doubt of Uncle O—utterly fantastic, as it seemed to Wharton. In Bob's startled eyes he read his suspicion—that this was a trick to separate Wun from his friends; Mr. O playing his own game, now that his secretary was no longer available to play it.

Wun stepped from the car.

Bob rose.

"You fellows keep on," he said. "I'll go back with Wun."

"Look here, Bob——" breathed Wharton. He had not the slightest faith in Bob's suspicion of Mr. O, and he only dreaded that the keen little

Bob settled the matter by stepping out of the car and shutting the door.

Li Yi stared at him with slanting eyes, and spoke to Wun in Chinese.

"Allee light, ole Bob Chelly," said Wun, grinning. "Me all light 'long Li Yi. You goey 'long fiends 'long exhibition."

"I'd rather come back with you, kid," said Bob. "Look here, I'm not going to leave you, and that's that!"

"Ole Bob Chelly velly nicey ole fiend!" grinned Wun Lung. "Kidnappee no baggee this li'll Chinese, 'long ole Bob Chelly aloud. You, comee, spouse you likee."

Li Yi spoke again in Chinese, but Wun silenced him with a word or two in the same language, and he said no more.

The Daimler drove on with the four juniors inside, heading for the exhibition, and Bob stepped into the Mercedes with Wun and Li Yi.

He noticed that Li eyed him curiously, but the Chinese servant said nothing; and if—as Bob half-suspected—it had been his intention to whisk Wun off in the Mercedes, he gave no sign of it. It would hardly have been practicable with Bob in the car, and if that had been the game it was given up.

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Half an hour after leaving the mansion of Mr. O, Bob Cherry walked into it again, in company with Wun Lung.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Hunts Cover!

"O H!" breathed Billy Bunter.

He gave quite a jump.

Billy Bunter was standing at an immense wardrobe in the room occupied by the Greyfriars fellows at Mr. O's mansion.

It was a footstep in the corridor without that made him jump.

Somebody was coming, and Billy Bunter did not want to be caught where he was, even Bunter realising that his occupation was a rather peculiar one, likely to cause surprise and comment among the servants.

It was a large room, and there were six beds in it. Originally a handsome suite of rooms had been assigned to the Greyfriars party. Since Wun Lung had had a narrow escape of vanishing in the night, however, there had been a change. Wun had a free hand in his uncle's house; he had only to give orders. Whether old Mr. O knew of the change, or not, the juniors did not know. He never came near their quarters, and, indeed, they saw little of him at all. If he knew, he said nothing on the subject.

Every night the six juniors turned in as in the old dorm at school, and the fact that Bunter kept his own room did not worry them. Bunter was not specially keen on taking part in the watch and ward that was kept over the Chinese junior, and the other fellows were far from keen on having Bunter's snore rumbling at night in their room,

as it was wont to rumble in the dormitory at school.

As Bunter had his own room, he had, of course, no business in the apartment occupied by Wun and his bodyguard.

But Billy Bunter was often found where he had no business to be.

Bunter was very busy now.

That huge wardrobe was fairly well filled with coats, jackets, and so forth, belonging to the Greyfriars fellows.

Bunter, standing there, was slowly, carefully, and methodically going through every pocket of every garment.

He was in search of cash.

Bunter, of course, would never have thought of, or even dreamed, of pinching cash. He was simply going to borrow it if he found it. Bunter was blessed with an intellect that moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

It seemed probable enough to Bunter that some of the fellows had left cash in some of their pockets—indeed, pretty certain. Johnny Bull was always very careful to transfer such things if he changed coat or jacket; but Johnny was a canny Yorkshireman, with a full allowance of the strong common sense for which that great county is famous. The other fellows were careful, but not so careful. Bob Cherry, in fact, was quite likely to leave cash in his pockets when he changed, and it was not improbable with the others.

All was grist that came to Bunter's mill. Supplied with cash, he could go to the exhibition, after all. He would, of course, tell the fellows at once that he had borrowed it. He might even say that he hoped they didn't mind. Anyhow, he was going to borrow it if it was there.

He felt fully justified in these queer proceedings. Fellows who cleared off to the exhibition, and left him behind,

after all he had done for them, were hardly entitled to grumble if he borrowed what they might have left in their pockets.

But even Bunter realised that it would look queer to the servants. He really did not want any of the numerous staff to catch him at it. Those silly Froggies, finding him in the other fellows' room, going through their wardrobe, might even suspect him of pilfering!

So it was irritating, alarming, and annoying to hear a footstep coming up the corridor.

While all the fellows were out in the afternoon, Bunter had considered himself safe from servants butting in. There was no reason why they should butt in, unless it was specially to annoy Bunter!

Still, there was no mistaking the fact that a footstep was approaching the door, and Bunter could not doubt that it was the step of one of the servants assigned to look after the Greyfriars guests.

He blinked round angrily, and then, with great presence of mind, stepped into the big wardrobe and drew the door shut after him.

There was ample room for two or three Bunters, in spite of the numerous garments hanging there.

He closed the door, first—with great forethought—taking the key, so that he could squint out through the keyhole.

Whatever that Froggy servant wanted in the room, he would not spot Bunter, and when he was gone—easy to ascertain through the keyhole—Bunter could emerge again, and carry on with the good work.

Listening with a fat ear on the alert, Bunter heard the room door open and footsteps enter. To his surprise, there were several footsteps, showing that more than one had entered.

Apparently a whole gang of Froggies were coming in. For what reason Bunter could not begin to guess.

He heard the room door shut again quietly.

Then a voice reached his ears as he listened. To his surprise it was speaking in Chinese.

Bunter suppressed an astonished squeak.

He had taken it for granted that the newcomers were some of the French servants. Evidently that was not the case. It would have been surprising for three or four of the French servants to come there in the absence of the juniors, but it was still more surprising for Chinese to come. Mr. O's native servants, whom he had brought with him from the far-off Flowery Land, had no business there, any more than Bunter had.

Likely enough, some of them were in league with the kidnapper, Sin Song.

But kidnapping could hardly be the game now, while Wun Lung was out of the house with his friends, gone to the exhibition.

So what they were there for was a mystery to Bunter, but he was more thankful than ever that he was not on view.

Mischief of some sort was afoot; that was clear even to Bunter's obtuse brain.

Taking care to make no sound, he applied an eye to the keyhole of the wardrobe door.

He had a view of about half the room from that coign of vantage.

Full in his view stood three Chinamen. He knew all three by sight—they were servants of Mr. O. One was Li Yi, chief attendant of the ancient gentleman. He did not know the names of the others, but he had seen them before. Their yellow faces were almost

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expressionless, but Bunter could see that their dark slanting eyes were very alert.

Li Yi was speaking—gibberish, as it sounded to Bunter's fat ears. The other two, as they listened, shook their heads—which Bunter knew to be a sign of assent with a Chinaman, like the European nod.

Billy Bunter would have given a good deal to understand what Li was saying, but he could not make out a word of it. He could, however, see—and what he saw made a tremor run down his fat spine.

One of the Chinese produced a curved dagger from some recess of his garments and held it up, his slanting eyes questioningly on Li Yi.

Bunter's fat heart missed a beat.

As clearly as if they had told him, he knew that the yellow man was asking Li whether he was to use the dagger; perfectly prepared to use it if ordered to do so.

The fat junior hardly breathed.

If they discovered him there—

What chance would he have against three Chinamen—and one of them armed with a dagger?

Bunter fairly quaked at the thought of what would happen to him if they found him hidden in the wardrobe. But that was not likely. The Chinese knew that the Greyfriars fellows were gone to the exhibition. Bunter had his own room; if they knew that Bunter had stayed in, they naturally would not expect him to be in a room that was somebody else's. Anyhow, they would hardly have guessed that he was inside the wardrobe; and it was a deep relief to the frightened fat Owl to see that not a slanting eye was turned in that direction.

As the man with the dagger held it up Li nodded emphatically.

For a moment Bunter thought that this was the signal that blood was to be shed; then he remembered that a Chinese nod implied the same as a shake of the head in Europe. Li was making a negative sign.

The dagger disappeared at once. It was a relief to Billy Bunter to see it disappear.

Li spoke again—in the strange, monosyllabic language, of which Bunter did not understand one monosyllable. But again his eyes and his spectacles told him what was said.

One of the Chinese ducked down and disappeared behind an immense ottoman on one side of the room; another stepped behind the hangings at the window. Li Yi stepped back to the door and stood close to the wall, so that the door would hide him when it opened.

They were not going; they were staying. They were hidden in ambush in the juniors' room, waiting. Waiting for Wun Lung, or for the whole party—or what?

Bunter did not know. But he knew that it was an ambush in the juniors' room; that someone was expected to enter; and that the hidden Chinese would spring on him when he did.

"Oh crikey!" breathed the hapless fat Owl.

What they would do with him if they found him he did not know, but the thought of that curved dagger gave him cold chills. Li, it was clear, did not intend the dagger to be used; but if they found Bunter watching them, it was quite possible that he might change his mind and shake his head, instead of nodding.

Billy Bunter was deeply thankful that he was unseen and unsuspected in the interior of the spacious wardrobe, but he would have given large sums of anybody's money to be elsewhere.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tricked and Trapped!

O BO, in his many coats of many colours, sat in his ivory-inlaid chair in his private apartment, from which he seldom emerged, save to take a walk in the garden.

He did not rise, but he bowed graciously and gravely, as Wun Lung entered with Bob Cherry.

His slanting eyes lifted a moment at the sight of Bob, whose return with the Chinese junior was unexpected. Li Yi had left them immediately they re-entered the house, and they entered the old Chinaman's presence alone.

Wun Lung, who was anxious about his ancient relative's health, did not, however, venture to approach him till he received a sign to do so. Respect for age is the first law of a Chinese.

Bob remained with Wun near the door.

Looking at Mr. O, he could see no special sign of illness. O Bo was old—very old—but he looked uncommonly tough for his age; and in no danger, so far as Bob could see, of becoming what the Chinese called a guest on high. More than ever Bob suspected a trick to separate Wun from his guardians—and was more than ever glad that he had insisted on coming back with Wun. At the same time it seemed fantastic even to Bob to suspect that grave old dignified Chinaman of duplicity and treachery with the nephew of whom he was plainly fond as the destined victim.

There was some mysterious Chinese reason behind it all. East is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet. Bob did not even hope to be able to understand why O Bo was playing this strange and terrible game, but he knew that he was playing it.

Before signing to the schoolboys to approach, the old Chinaman spoke in a low voice to his attendant.

The man quitted the room at once with silent footsteps.

The schoolboys were too far distant to hear what Mr. O had said—not that Bob would have understood a word if he had heard.

When the man was gone Mr. O made a gracious sign to the boys to draw near. He indicated stools, on which they sat down.

There was an exchange of Chinese between uncle and nephew, and then Mr. O addressed Bob in his flowery English.

"Born-many-years-before-me, I thank you for your care of my Little Pink Toad," he said. "My Little Pink Toad's other friends have gone to the honourable exhibition—is it not so?"

"Yes, Mr. O," answered Bob.

"The health of this poor person is not so good in this strange new climate," said Mr. O. "The company of my Little Pink Toad is a comfort to this old one. Also, it is a great pleasure and an inestimable honour to enjoy the beneficent sunshine of your presence."

Bob had rather expected the ancient Chinaman to suggest that he should follow his friends, leaving Wun. But Mr. O did not seem to think of it.

"Since you have honoured this humble worm by deigning to shed sunshine on his poor hovel," continued Mr. O, "I have not seen the apartments you condescend to occupy in my poor house. With your gracious consent, I will visit them and see whether anything can be done from my poor resources to add to your comfort."

"Everything's splendid, sir!" Bob answered.

But Mr. O rose to his feet.

He seemed to move feebly; and at a sign from him Wun Lung approached to assist him.

Mr. O leaned a thin old yellow hand on his nephew's shoulder; he proceeded very slowly, with a swish of silken garments, Bob Cherry following.

In the great hall of the mansion they stopped for a few minutes while Mr. O had a little rest before ascending the stairs.

Then they went slowly up the grand staircase, Mr. O still leaning on the dutiful Wun, and reached the corridor on which the juniors' room opened.

There Mr. O paused again.

A dozen feet from the door there was a settee against the corridor wall.

Mr. O sat on it, and as his hand was still resting on Wun's shoulder the Chinese junior sat at his side.

The old yellow-ivory face turned to Bob.

"My poor limbs are old," he said. "I will rest here a few minutes with my Little Pink Toad. Please to await me in your apartment, beneficent and sun-like friend of the son of Wun Chung Lung."

"It's all right, sir," said Bob, smiling. "I'll wait here."

"You goey, ole Bob Chelly," murmured Wun. Any objection to a wish expressed by an old man—even a polite objection—was bad manners in the eyes of a Chinese. Mr. O's venerable years made his wish law.

Bob hesitated a moment.

He was unwilling to let Wun out of his sight. He was still more unwilling to let Wun guess what he suspected. In guarding Wun in the house of Mr. O, Bob had set himself an extremely difficult task.

But it was only a few steps on to the room, and Mr. O and Wun were in full view in the corridor from the door. There could be no danger in leaving him there while he went into the room. He did not intend to let more than a few moments elapse before he looked out into the corridor to make sure that Wun was still there and still safe.

So he walked on cheerfully to the room, opened the door, and went in.

Bob Cherry was keen enough and wary enough. But he was hardly the equal in cunning of the subtle Oriental whom he had set himself to defeat.

That danger awaited him in his room did not even cross his mind.

He walked in, intending to leave the door wide open and glance out again in a moment or two.

But he was hardly in the room when the door closed behind him, and, spinning round in surprise, he found Li Yi standing between him and the shut door.

Before he could speak, before he even realised what was happening, Li was on him with the spring of a tiger.

Bob Cherry went down on the thickly carpeted floor, with the sinewy Chinaman over him, grasping him and clapping a hand over his mouth.

He was struggling fiercely and savagely at once.

In the grasp of Li Yi, he knew how he had been tricked. His return with Wun had disconcerted O Bo's plans—and this had been arranged to clear him out of the way. No doubt this was what the old Chinaman had whispered to his servant when the schoolboys entered; under Bob's very nose he had sent out instructions to Li Yi to lay this trap. And the pretended visit to the apartments of the Greyfriars guests had sent Bob walking blindly into it.

He knew now—too late!

Fiercely, savagely, desperately, he struggled in the sinewy grasp of the

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Chinaman. Madly he strove to tear his mouth free from the gripping hand over it—to shout a word of warning to Wun Lung. One shout would alarm the little Chinese—would bring him running to the room.

Sinewy as Li Yi was, Bob might have succeeded had the man been alone.

But as he struggled two other Chinamen appeared, from he did not know where, and both his arms were grasped in strong hands.

Three yellow faces looked down grimly on him; three pairs of hands grasped him like iron.

Utterly helpless in their grasp, Bob could not even struggle. He was held as in an iron vice.

Coolly, calmly, Li Yi gripped his jaws, forced them open, without giving him a chance to call, and thrust in a gag. With methodical calm he knotted a string round the schoolboy's head to secure the gag in place. Then cords were wound round arms and legs and knotted fast.

Bob, helpless as a log, lay on the floor, half choked by the gag, his eyes blazing up at the Chinese.

Li Yi opened the door. The three listened—and Bob listened, too, straining his ears.

From the corridor came the old reedy voice of Mr. O. He was speaking to Wun—whom he generally addressed in his own tongue; but this time he spoke in English, from which Bob knew that he was meant to hear.

"Little Pink Toad, I will visit the apartments of your beneficent friends on another occasion—now I am fatigued. At the present moment it would delight my eyes to gaze upon the friend who is so deeply attached to you and who guards you so faithfully, so untiringly, from the wicked one who would take you away. But I am tired, my Little Pink Toad—help me to descend the stairs."

To Bob's ears, though not to Wun's, there was a note of sardonic mockery in the reedy old voice.

O Bo knew, though Wun did not dream of suspecting, that Bob lay, bound and gagged, helpless in enemy hands, and no doubt it would have delighted him to gaze on Bob in that state—after all the trouble the watchful junior had given him in carrying out his secret plans.

But Wun, naturally, suspected nothing, and he gave his ancient relative his arm again down the stairs.

Bob's eyes burned as he heard them going.

He gave a desperate wrench at his bonds; he bit madly at the gag!

This was the outcome of his watchfulness—the old Chinaman had disposed of him as easily as a baby!

Wun was going down again with O Bo—and only too well Bob knew that he had seen him for the last time. Only too well, he knew that the passenger plane was waiting at the aerodrome—chartered by Mr. O; ready at an hour's notice to carry off the cunning old Chinaman and his kidnapped nephew far beyond the power of the foreign devils.

His friends, when they came back from the Paris Exhibition—and they were not due to return till late—would find him tied up like a turkey, O Bo and Wun Lung gone beyond the borders of France, and nothing for them to do but to return to England without their Chinese chum.

In mad fury and desperation Bob wrenched and wrenched; the only result being an ache in his bound limbs.

Two of the Chinamen stood watching him, with faint grins on their otherwise

expressionless faces. Li Yi looked from the door.

When he turned back into the room Bob knew that O Bo and Wun had gone down the great staircase—gone for good.

Li Yi smiled at his red and furious face.

"No hurtlee foreign devil!" murmured Li. "You stop along loom, 'long friends blong you come back. Allee light."

At a sign from Li, Bob was lifted on the ottoman. Another cord was run round him, securing him there. Then the three quitted the room, Li Yi locking the door on the outside when he went.

The French servants, no doubt, had orders to keep away; but Li was taking no chances. With the door locked, and the key in his pocket, none could enter by chance and discover the prisoner.

Bob, bound to the ottoman, heard the click of the lock and the sound of departing footsteps. Unable to move, unable to speak, he lay in utter despair, overcome by misery at the thought that he had failed in his trust.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In the Kidnappers' Hands!

WUN LUNG, little dreaming of what had happened in the juniors' room, dutifully piloted his ancient relative back to his private apartment.

Mr. O sank down in the ivory-inlaid chair in his billowing garments. His old yellow-ivory face expressed little or nothing, but there was a strange look in his wrinkled old eyes as they turned on the Chinese junior.

Mr. O sat silent till Li Yi glided into the apartment.

One look from Li's slanting eyes apprised the ancient one that all had gone according to his orders. It conveyed nothing to Wun, who had not the remotest suspicion of Mr. O's extraordinary double game.

Speaking in Chinese, Mr. O directed Li to take a message to the illustrious and beneficent friend of Wun, in his room, requesting him to come down and take tea in Mr. O's apartment.

Li Yi kow-towed, and left the apartment again—certainly not to take that message to Bob Cherry.

That message was "eye-wash" for the satisfaction of Wun Lung. Li Yi understood that perfectly.

The Chinese junior was to know nothing and suspect nothing until it was too late—until the wings of the wind had borne him beyond the borders of the country of the foreign devils!

That message, if Wun could only have guessed it, had a very different meaning from what he naturally supposed. Mr. O had laid all his plans beforehand.

