

THE
MAGNET

JOIN THE HAPPY BAND OF "MAGNETITES" TO-DAY!

ORDER
FORM
INSIDE.

The TUCK-HOARDER!

By
FRANK RICHARDS



The
MAGNET

Billy Bunter's
Own Paper

2^D



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 369. EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON. November 4th, 1939

STOP
PRESS
NEWS

RING UP THE CURTAIN! BY THE EDITOR

The winter season has started, and with it, amateur theatricals. That ass Wibley only lives for the start of a new season of plays. He plans them all the summer, casts them, cuts them, improves them, and generally spreads himself all over them. For he is the Actor-Producer-in-Chief of our Amateur Dramatic Society.

Each season we try to give one classic play and one of Wibley's home-made efforts. This year we are doing "Hamlet." I needn't tell you which part Wibley is playing.

I have been graciously permitted to play the part of the King of Denmark—though all my best speeches are cut. Nugent is my blushing Queen, and the gentle Ophelia has been cut out altogether—there are no half-measures about Wibley. We hear of her from other characters, but she doesn't appear.

Skinner appears, however—as the Ghost. This is a good chance for Skinner to play the giddy goat with radium paint and rattling bones. At our first rehearsal, he turned up draped in a sheet with a Guy Fawkes mask fixed on it. Wibley had to be carried home in a critical condition.

Most of you will remember that "Hamlet" ends with a perfect shoal of dead bodies all over the stage. Shakespeare liked to slaughter most of his characters when he had done with 'em. With his idiotic gift for practical joking, Wibley has written a skit on this little dodge. It made us chortle when he read it, so I am printing it in this issue to give you a laugh.

I certainly think it's a good job Greyfriars doesn't carry on in the "Hamlet" style, don't you?

HARRY WHARTON.

Skinner Gives Some HINTS TO ACTORS!

The first thing an actor must realise is that whatever he says and whatever he does will be wrong. Let him work as hard as he likes. Let him think up any kind of trick to improve his part. It doesn't matter. The producer will squash him. Especially when the producer is an ass like Wibley.

Nothing is ever right for Wibley. Let me give you some examples. Last season we did "Julius Caesar," and I was given the part of Cassius. I studied that part and worked hard.

Only those who have watched me rehearsing know how desperately hard I work. (We certainly do!—Ed.) Everything I could do to muck up—I mean, to assist—the rehearsal, I conscientiously did.

For instance, the play shows that Cassius is much more strong-minded than the other assassins, so when they stabbed Caesar with knives, I used a fork. But Wibley wouldn't have it. In fact, he foamed at the mouth and made me use a bread-knife. So just to show how Cassius meant business, when I entered the Capitol, I took a razor-strop from my pocket and proceeded to strop my knife on it—ready for Caesar.

What do you think Wibley did? He turfed me out of the part altogether and made me a "citizen"—just one of the crowd who listens to Mark Antony's speech. However, I was ready to do my best—even with this measly little part, so on the night of the play, I went on to the stage wearing a pair of false ears. And when Antony said: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," I took mine off and gave them to him.

Wibley couldn't get at me while I was on the stage, but when I came off he chased me all over the school for hours, screaming with fury. I tell you, it's absolutely no good trying to please the producer.

I am doing my best with the Ghost in "Hamlet," but I know it's useless. I even went to the trouble of making myself a false head out of a hollow turnip, and putting a couple of green-shaded electric torches into the eye-sockets. I cut out a grinning set of teeth, like a skeleton's, and when I had fixed this thing on a pole and covered it up with a sheet, it looked so awful that I nearly fainted from terror. But Wibley merely booted it out of the window, and me down the stairs. What's the use of trying?

The only hint I can give the young actor is this: Put a large house-brick into an old stocking, take it with you to the first rehearsal, and belt the producer over the head with it. After that, you may be able to act!

HERE'S A RIDDLE.

Why is Wibley always unhappy? Because he can't "make up" his mind.



Penfold's Parodies CASABIATOR!

The boy stood on the empty stage
Whence all but he had gone,
The audience waited for an age
To hear the play go on.

But from that pale and trembling
lad
No single sound was heard;
Although he'd learnt his part, he
had
Forgotten every word!

His knees knocked as he shook with
fright,
His hair rose on his scalp,
His wild eyes turned from left to
right
In mute appeal for help.

With perspiration on his brow,
He racked his
wretched brain.
'Twas empty as a
rule, and now
He found it so
again!

Until at last the audi-
ence grew
A little tired of
this;
A ripe tomato whist-
led through
The air—and did
not miss!

Then came a shower
of brussels
sprouts,

A burst of thunder sound
As catcalls, hisses, groans, and
shouts
Reverberated round!

Then came some prehistoric eggs
To help him find his speech,
Instead of that, he found his legs,
And soon was out of reach.

And now they will not let him act,
No more may he rehearse;
He spends his time, in point of
fact,
In writing silly verse!