The message did not mean that Li Yi was to call Bob Cherry to tea. It meant that he was to make certain preparations for tea, for the sole benefit of the Chinese schoolboy! It was, in fact, an order in code!

Li Yi left the apartment; but he did not go farther than the adjoining room. There he busied himself with tea.

Wun Lung sat contentedly, expecting Bob to come along in a few minutes. As Mr. O did not speak, he sat in silence.

A few minutes later a Chinese servant entered with a lacquer tray, on which were tiny Chinese teacups, filled with the hot tea dear to the native of the Flowery Land.

The tray was set on a little table by Mr. O's ancient knees, and he took up one of the tiny cups, signing to Wun to take another.

They drank tea in silence.

Had Bob Cherry been present while his friends were out of the house he certainly would have swallowed nothing in the old Chinaman's room. He had not forgotten how Wun had been drugged on the last occasion when he had nearly fallen into Mr. Sin's clutches.

Probably Mr. O was aware of it, for little or nothing escaped his keen old eyes, and more than once, in similar circumstances, Bob had contrived to upset a cup of tea offered him by a bowing Chinese servant.

But Wun Lung, of course, had not the remotest idea that the tea had been doctored. Such a suspicion could not possibly cross his mind.

He drank the tea, and then, at a request from Mr. O, took a Chinese scroll and began to read aloud to the old man.

For some minutes he read quietly and steadily, Mr. O listening with apparent attention to the ancient wisdom of Confucius.

Then the Chinese boy's voice began to falter and blur, and his eyelids dropped. The manuscript sank on his knee.

"You are tired, my Little Pink Toad!" said Mr. O softly in his own tongue. "You may rest."

Wun Lung blinked and blinked. It was a hot afternoon, and the scent of incense in Mr. O's apartment made the air heavy and drowsy. But Wun was puzzled by the sleepiness that had come upon him.

He did not puzzle long, for his eyes closed, and he lay back in his chair, falling into a deep slumber.

Mr. O's ancient eyes watched him with a glimmering smile in them. But not till the Chinese schoolboy had been unconscious for several minutes did he make a move.

Then he touched, lightly, a gong by the side of his chair.

At the low, musical note the hangings of a hidden doorway moved, and a sleek, plump Chinaman entered. Had Wun's eyes been open he would have recognised Sin Song, his uncle's secretary—supposed to have been dismissed.

But Wun's eyes were closed in deep unconsciousness.

Sin kow-towed deeply before the ancient one.

Mr. O, with a faint smile, made a sign towards the sleeping schoolboy.

There was no need for words.

Mr. Sin knew what was to be done. He clapped his hands, and Li Yi entered. Between them the two Chinese wheeled a long chest from behind a lacquered screen.

Had Bob Cherry been there he would have known that chest—for he had lain in it, a prisoner, the night he had been seized, in the dark, in mistake for Wun Lung.

There was no mistake this time. Sin Song had blundered—but now that Mr. O had taken the matter into his own hands, there was no blunder. Wun Lung lay at the mercy of the kidnappers.

Mr. O rose and passed into another room, where his servants were to prepare him for a journey.

Mr. Sin and Li were left alone with the unconscious Wun.

The secretary opened the lid of the long chest. Within, it was padded with silk-covered cushions of down. Air-holes were bored in the lid.

Of the numerous French staff in the great mansion, not one was likely to have any suspicion of what that chest contained, when it was carried out to the waiting car!



After drinking the tea, Wun Lung began to read to Mr. O. Then the Chinese boy's voice began to falter and blur, and his eyelids dropped. The manuscript sank to his knees. "You are tired, my Little Pink Toad," said Mr. O, a glimmering smile in his eyes. "You may rest."

Only Mr. O's native servants were in his confidence.

At the aerodrome, the passenger plane chartered by Mr. O was waiting his orders. When it rose to the skies, it would carry, among the other baggage, the chest in which the Chinese schoolboy lay.

Old-fashioned Chinaman as he was, Mr. O was using the devices of the foreign devils to carry out his purpose. By railway, or by road, it was far from easy to get a kidnapped prisoner out of the country. In the plane, it was easy! In a few hours France would be left behind, once the plane had taken off.

The plan had been cut and dried, long ago, only awaiting a favourable moment—for which Mr. O waited with calm, equable Oriental patience. That moment had come!

Sin Song and Li Yi stepped to the sleeping boy, and lifted him, gently enough, from his chair.

Wun's eyes did not open.

They were not likely to open again for a couple of hours. By that time, all they would behold would be a bird's-eye view of France, seen from the clouds.

Unconscious, inert in the hands of the two Chinese, Wun was lifted across to the chest; and lowered gently into it—but even as they lowered him, Sin and Li started, and stared round, at a sudden startling sound that broke the still silence.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Mouse and the Lion!

"O H crikey!" breathed Billy Bunter.

Damp with perspiration frightened out of his fat wits, the Owl of the Remove blinked with a

dizzy eye from the keyhole of the wardrobe in the juniors' room.

From that peep-hole Bunter had seen all that happened to Bob Cherry.

Now the junior's assailants were gone; the door of the room locked on the outside; Bob left bound to the ottoman. But even yet, Bunter hardly dared to stir. His fat limbs quaked under him.

It had not occurred to him to jump out, and rush to Bob's assistance, when he was struggling with the Chinks. It would have been of little use, for Billy Bunter's aid, in that struggle, would have been worth nothing. Certainly his sudden appearance would have startled the yellow men; but equally certain, one knock would have put Bunter hors de combat.

Perhaps Bunter realised that. Or perhaps it was sheer funk. Anyhow, he followed the cautious example of Brer Fox, and lay and said nothing. Even when the yellow men were gone, and the door locked, he hardly dared emerge.

What happened was bewildering to Bunter. Unaware that Wun had returned to the house, and that Bob had returned with him, he had supposed all the juniors to be at the exhibition by that time.

The sight of Bob Cherry, by himself, was surprising; and what followed was both surprising and terrifying. Why the Chinks had ambushed Bob in that room, and left him tied up there, was an utter mystery to Billy Bunter. He did not know that Wun was in the house.

Blinking from the wardrobe keyhole, Bunter listened, with perspiring fat brow, and thumping podgy heart.

He dreaded to emerge, lest the yellow men should reappear. But the fact that the door was locked on the

outside, and the deep silence, reassured Bunter at last.

At long last he pushed open the wardrobe door, and stepped palpitating out.

"I—I say, Cherry—" he gasped.

The bound figure on the ottoman made a convulsive movement. Bob could hardly move—but he managed to turn his head towards Bunter.

His eyes lighted.

It was seldom to be recorded that anybody was glad to see Billy Bunter. But at the moment there was no sight on earth calculated to gladden so much the eyes of the bound, gagged schoolboy on the ottoman.

During the long minutes that he had lain there Bob Cherry had thought of Bunter—the only one of the Greyfriars party who was in the house.

There was, he knew, no help from Wun—Wun knew and suspected nothing, and was under the watchful eye of O Bo. Wharton and Nugent, Johnny Bull and Inky were far away at the exhibition, not to return for hours yet. But Billy Bunter, who had been left behind, was somewhere about—and Bob's despairing thoughts had turned on him—though with little hope.

Bunter might be anywhere—in the gardens, or the salons, or in his own room, or he might have gone out on his own. Even if he came along to the juniors' room, he would find the door locked on the outside, and could not enter—and even if Bob heard him at the door, he could make no sound or sign. So the thought of Bunter was hardly hopeful.

Bob almost wondered whether he was dreaming when he saw the fat junior standing in the room, blinking at him with terrified eyes through his big spectacles.

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Bunter, amazing as it was, was on the right side of the locked door! How, and why, Bob did not know, and did not care—he was there, and that was that!

Unable to speak, unable to stir, Bob gave him expressive looks! Utterly unexpectedly, this was a chance of release—a chance of saving Wun before it was too late! If Bunter did not lose a moment—

Bunter was the fellow to lose many moments, howsoever precious. He stood and blinked at Bob, and then cast a terrified blink at the door. Then he blinked at Bob again.

"I say, wharrer those beasts up to?" breathed Bunter in a scared whisper. "I say, one of them had a knife—I saw it! I say, we ain't safe here! Oh, lor'!"

Had Bob's hands been loose, Bunter would probably have received, at that moment, a hefty punch. True, he did not know, as Bob did, how precious the seconds were. But even Bunter might have guessed that a fellow tied up like a turkey wanted action, not words.

"I say, ain't it jolly lucky they never spotted me!" breathed Bunter. He was as usual, thinking of the most important person in the universe. "Goodness knows what they would have done, if they spotted me! Lucky I thought of dodging in the wardrobe when I heard them coming! Oh crikey!"

Bob Cherry's eyes were eloquent—fearfully eloquent! If looks could have slain, Bunter would really have been in danger just then of coming to a sudden end of his fat career.

But even Bunter realised that Bob wanted to be untied. His fat brain worked, though not at speed.

He rolled to the ottoman, bent over the bound junior, and began to fumble with the knotted cords.

There were many knots, tied with care. Probably it would have taken Bunter an hour, if not two, to untie them all.

Bob almost choked in his efforts to speak. A faint, suffocated gurgle came from behind the gag.

Bunter blinked at him. It occurred, then, to his powerful intellect to remove the gag before fumbling with the cords.

Even that took minutes, for Li had tied the string carefully, with many knots, and Bunter's fat fingers fumbled clumsily.

But the gag was taken out at last, and Bob was able to speak. He gasped for breath and hissed:

"Quick! You fool—you idiot—you dummy—quick!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Get me loose! They've got Wun Lung!" hissed Bob. "I've got to get after him—quick!"

"You can't do anything, against that gang!" said Bunter, staring. "They got you easy enough! Why, I couldn't handle them!"

"Will you get me loose?" groaned Bob. "Haven't you a pocket-knife—"

"Yes, but—"

"Get it out, quick, and cut the cord!"

"It's no good, you see—the blades are broken—"

"Oh, you fool! You dummy!"

"If that's all you've got to say to a fellow who's standing by you in a scrape like this, Bob Cherry—"

"There's a pocket-knife in my pocket—inside jacket pocket! Get hold of it, quick!"

"Well, I don't see how I can, with that cord tied round you like that! I'll try."

"Quick!" hissed Bob.

"It's no good yapping at a fellow, Bob Cherry. I think you might keep your temper, when a fellow's doing everything he can for you. But it's always the same—I do everything, and I never get any thanks—"

"Will you be quick?"

"I'm being as quick as I can. Look here, shut up, and don't worry a fellow, when he's got plenty to worry about."

Bob gritted his teeth.

Bunter's fat fingers groped for the knife in his pocket. It was not easy to get at, with the cord wound round and round Bob, and knotted with innumerable knots. It might have taken any fellow a minute or two to get it out. It took Bunter more than five—every minute of them a century to Bob, tortured with dread as to what was happening to Wun Lung while priceless moments were wasted.

But the knife was in Bunter's fat hand at last. He got the largest blade open and began to saw at the cords.

"My right arm first!" hissed Bob. "Fool—idiot—my right arm; then I can handle the knife, fathead!"

"If you're only going to call a fellow names—"

"Quick, idiot!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter sawed at the cords on Bob's right arm.

That arm came free, and Bob could use his right hand. He grabbed the pocket-knife from Bunter. He restrained himself from punching the fat Owl's head first—seconds were precious.

In Bob's hand the knife did quick work. Cords fell away from him in a shower, and he rolled off the ottoman, and stood panting for breath.

He was free again! Unexpectedly to himself, utterly unsuspected by the Chinese, he was free, and able to take a hand in the game again.

The locked door was not going to stop him long. His first thought was for a weapon—and he glared round the room for one.

It was open warfare now—and he had to face it, or leave Wun to his fate! Not if he had to face the whole crew of them, with deadly weapons in their hands, was he going to do that. He would not go down so easily when he saw Li & Co. again! He had to have a weapon, and he glared round for one.

A thick Malacca cane, with a heavy silver knob, that belonged to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, stood in a corner.

Bob ran to it and grabbed it up.

Bunter watched him with popping eyes.

"I say, you're not going to tackle that gang?" he gasped.

"Idiot! Get hold of something and follow me!" panted Bob. "I tell you they've got Wun—"

"Well, you silly ass—I tell you, one of them had a knife!" gasped Bunter. "I say, the best thing we can do is to get out quietly, and—"

Bob was not listening. He wrenched at the door; it was immovable. He jabbed the strongest blade of his pocket-knife into the lock, and it snapped as he tried to push back the tongue. Then he caught up a heavy stool with both hands, and crashed it on the lock with all his strength.

Crash!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I say, stop it, you silly ass—you'll have them all up here! I say—"

Crash!

It was a good lock, but it could not stand that drastic usage. It smashed, and the door was free.

The crash of the stool on the breaking lock rang through the building, echoing far and wide.

Bob neither heeded nor cared. He grabbed the door open.

"Bunter," he panted over his shoulder, "you're no good in a scrap, but—follow me, you spluttering idiot and alarm the house. The French servants are not in this game! Rouse them all out! Understand?"

"Oh crikey!"

Bob did not wait for an answer.

He cut out of the room, and raced down the corridor to the stairs.

But even Bunter could understand that, lawless as the Chinks were in carrying out their purpose, they would have to draw in their horns, so to speak, with a crowd of excited French servants on the scene.

Bunter tottered down the corridor after Bob.

Bob, going down the grand staircase in leaps, three or four steps at a time, vanished from his eyes and his spectacles. Bunter followed him at a much more leisurely pace, yelling at the top of his voice.

"Help! Help! I say, turnez-vous out, all of you! Henri—Gustave—Adolphe—Andre—Louis—showez a leg—buckez vous up! Help!"

The major-domo and his numerous staff were not likely to understand Bunter's French. But they could not possibly misunderstand his frantic yells.

Before he reached the foot of the staircase, a dozen startled servants were in the hall, sputtering French.

Bob had vanished—running, as he had never run on the cinder-path, for Mr. O's private apartments—the Malacca gripped in his hand, and a fierce and intrepid determination in his heart.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry on the War-path!

"CHU kan kan!" breathed Dr. Sin, his black, slanting eyes snapping as the startling sound rang through the great mansion—the crash of the heavy wooden stool on the breaking lock.

He was holding Wun Lung by the shoulders—Li Yi by the Chinese junior's feet.

At the secretary's muttered order to go and look, Li Yi released Wun's feet, which sank into the padded chest.

Dr. Sin, startled, alarmed, stood, still holding Wun, staring after his confederate, as he ran quickly through a screened doorway, which led by a wide passage to the hall.

Loud, confused sounds in the distance reached him—then Li Yi came backing into the room, his arms thrown up to defend his head, followed by Bob Cherry, lashing out fiercely with the heavy metal knob of the Malacca.

It was a good distance from the juniors' room, on the first floor, to Mr. O's private apartments on the rez-de-chaussee, or ground floor. But Bob Cherry did it in seconds. Almost by the time the echo of the crashing door had died away, he came panting up to the arched, screened doorway—from which Li Yi had emerged to see what was happening.

Li Yi, his slanting eyes bulging with angry astonishment at the sight of the schoolboy he had left bound hand and foot above, backed hurriedly from the slash of the Malacca.

Bob did not speak—he simply lashed out, to knock the Chinaman spinning out of his way, and only Li's prompt retreat saved him a stunning blow.

Spitting like a cat with rage, Li backed into the room, pushing aside the slatted screen with his broad shoulders, followed up by Bob, still hitting hard and fast. Both of them appeared together under the astounded eyes of Sin Song.

Dr. Sin stared, almost petrified.

Li was howling with pain and rage.

Bob, wild with anxiety for Wun Lung, knowing that a whole crowd might be upon him at any moment, hit hard and hit quick, and the Chinaman would have fallen, stunned, had he not caught the blows on his arms, his only defence.

The bones of those arms almost cracked under the fierce blows, as Bob drove him savagely back into the room; and Li Yi, screaming and yelling, dodged round Sin and the long chest.

"Wun!" panted Bob.

He saw the Chinese boy—half in the chest, his shoulders still held by the petrified Dr. Sin.

He saw, too, with the same glance, that Wun was unconscious, and knew that he had been drugged, and that there was no help from him.

He rushed straight at Sin Song.

"You, you scoundrel!" he panted.

Dr. Sin released his hold on Wun, who dropped into the chest, as the secretary let go. He bounded away only in time to save his head from a crashing blow.

Bob was only a schoolboy, but in his anxiety and rage, his eyes blazing like blue fire, his teeth set, he looked decidedly dangerous, and his handling of Li Yi showed that he would stop at very little.

Sin Song had the narrowest escape in his life of a cracked head, as Bob struck at him.

The two Chinamen backed away, Li Yi mumbling with pain, Sin Song panting with rage.

Bob Cherry stopped as he reached the chest, slipped the Malacca under his arm, stooped, and lifted Wun Lung out.

Wun's almond eyes remained shut; he remained totally unconscious of what was passing.

The little Chinese was a light-weight, and Bob could easily have carried him from the room—given time. But he was not given time.

Sin Song came at him like a tiger, a knife flashing in his hand, and Bob had barely time to drop the little Chinese on a couch and grasp the Malacca again to defend himself.

He faced the rush of the yellow man undauntedly.

Sin Song, whom the juniors had known as a sleek, smiling, good-natured man, seemed to be transformed, for the moment, into a yellow demon. He came at Bob with a knife, his black eyes burning, snarling a call to Li Yi to help him.

But Li Yi, his arms bruised and numbed by the rain of blows, was unable to help. He shouted, in Chinese, and voices and footsteps responded.

There was a crash, as Bob's stick met Sin Song's knife, and knocked it from his hand, numbing his yellow fingers at the same time.

The Chinaman, panting, came on, clutching at him, and Bob struck again, the heavy knob of the Malacca crashing on Sin's head, and sending him staggering over.

There was a heavy fall, as Sin Song went down.

From two or three different screened doorways, Chinese servants ran in—among them the two who had helped Li

to seize Bob in his room. There were six or seven of them, every one of them more powerful than the English school-boy, who stood over Wun in desperate defence.

Li Yi howled to them, Dr. Sin raised himself on an elbow and yelled. They closed in on Bob.

The Greyfriars junior gritted his teeth, prepared for a fight to the very end. But already the whole mansion was in a wild uproar.

Bunter's frantic yelling rang far and wide, and a dozen French servants were calling and questioning and gesticulating.

Bob could guess that the French servants had orders to keep clear of the private apartments of Mr. O. Otherwise the uproar would have brought them on the scene already. He shouted at the top of his voice:

"Help! A moi! Au secours! Au secours! On m'assomme! Venez a moi! Au secours!"

Which was equivalent to "Help! Murder!" in French.

Orders, or no orders, the astonished household staff were not likely to pass such a call unheeded.

Five or six footmen came running in at the arched doorway as the Chinese closed in on Bob Cherry. They babbled with astonishment at what they saw—a Chinaman stretched on the floor, another rubbing his bruised arms; half a dozen about to overwhelm the boy who stood, with uplifted stick, over the insensible Wun Lung.