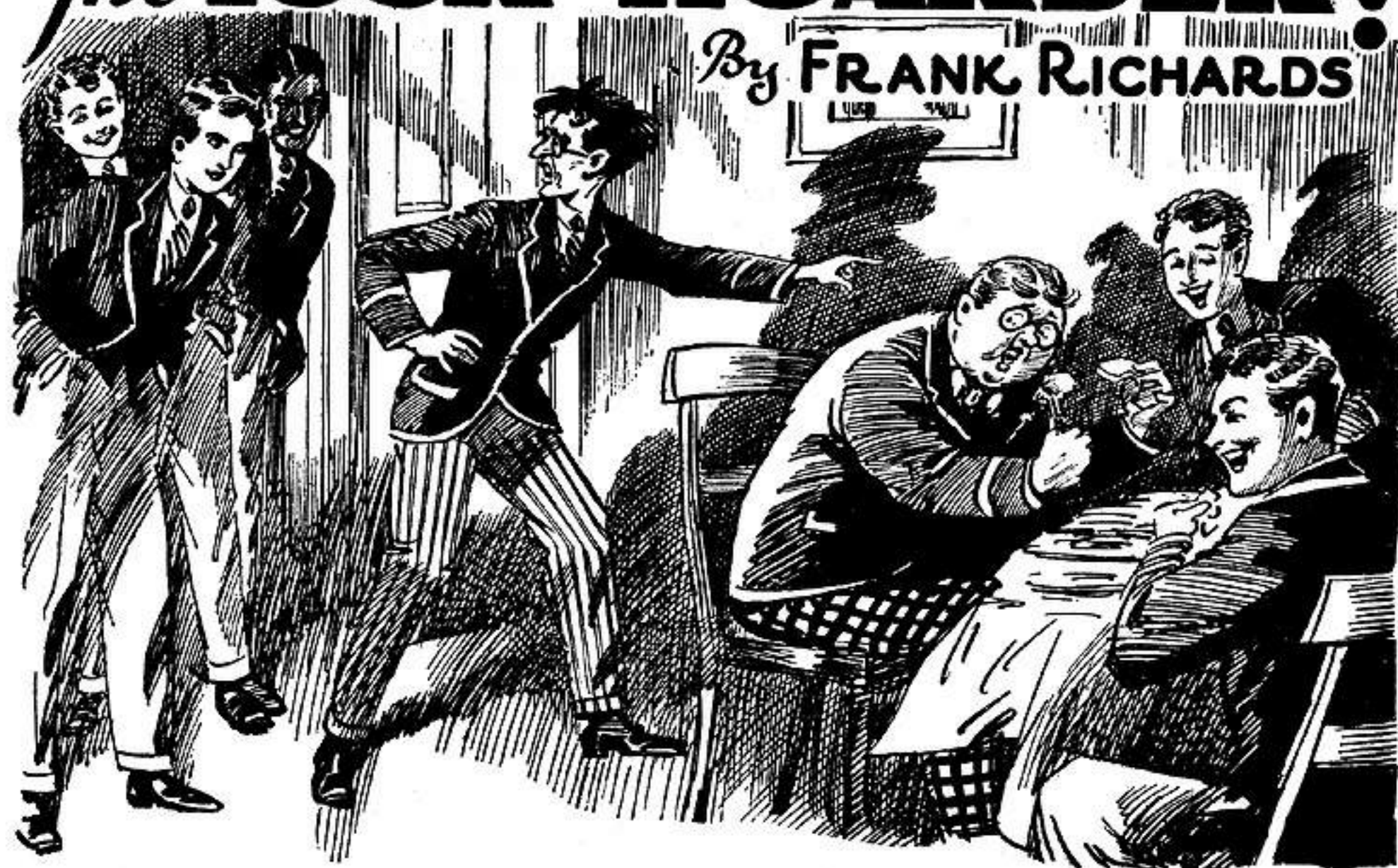
Bob Cherry's THEATRE NOTES!

An important new production is "Hecuba," by the Sixth Form Stage Society, which will take place next Speech Day. This is by a promising young playwright named Euripides, who should achieve great
(Continued on page 27.)

SELF FIRST AND LAST! THAT'S THE MOTTO OF FISHER T. FISH, THE BUSINESS MAN OF THE GREYFRIARS REMOVE. BUT THE AMERICAN JUNIOR GETS LEFT THIS WEEK!

The TUCK-HOARDER!

By **FRANK RICHARDS**



BRICK FOR BUNTER!

"GRUB!"
"What do you think?"
"But—"

"My dear chap," said Bob Cherry, "you can't be too careful in war-time! If it goes on for twenty years or so, we shall be jolly glad of a tinful of jam tarts—if we can get them!"

Billy Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove barely suppressed a gasp as he heard that!

Billy Bunter, at the moment, was outside Study No. 1 in the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co. were inside that study.

The door was half-open.

Voices from the study, though in low tones, reached the fat ears of William George Bunter quite clearly.

Through the crack of the door he could see the five juniors in the study.

He could see a biscuit-tin standing on the study table. Bob Cherry was jamming the lid on it. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh stood round looking on.

That biscuit-tin recently had been empty.

Billy Bunter had wondered why Bob had borrowed an empty biscuit-tin from Peter Todd, in Study No. 7. Bunter, as usual, wanted to know! He was acquiring information by his usual method! He had tiptoed along to Study No. 1 after the Famous Five had gone along to that celebrated apartment, and now his fat ears were drinking it all in.

"Jest look! Give it the once-over!" howled Fisher T. Fish.
"There's more'n a quid spent on that tuck. And it's come out of my fiver!"

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter.

Of one thing Billy Bunter was happily unaware. The Owl of the Remove was short-sighted, and he did not note that his fat person at the doorway was reflected in the study looking-glass!

All the fellows in the study were aware of it. But they did not reveal their knowledge to the fat Owl. They were apparently in complete ignorance of the fact that Bunter was in the offing.

"Not a bad idea!" said Frank Nugent. "But—"

"Think of a tinful of jam tarts, if grub runs short!" said Bob. "Rather a catch—what?"

"The catchfulness would be terrific!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But—" said Harry Wharton.

"You can't call it hoarding—a dozen jam tarts!" said Bob.

"I don't think anybody would call

that tinful hoarding!" said Johnny Bull, with a nod. "But you'd better park it somewhere safe! If Bunter got his specs on it—"

"Not a word to Bunter, for goodness' sake!"

Billy Bunter, outside the door, grinned! So far from not a word reaching him, every word uttered in the study was audible to the fat Owl.

"Stick it somewhere safe!" said Nugent.

"I'll shove it under that cushion in the armchair," said Bob. "Nobody would think of looking for a biscuit-tin there, I fancy."

Billy Bunter's grin widened from one fat ear to the other. There was one fellow at least who would think of looking for it there—and that was W. G. Bunter—as soon as ever those fellows had gone down from the study.

Through the crack of the door, the fat Owl watched Bob Cherry arrange the cushion in the armchair over the biscuit-tin.

Then he backed away towards the Remove landing. He did not want the Famous Five to spot him near the door when they came out of the study.

A minute later, they came out.

The fat Owl blinked at them through his big spectacles as they

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

**Sparkling New Long Yarn
of HARRY WHARTON &
CO., the Cheery Chums of
GREYFRIARS.**

came along to the landing in a cheery crowd.

"Hollo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here's Bunter! Race you down the staircase, old fat man!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter.