"Voila!" gasped the major-domo. "Qu'est-ce que c'est?"

"Voyez—" stuttered the footmen. "A moi!" yelled Bob. "Au secours! On m'assomme! Appelez les gendarmes! Au secours!"

A dozen amazed French servants crowded at the doorway, spluttering, gesticulating, and no doubt they would have helped Bob, if the Chinese had carried on with the attack. But in the presence of that numerous audience, the Chinese hesitated to carry on. And in that moment a screen was pushed aside, and Mr. O re-entered the room.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Truce!

O BO raised his hand. The venerable Chinaman looked as calm, as unmoved, as ever. Only a burning gleam in the depths of his wrinkled eyes revealed the suppressed rage within. His gesture was calm and dignified; his voice, when he spoke, calm and steady.

Whether O Bo, at the pass matters had come to, would throw up all disguise, and carry on with his purpose regardless of appearances and consequences, Bob Cherry did not know. But he thought it very unlikely—and he quickly saw that Mr. O had no intention of taking such desperate measures.

(Continued on next page.)

"ME SAVEE PLENTY PENNIES AND GET VELLV BIG BANG-BANGS ON NOV 5th"

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Bob was prepared to fight to the last gasp, in defence of the Chinese junior. And the crowd of Frenchmen could hardly have left him to be overpowered by force under their eyes. Neither could Wun have been carried off unseen, in the chest, now. With the whole numerous household buzzing and crowding round, there was only one thing for O Bo to do—and he did it.

He spoke in Chinese. Bob did not understand the words, but he understood their purport, as the Chinese quickly left the apartment by the doors by which they had entered. Sin Song and Li Yi went with the rest, Li casting back a savage glare at Bob as he went.

In a moment or two they were gone.

Bob Cherry breathed more freely.

He knew now that he had saved Wun Lung; though he knew, also, that it was only for the time; that the plot that had failed would be very soon followed by another. But, for the moment, it was "all clear."

The Chinese having gone, Mr. O turned his mild and dignified glance on the French servants.

He spoke in French, and they stared, and exchanged glances, and finally withdrew, muttering and whispering to one another.

Bob, standing over Wun Lung, was left with the old Chinaman.

What was coming next, he could not tell; but he knew that he was not going to leave Wun Lung.

O Bo eyed him in silence for a long minute.

As he had been absent from the apartment when Bob burst in, and as the brawl had ceased on his reappearance, probably he did not expect the junior to guess that the whole thing had been done by his orders.

Exactly how much the junior knew, or suspected, he could not tell. After that long, penetrating look, by which he seemed to be trying to read Bob's thoughts, he spoke—softly.

"My young friend, young in years, but old, very old indeed, in courage and wisdom, I crawl at your feet in sorrow for the conduct of my servants. They have dared to lift their unworthy hands against your precious and jade-like person. All these miserable ones shall be severely punished."

Bob did not answer.

The old man either believed, or hoped, that Bob did not know of his complicity in the kidnapping plot.

Bob was more than willing to leave it at that.

Wun Lung, unconscious, knew nothing. When he came to, he was not likely to believe what Bob could have told him, or consent to leave that house of danger. So, if Mr. O was anxious to keep up appearances, Bob was glad enough to let him do so.

Only—he was not going to leave Wun Lung. Whatever was said, and whatever was done, he was sticking to Wun Lung till the Chinese boy recovered his senses.

"It appears," went on O Bo softly, "that my miserable servants have obeyed the orders of that wretched one, Sin Song. For I have seen him, although dismissed from my service. This is a matter with which I must deal at once."

He paused a moment.

"The Little Pink Toad sleeps," he added.

"Wun's been drugged!" said Bob bluntly.

"It would appear so," said O Bo.

"May I beg of you to remain and

watch over my Little Pink Toad, while I deal with my unfaithful servants."

"I'm staying with him!" gasped Bob.

He was glad enough to avoid open trouble with the ancient Chinaman. But duplicity carried to this extent sickened him.

O Bo made a grave bow, and passed from the room, a slatted screen falling into place behind his venerable figure in the doorway.

Bob breathed hard and deep.

Wun Lung lay on the couch, his eyes still peacefully closed.

Bob Cherry sat down by his side, the Malacca across his knees. He was not at all certain that it might not be wanted again.

From the bottom of his heart he longed for his friends to return. They were not coming back till the evening, and that was hours yet. Until then he had to wait, and watch, on his guard every instant. An open attack was not at all likely, with the whole household surprised and alarmed, and excited French servants ready to call in the gendarmes at any moment. But the next few hours were likely to be a severe strain.

"I—I—I say, old chap—" came a quavering voice.

Bob looked round quickly as Billy Bunter blinked into the room, his little round eyes dilated with alarm behind his big round spectacles.

Bunter blinked to the right, and blinked to the left before he ventured to roll in. To his great relief, there were no Chinamen about.

"I—I say, this is too jolly thick, old chap!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wish I'd gone to Mauleverer Towers with old Mauly for the hols now. Or on that sea trip with Smithy. I say, let's get out, shall we?"

"Fathead! Look at Wun Lung!"

"Is that silly ass fast asleep, through all this row?" exclaimed Bunter.

"He's drugged, ass!"

"Oh crikey! This is a precious sort of place to come for a holiday!" groaned Bunter. "The grub's good—I don't deny that, but—but, after all, grub ain't everything."

Bob grinned.

If Billy Bunter had come to the conclusion that grub was not everything, it showed how deep was his alarm.

"That old Chinese bean, O, ought to keep his beastly Chinks in order!" said Bunter. "Look here, let's tell old O about it!"

"He knows," said Bob.

"Oh! Well, if he knows, I suppose he'll put a stop to this sort of thing," said Bunter. "It's the sort of thing that no fellow could be expected to stand. I can tell you I'm fed-up!"

"Look here, Bunter," said Bob, struck by a sudden thought, "I can't leave Wun Lung—and you're no use here!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You cut off, and find the fellows at the exhibition, and tell them to come back at once!" said Bob. "Goodness knows what we're going to do after this; but the sooner we're together again the better."

Billy Bunter's fat face brightened.

"Well, that's rather a good idea," he admitted. "I can tell you I shall be jolly glad to get out of this, with all those murdering Chinese about. I'll tell Gustave to get a car round—"

"Never mind that. Better slip out quietly," said Bob. "You can pick up a taxi on the avenue."

"I shall want some money," said Bunter. "I only found fifteen francs in your overcoat pocket—"

"Eh?"

"And twenty francs in Nugent's jacket—"

"You bloated burglar!" gasped Bob. "Is that what you were up to in our room when the Chinks came up?"

"It's pretty lucky for you that I was, and for Wun Lung, too!" yapped Bunter. "And if you're too beastly mean to want a fellow to borrow a few francs—"

"I'll find you some money, you fat brigand!" Bob Cherry went through his pockets. "Here you are!"

"A thousand francs will do," said Bunter. "Just lend me a bill for a thousand francs—"

"I lent you one this morning."

"Beast! If you're going to be a funny idiot—" howled Bunter.

"I'll leave that to you, old fat man! Here's a bill for five hundred francs—that's about four quid—"

"I'd rather have a thousand," objected Bunter. "Exhibitions are expensive places, and people want tipping, and all that, and I can't be stingy like you fellows—it's not my way. Make it a thousand."

"I'll make it a boot, if you don't shut up!"

"Beast!"

"Are you going or not?" snapped Bob.

He made a move to put the billet-de-banque back in his pocket—which was enough for Bunter!

"Oh! Yes! I can manage on five hundred francs, I dare say. After all, the fellows will pay the taxi home. All right, old chap! I'll go to oblige you."

And Bunter—whether to oblige Bob, or to oblige his fat self—went!

Five minutes later a taxi was bowling down the avenue with him.

And Bob Cherry, left alone with Wun Lung, sat and waited, and watched—and longed to hear the footsteps and voices of his chums, as he had never longed before.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Talks French!

"COCHON!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Heard that squeak before?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"What on earth is the fat ass calling that waiter a pig for?" gasped Frank Nugent. "Why the thump—"

"The whyfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.

"Cochon!" came the fat squeak again.

Four schoolboys halted, and gazed, and grinned.

It was a glorious, sunny summer's afternoon, and Harry Wharton & Co.—little dreaming of what had happened in their absence—were enjoying their visit to the Paris Exhibition.

They missed Bob Cherry—though, sad to relate, they did not miss Billy Bunter.

With the persuasion that Bob was rather overdoing his task of looking after Wun Lung, they hoped that he would change his mind and come on after them—and as they rambled about the extensive grounds of the great exhibition, and in and out of one gorgeous structure after another, they kept an eye open for him—or, to be more exact, four pairs of eyes.

They did not, on the other hand, hope that Bunter had changed his mind and come after them, having forgotten his fat existence.



Bob Cherry almost wondered whether he was dreaming, when he saw Bunter standing in the room, blinking at him with terrified eyes through his big spectacles. Unable to speak, unable to stir, Bob gave the fat junior expressive looks. "I say, wharrer those beasts up to?" breathed Bunter, in a scared whisper. "One of them had a knife—I saw it!"

So it was the un hoped-for that happened.

The eyes that were kept open for Bob Cherry lighted on Billy Bunter.

As the juniors had been several hours in the exhibition—during which time they had put in some hefty work at sightseeing—they were thinking of tea—with which idea they sauntered along to an open-air cafe near the Algerian pavilion. Seated at one of the little tables, with a stack of foodstuffs before him, was the plump ornament of the Greyfriars Remove.

Bunter was eating. That, of course, was to be expected. They had not expected to see Bunter; but if they saw him at all, they expected to see him eating. And he was!

There was jam on Bunter's fat face. There was jam on Bunter's fat fingers. Indeed, he was very jammy.

As Bunter had been specially provided with cash, to come specially to the exhibition, to find the Co., it might have been supposed—by anyone who did not know Bunter—that he would spend his time, when he got there, looking for them.

No doubt Bunter intended to look for them. But first things came first. He was hungry by the time he arrived. So first of all, naturally, he looked for food. And, once in the presence of foodstuffs, Bunter was not likely to remember anything else while there was any space available inside Bunter.

True, he had walked round a little; but as he could not resist the lure of grub, and grub was obtainable on all sides, his walks were not extensive. His progress through the exhibition was, in fact, a combined cafe-and-restaurant crawl—and Bunter was punishing his fifth feed when the Co. came on him.

After all, so far as Bunter could see,

it would be all right if he found the fellows before it was time to leave. So long as they were available to pay the taxi fare home, it was all right for Bunter. That anybody else mattered was one of those thoughts unlikely to occur to Bunter's fat brain.

So there was Bunter, in all his glory—warm, damp, sticky, jammy, but enjoying the very greatest attraction of the Paris Exhibition—the food!

Magnificent buildings, wonderful products of fifty different countries, jostling crowds of all races under the sun, speaking a score of different languages, passed Bunter by, like the idle wind which he regarded not. Bunter ate and was happy.

Four smiling faces regarded him, unnoticed by Bunter. Plenty of other faces regarded him, for that matter. For why Billy Bunter was squeaking out "Cochon!" was a puzzle to the crowd at the cafe tables, as well as the Co.

But the explanation was simple. Bunter was calling the waiter.

He had not yet disposed of the pile on his table. But he was getting through it; and, naturally, he wanted it renewed before he came to the end. Otherwise, there might be a pause in the gastronomic operations.

There were plenty of waiters, but they were all busy. The waiter attached to Bunter's table was serving a party of American tourists. He did not turn his head as Bunter squeaked. It did not even occur to him that the fat Anglais was calling to him.

Bunter, who learned as little as he possibly could in Monsieur Charpentier's class at Greyfriars, nevertheless spoke French—but in a manner unknown in France, and very puzzling to the natives. What little Bunter learned

he generally forgot—slow to acquire knowledge, he had a real turn of speed at forgetting it again.

So his knowledge of French was chiefly a conglomeration of words that happened to stick in his fat memory, with their meanings rather mixed.

If Billy Bunter remembered that a house was called a maison, and a street a rue, and a railway a chemin-de-fer, he was quite likely to call a house a rue, and a street a maison, and either of them a chemin-de-fer!

So it was on the present occasion. Bunter knew that a French waiter was called garçon. He knew that a pig was called cochon. But he had got them mixed.

He had no occasion to address a pig, so he had no present use for the word garçon! He had occasion to address a waiter—so he had a use for the word cochon! Therefore was Bunter using it!

"Cochon!" squeaked Bunter. "Cochon! Comez-vous here, you silly idiot! Can't you heareez me calling vous? Cochon!"

Harry Wharton & Co., from a little distance, gazed at the fat Owl.

They were rather used to Bunter's remarkable French: still, it did not occur to them for the moment that he had forgotten the word for waiter, and fancied that "Cochon!" was the word.

They wondered what the fat Owl was up to—apparently hunting for trouble, for "Cochon!" was a fearfully insulting word in French.

"Cochon!" yapped Bunter angrily.

The waiter was looking round now. He was looking round in surprise—to see whom that fat customer was addressing by such an insulting word.

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

Bunter waved a fat hand at him. "Here vous!" he snorted. "Deaf, or what? Come here, cochon!"

The garçon jumped. It dawned upon him that it was he, himself, whom this fat one was calling a cochon.

He glared. He was not a very good-tempered waiter. The waiter's strike had left a lot of discontent behind it. French waiters were not what they had been in the dear, dead days beyond recall. Moreover, he was hot and tired, and had corns, and the Americans had not tipped him. He was far from being in a mood to be called a cochon with impunity.

"Hearcz-vous!" hooted Bunter. "Think I'm going to stick here without anything to eat? You can thinkz again, see? Cochon!"

The waiter came. He came quite quickly. That was what Bunter wanted—but he did not like the man's look.

"Moi!" spluttered the waiter. "C'est moi qu'on appelle cochon! Moi Louis-Joseph-Marie-Jacques Lebon! Moi!"

"Vous!" yapped Bunter. "Wharrer you mean? You're the cochon, ain't you? Now, look here, cochon—"

The waiter looked there. He glared there. He waved both greasy hands as he glared.

Bunter blinked at him in astonishment.

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Johnny Bull, gasping. "That—that—that blithering chump thinks a waiter's called a cochon—"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better hang on here, I think!" gasped Harry Wharton. "The waiter looks as if he's going to slaughter him. We'd better pick up what's left of Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Moi cochon!" hooted the French garçon. "Et vous, gros drole—vous, gros cochon—vous, gros niais—gros singe—"

"What the dickens is he talking about?" gasped Bunter. "Blessed if it doesn't sound as if he's calling a fellow names! It's all right, cochon! I want some more jam—confiture, see? Just get me some more jam! Gettez moi boko de jam! See? Buckez-vous up, cochon!"

"Toujours cochon!" roared the angry waiter. "Moi Louis-Joseph-Marie-Jacques Lebon, cochon! On en a assez! Allez-vous en!"

"Alley be blowed!" exclaimed Bunter. "Wharrer you mean? I want some more jam, cochon!"

Grinning faces were looking at Billy Bunter on all sides. But the waiter was not grinning. He was spluttering wrath.

Bunter, to make his meaning clearer, pointed to the jam-dish, in which a little jam remained—hardly enough to last Bunter till a new supply was brought.

"See?" he hooted. "Jam! Confiture! Gettez-moi more jam, cochon!"

What on earth's the matter with this cochon?"

The waiter picked up the jam-dish.

Bunter, for a moment, fancied that he was going to carry it off on his tray for a further supply. But that was not the waiter's intention at all. Louis-Joseph-Marie-Jacques Lebon had been called a cochon, over and over again, by this fat, sticky foreigner, and his intention was to let that foreigner know what he thought of him.

He did not place the jam-dish on his tray. He dabbed it on Bunter's fat face! Jam plastered that fat face, and Bunter spluttered with surprise and rage.

"Urrgh! Why, you mad foreigner—yurrrgh; you potty cochon— Grooogh! Oh crikey! Ooooooch!"

"Voila, pour vous!" hooted Louis-Joseph-Marie-Jacques. "Est-ce qu'on m'appelle cochon comme ca! Voila gras singe!"

"Urrgh!"

Bunter scrambled to his feet, knocking teacups and plates right and left. He dabbed at jam on his fat features and his big spectacles, spluttering and gasping wildly.

Bang!

A tray, in two greasy hands, landed on Bunter's head. It landed with a bang and a clang.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

"Voila! Pour vous!" roared the garçon. "Cochon, n'est-ce pas! Nom d'un nom d'un chien! Prenez ca—et ca—et ca—"

Bang! Clang! Bang!

"Ow! Help! Yaroooh! Stoppez, you silly idiot! Chuckez vous! Oh crikey! Yaroooop!"

Billy Bunter bolted. He had not finished his fifth tea—and he had not paid for it. The second consideration did not bother him. The first would have bothered him, rather, had he had time to think—but he hadn't. He was only anxious to get out of the reach of the waiter who had, he supposed, suddenly gone mad. He jumped away and ran for it.

"Cochon! Gros cochon, cochon, cochon!" squealed the waiter, after him, brandishing the tray.

Bunter did not heed. Dabbing jam, and spluttering for breath, he dodged into the crowd and disappeared.

And Harry Wharton & Co., almost in hysterics, followed on his track.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Better Late Than Never!

"O W! Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. Perspiration was thick on his fat face, though not so thick as jam. He came to a halt at a safe distance from the cafe, gurgling for breath. He halted in the shade of the British Pavilion, and dabbed at the jam with a grubby handkerchief.

"Urrgh! Mad Froggy!" he gasped. "Sunstroke, I suppose! Oh dear! I'm all sticky! Oh crikey! Ooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fat Owl blinked round, and found the four Greyfriars juniors at his elbow. He was glad to see them. He had not observed them before, and was quite unaware that they had witnessed the spot of excitement at the cafe. He was glad to see them now—with mad waiters about.

"Oh! I say, you fellows, I've been looking for you!" gasped Bunter. "I've been hunting for you all over the shop for hours. I say— Oogh!"

"You look a bit sticky, old fat man," said Harry Wharton. "Taking your jam outside—no more room inside?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I say, I've been in a row—a fearful row!" gasped Bunter. "A waiter went mad suddenly—sunstroke, I think—"

"Wha-a-t?" gasped the four.

"Mad as a hatter," said Bunter. "I was speaking to him in French—they like you to speak in their own language, as a rule. Generally they smile when I speak to them in French—"

"No wonder!" gasped Harry.

"The wonderfulness is not terrific!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You see, I can do it," explained Bunter. "You fellows can't—but speaking French like a native, it comes easy to me. But this chap was balmy—absolutely balmy! He went for me suddenly with his tray. If I hadn't knocked him down pretty quick—"

"What?" yelled the four.