Races down the staircase did not appeal to the fat Owl of the Remove at any time. And he did not intend to leave that spot. He waited for the Famous Five to leave it.

They went down the stairs with smiling faces.

As soon as their heads had disappeared below, Billy Bunter got into motion. He rolled into the Remove passage, heading for Study No. 1.

If those fellows fancied they were going to hoard jam tarts they had, in Bunter's opinion, another guess coming! Those jam tarts were not going to be parked in the biscuit-tin for the duration. They were going to be parked in William George Bunter—and they were going to be parked quick!

Billy Bunter reached the door of Study No. 1.

As he did so, Fisher T. Fish came up the passage from the stairs.

Fishy glanced at Bunter with his sharp eyes as he came along with his jerky steps.

The fat Owl took out his handkerchief, dropped it, and proceeded to pick it up while Fishy passed him. He did not want any Remove man to see him going into Study No. 1—in case those tarts were inquired for afterwards.

Fisher T. Fish paused in his jerky stride.

"Say, bo!" he ejaculated. "Have they run out of soap?"

"Soap?" repeated Bunter. "Not that I know of."

Bunter was not interested in soap! A shortage of soap would never have caused him any distress.

"Aw!" said Fishy. "I figured that they had—looking at your hanky, old-timer."

And Fishy jerked on, grinning, to his study—Study No. 14 in the Remove.

"Beast!" hooted Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish disappeared.

Billy Bunter picked up the grubby handkerchief—which certainly looked as if there were a shortage of soap somewhere—and put it back into his pocket.

Then, the coast being clear, he rolled into Study No. 1 and shut the door.

Grinning, the fat junior shot across to the armchair. It was the work of a moment to remove the cushion and lift the biscuit-tin to the table.

That tin was unexpectedly heavy. Bunter was rather surprised by the weight. Even if it was packed to capacity with jam tarts it was rather surprising that it weighed so much.

But that curious circumstance was accounted for when the fat Owl removed the lid and blinked into the tin, prepared to grab jam tarts.

It was not a closely packed array of jam tarts that met his view. That biscuit-tin did not contain jam tarts. It did not contain anything that even Billy Bunter could eat. An ostrich had nothing on Bunter when it came

to eating, but even an ostrich would have jibbed at a brick, and so did Bunter.

And that was what the tin contained—a brick, and nothing more!

Billy Bunter gazed at that brick.

He was utterly amazed by the sight of it. He had heard every word uttered in that study by the chums of the Remove; and from what those beasts had said, what was Bunter to conclude, except that that biscuit-tin contained a dozen jam tarts?

But it didn't. It did not contain a single jam tart—not the ghost of one! It contained a brick—a common or garden brick—merely that, and nothing more! And the fat Owl, with his capacious mouth watering for jam tarts, gazed at it with feelings almost too deep for words.

"Beasts!" he hissed.

It dawned on Bunter—slowly! Those unspeakable beasts had known that he was there! They had pulled his podgy leg! Now, no doubt, they were laughing over that little jest on Bunter—knowing perfectly well that he would root out that biscuit-tin and what he would find in it!

"Rotters!" hissed Bunter.

"Swabs!"

His fat face was red with wrath. He had dreamed of jam tarts—a dozen luscious jam tarts! Now he had to wake up!

In breathless fury Billy Bunter grabbed the tin and the brick and hurled them across the study.

Crash!

Smash!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He had not aimed at the window; he had just hurled the tin and the brick away, regardless where they went. The crash and smash of breaking glass followed. The tin and the brick dropped inside the window amid a shower of broken glass—and another shower of the same flew outside.

Billy Bunter blinked at the havoc he had wrought. Then he rolled rapidly from the study.

Broken windows had to be paid for—and Billy Bunter was rather anxious that nobody should discover who had broken that window. He rolled from the study—and, like the river in the poem, he rolled rapidly!

— FIERCE FOR FISHY !

FISHER T. FISH gave an angry snort.

He was seated at his table, in Study No. 14, when there was a tramp of footsteps in the passage, and a buzz of cheery voices.

Fishy was going to be interrupted.

He had, at the moment, that study to himself. He had had it to himself for the last half-hour. But as he shared that study with Johnny Bull and Squiff of the Remove, he really could not expect to keep it to himself for ever.

Fisher T. Fish had not noticed that it was tea-time.

His occupation was so absorbing that he forgot all about tea-time and tea!

Fisher T. Fish was counting his

money, and making entries in a little book—his account book. The business man of Greyfriars was not keen in class, and he was slack at games; but in that department Fishy was very keen and industrious—he never failed to keep his accounts in exact order, and he could tell, to the last sixpence, the total amount he had spent since he had come to Greyfriars School. It was true that it was not a large amount.

On the table in front of Fishy were little heaps of cash.

There was a little heap of half-crowns, another of shillings, and another of florins, and several of six-pences, and whole stacks of pennies. There were several ten-shilling notes in a little heap.

Altogether it was quite a handsome sum—no less than five pounds! It was not all Fishy's, except in a business sense. Fisher T. Fish, who prided himself on his rare gifts as a business man, did quite a thriving trade, lending small sums at interest among fellows temporarily hard-up. That was how so much wealth came into Fishy's possession.

Happily occupied in counting his money, Fishy naturally was not pleased to hear a noisy party of schoolboys arriving at the study. It interrupted the occupation that made Fishy feel that life, with all its trials, was really worth living.

He snorted angrily as the study door was banged open, and no fewer than six Remove fellows tramped in.

Johnny Bull and Squiff, who belonged to the study, were accompanied by Wharton, Nugent, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Singh. Evidently the whole party had come in to tea—much to the annoyance of Fisher T. Fish.

"Aw, wake snakes!" grunted Fishy, as the juniors crowded in. "Say, what do you guys want here?"

"Tea!" answered Johnny Bull. "Clear that table, Fishy!"

"I guess—"

"Hollo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, staring at the collection of wealth on the study table. "Come into a fortune, Fishy?"

"Whose is it?" asked Harry Wharton.

"The whosefulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Aw, can it!" grunted Fisher T. Fish. "Can't a guy count his dust? Look here, you galoots, go and tea in some other study! You guys generally tea in No. 1. Well, go and tea there now!"

"It's my party this time!" explained Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, the junior from New South Wales—who was called Squiff, in the Remove, because life was short. "I want that table!"

"You can want!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess a guy can use his own table in his own study."

"Quite!" agreed Squiff. "I'm going to use it. Clear that rubbish off!"

"Rubbish!" repeated Fisher T. Fish, as if he could hardly believe his long ears.

To Fishy money was the beginning and end of all things; to hear it

described as rubbish beat him to a frazzle!

"Yes; and buck up!"

"Look hyer—"

"Like me to help you?" asked Squiff, taking hold of the end of the table as if to tip it up.

Fisher T. Fish breathed hard through his long thin nose.

"Can it, you geek!" he snapped.

And he began to gather up his wealth. There was a rattling and a clinking as all sorts and sizes of coins streamed into his pockets.

"Say, any of you guys got a five-pound note?" he asked. "I guess I got five pounds in all this change, and I'd sure like to have it more handy!"

There was a chuckle in the study. Five-pound notes were not as common as blackberries in the Greyfriars Remove. Fellows like Lord Mauleverer and Herbert Vernon-Smith had fivers and even tenners—but few other fellows had!

"Cough up your fivers, you men!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Better ask Smithy!" said Frank Nugent. "Smithy could do it for you. Better still, shove the lot into the hospital box downstairs, Fishy."

Fishy blinked at him.

"Mad?" he asked. "Plumb loco?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea of giving anything away did not appeal to Fisher T. Fish. The suggestion of giving away five pounds seemed to him nothing short of stark, staring, raving lunacy.

"Better not let Quelch see all that cash, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton dryly. "He might want to know where you got it. I believe Quelch has his eye on you, too!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Fishy, you sweep, have you been money-lending again among the fags?"

"Same old game!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"You got into a row for that last term, Fishy!" said Frank Nugent. "You may get a spot of the birch next time!"

"Aw, pack it up!" grunted Fisher T. Fish.

Why the other fellows were down on his money-lending transactions Fisher Tarleton Fish never could understand.

It was business—and if it was business, it was O.K. The only explanation was that those boneheaded guys had not had the advantage of being raised in Noo Yark, like Fisher T. Fish.

He grabbed and grabbed at the little piles of cash, rattling them into his pockets. The silver disappeared, and he started on the coppers.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and sportsmen," said Bob Cherry, "this is where Fishy gets a lesson he's wanted for a long time. Pelt him!"

"Eh? What with?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Coppers!"

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry grabbed a handful of pennies from the table. Johnny Bull grabbed another.

There was a roar of wrath from Fisher T. Fish.

"Aw! Let up, you guys!" he

roared. "I guess they're my spondulics! If you lose any of them spondulics, I guess I'll—Yarooop!"

Squiff, grinning, grasped Fishy by his bony neck, and spun him out of the study doorway.

As he staggered into the passage a shower of pennies flew after him.

Clink, clink, clink, clink!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it!"

All the juniors in the study grabbed up pennies. All of them hurled the pennies after Fisher T. Fish.

The business man of the Remove staggered in the passage under a perfect hurricane of pennies that showered and clinked round him.

"Aw! Will you can it?" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "I'm telling you. You'll sure lose some of them pennies! Aw, wake snakes and walk chalks! I guess this is the bee's knee! I'm telling you, this is sure fierce!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll say this is the rhinoceros' side-whiskers!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The last handful of pennies flew, scattering and clattering round Fisher T. Fish.

The business man of the Remove stood spluttering in the midst of his scattered wealth.

Then the door of Study No. 14 slammed on him, and the chuckling juniors sat down to tea in the study.

Fisher T. Fish had no time for tea. Fisher T. Fish was on his hands and knees in the Remove passage, rooting after pennies.

He rooted and rooted, and scrambled and scrambled, but not for a whole hour was he satisfied that he had gathered up the total.

By that time Fisher T. Fish was crimson and breathless and tired, and had an ache in his bony knees—and his only consolation was that he had at long last gathered up the very last penny.

It was a most unpleasant experience for the business man of the Remove—indeed it was, as he guessed, calculated and reckoned, sure fierce!

BOB CHERRY'S LITTLE JOKE!

"WHAT'S that here for, Johnny?" asked Bob Cherry.

He nodded towards a large suitcase that stood in the corner of Study No. 14.

It was rather an uncommon article to be kept in a junior study, where there was not usually a lot of space to spare.

Johnny Bull grunted.

"It's Fishy's!" he answered.

"But what the dickens does he keep it in the study for?" asked Nugent. "What has he got parked in it?"

Another grunt from Johnny.

"His valuables, whatever they are!" he answered. "He keeps that suitcase packed ready in case of air-raids! Blessed if I know what he's

got that's so jolly valuable—but that's what he says!"

"And what's that here for?" went on Bob, with another nod towards a huge heap of newspapers that lay on the box-seat in the window alcove of the study.

Johnny gave a third grunt.

"Fishy's collecting newspapers! There's more about than there used to be, though there ain't so much of them! Fishy guesses that wastepaper is going to rise in price."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Good old business man!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I fancy that if there was a raid, Fishy wouldn't think about his suitcase, or his collection of wastepaper, either! Last time there was an alarm he headed for the vaults so quick you couldn't see his heels!"

"And I never noticed that he was carrying a suitcase, or a bundle of wastepaper!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry's blue eyes glimmered as he rose from the tea-table. He stepped to the suitcase in the corner and lifted it.

"By gum! It's jolly heavy!" he remarked. "Fishy never brought the family plate with him from New York, did he?"

"Blessed if I know what's in it!" said Squiff. "Fishy always keeps it locked, and I've never seen it open since he's kept it in the study! But he says it's his valuables."

"Too jolly heavy for Fishy to carry far, even if he remembered it when there was an alarm—which he wouldn't do!" said Bob. "Still, if it's valuable, it ought to be kept safe! What about putting it in a safe place for him?"

"Eh?"

"Under those newspapers, for instance!" said Bob. "It will amuse Fishy to look for it when he comes back to the study! Perhaps he'll think that the enemy have invaded us, and got away with his jolly old suitcase!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll shove it there, and then his jolly old treasures will be all together, in case of trouble!" said Bob.