"Knocked him down!" said Bunter, rubbing jammy spectacles, and blinking at them. "I let him have my left—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Knocked him head over heels," said Bunter. "I wasn't standing his cheek, mad or not! He would have done some damage with that tray, I can tell you, if I hadn't knocked him down. I left him lying there—"

"And you are lying here!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh? I'm telling you just what happened!" said Bunter. "I simply called to him in French to bring me some more jam, and he went off the deep end, all of a sudden—raving mad. Started on me with his tray. Would you believe it? I've heard that there's been a lot of trouble lately with the waiters in Paris. No wonder, if they're like that. Mad as a March hatter—I mean, a March hare. Banged my head with his tray, you know—all of a sudden, for no reason whatever. I let him have my right—"

"As well as your left?" gasped Wharton.

"I—I mean my left! I fancy you fellows would have run for it—he was jolly dangerous, I can tell you. I simply knocked him down, and strolled away."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the four.

They had witnessed the episode; but certainly they would not have recognised it, from Bunter's description.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," snapped Bunter. "I shall have to get a wash somewhere—I'm all sticky! He gave me a fearful bang with that tray! I say, you fellows, it's pretty thick to have mad waiters about—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Froggies are liable to get rather mad if you call them cochons!" chuckled Nugent.

"Eh?"

"You see, we were there, only about three yards off, and we saw it all," grinned Johnny Bull. "We didn't see you knock the man down, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No; we missed that bit!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We saw you stroll away—never saw anybody stroll so quick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "You—you saw it—"

"We strolled after you," said Harry. "We had to put it on a bit, you were strolling so jolly fast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh! I—I—I—" The fat Owl stammered. "I—I mean— Oh, shut up cackling! I shall have to go and get a wash somewhere—"

"Well, a wash won't hurt you. I know you don't usually wash in the holidays, but—just for once in a way—"

"Beast! I don't need all the washing

you fellows do—I'm not so dirty. Still, I have to get this jam off. I'm jolly glad I never paid that beast—that's one thing. I say, you fellows, if you're ready for tea, I'm ready. You can leave the talking to me, as I know French."

"You'd better not talk French, if you're going to tea with us!" said Johnny Bull. "We haven't come to the exhibition to scrap with waiters. There'll be another mad waiter to handle, if you call him a cochon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" yapped Bunter. "Cochon is French for waiter—"

"It's French for pig, you silly Owl!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Oh crikey! Is it? Think that's why that fellow got excited?" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha! Sort of!"

"Look here, I don't think you're right, Bull. You don't know much French. What's the French for waiter, then?" demanded Bunter.

"Garçon, fathead!"

"Rot!" said Bunter. "I forget what garçon means, but I think it's a cathedral or something—oh, do stop cackling! Cochon's the word for waiter—I shall certainly call the next waiter cochon—"

"You'll get his tray banging on your head if you do!"

"Yah!"

"You begin talking French, and you'll get my boot!" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

The juniors were ready for tea—but they looked for a place of refreshment at a considerable distance from the one patronised by Bunter. Nobody wanted to see that excited waiter again—especially Bunter, who had had more than enough of Louis-Joseph-Marie-Jacques.

Bunter having had the wash—which he really needed—they sat down to tea; and Bunter, perhaps having some doubts himself by this time, in spite of his wonderful knowledge of French, refrained from addressing the waiter as a cochon. So all was calm and bright.

After tea, when the chums of the Remove were ready to resume doing the many and various sights of the great exhibition, Billy Bunter remembered his mission. Being, by that time, as full of foodstuffs as even his ample circumference allowed, he had leisure to think of lesser matters.

"I say, you fellows, what about going back?" he asked.

"We're not going back for hours yet, fathead," answered Harry. "We don't see the Paris Exhibition every day."

"Oh, really, Wharton! You see, I really came to fetch you back—"

"Fathead!"

"That's the thanks I get for coming here and rooting all over the place for you!" said Bunter sarcastically. "Well, please yourselves, but if those Chinks knock Bob on the head and get Wun Lung away while you're loafing about exhibitions—"

"What?"

"Bob wants you to get back as quick as you can—"

"Bob does?" gasped Wharton.

"Why?"

"Well, he's been scrapping with those Chinks, and Wun Lung's been drugged, and I fancy he feels pretty nervous there alone, and—"

The four juniors gazed at Bunter—or rather, they glared at him. It was an hour since they had encountered Bunter, and this was his first mention of a message from Bob.

"Has anything happened?" exclaimed Nugent.

"You fat idiot! Tell us what's happened?" breathed Harry.

Bunter told them.

"You—you—you—you bloated bandersnatch, why didn't you tell us at once?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Well, I was going to, but that mad waiter put it out of my head. And I wanted my tea—"

"Come on!" said Harry.

"I say, you fellows, don't rush off like that!" howled Bunter, as the four departed in haste. "I'm coming back with you! I say, I want you to pay the taxi! I say, you fellows—Beasts! Blessed if they're not gone! Of all the rotten, ungrateful beasts—"

Billy Bunter blinked after the four vanished juniors.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Apaches of Paris!

"ME goey sleepie!" murmured Wun Lung.

He sat up, passing his hand over his slanting eyes. He gave Bob Cherry a puzzled look.

"Velly strange, me goey sleepie like that!" he said. "Me leadee 'long Uncle O, and me goey sleepie."

Bob hardly knew what to answer. He had no idea of telling Wun Lung what had sent him to sleep.

During the long hours that he had sat by the unconscious Chinnee's side he had turned the matter over and over in his mind.

For Wun's safety, he ought to know that the man at the bottom of the kidnapping was his ancient relative from China. Such a revelation would have been a painful shock to him; but Bob would have disregarded that had he thought that Wun would believe it, and take warning.

But he knew that Wun would not, and could not. He had no actual proof to offer—only that he knew, and that there was not a vestige of doubt in his own mind. That would hardly have been convincing to Wun, who knew Mr. O as a kind and affectionate relative.

It was useless to tell Wun what he would not believe, and to give him a warning he would never dream of heeding. Wun, indeed, not only would not have believed, but he would have been deeply angry. Estrangement from the boy he was determined to protect would only have made matters worse.

So Bob said nothing.

Wun, though evidently puzzled by that strange attack of drowsiness, did not dream of guessing its real cause. He sat rubbing his eyes.

Mr. O, seated in his ivory-inlaid chair, glanced at him.

Mr. O had been there for the last half-hour, while Bob sat beside him on the couch. None of the Chinese servants had entered the room, and Mr. O had said nothing further on that subject.

"The Little Pink Toad has slept!" said Mr. O softly. "Now go and take a walk in the fresh air on the avenue, in the company of the gifted and beneficent friend who guards you so faithfully."

A suggestion from an elder was a command to a Chinnee.

Wun Lung kow-towed to his uncle and went out with Bob.

"Me no savvy why me sleepie plenty too much!" he remarked when they were out of Mr. O's apartments. "Me likee walkee 'long avenue, spousee you likee. Head blong me feel velly heavy."

"Come on, old chap!" said Bob, glad of the chance of getting out of the house and remaining out till his friends came.

He had hoped to hear them returning long before this. The two or three hours

he had watched over the unconscious Chinnee had seemed endless.

Still, he knew that Bunter might have difficulty in finding them, in the crowded exhibition grounds; moreover, Bunter was a rather unreliable messenger.

Anyhow, they had not come, and the long minutes had dragged by like lead. It was an immense relief to get out on the open avenue, in the sunshine and fresh air, amid the bustling crowds of Paris.

The fact that Mr. O had made the suggestion looked, to Bob, as if the mysterious old Chinaman had abandoned his scheme for the present. Had he suggested Wun Lung going out alone, or in any other company, Bob would have been on the alert at once. But the suggestion that they should take a walk together looked like "all clear."

They walked down the broad, tree-shaded avenue, Wun Lung with a thoughtful shade on his face, still perplexed.

There were plenty of pedestrians about—most of them well dressed, in that wealthy quarter of the city. Cars passed and re-passed incessantly.

Bob had his eyes open for a Chinese face, either on the pavement or in a car. But he saw no Chinamen.

But after the two juniors had been walking about ten minutes a bunch of pedestrians came along who looked rather out of the picture in that wealthy avenue.

Bob glanced at them—three men, with sallow, rather unhealthy faces, eyes sharp as a rat's, dingy neckcloths, and cigarettes hanging from loose lips. They looked like three "Apaches" from some alley in Montmartre.

His glance was casual; as he was walking slowly with Wun Lung, and the three hooligans were walking quickly, he expected them to pass on.

Instead of which, they slowed down, and one of them—a slight, rat-like man, in a wide-brimmed felt hat—pushed rudely against Bob.

It was an offensive act, and Bob's eyes flashed. But he drew back out of the way, unwilling to enter into a row with such a gang.

The trio came to a stop, and the rat-faced man who had pushed Bob followed him up, spitting out abusive French.

Half of what he said was in the "argot" of Paris thieves, which even a Frenchman would have only partly understood, unless a member of the gangs of human rats that fester in the Paris slums. Bob understood hardly a word of it, but he knew that it was all abusive.

The Apache was hunting trouble, and as Bob backed farther away he followed up, more and more abusive, and a dirty hand smacked at the schoolboy's face.

That was the limit!

Bob's fist shot out, and the weedy, unhealthy, drug-soaked rat of a man went over as if he had been shot.

Instantly the other two rushed at Bob, and he had his hands full, Wun's hands going up to his assistance.

It was an amazing scene to Bob. In some low street in Montmartre or Belleville, such a row would not have been unusual or surprising, but it was an amazing occurrence in the great avenue, full of well-dressed people, with policemen within sight and call.

Then, as a closed black car drew up by the pavement, Bob understood.

Two of the Apaches were keeping him busy, and the rat-like man he had knocked down lay panting; but two

others leaped from the car and ran at Wun Lung.

Almost in a flash the little Chinese was grasped, whipped off the ground, and dragged to the car.

Bob knew then. He had been watchful for Chinese—and for that very reason this gang of Apaches had been hired for the work. That was why O Bo had suggested a walk on the avenue. All was ready on the avenue when the two schoolboys took that walk.

Only swiftness could make such a raid successful, in broad daylight, on a crowded avenue. But the Apaches were swift.

Bob, fighting like a madman, could not throw off the two rascals who were attacking him and forcing him farther and farther from Wun Lung.

Wun Lung, struggling with all his strength, was hardly more than a child in the hands of the two who had seized him.

They dragged him headlong into the closed car.

Fifty people or more were stopping and staring blankly at the sight of an Apache row in such a quarter of Paris. A sergent-de-ville came running up, amazement in his face.

But the door of the black car slammed, and it shot away down the avenue.

Bob was relieved of his assailants—official hands grasped them—and the rat-like man, staggering up, was grasped in his turn.

But the closed car was shooting away down the avenue almost with the speed of an arrow—and Bob, panting, stared after it in despair.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

"LOOK!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Bob—"
"Wun—"

Four juniors, seated in an open taxi, were coming up the avenue. The taxi was going fast.

Billy Bunter's message had been delayed in the transit—but after getting it, Harry Wharton & Co. had not lost a moment.

What they might find in the house of Mr. O, they did not know—but they were intensely anxious, after what Bunter had told them.

The startling and unexpected sight of a scrap going on, on the pavement, drew their glances—and in utter amazement, they recognised Bob Cherry and Wun Lung.

It was hardly for more than a moment that they saw the latter.

They were still fifty yards from the spot when the Chinese junior was dragged headlong into the black car, the door slammed, and he was lost to their sight.

The car shot off down the avenue—directly towards them.

So sudden, so startling, was the brief, wild scene, that they stared spellbound.

But as the black car came rushing past, Harry Wharton woke into action.

Wun Lung was in that car. In the broad light of summer's day he was being carried off, under their eyes.

In a matter of seconds the racing car would have passed them and vanished amid the endless traffic.

There was no time for thought—little time for action. Harry Wharton did not think—he acted! There was no time for even the taxi-driver to stop—the cars rushed past one another.

But as they passed, Harry Wharton leaped out towards the rushing black car, passing at a distance of two feet.

He had no weapon, or time to think of getting hold of one. He grabbed the straw hat from his head, and, as the black car rushed by, struck the driver full in the face with the hard edge, with all the strength he could put into the blow.

It was all that he could do—and he had only brief seconds in which to do it. But it was effectual.

The hard edge of the straw hat cut the man across the face almost like a hatchet, taking him utterly by surprise, blinding and confusing him. He yelled frantically, his hands left the wheel, and the black car went sky-rocketing across the avenue.

"Arretez!" Wharton shouted to the taxi-driver.

Before the word was fairly out of his mouth, he heard a crash. The black car was on the pavement, crashing on a stone wall.

"Arretez!"

The taxi jammed to a halt.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Johnny Bull. "Quick!"

He bounded out of the taxi, Wharton, and Nugent, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh after him.

They tore towards the black car.

Wharton's action had stopped it—stopped it effectually! It hit the stone wall, rocked, and went on its side.

The four juniors were the first to reach it. But the next moment a swarm was round them. A hundred excited Frenchmen crowded the pavement round the overturned car.

The uppermost door flew open—two desperate, amazed, breathless Apaches clambered out like cats—but quick as they were, there were plenty of hands to grasp them as they came. Each of them dropped promptly into the clutches of a gendarme. The driver, pinned under the car, was shrieking, with a cut across his face, from Wharton's blow, from which the blood was spurting.

From the uppermost door, a pigtailed head and a yellow face rose, and Wun Lung looked out.

"Wun!" shouted Harry. "Hurt, old chap?"

"Allee light!"

Wun clambered out, the juniors helping him to the pavement.

The four of them gathered round him in the midst of a wildly excited crowd, gabbling French on all sides at a terrific rate.

Through the crowd Bob Cherry came pushing and elbowing. He hardly knew what had stopped the black car—but he had seen the spill, and he came tearing up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You fellows!" he gasped.

"Yes, old man—here we are!"

"Wun—you're not hurt—"

"Plenty blisee, 'long me," said Wun Lung cheerfully. "Allee light! Bang nappie blong me, bang shouldee—plenty bumpee! Allee light."

"Thank goodness!" breathed Bob.

"Yes, rather!" said Harry. "I had to stop that scoundrel—Wun would have been gone, but—but the risk—it had to be taken, but—"

"Allee light—bumpee no mattee!" said Wun. "Plenty glad stoppee, no goey 'long kidnappee! You fellee stickee, 'long we go back 'long house blong Uncle O."

"You bet!" said Johnny Bull.

A portly brigadier was on the scene now, spouting French at a great rate.

The Apaches, spitting like cats, were in the grip of a policeman, and being marched off—and the groaning driver was being extracted from under the car. Round the juniors the crowd thickened and surged.

The whole affair, from beginning to end had occupied only a few minutes—but dozens and scores of excited people had gathered round. The brigadier questioned the schoolboys, in French far too rapid for them to follow.

But at the mention of Mr. O's name, he nodded, and accompanied them to the Chinese gentleman's house. This was, of course, an affair for the police—and French police can always be relied on to make the very most of any affair.

An attempt to carry off a Chinese, nephew of a Chinese millionaire, by a gang of Apaches, in broad daylight, was quite a sensation—and "pie" to the portly, important brigadier of police.

The juniors were glad to get out of the buzzing crowd and to get Wun Lung safe within the big, bronze gates of the mansion.

Bob Cherry's feelings were rather mixed.

He knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that O Bo had fixed up the whole thing. But it was fairly certain that he had acted through the medium of his secretary, the artful, Dr. Sin. His name was not likely to be mentioned by the captured Apaches, simply because they did not know anything of it.

Bob was pretty certain of that; and for Wun's sake, he was glad. If it was as Bob supposed, they could only incriminate Dr. Sin Song—already known to be a kidnapper—if they betrayed their employer at all.

But he wondered what Mr. O would say, and feel, when they arrived at the house—Wun free and safe, and a police officer in attendance, to take down endless details and particulars.

He wondered, too, whether after this final failure, O Bo would realise that the game was not worth the candle, and give up his mysterious kidnapping scheme. From the bottom of his heart, he hoped so—but he did not believe so. This defeat would be followed by another move in the old Chinaman's strange and mysterious game—and Bob, though he wondered what it might be, did not come anywhere near guessing.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. O's New Move!

"YOU fellee likee tlip along sky?"

"Eh, what?"

Wun Lung grinned as he asked the question. His little yellow face was bright and cheery.

The Famous Five stared.

It was the following morning, and they were sauntering in the gardens, after breakfast. Wun Lung had gone to pay his usual visit to his uncle's apartments—leaving Bob, at least, not wholly easy in his mind. But the little Chinese came out and joined his friends in the garden, bright and cheery.

"Trip in the sky?" repeated Harry Wharton.

"What you tinkee?" grinned Wun Lung. "You likee?"

"Do you mean in a plane?" exclaimed Bob.

"Plenty big plane, blong Uncle O!" said Wun Lung. "We all go together, plenty long tlip along sky."

"Ripping!" said Johnny Bull.

"The ripfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"But—but where?" asked Bob.

Wun Lung waved his hand towards the eastern horizon.

"Tlavel plenty quick along plane!" he said. "See plenty placee—plaps seo China—what you tinkee?"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Harry.

"Leaving Paris!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Leavee Palis—leavee Fiance—leavee



"Urrgh! Why, you mad foreigner—yurrrh! You potty cochon—groogh!" Bunter scrambled to his feet, knocking teacups and plates right and left. Bang! A tray landed on his fat head with a clang. "Cochon!" squealed the waiter. "Gros cochon, cochon, cochon!"

ole Europe!" grinned Wun Lung. "Makee plenty long tlip! Uncle O not feelee velly well, long countly blong foleign devils. Wantee goey east. Wantee this I'll Chinee goey, and fiends blong me. You feelee likee?"

"What-ho!" said Johnny Bull.

"Velly good. Me tellee Uncle O you likee!" smiled Wun Lung.

And he trotted back cheerfully into the house.

Bob Cherry stood silent, breathing hard. To him, as to his friends, an extended trip in a passenger plane was a delightful prospect. But—

He had wondered what would be the next move in Mr. O's game. He knew now.

Harry Wharton glanced at him. Only he, so far, had been told of Bob's suspicions of Mr. O. He could read Bob's thoughts in his troubled face and knitted brow. And the happenings of the previous day had made him wonder whether Bob was, after all, on the right track.

"This is jolly sensible of old O!" remarked Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "It's pretty clear now that Wun's not safe in Paris. So far as I can make out, that blighter Sin has the old sportman's native servants under his thumb, and—"

"Not much doubt about that, after what happened to Bob yesterday," said Frank Nugent. "It's pretty plain that the whole gang of Chinks dance to Sin's tune."

"The plainfulness is terrific," agreed Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, "though it is a preposterous mystery what the esteemed rascal is up to!"

"Well, there can't be much doubt about that," said Johnny. "His game is to stick old O for a ransom! Can't be anything else."

Bob looked at him without speaking. "Anyhow, Wun's not safe here," said

Johnny. "Inside the house, those Chinks may get at him; outside, that blighter Sin won't stop at much, as he's proved by hiring a gang of Apaches. Old O is pretty sensible. If we all clear off in a plane, that leaves the whole crew guessing."

Bob opened his lips, and closed them again.

"Better speak out, Bob," said Harry quietly. "If there's anything in what you fancy, this will want thinking out."

"I'm going to," said Bob at last. "Blessed if I know what we can do—except stick to Wun and hope for the best. No good telling him. But—but he's walking straight into the trap!"

"How do you mean?" asked Nugent.

Bob glanced round before replying. But they were alone in the garden. Wun Lung had gone, and Billy Bunter not yet finished breakfast.

"I mean," said Bob quietly, "that ever since we got here I've known how the matter stands. I've told Wharton; now I'm going to tell you. Sin Song isn't after Wun to stick O Bo for a ransom; he's acting under O Bo's orders."

Wharton stood silent.

Johnny and Nugent and the Nabob of Bhanipur stared at Bob.

"Mad?" asked Johnny at last—the first to speak.

"My dear old chap—" murmured Nugent.

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh did not speak. Probably Bob's words were a clue to many circumstances that had puzzled and perplexed him, and the keen-witted nabob needed only the clue.

"O Bo," said Bob quietly, "is at the bottom of the whole thing. That's why he asked Wun to Paris; that's why he asked us when Wun wouldn't travel alone; that's why Sin and his confederates have the run of the house;

that's why Wun was drugged yesterday; and that's why the old bean has decided on this trip out of Europe. He's going to shake us off somewhere—I don't suppose he cares much where. Don't ask me why he's doing it. I know he's fond of the kid; I know he wanted to adopt him once and leave him his fortune—oodles of money. I can't make out why, but I know the fact; and the fact is that O Bo came from China to Europe to kidnap Wun Lung—"

"What utter rot!" said Johnny Bull.

"Rubbish, old chap!" said Frank.

"You said the same when I first suspected Sin," said Bob in the same quiet tone. "He turned out to be the kidnapper."

"Yes, that's so. But—"

"That passenger plane we're going to trip in," said Bob, "has been waiting at the drome all the while we've been in Paris. It has been waiting till Wun could be got away from us and lugged on board. Old O's got it clear by this time that Wun can't be got away from us; we're sticking to him like glue. He can't send us away and keep Wun to himself, because that would put Wun wise—at least, it would offend him, and he would go if we did. Every time we've beaten the kidnapping game, old O must have been more and more anxious to see the last of us; but every time made it less and less possible for him to get rid of us, Wun knowing that his safety depended on us. Now the old bean has made up his mind that, if he can't get Wun away alone in the plane, he will get him away with his friends along with him—and drop us somewhere at the first chance."

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh gave a slow nod of his dusky head. Johnny Bull shrugged his shoulders, and Nugent whistled.

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"He doesn't mean Wun to suspect anything till it's too late," went on Bob. "He wants him safe out of white men's countries first. If Wun suspected anything, there's nothing to keep him here. He's not to know anything till it's too late for him to get out of the trap. But what can we do?"

"Nothing!" said Johnny Bull. "It's all rot! Looks to me as if O is taking Wun out of France to keep him safe, and, I dare say, to get out of all that bother about what happened yesterday—police proceedings and all that. You're dreaming, old man."

"It sounds awfully thick, Bob," said Nugent hesitatingly. "I know it seems to account for a lot of puzzling things, but—but—" He broke off and glanced at the nabob. "What do you think, Inky?"

"My esteemed thoughtfulness is that Bob has hit the correct nail on the napper!" answered Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

"Blessed if I don't half think Bob's right!" said Harry.

"Rot!"

"Well, believe it or not, what can we do?" asked Bob restlessly. "If I told Wun Lung out plain what I think—"

"Guard with your left if you do!" grinned Johnny Bull. "If anybody spun me a yarn like that about my uncle, I'd dot him in the eye!"

"Wash that out, Bob!" said Harry quietly. "True or not, there's no proof, and Wun would simply be offended and insulted. We couldn't stay on with him afterwards, and, if you're right, that would be playing right into old O's hands."

"I've thought of that, of course," said Bob. "But—but if we let him go—"

"We can't stop him. He wouldn't believe a word against the old bean. He couldn't. I can't believe it, so how could Wun?"

Bob was miserably silent. He knew that he was right. But what was the use of thinking of warning Wun when his own friends could not believe it?

"All we can do is to stick to Wun and do our best to see him safe," said Harry. "If you're right, he will need us more than ever when he gets on that plane. If you're wrong, it will take him out of danger."

Bob nodded slowly.

"We're sticking to Wun and saying nothing," he said. "It's no good saying anything—I see that. But—"

"I say, you fellows—"

Bob broke off as Billy Bunter rolled into the office. After all, further discussion was useless. There was nothing for it, but to keep silence and keep watch.

"I say, Wun's told me that there's going to be a plane trip, and that we're starting to-day," said Bunter, blinking at the juniors through his big spectacles. "It's a bit sudden. Still, I don't mind that. I'll come. I fancy you fellows will be a bit nervy in the air without a chap with you to show a bit of pluck. There's no danger, really—"

"You'd be missing if there was!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Beast! Now, look here, you fellows," said Bunter impressively, "there's one thing that's got to be settled before starting. I shall have to do a bit of shopping first. I shall need some money. Not much; I dare say I could do on a thousand francs—"

"Bill for a thousand francs?" asked Johnny Bull. "Anybody been shopping at the Louvre?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't want any rotten jokes!" roared Bunter. "I want a billy-de-bong"

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for a thousand francs! And I can tell you this—that if you're going to be stingy, I shan't come! You can't expect it."

"In that case," said Harry Wharton, "we're going to be fearfully stingy—as stingy as Fisher T. Fish!"

"The stinginess will be terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to see about packing," said Bob. "Let's go in and see Wun, and—"

"Never mind Wun now!" hooted Bunter. "I'm talking!"

"Well, go on talking, old fat man! Nobody's stopping you!"

And the Famous Five went into the house, leaving Billy Bunter to go on talking as long as he liked.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Up!

"IS that it?"

"That's it, ole Bob Chelly!"

"Oh!" said Bob.

The great plane, as it rested on the concrete, looked immense. It was, indeed, enormous in size—larger than the passenger planes that the juniors had seen taking off at Croydon, in their own country.

Four members of the Co. gazed at it in sheer delight. The idea of a trip in the clouds in that magnificent plane, over one country after another, was dazzling. Whole countries could be taken in in an aeroplane trip, like towns in a trip by car or railway. Really, it was a glorious prospect that might have delighted any schoolboy's heart.

Bob was rather puzzled as he gazed at the big plane.

There was a peculiar Chinese device painted on it. It was odd enough for a Chinese device to be painted on a plane belonging to a French aviation company, which certainly had never taken a flight to so distant a country as China.

On a French plane, with French pilots and a French steward, foul play did not seem to be an easy proposition, with the whole party of Greyfriars fellows in company with Wun.

Had the little Chinese been smuggled surreptitiously on board, no doubt Mr. O and his Chinese servants would have managed the matter easily. But six fellows with Wun altered the state of affairs completely.

It was hardly possible to suppose that the aviation company's pilots were in league with the old Chinaman. Bob did not suppose so for a moment.

So, though he was sure that this plane trip was a new move in the kidnapping game, he was puzzled as to how O Bo planned to effect his purpose. A chartered plane had a limited range; the pilots would take orders from Mr. O up to a certain point, but not beyond that point.

The sight of that curious Chinese device painted on the plane set new thoughts racing through Bob's mind.

Mr. O was rich—he was a millionaire, and more than a millionaire. He could buy a plane, if he liked, without missing the money. Bob wondered uneasily whether that was it.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter, of course, was talking. "I say, that looks rather a decent bus! I'd rather travel in a British plane—they're safer! Still, planes don't have accidents so often as trains. If you fellows feel a bit upset at first, keep your eyes on me."

"Don't you think that might upset us still more?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Eh—why?" asked Bunter.

"Well, your features, you know."

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter.

"It's a topping bus!" said Harry Wharton. "We're in luck these hols, you fellows!"

"The luckfulness is terrific!"

"Well, you needn't be nervous!" said Bunter. "You're looking a bit pale, Nugent—"

"Fathead!"

"You're not looking pale, Inky—you couldn't—he, he, he!—but I fancy you're feeling rather pale! You look sort of worried, Bob!"

Bob, undoubtedly, was looking very thoughtful, though he was not thinking of possible dangers in flying trips.

"What does that mean, Wun?" he asked, heedless of Bunter, pointing to the Chinese device painted on the plane.

"Name blong plane," said Wun. "You no savvy Chinese writing. In language blong you, Vely Old and Benevolent Pigeon!"

"Oh crikey, what a name!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he!" from Bunter. "Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon! He, he, he!"

"A Chinese name on a French plane?" asked Nugent.

"No Flench now—Chinese!" said Wun Lung. "Uncle O buy that plane, takee 'long China when he goey home."

"Oh!" said Bob.

He had guessed correctly. O Bo had been going to carry off the kidnapped Chinese in a chartered plane. He had changed his arrangements since it had proved necessary to take his English friends along with him. In a plane that was his own property, Mr. O had a free hand.

That plane must have cost Mr. O many thousands of pounds—all the more, because the transaction must have been put through very quickly. It was a clear proof of his obstinate determination to carry out his purpose at all costs.

For a moment it came into Bob's mind to speak out—to warn Wun while there was yet time.

But he knew that it was futile, and did not speak.

If such a warning had any effect, it could only be angry resentment on Wun's side, and possibly a parting with his friends. That was the last thing that Bob could risk.

"Par ici, messieurs!" called out a French steward, looking down from the cabin door.

Bob glanced at the man.

Mr. O had bought the plane; but it looked as if he had not changed the personnel, as the French steward was on board. The presence of a European was reassuring.

The Greyfriars fellows went up the steps, into the cabin—very roomy, considering that it was on a plane. Their baggage had already been taken aboard the Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon.

Looking from the windows, over the great drome, the Greyfriars fellows waited for Mr. O to arrive. He had not travelled with them from the house in Paris.

When he came, he came alone. He was, apparently, leaving all his Chinese household behind. It must have been very unusual for the ancient gentleman, considering his wealth and his age, to travel unattended—especially in a plane, that invention of the "foreign devils." But he came alone, and that was that.

Harry Wharton could not help smiling as he met Bob's eye. They were starting in a plane, with a French

(Continued on page 22.)

Inside Information About Greyfriars by—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



A TOUR OF THE SCHOOL. (The Gymnasium.)



(1)

To see the next sight we must turn to the right

And leave the old Cloisters for good;
We then come upon the gymnasium on
The site where the chapter-house
stood.

The gym isn't classed as a thing of the
past—

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Coker's Glider-Plane

(1)

A melancholy accident
I now relate in song,
How Coker thought he could invent
A glider—and was wrong!

(2)

The wings were built of linen sheets
On lengths of water-pipe;
The fuselage, with wooden seats,
Was not of usual type.

(3)

Constructed from an ancient skiff
No longer watertight,
It rather looked to us as if
It wasn't fit for flight.

(4)

But Coker fancied otherwise;
He stood upon the roof,
Prepared to sail the sunny skies
And put it to the proof.

(5)

With teardrops streaming from our eyes
We pushed him off, and found
He did not sail the sunny skies—
He hit the sunny ground!

(6)

The length of Coker's maiden flight
Was eighty-seven feet,
For that is just about the height
The roof is from the street.

(7)

His face protruding from the wreck
Was eloquent and grim;
It still was fastened to his neck,
And, luckily, to him!

(8)

He glared at us, of speech bereft,
Then stamped away in pain,
While Gosling swept up what was left
Of Coker's glider-plane!

The monks did no physical jerks;
They all were too fat and too solemn
for that—
They much preferred grub and good
works!

(2)

It's modern and fine, with a pleasing
design
Of cheerful red brick and cement;
And here come the chaps who are thirst-
ing for scraps
With others of similar bent.
They crawl from the ring with one eye
in a sling,
The other as black as the night,
And loudly proclaim their delight in the
game—
Of course, they're not sane, you know
—quite!

(3)

We give loud hurrahs for the parallel
bars,
The vaulting-horse, dumb-bells, and
gloves,
The clubs, ropes, and rings, and all
other things
Which every sound, healthy boy loves.
As you hang by your knees from the
flying trapeze
Or lie on your back in the ring,
You're bound to admit, if you want to
keep fit,
The jolly old gym is the thing.

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

M. HENRI CHARPENTIER
(the French Master at Greyfriars)

C's for CHARPENTIER—or "Mossoo!"
Everyone knows him, so do you.
He's a Frenchman with a beard
Whose remarks are sometimes weird.
Often you will hear him say:
"Wee, mong garcong, sivoo play!"
(This I can translate with ease:
"Yes, my garcon, sil vous please!")



His frock coat and beaming face
Are a feature of the place.
Raggers soon prepare for fun
Once the French class has begun.
Poor Mossoo won't use the cane,
So he shouts for peace in vain!
Never mind! We all would say:
"Vive, M'sieu Charpentier!"

A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

The reason why Fisher T. Fish never
uses a comb is because he hates parting
with anything.

Dick Rake has just had two teeth out
under gas, and didn't feel a thing. He
is going to ask the Head for gas next
time he is up for a public flogging!

Lord Mauleverer always goes to sleep
in prep. He has to if he wants to
prepare for class—because that's what
he does in the Form-room!

A fatheaded fellow named Gwynno
Can play the piano and grin,
Because, it appears,
He has plugs in his ears
To keep out the terrible din!

PUZZLE PAR

Two sweeps were sweeping the
Greyfriars chimneys the other
day. When they had finished,
one of them had a face black
with soot, while the other's face
was quite clean. So the man with
the clean face went and washed,
and the man with the black face
didn't. Why was this?

Answer at foot of column 3

Harold Skinner announces that he
will give a lecture in the Rag on "The
Evils of Gambling" to-morrow. Of
course, he's only doing it for a bet.

Why doesn't it matter if I wear a
short coat?—Because it will be long
enough before I get another.

Which has most legs, one boy or no
boy?—One boy has two legs, but no boy
has three. (There will now be an
interval while my mental condition is
inquired into.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

The clean sweep saw the other's face
was dirty, so he thought his own must
be the same, and promptly washed it.
The dirty sweep saw the other's face
was clean, so he didn't!

The Greyfriars Guide Will Be On Parade Again Next Saturday!

steward and French pilots; five of them, without counting Bunter, to look after Wun Lung's safety—and the ancient O Bo on his own! If it had come to trouble, even Billy Bunter could have dealt with the ancient Chinaman. This did not look like a kidnapping stunt. Bob had to admit that it did not.

"Well, old bean, what do you think now?" murmured Wharton.

Bob shook his head.

"I can't make it out!" he said.

"But—"

"But you still think—"

"Yes," said Bob quietly.

"I say, you fellows, this is pretty decent," said Bunter. "I've been looking round, and I can tell you we're fixed up all right for grub—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wharrer you cackling at?" demanded Bunter. "Think we can travel without grub?"

"I don't think you could!" said Bob.

"Well, I've been taking a squint into the steward's pantry," said Bunter. "Fixed up all right, I can tell you! I say, there's ices!"

"Oh, fine!" said Johnny Bull. "Ripping! Topping! First-rate! Splendid! Magnificent! If there's lots of grub, we needn't bother about anything else!"

"Eh? What else is there to bother about?" asked Bunter, blinking at him. "If the grub's all right, everything's all right!"

"The all-rightfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, look here, as we're guests, I suppose we can order what we like—what?" asked Bunter. "I suppose we don't have to pay here, same as on a passenger plane. I should jolly well like a snack!"

"Sirloin for me," said Johnny Bull sarcastically, "with potatoes and cabbage and Yorkshire pudding. It's an hour since brekker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull! I'm jolly well going to have an ice!" said Bunter. "I say, Wun Lung, I suppose we can ask for what we like—what?"

"Askee allee likee," assented Wun Lung, with a cheery grin. "Everything on Velly Old and Benevolent Pigeon blong flends blong me!"

"Good!" said Bunter, with satisfaction. "Where's the cochon?"

"You blithering ass!" roared Johnny Bull. "If you start calling the steward a cochon, you'll get the same as you got at the exhibition!"

"I expect they call a steward the same as a waiter, Bull, and that's cochon—"

"Cochon's French for Bunter."

"Eh? How can it be French for Bunter, you ass?"

"It means a pig!"

"You cheeky idiot! Look here, where's that cochon? Cochon! I say—Yaroooooh! Wharrer you kicking me for, you beast?" yelled Bunter.

"Make it garcon!" said Johnny Bull.

"Shan't!" howled Bunter.

"Then you get a boot every time!"

"Beast! I'll try garcon! I don't suppose the man will come! I believe garcon means a stew, or something—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Garcon!" hooted Bunter, as the steward looked in. "Oh, here he is! I say, my man, whatter you callez yourself in frongsay?"

The Famous Five gasped. If Bunter expected the steward to understand that French, the other fellows did not.

"Plait-il?" gasped the steward.

"Well, that's a pretty queer name,"

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said Bunter. "Fancy a steward being called a playtill in French, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Co.

"You howling ass!" gasped Bob.

"The man was asking you what you said."

"Rot! I asked him what he was called in French, and he's told me. Look here, Playtill," said Bunter, blinking at the surprised steward, "bringer vous an ice."

"Comment!" ejaculated the steward.

That was another way of asking Bunter what he was saying, but the fat Owl was happily unconscious of it.

"Common?" repeated Bunter. "Well, yes—just an ordinary ice."

"Une glace pour monsieur," said Harry, explaining.

"Oui, m'sieur, parfaitement!" said the steward, and he disappeared down the passage again.

"I wish you wouldn't butt in, Wharton!" said Bunter irritably. "The man understood me all right. I don't care whether it's in a glass or not, so long as he brings the ice."

"Oh crikey! Ice is glace in French, you ass!"

"Rubbish! I've seen them marked up in shops," said Bunter. "Why, coming here this morning we passed a place with a big sign up 'Ici on danse.' That means that you can have ices while you dance."

"It means 'Dancing here,'" yelled Johnny Bull. "Ici means 'here.'"

"Fat lot of French you know, Bull! Lucky for you fellows you've got me here," said Bunter. "Ici means ices, of course."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've simply put your foot into it, Wharton, by asking him to bring a glass. If he jolly well brings me a glass, instead of an ice, I shall tell him that you're an ignorant ass that doesn't know any French."

"Oh, do!" gasped Wharton.

The hum of the engines drew attention away from Bunter—though it did not draw Bunter's attention away from his expected ice.

Bunter liked ice-cream, more particularly when it did not have to be paid for. As the guests on the Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon could order what they liked, it was probable that the fat Owl would do quite a lot of ordering.

Deaf to the deepening hum of the engines, blind to the fact that the plane was about to taxi along the drome, Billy Bunter concentrated his fat attention on the expected ice-cream.

Owing to Wharton's intervention, he had a painful doubt whether the steward might not bring him a glass, instead of an ice. However, the man, when he reappeared, brought a tray on which stood an ice-cream that looked positively scrumptious.

Bunter beamed at it through his spectacles; he grabbed it with a fat hand.

"I say, you fellows, this is something like!" he gasped.