"Good egg!" grinned Squiff.

He lifted the huge pile of newspapers to one side, and Bob Cherry swung the heavy suitcase across to the window, and landed it with a bang on the box-seat.

There was a clattering sound from inside as it landed—apparently there was a considerable number of loose articles within.

The juniors could not help feeling rather curious about what valuable articles Fishy could possibly possess, of which he was taking such unusual care. Certainly the business man in the Remove often bought things, at a give-away price, from hard-up fellows—but such articles were not fearfully valuable.

They would never have thought, however, of looking into the suitcase, had it been possible—they did not share Billy Bunter's inquisitiveness. But it would not have been possible,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

anyhow; for both the locks on the suitcase were safely locked; and the key, no doubt, was in Fishy's pocket.

Over and round the suitcase, as it lay on the box-seat, Bob Cherry arranged the newspapers, completely concealing the suitcase from view.

This made the wastepaper pile considerably larger than before; which, no doubt, Fisher T. Fish would notice, in the course of time. But until he noticed that little circumstance, he was likely to wonder what had become of his suitcase—though he was hardly likely to fancy, as Bob suggested, that the enemy had snaffled it!

Having arranged that little jest on Fishy, the tea-party left the study.

By that time Fisher T. Fish had finished his copper-collection in the passage, and was gone.

The juniors sighted him again, however, as they went down the passage—he was standing at the door of Study No. 4, speaking to Smithy within.

"Say, bo, you got a fiver?"

"Two or three!" answered the voice of the Bounder, from within, in careless tones.

"I guess one will fill the bill!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Say, I got five pounds in change, and I'll mention that I'd like a fiver for it."

"Whose is it?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Aw, don't you be a funny guy!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "Say, will you let me have a fiver for this here small change, or not?"

"Not!" answered the Bounder.

"Aw! Go and chop chips, then!" snapped Fisher T. Fish.

"You could get it from the school shop, Fishy!" called out Tom Redwing's voice from the study. Redwing was always good-natured.

"I guess I know that without you telling me, big boy!" grunted Fisher T. Fish, and he turned away from Study No. 4.

Harry Wharton & Co. smiled. They could guess that the business man of the Remove did not want to draw attention to his collection of wealth by asking for it to be changed into a fiver at the school shop.

Fishy's business operations, cute and spry and O.K. as they were in Fishy's own eyes, had to be kept very dark! He was aware that Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had a sharp and suspicious eye on him. Last term Fisher T. Fish had had six of the very best for such transactions—and he was not at all anxious to bend over in Quelch's study again.

Fisher T. Fish glanced round at the juniors in the passage.

"Seen Mauly, you guys?" he asked. "I guess I've looked in his study! Know where the guy has mizzled to?"

"Mauly!" answered Bob. "I saw old Mauly in the Form-room."

"Aw! What'd the guy be doing in the Form-room after class?" yapped Fisher T. Fish. "Say, you sure you saw him in the Form-room?"

"Quite!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1.655.

"What was he doing in there, then?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Aw, nuts!" grunted Fisher T. Fish, and he jerked away down the passage for the stairs, evidently to go to the Remove Form Room in search of Lord Mauleverer.

Mauly had fivers, as well as Smithy; and there was no doubt that his good-natured lordship would oblige Fishy, if Fishy found him.

Bob Cherry's friends looked at him, as Fishy walked away.

"What the dickens do you mean, Bob?" asked Nugent. "Mauly can't be in the Form-room—it's nearly always locked after class."

"Who said he was in the Form-room?" asked Bob.

"Eh? You said you saw him there!"

"So I did! Didn't I mention that it was during class this afternoon that I saw him there?" asked Bob. "Dear me, I must have forgotten to mention that!"

"Oh, you ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went down the stairs, laughing.

Fishy, in the circumstances, was not likely to find Lord Mauleverer in the Form-room!

Ten minutes later, in the quad, Fisher T. Fish came jerking up to the Famous Five.

"Say, you goob, Mauly ain't in the Form-room!" he exclaimed. "I guess I want that guy! Can't you put a guy wise where he might be?"

"Yes, rather!" answered Bob. "In the Head's study."

"In the Head's study!" repeated Fisher T. Fish. He stared at Bob Cherry, in doubt. "Look here, you pulling a guy's leg?"

"Not at all!"

"You sure the guy's in the Head's study?" asked Fisher T. Fish suspiciously.

"Not at all!" answered Bob blankly. "You asked me where he might be! He might be in the Head's study—"

"What?"

"Or anywhere else—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aw, nuts!" snorted Fisher T. Fish, and he jerked away again, in search of Lord Mauleverer, leaving the Famous Five laughing.

BLACK-OUT IN STUDY No. 1!

"THOSE fags!" growled Coker of the Fifth.

He pointed to a high window. His friends, Potter and Greene, glanced up.

There was a gleam from that window.

"Tain't black-out time yet!" remarked Potter.

"It soon will be!" said Coker, frowning. "And if there's any enemy planes about—"

"Leave it to the prefects!" suggested Greene.

Coker snorted.

"I've told you, more than once, what I think of the Sixth Form

prefects," he grunted. "Do you want me to tell you all over again?"

"No fear!" answered Potter and Greene together, promptly.

Coker stared up, with a frowning brow, at that window.

It was not yet the hour for blacking-out—but Coker was not satisfied. At black-out time, it was the rule for the prefects to prowl round the school buildings and make assurance doubly sure that no lights were showing.

Sixth Form prefects, as responsible persons, performed this duty. There was no need for any other person to take it on.

Coker of the Fifth, nevertheless, did!

Coker did not think much of the Sixth—a set of goats, in Coker's opinion. Coker preferred to satisfy himself that all was well! That was Coker all over! If there was one thing that Horace James Coker of the Fifth Form never could do it was minding his own business.

This had caused Coker trouble already. One evening he had left his light on, full glare, omitting to close his dark curtain before going along the Fifth Form studies to make sure that the other fellows were playing up to A.R.P. rules!