The other fellows did not heed. The motors were roaring now, and every moment they expected the giant plane to get into motion.

Bunter, regardless, lifted that scrumptious ice to his mouth; he leaned back his head to push it in.

Some fellows ate ices on the instalment system. Not Bunter! Bunter preferred to take his cargo aboard in bulk, especially when it was so attractive and delicious as this.

An ice—even a large one—was nothing to Bunter. That lovely ice was going to slip down Bunter's capacious gullet

like an oyster. So Billy Bunter was leaning his fat head back, with the ice-cream at his extensive mouth, just going to begin, when the plane started.

It started quite softly and smoothly. Still, there was motion. Even a plane could not move without motion—and the merest jolt was too much for Bunter, in the circumstances.

He jolted, tottered, and sat down. The ice-cream at the same moment shot from the glass; but, instead of shooting into Bunter's mouth, it shot into his fat neck.

There was a roar that almost drowned the roar of the engines.

"Ooooooh! Ooooooop! Yarooooop!"

"What the thump—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Owl Urrgh! O-oooo! Groooogh! I've got that beastly ice-cream in my neck!" shrieked Bunter. "It's slipping down! It's kik-kik-kik-cold—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrgh! Groooooogh! Oooooooch! Wooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Groooooooch!"

"We're off!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"By gum, we're up!"

Buildings were gliding past, looking as if they were moving, as from a railway train. The plane gathered speed and the drome became little more than a blur. Then, as lightly as a bird, the Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon took off; and in the happy excitement of rising to the clouds the chums of Greyfriars gazed from the windows—and Billy Bunter was left to struggle unheeded with the squashy, chilly ice which had so unfortunately gone down outside, instead of inside.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

"WHERE are we going?"

"We're going to Rome,"

answered Harry Wharton.

"You silly ass," hooted Bunter, "I know that! We haven't got into a plane to stand still, I suppose! But where are we going to roam?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The roamfulness will be to esteemed and venerable Rome!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, Rome!" Bunter got it. "Do you mean Rome in Italy?"

"Well, I don't mean Rome in the United States!" said Harry. "There's a Rome there, I believe. But the one we're going to is the original article, in Italy."

"'Urbs antiqua fuit—' " quoted Nugent.

"Oh, chuck that!" said Bunter. "For goodness' sake, let's forget that there's such a thing as classes, and such a beast as Quelch, while we're on holiday! It makes a fellow think of the new term and mugging up Latin. Br-r-r-r!"

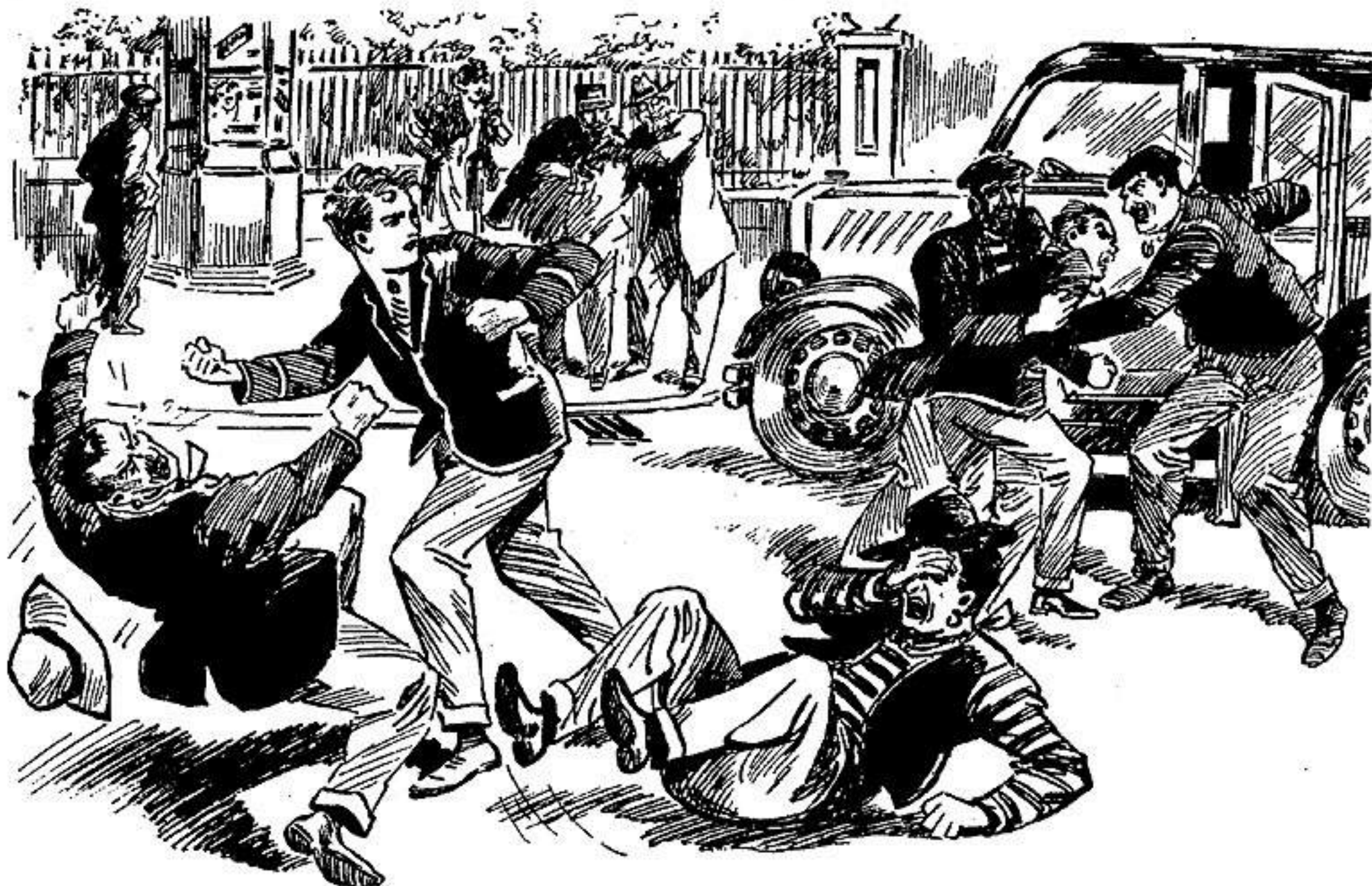
"I wonder what Bunter's pater thinks he's getting for the school fees at Greyfriars?" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Well, he doesn't see Bunter in the term," said Nugent. "I dare say that's worth the money."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" yapped Bunter. "But the fact is that's what schools like Greyfriars are really for—to keep fellows from bothering their people at home. Fat lot of good binging Latin into a chap's head! How many ancient Romans are we going to meet in Rome, I'd like to know!"

"The study of classics improves the mind and enlarges the understanding."



The Apache was keeping Bob Cherry busy, and the rat-like man he had knocked down lay panting. But two others leapt from the car, and ran at Wun Lung. Almost in a flash, the little Chinese junior was grasped, whipped off the ground, and dragged to the car!

said Bob Cherry, with a playful imitation of the manner of Mr. Quelch, master of the Greyfriars Remove.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"Well, I dare say your mind could do with some improving," he remarked. "But you don't want your understandings enlarged; if your feet were any bigger there wouldn't be room on this plane for them. He, he, he!"

"Why, you frabjous, fat freak—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, whether Latin improves the mind and enlarges the understanding or not, it won't be much use in Rome," said Harry; "it's a bit out of date there as a language."

"I dare say Bunter knows as much Italian as he does French," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Just about as much!" chuckled Bob.

"Well, no," said Bunter. "I'm rather a dab at French, as you fellows must have noticed, but I don't know much Italian—just a smattering, you know. Still, as you fellows don't know any, you'd better leave the talking to me. Any of you know the Italian for macaroni? They scoff a lot of it there, I believe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Do you know the Italian for macaroni or not?" demanded Bunter.

"I do!" grinned Bob.

"What is it, then?"

"Macaroni!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "I know the word, but I've forgotten it just at the moment. I say, you fellows, I wonder if we shall see the Deuce in Rome."

"The what?" ejaculated the Famous Five together.

They had been looking down at the fair land of France gliding rapidly under the soaring plane—towns and

woods, hills and rivers unrolling like a panorama. Now, however, they looked at Bunter. They were going to stop at Rome and have a "squint" at that ancient city, and wanted to see all the sights possible, but the one mentioned by Bunter was one of which they had never heard.

"Eh? The Deuce," said Bunter. "I suppose you've heard of the Deuce."

"Well, I've heard of people going to the deuce, but I never knew it was located at Rome," said Bob. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Well, of all the ignoramuses, you fellows take the cake!" said Bunter scornfully. "Never heard of the Deuce, eh? Why, you can see his name in the papers every day. He's Italy's strong man!"

"Oh!" gasped Bob. "The Duce!"

As he gave the word its Italian pronunciation Bunter did not catch on to it.

"What the dickens do you mean by doo-chay?" asked Bunter. "I'm speaking of Mussolini; he's called the Deuce in his own country—it means leader, or something."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what are you cackling at now?" roared Bunter. "I should think you'd like to know something about the country you're visiting. If you've really never heard of the Deuce—"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Nugent. "You benighted ass! Duce is an Italian word, and in Italian the 'c' before the 'e' is pronounced like 'ch' in English. And it's a word of two syllables. D-u-doo—c-e-chay. Doo-chay! Got that, fathead?"

"Rot!" said Bunter decisively. "If you're going to talk Italian like that, Frank Nugent, you'd better shut up and leave the talking to me when we get to Rome. I say, you fellows, it would be jolly interesting to see the

Deuce while we're in Rome! I've heard that he does a lot of performing in public—keeping in the spotlight, you know. If I hear that he's on view while we're there, I shall jolly well go to the Deuce, I can tell you—"

"You can go to the dickens, too, if you like!" said Bob. "Perhaps you'll find the Dickens in Rome, as well as the Deuce!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" answered Bunter elegantly.

The Greyfriars fellows watched from the plane with never-ceasing interest. All of them had been "up" before; but they were not, of course, up very often, and the novelty had had no chance of wearing off.

The Famous Five and Bunter had the aft cabin to themselves.

Mr. O occupied the fore cabin, and after he had once settled down there for the journey, the juniors did not see him again.

Wun Lung had gone along to join him and once or twice Bob's eyes strayed to the connecting passage, Johnny Bull winking at Nugent as he noted it.

But even Bob could not suppose that any double-dealing was on, with the Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon several thousand feet up.

As Mr. O was travelling without any of his Chinese household, it was natural for Wun Lung to keep him company. No doubt they were talking in Chinese, and Wun's rare opportunities to converse in his own language were always a pleasure to him.

At Greyfriars School, even the headmaster, who was popularly supposed to know everything, did not know Chinese. And Mr. Quelch, whose attainments were immense, would have been puzzled to make out the weird symbol painted on the plane, which indicated that its

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PER PACK

name was the Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon.

France spread like a map under the plane—roads and railways a fine network when they flew low enough to make them out at all.

At other times, going higher, they might hardly have known that they were flying over the globe at all, especially when clouds were under as well as over the plane.

If Billy Bunter blinked from the windows, it was a brief and cursory blink. The plane ran so smoothly that even Bunter was not in a funk, but looking down gave him a feeling that some of his breakfasts were shifting a little in his extensive interior.

It was early in the afternoon that a glimpse of sunny blue caught the watching eyes of the juniors. They had lunched, and Billy Bunter was napping after lunch, while the Famous Five watched for the sea.

"Thalassa!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly.

And he pointed.

The blue Mediterranean, shining in the sun, rolled to the southward.

Well as they knew the powers of the plane, it struck the juniors with exciting surprise to pass over the Riviera and behold the shining Mediterranean Sea so soon after leaving Paris—left more than four hundred miles to the northward.

South-eastward, the Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon cut off a corner of the Mediterranean, and the juniors knew that they were over Italy—the dominion of the plump gentleman whom Bunter insisted upon calling the "Deuce."

They strained their eyes for a glimpse of Pisa and its celebrated Leaning Tower, without having any luck, and under the rich red sunset skimmed on down the peninsula for Rome.

Bunter woke up in time for tea.

Wun Lung rejoined the party at tea. His little yellow face, which had been bright and cheery every time they had seen it previously that day, was clouded with thought, and seemed a little troubled.

"How's Mr. O?" asked Wharton.

The juniors had not seen the old gentleman all day, and wondered a little how he took to air travel. He could not have been very used to it.

"Allee light," said Wun Lung. "He no likeee travel by plane velly muchee, but he allee light."

"Nothing up, old son?" asked Nugent.

Wun Lung hesitated a moment.

"Me talkee 'long Uncle O," he said. "Plenty talkee! Ole Uncle O velly nicee old man; plenty likee this li'll Chinese. But—"

Bob gave him a quick, searching look. He wondered whether Wun Lung, at length, had "tumbled" of his own accord to the old Chinaman's game. It was clear that there was something on the little Chinese's mind.

Wun was silent for a few moments, and then he went on:

"Me tellee you. One time ole Uncle O wantee adoptee this li'll Chinese. He velly old; no son b'long him. Chinese must have son to leavee when he go become guest on high. Chinese no havee son, adoptee son. You fellee no savvy. China not likee Eulope. Not nicee Chinese peegee out, spousee no son, plenty celemony in China, makee allee light for spilit. Foleign devils no savvy."

The juniors succeeded in not smiling.

They were aware that old Mr. O had desired to adopt Wun as a son, having no sons of his own, and supposed that

it was due to his affection for the little Chinese, and his wish to leave him his wealth.

Now they realised that the ancient one had a Chinese reason as well.

A son to perform the funeral rites and ceremonies in China was not only desirable, but essential; otherwise, it seemed, the departed spirit might, so to speak, hit a bad patch in the better land.

To the Western mind the thing was a little absurd; but every fellow's belief was entitled to respect, if sincerely held, and in Wun Lung his Greyfriars training had not in the least shaken the faith of his native land.

And if Wun Lung, a member of the Greyfriars Remove, believed in this stuff, unchanged, it was evident that an old-fashioned Chinaman like Mr. O Bo never dreamed, for an instant, of doubting the belief that had been handed down from his remote ancestors.

"So nunky's raised that question again, has he?" asked Frank. "Well, there's worse things than being adopted by a millionaire, Wun."

"No can," said Wun. "Father Wun Chung Lung, Glandfather Wun Ko, no likee. No can." His little yellow face clouded more deeply. "O Bo likee velly muchee, but no can. Me no savvy why he speakee 'long that, 'long he savvy this li'll Chinese no can."

And after tea Wun remained in the aft cabin with the Famous Five, and they guessed that he was doing so to avoid Mr. O raising that controversial topic again.

Whether Wun would have liked, or not, to be adopted by his millionaire uncle, and made the heir of an immense fortune did not count in the least—it did not even occur to the little Chinese to consult his own wishes. It was for his father to decide, subject to his grandfather; any suggestion of disregarding the parental wishes would have made Wun stare in utter amazement.

He was only perplexed and worried by Mr. O raising the subject again, when O Bo was aware that Wun's parents had decided in the negative.

The plane roared on through the falling shadows of the soft Italian night.

Bob Cherry drew Harry Wharton aside when he was sure that Wun could not hear him.

"That clears it!" he whispered.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, that's why," said Bob, with conviction. "I see light now. I've been beaten to a frazzle, as Fishy would say, but I get on to it now. Old O is a good old bean, and that man Sin isn't a bad egg, either. I knew they couldn't be crooks, or anything like it, though they've been acting like crooks. What Wun's said makes it all clear."

"But how?"

"I jolly well wondered whether there was some potty Chinese reason behind it all. Now I know what it is. I remember Wun's talked to me lots of times of Chinese manners and customs, in the study at Greyfriars. I've got it clear at last. A Chinaman simply must have a son to see to the ceremonial gadgets when he goes West. Old O's fond of Wun, and he's a blood relation, and he's fixed on him. And as he can't bag him by adoption with the consent of his parents, he's bagging him by kidnapping. Got that?"

Wharton stared blankly at his chum. "Oh crumbs!" he gasped. "You think a Chinaman would travel across half the world, and kidnap his own nephew that he's fond of, for a potty, balmy, batchy, fatheaded reason like that!"

"It's not potty, balmy, batchy, or

fatheaded to a Chinaman," answered Bob quietly. "There are modern Chinese who, I dare say, would grin at it, same as we do; but old O isn't modern; he's a hard-baked old dicked! And I tell you, I've spotted his reason, at last, for kidnapping Wun."

"Oh crumbs!" repeated Harry.

"And the fact that he's raised the subject with Wun again shows that he's thinking now of getting down to brass tacks," said Bob. "We shall be in Rome to-night, and if we don't watch out we shall be still in Rome to-morrow, when old O and Wun are hitting the East in this plane."

"I can't believe—"

"Well, watch over Wun, same as if you did," said Bob.

And Harry Wharton agreed at once to that.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Morning in Rome!

"WHILE stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand—"

"It's hot!"

"When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall—"

"It's beastly hot!"

"And when Rome falls, the world!" concluded Bob.

"Oh, shut up!"

Bob Cherry was reciting Byron; Billy Bunter was grousing. The other fellows were grinning.

There was a blaze of bright sunshine on the Eternal City. Standing within the vast circle of the Colosseum, the Greyfriars fellows were viewing that mighty relic of ancient Rome.

They had been up rather late that morning—the first morning in Rome. Now they were seeing some of the sights.

Bunter stated that it was hot. And there was no doubt that Rome, in the summer, was far from chilly. Even Hurree Jamset Ram Singh admitted that it was warm!

But, really, it couldn't be helped. Summer, in Italy, couldn't be expected to be cold—even to please Billy Bunter.

Bunter seemed to have an impression that the other fellows had made it hot, specially to annoy him. At all events, his look and tone implied as much.

He fanned his fat face with Wharton's best straw hat, and dabbed a perspiring forehead with one of Nugent's handkerchiefs. One of Bob's waistcoats felt rather tight round his extensive circumference, which added to Bunter's peevishness. And Johnny Bull's shoes were not an exact fit on Bunter. Moreover, he had got something into one of them, or else one of Hurree Singh's socks had been darned. He did not know which, but in either case, it was irritating.

"Fancy people coming to Rome, when they might go to Margate!" said Bunter. "Talk about silly asses!"

"Oh, my hat! Carry on with Byron, Bob!" said Harry Wharton.

"Don't remember any more."

"Thank goodness for that!" said Bunter. "It's bad enough without that! I say, you fellows, it's beastly hot! And the flies! I believe they bother me more than they do you fellows."

"Buntsee facee velly jammy!" said Wun Lung.

"Don't you be a cheeky heathen!" growled Bunter.

It was true that the flies seemed to like Bunter. Traces of Bunter's last meal were always to be found by an enterprising insect; and the Roman

insects seemed very enterprising on the track of jam.

"Jolly old place—what?" said Bob. "A bit wonky—but look how long it's stood. They began to build it in the year something-or-other, and it wasn't finished till I forget when; but it's umpteen years old."

"That's fearfully interesting," said Johnny Bull. "Tell us some more about the Colosseum! It's worth remembering."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob groped in his pockets for a guide-book.

"Well, I've got the dates here—" he said.

Billy Bunter's fat face brightened up. "Oh, good!" he exclaimed. "Blessed if I thought you'd have so much sense, Cherry! You've got the dates?"

"Yes," answered Bob. "Mean to say you're interested in the dates, old fat man?"

"Eh? Of course!" answered Bunter. "I like dates."

Bob stared at him. In the history class at Greyfriars Billy Bunter had never shown any love for dates. Still, if Bunter were interested in the dates of the building of the Colosseum, Bob was quite ready to give him information.

He sorted out his guide-book.

"The building of the Colosseum was commenced in the year seventy-two—" he began. "The building was continued by Vespasian, and completed under Titus and Domitian."

"Shut up!" roared Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Think I want to listen to that! Might as well be in class with Quelch!" hooted Bunter. "Chuck it—see?"

"You blithering bandersnatch, you asked me for the dates!" howled Bob.

"Well, I'm waiting for them, fat-head!"

"The date was A.D. 72—"

"Will you shut up?" yapped Bunter. "If you've got any dates hand them over, and don't jaw! I haven't had any dates here yet. The figs were good that we had at brekker—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"But if you've got some dates—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

The ancient walls of the Colosseum echoed their merriment.

Billy Bunter blinked at them wrathfully.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" he howled. "Look here, Cherry, have you got any dates or not?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently, Bunter's fat mind was running on a different kind of dates—the edible kind! He was not thinking of historical dates!

"I knew you were gammoning, you beast!" he yapped. "You haven't got any dates. Pulling a fellow's leg—"

"I was speaking of the dates when this building was put up!" yelled Bob.

"Well, you silly ass!" snorted Bunter.

"Who the dickens cares when it was put up? Rotten old place! Anybody can see that it wants repairing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, let's walk round the show!" said Frank Nugent. "We haven't come here specially to stand round listening to Bunter's chin! We can get enough of that at Greyfriars!"

"I'm not going to walk about!" said Bunter. "There's a saying that when in Rome, you should do as Rome does. Well, that's sense! The Romans sit down; they don't walk about in this fearful heat. See?"

"Well, you do as Rome does, old fat man, while we have a trot round the

Colosseum," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

And the Famous Five and Wun Lung walked on, leaving Billy Bunter to sit down and rest.

The fat junior found a shady spot, leaning back against a great mass of travertine that barred off the blaze of the sun.

Sitting there in the shade, with his fat little legs stretched out, Bunter fanned himself gently with the straw hat and felt better.

Obviously, this was better than fagging about in a hot sun, over a vast amphitheatre, staring at broken arches that had been in a state of disrepair for a thousand years or so. Bunter, at least, had no doubt about that—though really, he might have sat in the shade and fanned his fat face without making a trip to Italy for the purpose.

There were a good many tourists "doing" the ruins of the Colosseum, as well as the Greyfriars party, and every now and then Bunter heard voices and footsteps as sightseers passed near the great mass of masonry that screened him. But nobody came round it and disturbed him, so it was all right.

"Please to look in the direction pointed by my unworthy finger, and you will see the honourable young ones."

"Oh crikey!" breathed Bunter.

He knew that sleek, soft voice—and he knew the variety of the English language spoken by Dr. Sin Song.

It was the voice of Mr. O's secretary—dismissed, as the juniors supposed, from Mr. O's service. So far as the Greyfriars fellows knew, all Mr. O's Chinese household had been left behind in Paris. Bob Cherry had a strong suspicion that they were not so far away; but it had not occurred to Bunter, and he was surprised and alarmed by the voice of Dr. Sin!

"Si, signor!" came a reply. "Va bene."

"I have not the distinction of speaking the beautiful Italian language, Giuseppe."

"Scusatemi, signore! I see them!" said the other voice.

Bunter realised why Dr. Sin was speaking in English. He had no Italian; and the man to whom he was speaking, naturally, no Chinese!

"From here you see them," said Dr. Sin, little dreaming of the fat ears that heard him on the other side of the great block of travertine. "There are six—and there is also another, whom I do not see—a little fat one, with spectacles—a very fat one. But that is not of consequence: with him you have no affair. You will know these honourable young ones again, Giuseppe?"

"Certo, signore! Certainly!"

"Especially you will note the Chinese one. I have brought you here to see them. Giuseppe, so that you may know them when you behold them."

"I shall know them, signore."

"Where they go, after leaving this venerable ruin, I know not," said Dr. Sin, "but the car will pass by the Via Nuova, and you and your friends will be waiting for it, Giuseppe. Sooner or later it will pass, and you will be there. You will not fail in this, Giuseppe."

Bunter heard the Italian laugh.

"Ne sono abituato, signore!" he answered. "I am used to this. It will not be the first car I have stopped—nor the tenth, or twentieth. In the Via Nuova it will be easy."

"You will not hurt the English ones."

That is the especial command of my star-like master!"

"If they resist—"

"A few blows, perhaps, but take care to do no harm, Giuseppe. Leave them bound in a quiet place, to be released later. Only the Chinese boy you will take."

"Va bene!" said the bravo.

"Now that you have seen them, let us depart—their eyes must not fall upon me, Giuseppe."

"Andiamo, signore."

There was a sound of receding footsteps.

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Bunter.

He did not venture to blink round the masonry, lest the Chinese or the Italian should glance back and spot him.

He sat in a perspiration of funk, until the footsteps had died away.

Not till he was quite, quite sure that the two had quitted the ancient Flavian amphitheatre, did Billy Bunter heave up his weight, and, with his fat knees knocking together, set forth to find the other fellows—still viewing the Colosseum, and little dreaming that they had been followed there, and watched, by the sleek and smiling Dr. Sin.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Hold-up!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Got a move on, old fat man?"
"Let's get back!"

"Eh?"
"Deaf?" hooted Bunter. "I say let's get back! I'm going back, see? If you fellows won't come, I'm going in the car by myself. I've been half an hour finding you in this beastly place, you silly fatheads!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed in astonishment at the fat Owl.

They had been rambling cheerily among the ruins of the Colosseum, and had rather forgotten Bunter. They had intended to collect him before they left; but certainly had not expected him to come in search of them!

But here he was—in a state of great excitement. What he was excited about, they did not know. It was not yet time for lunch!

"My dear ass," said Bob Cherry, "we're going on from here to do the castle of San Angelo—"

"You're not!" hooted Bunter.

"And the jolly old Cathedral of St. Peter's—"

"I tell you—"

"And the Forum, if we can pack it in!" said Bob. "Think of standing on the very spot where Cicero spouted parliamentary eloquence, and Brutus got Julius Caesar in the ribs—"

"You silly idiot!" gasped Bunter. "If you want to be murdered by a gang of Italian brigands, I don't!"

"Bib-bub-brigands!" gasped Bob. "My dear fathead, there aren't any brigands in Italy these days! Wash 'em out!"

"Well, perhaps they're not brigands, but they're after us!" gasped Bunter. "They're going to stop the car and collar Wun, and knock us about if we try to stop them. Let's get back to the villa at once!"

"Been to sleep?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Eh? No."

"Do you dream while you're awake?"

"Beast! I tell you I heard them—"

that villain, Sin Song and an Italian he called Juicy—"

"Juicy!" gasped Nugent. "Is that an Italian name?"

"Well, it sounded like Juicy!"

"Giuseppe!" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, that's it! I heard them—"

"Look here! Go to sleep and dream again, while we finish up!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Hold on," said Bob quietly. "Bunter's mentioned that man Sin—"

"Sin's in Paris," said Johnny. "Old O left all the Chinese behind—and Sin was sacked, anyhow—"

"Never mind that! Get on with it, Bunter."

"If you want to listen to Bunter's rot—"

"Well, I do!" said Bob Cherry. "Go it, Bunter!"

Johnny Bull snorted. But the juniors listened to what Bunter had to tell them.

They grew more serious as they listened.

Bunter, for once, was not long-winded—he gabbled it out breathlessly. He was in a tremendous hurry to get back to the safety of the Villa Lucia—the villa in the suburbs of Rome, where the party were staying during their halt in the Eternal City.

"They never saw me behind that chunk of stone," he gasped. "It was Sin—I knew his voice. He was pointing you out to an Italian named Juicy, so that he'd know you when he saw you in the car. A gang of them are going to stop the car, and bag Wun, and tie us all up somewhere. I tell you I heard every word of it."

The juniors exchanged dubious looks.

But Bob Cherry was not dubious. He was already convinced that Dr. Sin was not far away. And he had no doubt that Sin Song would hire bravos in Rome, as he had hired Apaches in Paris.

"What do you think, Wun?" asked Nugent.

"Tinkee bettee go back 'long Uncle O!" said Wun. "Me goey 'lone! No wantee spoil holiday fol you fellee—"

"You won't go alone, you young ass!" said Bob hastily.

"Allee light, when me 'long Uncle O!" said Wun.

"We all stick together—that's understood!" said Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows, do buck up!" urged Bunter. "They're going to watch for the car in some street—a via's a street, ain't it?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, the sooner we're out of the streets, the better, then!" said Bunter. "Look here, come on! I mayn't be able to find the car if you fellows don't come! Will you get a move on?"

"Come on!" said Harry.

Johnny Bull grunted. He rather thought that, with kidnappers running in his fat mind, Billy Bunter might have gone to sleep and dreamed it all.

However, he went with his friends. If it was true that Sin Song was in Rome, and that he had a bunch of bravos in his pay, watching for them, it was clear that sightseeing was a perilous occupation for the Chinese junior. The sooner he was safe again within the walls of the Villa Lucia, the better.

The juniors left the Colosseum, and walked back to the spot where they had left the car which had brought them into the city from the suburban villa.

They kept their eyes well about them as they went—especially Bunter, whose

little round eyes popped incessantly behind his big spectacles.

Every dark Italian face was alarming to Bunter—and in Rome, naturally, most of the faces were dark and Italian. Even the plump gentleman whom Bunter called the "Deuce," would have been alarming to him just then.

It was a large, handsome car, with a polite Italian chauffeur, that had been placed at the service of the Greyfriars party. It was waiting where they had left it, and Bunter rolled promptly in. The other fellows followed him, and they started.

As they passed through a busy "via" some distance from the Colosseum, Bob Cherry called to the chauffeur to stop.

There was a protesting squeak from Bunter.

"Look here! What are we stopping for?" he demanded.

"I'm going into that shop——"

"Rot!" hooted Bunter. "If I can wait for grub till we get in, you can——"

Bob chuckled, and stepped from the car.

He was not, as Bunter inevitably supposed, stopping for refreshments on the way. He crossed the pavement, and disappeared into an establishment where umbrellas and walking-sticks were displayed for sale.

He came back in a few minutes with a bundle of sticks under his arm, and stopped back into the car.

The chauffeur drove on.

Bob quietly sorted out the sticks. He had evidently selected them with special care. They were short, thick, and shod with iron at the end.

There were six of them, and the Famous Five and Wun Lung took one each.

Billy Bunter blinked at them.

"That's a good idea," he agreed. "But why didn't you get me one, you ass? If it comes to scrapping, I expect I shall have to do most of it. Still, I've got a pretty good pair of fists."

Whereat the other fellows chortled.

The car ran on, through thronged, sunny streets, Bunter's eyes popping behind his spectacles in incessant uneasiness.

If, indeed, it came to scrapping, it was probable that the fat Owl would forget his fists and remember his legs.

The other fellows were quite ready, if they ran into a gang of Roman hooligans, to handle the sticks with promptness and vigour—and they did not doubt that they would give a good account of themselves. Still, they hoped that it would not come to that.

Billy Bunter breathed more freely when the noisy city was left behind, and the car ran swiftly and smoothly by a country road.

The glare of the sun was still oppressive, and flies had clung to Bunter even in the swiftly moving car. But there were shady woods ahead—Mr. O's villa being at a considerable distance from the city. And Bunter was relieved by the happy thought that Giuseppe and his gang were now left behind in Rome.

"Thank goodness we're out of that, you fellows!" said the fat Owl. "Not that I'm afraid of a lot of Italians, of course. Still, I'm glad to get out of their beastly vias. Lucky for you fellows I know Italian! If I hadn't known what a via was——"

"It's rot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Even if Bunter didn't dream it, they'd never dare to bother us in crowded streets——"

"Perhaps you know better than I do," jeered Bunter. "I heard what that Chink said, and you didn't. He said plainly that they were to watch

for the car in a via. I remember the name of the street, only—only I forget it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"It was something like—let's see. I've heard the word before," said Bunter. "That shopman in the Piazza di Spagna this morning used it—when I was asking about something. It means new——"

Harry Wharton started.

"Nuova!" he exclaimed.

"That's it," said Bunter. "Via Nuova. That means New Street. Thank goodness we're out of the streets now!"

The Famous Five gazed at Bunter.

"You chuckle-headed, chirping clump!" said Johnny Bull. "We're in the Via Nuova now."

"Eh?"

"The Villa Lucia stands on the Via Nuova!" yelled Johnny. "We're going along the Via Nuova this blessed minute!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter. "Via means a street. Think I don't know Italian? This is a country road."

"You footling fathead, all the roads out of Rome are called vias, as well as the streets in Rome."

"Rot!" said Bunter.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob, with a deep breath. "That burbling owl—if he'd had sense enough to tell us that at the start——"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

The car ran on under the shady branches of tall trees, where the country road ran through a wood.

Harry Wharton called to the chauffeur.

"Hold on! Stop! I mean, fermate."

The driver slowed, and halted, looking round questioningly.

The car was within half a mile of the gates of the Villa Lucia, and for half that distance the shady wood extended.

The juniors understood now. It was by the Via Nuova, though Bunter was happily unaware of it, that the party had to return to the villa. That was why Dr. Sin had instructed Giuseppe & Co. to watch for the juniors there. Sooner or later the car had to pass through the Via Nuova to get home, and the gang of bravos could not miss it. And on a lonely country road deeds could be done that could hardly be risked in the city. Billy Bunter's wonderful knowledge of Italian had landed the party, in fact, exactly where the enemy wanted them.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, fathead! Better turn here and cut," said Harry Wharton. "We can get a dozen miles round by another road, and get to the villa from the other side. We——"

"I tell you it's all right!" yapped Bunter. "That Chink said distinctly a via, and we've left all the vias behind——"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"We can look after ourselves," said Harry. "But better steer clear of trouble, if we can."

Bob Cherry set his lips.

"Too late!" he said curtly.

There was a stirring in the trees by the roadside, and four dusky-faced men in black felt hats rushed into the road.

One of them waved a long knife within an inch of the chauffeur's nose, sputtering Italian, and the chauffeur promptly quitted his wheel and stepped down.

Another, a tall, swaggering fellow

with a black moustache, threw open the door of the car.

"Permettetemi, signori!" he said, with sarcastic politeness. "Please to get down! Prestissimo, se vi piace."

— — —

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

The Fight!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. descended from the car. Their faces were set and grim.

Instead of avoiding the hold-up, as they had hoped, they had run right into the ambush.

But they owed something, at least, to Bunter's warning, and to Bob Cherry's precaution.

Unarmed, they would have been at the mercy of the bravos; though certainly they would not have allowed Wun Lung to be taken, so long as they could have used their fists. Now the iron-tipped sticks were gripped in their hands—effective weapons in a determined grip, and the Greyfriars fellows were determined enough.

Billy Bunter did not get out. He sat blinking at the tall, moustached rascal, his eyes bulging through his spectacles. He had not seen the man in the Colosseum, but he remembered his voice.

"Oooooogh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, that's juicy! Oh lor! I—I say—Oh crikey!"

"Please to get down, signore!" rapped Giuseppe.

"Oh, yes; all, right! Oh crikey!"

Bunter rolled out of the car.

He leaned on it, his fat knees knocking together. Certainly buying a cudgel for Bunter would have been a sheer waste of cash. It would probably have dropped from his fat hand, had it been there.

But the Famous Five were made of sterner stuff.

They had got out of the car, but not, as Giuseppe supposed, to give in. Nothing was farther than that from their thoughts.

Giuseppe's black eyes glinted at Wun Lung.

"Beppo!" he called.

One of the other ruffians came forward. At a sign from Giuseppe he reached out, to grasp the little Chinese's arm, and lead him away into the wood.

Wun Lung backed away, his slanting eyes glinting.

The juniors glanced at the chauffeur. He was standing by the roadside, watched by the man with the knife. They had no help to expect from him. But they were prepared to help themselves.

"Will you tell us what you want with us?" asked Harry Wharton, very quietly.

Giuseppe grinned.

"Si, signore. I want the Chinese signorino—he comes with me. Have no fear; you shall not be hurt, if you do not resist. But you must all walk into the wood with me. Andiamo."

It was clear that the bravos anticipated little or no trouble with the party of schoolboys. They had a surprise coming.

Beppo, at another sign from Giuseppe, stepped after Wun Lung, and caught at his shoulder.

Wun's right hand went up like lightning, with the iron-shod stick in it. Before Beppo knew what was coming, a crashing blow was struck, the iron tip of the stick landing on his head, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,543.

with a crash that smashed in the felt hat, and nearly smashed in the head under it.

Beppo gave one gasping cry and fell on his face in the dust, stunned.

"Good man!" roared Bob. "Go for them!"

And at the word the juniors rushed, slashing with the iron-tipped sticks.

There was a fierce yell from Giuseppe as he received a terrific slash across his dusky face, and went reeling back.

The man at his side snatched out a knife; but it was knocked from his hand, and two of the sticks crashed at the same time on his head, stretching him senseless by the side of Beppo.

Giuseppe, spitting out curses in Italian, backed away, and the man who was watching the chauffeur ran to join him.

Both the rascals had knives in their hands now; and, in their rage, were evidently more than ready to use them.

But the advantage was with the Greyfriars party.

Two of the bravos lay stunned—and the Famous Five attacked the other two hotly, forcing them back farther and farther.

"Give them beans!" panted Johnny Bull.

"Go for them!"

"Cospetto!" yelled Giuseppe, his dusky face blazing with fury, as heavy blows crashed on him.

He caught the lashing cudgels on his left arm, yelling with pain as he did so, and closed in on the juniors, slashing savagely and recklessly with his knife.

Wun's stick whirled round, catching him on the knee, and he stumbled.

Before he could recover, Bob Cherry's stick came crashing on the back of his head, and he fell forward.

Wharton and Nugent struck together, as he fell, and either blow would have stunned him.

Giuseppe rolled senseless into the dust.

The last of the gang was jumping back—and as the whole party turned their attention to him, he jumped back faster and faster. He spat out Italian curses as he jumped—and suddenly he turned, and raced away into the shady depths of the wood. Evidently, he had had enough.

"Our win!" said Johnny Bull.

"The winfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton glanced at the three senseless figures in the road.

They did not stir. Blood was running down dusky faces from under black hair. They had been hit hard, with all the strength that the juniors could put into the blows, and they were badly damaged. Nobody had any pity to waste on them, however.