Coker had had five hundred lines for this—much to his indignation. His Form-master, Prout, had told him that he would be whopped if it happened again! That was the sort of thing Coker had to expect when he generously undertook to attend to other fellows' business for them! It was a hard and ungrateful world.

Now, in the falling dusk, Coker was prowling again, and the gleam of light from a window in the Remove roused his wrath.

It was not a big gleam, but it could be seen—every now and then! It came, in fact, from a broken window in Study No. 1 in the Remove.

A pane was gone from that window. A dark curtain covered the window, according to rule! But the high winds of late autumn blew from the sea, howling round the ancient roofs and chimney-pots of Greyfriars School, rattling windows and rustling time-worn ivy.

Every now and then, the strong wind, dashing at that window, shifted the curtain within, penetrating by the missing pane.

This caused an occasional gleam to shine out into the dusk, catching the wrathful eye of the prowling Coker.

He stared up at it, with knitted brow. Dusk was falling; but it was not yet lock-up—and it was not yet black-out! Prefects would soon be on the prowl! There was absolutely no need for Coker himself to worry, or anybody else. But if Coker could not mind his own business in peace-time, still less could he mind it in war-time!

Coker was one of the many persons who fancy that in war-time it is everybody's business to rush about giving somebody orders! Coker liked giving orders.

Indeed, in one alarm that had occurred, Coker of the Fifth had shouted orders and directions right and left—till Wingate of the Sixth



"Aw, wake snakes!" grunted Fisher T. Fish, as a crowd of juniors burst into the study. "Say, what do you guys want here?" "Come into a fortune, Fishy?" asked Bob Cherry.

booted him on the trousers as a gentle hint that he was not in command.

"Well, this won't do!" said Coker, staring wrathfully at that glimmer from Study No. 1. "If those fags want to be bombed, I don't! Not that I'm afraid! If I had my way, I'd light up every house in the country like a theatre! But you have to toe the line in war-time—and those fags are going to toe the line, see?"

"But—" "And I'm going to see that they do!" said Coker.

And Coker marched off to the House to see that they did, leaving Potter and Greene shrugging their shoulders.

Coker tramped up the stairs, and made his way to the Remove passage.

He kicked open the door of Study No. 1 and looked in—or, rather, glared in.

He found Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent in their study. They had discovered the broken window; and now they were regarding the billowing blind and considering what was to be done about it. With at least twenty minutes to go before black-out, there was no hurry. And they were not in need of advice or assistance from Coker of the Fifth.

"You pair of young idiots!" was Coker's cheery greeting.

The two juniors looked round at him.

"What's biting you, fathead?" inquired Wharton politely.

"Look here—" "What have you got your gas-mask on for?" asked Nugent.

Coker stared at him.

"What do you mean, you young ass?" he demanded. "I haven't got my gas-mask on!"

"You haven't!" exclaimed Nugent. "No, you blithering little idiot! Can't you see I haven't?"

"Oh! My mistake! It's your features!" explained Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker breathed hard. This was the sort of cheek he got from the juniors when he was doing the prefects' duty for them.

"I've come here about that window!" said Coker, repressing his wrath with difficulty. "This won't do! It will be black-out soon, and if you fags fancy you can kick against A.R.P. rules, you've got another guess coming! There's going to be a black-out here, and it's got to be done at once—and if you snigger while I'm speaking to you," added Coker, "I'll jolly well bang your cheeky heads together to begin with!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've warned you!" roared Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That was enough for Coker of the Fifth—too much, in fact! He rushed at the two juniors in Study No. 1 to grab them and bang their cheeky heads together.

He grabbed them! But they grabbed him at the same time!

Coker did not bang their cheeky heads together! He waltzed round the study with them, in a wild and whirling tussle.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a roar from the passage.

Bob Cherry rushed in. After him rushed Johnny Bull and the Nabob of Bhanipur.

They grabbed Coker at once.

Coker had no chance of getting on with A.R.P. Coker went down on the study carpet, on his back, and the Famous Five stood or sat on him, keeping him there! Coker—as was not uncommon—had bitten off more than he could masticate!

He roared and spluttered under the five.

"What's the row?" asked Bob, as he sat on Coker's waistcoat. "What has jolly old Horace barged in for this time?"

"Trouble!" answered Harry Wharton, laughing. "Plenty ready for him!"

"Will you gerroff!" roared Coker. "I tell you I'm going to see to the black-out in this study, and I'm going to do it now!"

"Oh! Is that it?" asked Bob. "Has Coker come here for a black-out?"

"That's it!"

"All right! We'll get on with it!" said Bob.

"We don't want any help from that Fifth Form fathead, you ass!"

"No; but Coker wants some help from us! He's come here for a black-out—why shouldn't he have what he wants? Hand me that bottle of ink!"

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton reached the bottle of ink from the study table, and handed it to Bob Cherry.

Coker glared up at it in enraged apprehension.

"If you spill that ink over me—" he roared. "If you—Gurrrrrgh!" The ink was spilling.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

As Coker's mouth was wide open to roar, some of it naturally went into his mouth! That could not be helped.

"Urrrrrrggh!" gurgled Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker of the Fifth shut his mouth. It was a thing he seldom did; but he did not want any more ink inside! Outside it was bad enough.

The contents of the inkbottle streamed over Coker's rugged features.

Bob annexed Coker's handkerchief to rub the ink in! In a minute or less, Horace Coker was as black as the darkest native of Central Africa.

"That all right, Coker?" asked Bob, while his comrades shrieked with merriment.

"Gurrgh!"

"If you're not satisfied with this black-out, you've only got to say so. I can get some more when this has all gone!"

"Gurrgh!"

"Does that mean yes or no?"

"Yurrrgh!"

"Are you speaking German or Esperanto?"

"Groooogh!"

"Well, we mustn't waste ink in war-time," said Bob. "I think that will do, though I can't get any sense out of Coker. Roll him out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, spluttering, was rolled out. He was rolled along as far as the Remove landing, and the juniors, laughing, walked together back to Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Listen—that's Quelch!"

From the Remove landing came a sharp barking voice, that of Mr. Quelch, the Remove master.

"Coker! Is that Coker? Why is your face blacked in that ridiculous manner, Coker? What foolish prank is this? If I were your Form-master I should cane you for this absurd folly! Go and wash yourself at once! Do you hear? Go and wash yourself immediately, Coker!"

Mr. Quelch, with a snort, came rustling up the Remove passage.

The juniors in Study No. 1 suppressed their merriment as their Form-master passed the doorway and went on up the passage.

CUTE!

FISHER T. FISH smiled—a genial smile!

Sitting in the box-seat by the side of the stack of newspapers, Fishy held in his hand a crisp five-pound note.

Lord Mauleverer had been found, and he had obliged—and Fishy's varied assortment of small cash had been exchanged for that crisp fiver—which was a great relief to Fishy, who preferred to have his wealth in a handy and portable form in such uncertain times.

Moreover, there was something very agreeable about a fiver—its crisp rustle in Fishy's bony fingers was music to Fishy's ears.

Fisher T. Fish was now regarding the fiver with pleased, indeed gloat-

ing, eyes, and considering exactly where he should park it for safety.

Smithy and Lord Mauleverer had fivers in their notecases like currency notes; but Fishy, who seldom had a fiver, was not going to run the slightest risk of losing this one.

A guy might have his pocket picked! He might lose his notecase in some rush and scramble in an air-raid! Moreover, Fishy wanted to keep that fiver very dark!

If Quelch got wind of it, for instance, it meant trouble. Quelch knew the exact amount of Fishy's allowance—which was small. If he learned that Fishy had five pounds in a lump, he would want to know about it!

It would be, in fact, as good as proof of what Quelch already suspected—that Fishy was still carrying on his money-lending business among the fags, for which he had been whopped last term.

Fishy decided at last that he would cut a slit in the lining of his waistcoat and sew the fiver up therein.

There it would be absolutely safe, and the fact that it would be rather difficult to get at did not matter, as Fishy had not the slightest idea of ever spending it.

Fisher T. Fish was thinking this out, when there was a heavy tread outside the study door. A sharp knock, and the door opened.

Fishy had just time to put his hand behind him, with the banknote in it, as Mr. Quelch rustled into the study.

He rose to his feet in dismay—his hand still behind him. He blinked at Quelch.

It was unusual for the Remove master to butt into a Remove study. Fishy had not had the slightest expectation of such a visit. He wondered, with a sinking heart, whether Quelch had spotted anything. That foreboding was well founded, as he soon learned.

"Fish!" rapped Mr. Quelch, his gimlet eyes fixed sternly on the business man of the Remove.

"Yep!" gasped Fishy.

"I am here to take you to your headmaster!"

"Oh shucks!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, in alarm. "What'll the Head want to see me for, sir? I ain't done a thing!"

"That," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "is a matter into which Dr. Locke intends to inquire! Last term, Fish, you were punished for having lent money among the other boys at interest! Have you repeated this offence?"

"Nope!" gasped Fishy.

That answer was not veracious. But really, Fisher T. Fish guessed that he couldn't be expected to ask for a whopping. If the beaks cinched him, it could not be helped; but Fishy guessed and calculated that he was not going to help them get the goods on him.

"I trust," said Mr. Quelch, "that that is the truth, Fish! But there has been considerable talk among some of the boys which has reached the ears of the prefects—"

"I—I—I guess—"

"A prefect has reported the matter to your headmaster. It is his intention to question you, Fish. You will now come with me!"

Fisher T. Fish stood as if rooted.

The banknote—the consolidated profits of his money-lending game—was in his bony fingers behind his back.

He dared make no attempt to slip it into a pocket under Mr. Quelch's keen eyes. Neither, if he could have done so, would he have dared to take it with him to the Head's study—in dread that it might be brought to light there.

Never had the business man of the Remove been in so terrible a fix—such a quandary, as he would have called it.

But in this extremity Fishy's spry wits worked quickly. He was standing with his back to the stack of newspapers on the box-seat. His bony hand holding the banknote almost touched the top of that stack.

With wonderful presence of mind, considering the harrowing circumstances, Fisher T. Fish thrust the banknote behind him into the top newspaper on the stack.

Then he stepped briskly forward. The banknote was safe—hidden in the top newspaper. It would remain safe there till Fishy came back to the study.

"I guess I'm ready to see the Head, sir!" he said. "I'm ready to come to Dr. Locke's study!"

"Very well, Fish!" Mr. Quelch's glance turned on the stack of newspapers on the box-seat, and Fishy's heart sank almost to his boots. But the Remove master's next words reassured him. "What is all this? Why are all these newspapers here, Fish?"

"Oh! Heaps of the fellows are buying newspapers these days, sir!" explained Fisher T. Fish. "I guessed I'd collect them, sir, as they say waste paper will be wanted. I guess you told us in Form, sir, not to waste anything while the war is on."

"That is very true!" assented Mr. Quelch. "Certainly nothing should be wasted!"

"Yep, sir!"

"What is your intention to do with that collection of waste paper, Fish?"

"I'm sure going to sell it, sir, when I get enough! I guess I'd like to have something to put in the hospital box, sir!" said Fisher T. Fish artlessly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "Very good, Fish—very good indeed! You may now go to the Head's study, Fish!"

Mr. Quelch stood aside for the business man of the Remove to pass him and leave the study.

Fisher T. Fish did so without hesitation.

He knew quite well what this meant—that if he had anything in his pockets in connection with his suspected money-lending, he was not to be given a chance of leaving it in his study.

Quelch was going to see that he did not!

But as Fishy had already, without

Quelch's knowledge, got rid of that banknote, he did not mind.

He walked quite briskly out of the study.

Mr. Quelch followed him, and followed him down the Remove passage.

As Fisher T. Fish passed the open doorway of Study No. 1 at the other end of the passage, Harry Wharton's voice came to his ears:

"We shall have to do something about that dashed window!"

Fisher T. Fish was not in the least interested in black-out difficulties, in Wharton's study. He walked on to the Remove landing and went down the stairs.

But Mr. Quelch, catching the words, paused.

Quelch was very particular about black-outs, as was his duty, and if any boys in his Form were in a difficulty, the Remove master was ready to assist.

He stopped and looked into the study, while Fisher T. Fish disappeared ahead.

"Wharton!"