"Shove them out of the way, and let's get on!" said Harry.

The bravos were rolled to the road-

side. The staring chauffeur got back to the driving-seat.

"Get in, Bunter, you fat ass!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"Buck up, fatty!" said Bob. "All safe—safe as houses—you can chuck playing castanets with your jolly old teeth."

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

He clambered back into the car.

Wun Lung and the Famous Five followed him in, and the car drove on.

"Prestissimo!" Wharton rapped to the chauffeur; but he did not need telling to go fast; he fairly flew.

In a whirl of dust, the car arrived at the Villa Lucia; turned in at the gates, rushed up the drive, and stopped before the white-walled, balconied villa—where, on a balcony shaded by palms in tubs, a figure in Chinese garb stood, and a face like old yellow ivory looked down.

Wun waved a hand to his Uncle O Bo, as he stepped from the car. For

whether Bob was right, and whether, if Dr. Sin's scheme with the Italian bravos had succeeded, Wun would have disappeared in the plane with O Bo, leaving them stranded in Rome. In any case, they could do nothing but carry on—and stick to the little Chinese.

Wun Lung was in the fore cabin with O Bo. Wharton, Nugent, Hurree Singh, and Johnny Bull looked from the windows of the aft cabin, at the great City sinking away from them, and the Tiber winding like a silver ribbon.

Billy Bunter, whose breakfast had been interrupted before he had eaten more than enough for six, was indemnifying himself by travelling steadily through a bag of cakes. The cakes were sticky, and Bunter, sticky, too, was growing rapidly stickier.

Bob Cherry had gone up the passage to the other cabin, to give Wun a "squint" before he settled down with his friends.

They looked round, as he came back and joined them. They looked at him hard. Even Billy Bunter could see something in his face, and slowed down, for a moment, on the sticky cakes.

"What's up?" asked Harry Wharton, quietly.

Bob's ruddy face was a little pale.

"Our game, I'm afraid!" he answered, in a low voice. "Goodness knows what's coming now."

"But what—"

"We came here with the French Aviation Company's crew," said Bob, in the same tone. "They've been left in Rome! This plane's manned by Chinks now. I fancied something was up, and I've spotted it now! I suppose it was all fixed up, before we got to Rome—but—we couldn't have stopped it, if we'd known! Sin Song and Li Y. are both on the plane—"

"Bob!"

"I've seen them both."

"Oh!"

"And some more of them!" Bob drew a deep breath, and glanced from the window. "We're up now—hitting East! With a crew of Chinks! Old O's fed up with trying to get shut of us—and he's coming out into the open at last. I don't know what Wun Lung thinks—but I fancy he will guess, now! Anyhow, it will soon be pretty clear! We've got to see him through, somehow—but—but—"

Bob broke off. And, in deep silence, the juniors looked at one another, as the Very Old Benevolent Pigeon cleaved the blue skies of Italy—hitting East!

THE END.

(Don't miss the final yarn in this exciting holiday series, chums. It's entitled: "THE GREYFRIARS CRUSOES!" and is, undoubtedly, one of Frank Richards' best stories.)

ENJOYED THIS WEEK'S
YARN, CHUM? GOOD!
NOW READ:

"HARRY WHARTON
& CO.'S DAY OUT!"

By Frank Richards

This tip-top yarn, dealing
with the early adventures of
the Greyfriars Chums, appears
in the

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a long moment, Mr. O stood staring—and then he disappeared from the balcony. And Bob Cherry, at least, could guess with what feelings Mr. O had beheld the safe return of Wun Lung with his English friends!

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Up Again!

"UP!" said Harry.

The Very Old and Benevolent Pigeon rose like a bird. It was the following day.

Wun Lung had told his friends that Mr. O had decided—in view of the danger he had encountered in Rome—to continue the air-trip without delay.

Whether that was Mr. O's real reason or not, it was "all aboard" in the morning!

Harry Wharton & Co. wondered

FOOTBALL OUTFITS			
 Strong Cotton Jerseys, any Colour or Design 15/- Write for Free List. DOZEN.	 Cowhide Footballs, complete with Bladder, worth 10/6 5/6 12 panels, wax thread sewn. EACH.	 White or Navy Twill, Elastic Waist, Men's or Boys' 10/6 Dozens only DOZEN.	

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60 Different FREE, including Horseman, Selangor, PERAK, Scarce Airmail, PHILIPPINE Islands, Bohemia, 50 different, Pictorial, Trinidad, ANZAC (Genotaph), Postage 2d.; request approvals.—**ROBINSON BROS. (A), MORETON, WIRRAL**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARKSMAN!

A Spanking Fine St. Sam's Yarn
By DICKY NUGENT

"Something must be done!" "Here, here!" "If we don't soon find out the eyedentity of the mysterious marksman who is firing his catterpult at us fellows in the quad every evening," said Mr. Lickham, "I shall begin to get really desprit!"

"Same hear!" corussed Messrs. Justiss and Swishingham, who were roaming in the gloaming with the master of the Fourth round the old quad of St. Sam's.

"Dash it all! A man can't vouch out at this time of the evening without an even chance of getting biffed on the boko," said Mr. Justiss, in his pompous way. "It's the giddy limmit!"

"We must think of a wheeze whereby we can cop the culprit," said Mr. Swishingham. "Does anything strike you, Lickham?"

"Plop!" "Yaroooooo!" roared Mr. Lickham; and he jumped fully a foot in the air with his hands clasped to his nose.

His colleagues stopped dead, their faces drawn and haggard with fear.

"The marksman again! The mysterious marksman!" cried Mr. Justiss, horsely. Then he, too, jumped and yelled, as a second missile hit him on the chin.

"Yow-ow!" "This is getting too bad!" gasped Mr. Swishingham. "I can't help being struck—woooooop!"

Mr. Swishingham spoke trooly. He couldn't help being struck by a pellet from the mysterious marksman's catterpult! It struck him on the ear, and it made him fairly howl!

The three masters glared furiously round the dusky quad. Their glares became still more furious when they saw that nobody was in site.

This catterpult bizziness was really becoming a bit thick—and the beaks' patience was wearing thin!

Nite after nite this outrage was being repeated in the quad. No

sooner did a master appear than he drew on himself the unwelcome attentions of the mysterious marksman. The St. Sam's masters were beginning to feel thoroughly fed up with it!

"The beestly yung cadd must be hidden somewhere—ow-ow!" yelled Mr. Lickham, as more missiles hit him.

"We must find him and—yaroooooo!" roared Mr. Justiss, as the mysterious marksman's ammunition started rattling down on his mortar-board like boolits from a machine-gun.

"Wait till I get him!" cried Mr. Swishingham. "I'll scrag him and rag him and—oo-woo!"

The yelling trio were stung into activity at last. They made a rush for the Skool House. Someone in that hysterical building was responsible for all this; and the thought that their unknown assailant was chuckling at them from behind the curtains of one of the winders made them almost historical.

With a clatter of hob-nailed boots, the masters sprinted up the steps of the Skool House—determined to find who the mysterious marksman was. They galloped across the hall and charged up the stairs three at a time. They raced across the landing and turned into the passidge that led towards the Junior Common-room.

Unforehunitly, they omitted to notice that the door of the Head's study opened just before they reached it.

That little oversite was just as unforchunit for Doctor Birchmell as it was for them. The Head met them head on, and there was a collision that could be heard in every part of the House.

Bang! Crash! Wallop! "Yaroooooo!" "Woooooop!" "Ow-ow-ow!"

The three beaks sat up, moaning and groaning in corus. They looked awfully sheepish when they saw whom they had nocked down.

"Sorry, sir!" they gasped.

"Bless my sole! I should think you would be, too!" snorted Doctor Birchmell. "What do you think you're doing of?"

"Please, sir, we're looking for the mysterious marksman," explained Mr. Lickham. "We want to find out who he is. We're thirsting for his blud!"

Doctor Birchmell started slitley. He stroaked his beard gravely, as he scrambled to his feet.

"You mean to say you have been attacked again, Lickham?"

"Yes, sir, I have; so have Justiss and Swishingham. We've

had to face a regular bombardment. And we're going to find out who did it!"

A pekuliar eggsspression flitted across Doctor Birchmell's face. He eyed Mr. Lickham intently from under his beetling brows.

"I hoap you'll find the dis-respecttive raskal, whoever he is, Lickham!" he said. "Have you any suspishons?"

"None at all at the moment, sir, but—"

"Then follow me!" cried the Head. "I have a way of my own of solving misteries like this. I'll soon find the guilty party for you!"

There was a strange, kryptic smile playing about Doctor Birchmell's lips as he led the way down the passidge. Without the slightest hesitation he walked to the Junior Common-room and flung open the door.

The first fellow he saw in the Common-room was Jack Jolly, the kaptein of the Fourth. Doctor Birchmell pounced on Jolly like a cat pouncing on a mouse. He seazed the startled yungster by the scruff of the neck and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"Gotcher!" he cried, triumphantly. "You're the boy who has been firing pellets into the quad from a catterpult! Confess!"

"Shan't! Ow-ow! Leggo!" yelled Jolly, as the Head started twisting his arm. "I didn't do it!"

"You did!" said the Head grimly. "Own up!"

"Never! Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" Doctor Birchmell redoubled his efforts; but, try as he would, he could not wring a confession from Jolly's lips.

At last he gave it up as a bad job and pounced on another junior. This time, however, instead of selecting a fellow of Jolly's spirit, he found a more likely customer in the shape of Tubby Barrell.

The fat junior fairly bellowed with pane when the Head started twisting his arm and tweaking his nose at the same time.

"Ow-ow-ow! Lemme alone! I'm innersent!"

"You're not!" wrapped out the Head. "You know very well,

Barrell, that you have been staid at a winder every evening taking pot shots at the masters with your catterpult! Own up—or I'll put you through it properly."

"Woooooop! It wasn't me! Yaroooooo!"

"If you own up now I will let you off lightly, Barrell," said Doctor Birchmell, twisting away for all he was worth. "On the other hand, if you keep on with your futile denials, I shall feel compelled to birch you black and blue!"

The choice is yours! Own up!" "Grooooo! Shan't! All right then—I will!" shrieked Tubby, as the Head gave another twist.

"I'm the one who did it!" "Ah! He admits it!" cried Doctor Birchmell. "You hear that, gentlemen? Barrell confesses that he is the guilty party!"

The trio of masters rubbed their chins. Somehow they didn't seem to be quite convinced.

"Ahem! Is Barrell's word to be trusted, sir?" asked Mr. Lickham. "He didn't admit it till you twisted his arm—so he may only be pulling your leg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence!" roared the Head. "Barrell is the guilty party. Of that there can be no shaddo of doubt. But for the fakt that he owned up so soon, I should have eggspelled him from the skool and birched him black and blue in the bargain. As it is, I have decided to let him off lightly. Barrell!"

"Ow! Yes, sir!" "Take ten thousand lines and report to me for a wacking every morning after breakfast for a week! That, gentlemen, is the way I deal with your misterious marksman!" grinned Doctor Birchmell, as he stalked away.

II.

There was quite a sensashun at St. Sam's when the fellows heard of the fate of Tubby Barrell.

Most fellows felt a pang of simperthy for Tubby. Nobody beleaved for a moment that he fat and fatheaded Tubby had really been doing stunts with a catterpult, and it seemed a bit thick that the Head had selected him for the role of the culprit. But Doctor Birchmell's word was law at St. Sam's, and the general opinion was that Tubby would have to grin and bear it.

Jack Jolly & Co. of the Fourth, however, were not of that opinion. They were not afraid to stand up to the Head; and they did not intend to take it lying down.

"It's an insult to the Fourth, and we won't put up with it!" declared Jack Jolly. "Let's matter be 'Hands Off Tubby!'"

The heroes of the Fourth then put their heads together and tied to think out a wheeze that would

save Tubby from Doctor Birchmell's cruel sentence.

There was only one thing to do—to catch the real culprit red-handed. Jack Jolly & Co. made up their minds to do it.

The result was seen on the following evening, when the entire Fourth took up points of vantage round the quad to watch for the misterious marksman. Some hid in trees, some concealed themselves in shrubs, and some stood at winders overlooking the quad.

For a time nothing happened. Then suddenly two masters appeared for their evening constitutional—Monsure Froggay, the French master, and Hair Guggenheimer, the German master.

They had hardly descended the Skool House steps before they received the usual fusillade! Two yells of pane rang out across the quad.

And then, a cupple of jiffies later, there was another yell from the direction of the winders.

Monsure Froggay looked up. Hair Guggenheimer looked up. A duzzen hidden Fourth Formers looked up. In fakt, the only people who didn't look up were the fellows who were perched in the trees. They looked down instead.

The site that met their gaze made the onlookers fairly rub their eyes. Leaning out of a top-floor winder holding one end of a length of rope were Jack Jolly and Frank Fearless. Below them, caught up in the noose at the other end of their rope, was someone who held a tell-tale catterpult in his hand.

"Ze marksman misterieux!" shrieked Monsure Froggay. "Mong dew! Zey lasso him viz zemselves, isn't it?"

"Der misterious margsman!" yelled Hair Guggenheimer. "Mein gott! They lasso him mid themselves, don't it?"

Then came another yell—this time from the Fourth.

"Look who it is! IT'S THE HEAD!"

The speektators could hardly beleve their own eyes at first. But it was too enuff! The lassoed kaptive was none other than Doctor Alfred Birchmell himself!

The Head of St. Sam's looked fearfully annoyed, as he struggled to free himself. But he was not half so annoyed as the masters who soon began to arrive on the seen.

"Then it was you all the time, sir!" shouted Mr. Lickham, who was soon standing in front of the crowd under the Head's winder. "You pretended that it was yung Barrell and sentenced him to a merciless punishment—and now you are eggpossed as the guilty party yourself! For shame, sir!"

"BOOOOOOO!" came in an angry corus from the crowd.

Doctor Birchmell wriggled and

writhed furiously in his efforts to slip out of the noose that kept him at the winder. But he wriggled and writhed in vain.

"Sorry and all that!" he gasped. "Of corse, I should have owned up in the end whether you found me out or not."

"Oh, crums! Would you really?" "Honner bright!" said the Head, despritly. "It was only a little joak, gentlemen—honest injun! So I hoap you'll stretch a point over this catterpult bizney!"

"Sorry, sir—but it can't be done!" said Mr. Lickham firmly. "You never intended to own up to using the catterpult, I know—your code of honner is too elastick for that."

THE END.



"Here, here!" "And if you think you're going to get off scot free just because you're headmaster, you're mistaken!" went on Mr. Lickham.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson, sir—by turning you into an Aunt Sally for the boys to shy things at. And if you care to report me to the Guvvornors afterwards, you can jolly well do so! Fire away, boys!"

Needless to say, the boys needed no second bidding. In an amazingly short space of time a regular barrage of stale fruit and vegetables and other missiles was being directed at Doctor Birchmell.

By the time they had finished, the old fogey's head looked a proper picture, and the quad fairly echoed to the larfter of the crowd as the Head was finally allowed to withdraw.

So that was how the Fourth secured justiss for Tubby Barrell after all. And, as the matter was never reported to the Guvvornors, they concludod that they must have taught quite a useful lesson to the Misterious Marksman!

(Watch out for another amusing yarn of St. Sam's next week.)

MISS WHARTON & CO.? WHAT ROT!

Says CECIL R. TEMPLE

A St. Jim's chappie I met at the First Eleven match the other day said he supposed we should all be missing Wharton and his pals a lot.

I took the opportunity of putting the lad wise. I now take the opportunity of correcting any misapprehensions there may be amongst "Greyfriars Herald" readers!

The fact is, it's utter rot to imagine that everybody at Greyfriars is wearing sackcloth and ashes because several cheeky fags are away on holidays. We in the Upper Fourth are certainly doing nothing of the kind. We do NOT miss Wharton & Co.—or, alternatively, as a legal johnny might put it—if we do miss 'em, it's a jolly good miss!

Don't run away with the idea that I bear the kids any animosity. I don't.

At the same time, there's no denying the fact that those Remove kids are not the type to inspire enthusiasm amongst gentlemen like myself and my friends in the Upper Fourth.

Their manners are simply ghastly. They chuck turfs at a fellow's topper, pin "KICK ME" cards on a fellow's back, call a fellow a "swanky ass"

and what not from across the other side of the street in Courtfield. And all sorts of other things!

Worst of all, they have the dashed nerve to usurp the functions of the Upper Fourth—the top Form in the Lower School—by passing off their wretched team at footer and cricket as the representative Junior Eleven! The amazing thing about it is that the bluff succeeds. Quite a lot of other schools look on Wharton as the uncrowned king of the Lower School here.

Taking it all round, Wharton and his pals are kids who badly need putting in their places. If someone manages to do the trick while they're away, I will be jolly glad.

In the meantime, it's sheer piffle to imagine that we Upper Fourth fellows miss the scruffy young rascals!

HOW TO MAKE A CHICKEN RUN!

Horace Coker tells us he proposes to give a lecture on the above subject. Presumably the lecture will be supplemented by a practical demonstration in Friardale lane with the usual local poultry-keepers supplying the chickens and Coker, as usual, supplying the motor-bike.

DANCING IS NOT EFFEMINATE

Says Our Special Investigator

On our Acting Editor's express instructions, I've just been to George Bulstrode's Dancing Academy to find out whether dancing is effeminate.

You can take it from me right away that it's NOT! In fact, it's very much the reverse. From what I saw of it, you have to be a mixture of Tommy Farr and Houdini to stand up to the strain of it!

PRIZES FOR GOALS!

G. Bulstrode invites sportsmen to roll up to Little Side at 5.30 p.m. Monday evening, when he will give a display of goalkeeping against all-comers. Pot shots from the penalty spot and a free doughnut every time you score! Don't miss it!

OUR TIP TO PROUT!

Mr. Prout requires a room in which he can entertain at one single lecture all Greyfriars chaps interested in "The Rockies as I Saw Them."

We suggest the cloak-room near the gym. It can easily accommodate an audience of not more than two!

Dancing effeminate? My hat, no! Not after seeing Bulstrode's boys doing their stuff!

It's a he-man's game from start to finish—and no others need apply!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DICK RAKE (Remove): "I'm sure I shall win the kite-flying championship, and yet I'm awfully nervous."

Keep smiling, old sport. If your kite can fly highest, there's no need to get the wind up!

"SECOND-FORMER."—"New boys usually grouse about the Skool House stares."

Yes, and when they take tea in Hall, they always grumble at the "doorsteps."

SMITH MINOR (Remove).—"Bolsover's a bully, and I don't like chaps of his stamp."

We imagine you could easily "lick" him!

"GORMANDISER" (Third).—"Give me short pastry—not that light and airy stuff Mrs. Mimble uses for her jam-tarts."

Exactly! Puff pastry be blowed!

"Sorry, sir!" they gasped.

"Bless my sole! I should think you would be, too!" snorted Doctor Birchmell.

"What do you think you're doing of?"

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