"Oh! Yes, sir?"

"Have you some difficulty with your study window?"

"Oh! Just a little, sir!" said Wharton. "A pane has been broken—it seems to have got broken somehow while we were out this afternoon—"

"That should certainly not have occurred!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "But if you did not break it—"

"We found it broken when we came in, sir!" said Nugent meekly.

The other members of the Co. stood silent.

They did not intend to mention Bunter and the brick.

Having found that brick lying under the broken window, Harry Wharton had no doubt who was responsible. But it was not necessary to mention what he knew to Quelch.

Mr. Quelch stepped into the study and glanced at the dark blind, billowing under the wind from the broken pane.

"Something must certainly be done," he said. "It will be black-out in a few minutes now, and no light must be shown. Keep the door shut, so that the blind will not blow out, till I return."

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch stepped out of the study and shut the door to stop the draught. Then he hurried up the passage again to Study No. 14.

In that study, he picked up a newspaper from the top of the stack in the box-seat, and hurried back to Study No. 1 with it.

He opened the door of Wharton's study with one hand and entered, the newspaper in the other.

The juniors looked at him and at the newspaper in his hand.

"Have you any tacks?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"I've some in my tool-box, sir," answered Bob Cherry.

"Very good! Tack this newspaper up over the broken pane. It will keep the wind out until a man can come from Courtfield to repair the

window. I am afraid there will be considerable delay in these times—but there must be no risk of light showing during the black-out."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch left the study again and went down the stairs.

He found Fisher T. Fish in the Head's study—already going through that unpleasant interview.

Up in the Remove, Bob Cherry fetched hammer and tacks, and that newspaper was duly tacked on the wood surrounding the open space left by the broken pane in the window of Study No. 1.

That there was a five-pound note parked inside the pages of that newspaper, Harry Wharton & Co. naturally did not suspect for a moment—any more than Mr. Quelch had when he picked it up from the top of the stack in Fishy's study.

Once that newspaper was safely tacked on the window the wind ceased to blow in and shift the blind.

Even Coker of the Fifth would have been satisfied, had he now viewed that study window from the quad—though Coker, just then, was too busy with hot water and soap to bother about black-outs other than the one on his own rugged features.

Fisher T. Fish, as he went through the interview with his headmaster, had reason to be glad that that fiver was not on his person. But he little guessed, reckoned, or calculated where it now was! Fishy had been cute, but, as was not uncommonly the case with the spry business man of the Remove, he had been a little too cute!

A SPOT OF BOTHER!

"OH!" ejaculated Billy

Bunter.

He blinked at Fisher T. Fish.

Bunter was in Study No. 14.

That study, when Bunter entered it, was vacant—Johnny Bull was in Study No. 1 with his friends. Squiff was downstairs in the Rag, and Fisher T. Fish was with the Head.

But the fat Owl of the Remove had been hardly a minute in the study when there was a quick, jerky footstep outside, and Fisher T. Fish hurtled in.

Fishy came back to his study in a cold perspiration after

his interview with his headmaster. Dr. Locke had been grimly suspicious. He had questioned Fisher T. Fish very closely—Quelch putting in a sharp question every now and then.

Fishy had wriggled through it somehow. But he had been made to turn out his pockets. Had there been any unusually large sum of cash on him, he would have been for it. He had felt deeply thankful that he had got rid of that fiver in a safe place in time. The Head finally had dismissed him with a stern caution.

Fishy scuttled back to his study, anxious to get that fiver sewn up in the lining of his waistcoat, where it would be safe from loss and from observation. But he forgot that for a moment as he saw Billy Bunter in his study.

He glared at Bunter.

"You fat clam!" he snapped.

"What do you want hyer?"

Bunter gave him a blink through his big spectacles.

"Oh, really, Fishy! I suppose a fellow can bag one of those newspapers—"

"What?"

"I want something to light the study fire!" explained Bunter.

"Toddy let it go out—"

"Light the study fire!" breathed Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes; I suppose I can take one of these old newspapers!"

And Billy Bunter laid a fat hand on the top paper in the stack.

(Continued on next page.)

Fun for the Winter Evenings!



MAIN LINE is an exciting and unusual card game that will make any party go. Every boy and girl—and grown-ups, too—will enjoy making up a railway system of cards, using ingenuity and skill in constructing, altering and closing main and branch lines in a great race for victory!

Main Line

Two Family Card Games That Are Different!

We, 'Are, 'War, 'Ware. It's amazing the number of words that can be spelt from a few letters—as you'll find in SPELLING BEE. A game of quick thinking and tremendous excitement. It's a fine spelling test, and the more words you spot, the more likely you are to win!



Spelling Bee

2/6 EACH GAME
Waddy

Of all good Stationers, Stores and Toyshops. Order from branches of Timothy White & Taylors, W. H. Smith & Son, Wymon & Sons, Burnsides, or from Harrods, Gamages, Boots' Stationery Depts., or Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames. Post Free, 2/9 each, from Dept. H., Waddy Productions, 27A, Farringdon St., London. E.C.4.

"Let that noospaper alone!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"Eh?"

"Let it alone, you fat mugwump!" gasped Fishy.

That the original top newspaper was gone, and that Bunter's fat paw rested on the one that had been second in the pile, Fishy, of course, did not know.

He turned cold all over at the bare idea of the fat Owl lighting his study fire with the newspaper containing the hidden fiver.

Billy Bunter blinked at him in contemptuous astonishment.

Fishy was well known to be stingy. Nobody ever expected him to part with anything. But that even Fishy should be stingy about an old newspaper, which he had got for nothing, was surprising.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bunter. "Mean to say you don't want me to bag one of these old papers?"

"Nope!" snapped Fishy.

"Talk about mean worms," said Bunter, in disgust.

"You let my noospapers alone, you fat clam!" said Fisher T. Fish. "And you keep out of my study, too. I guess I don't want a grub-raiding gink nosing around my study."

Fisher T. Fish shot a sharp glance towards the corner of the study, where his suitcase had reposed.

He gave a jump as he saw that it was no longer there.

He had not noticed its absence before, his mind having been fully occupied with the five-pound note. Now Bunter's presence in the study made him think of that suitcase.

"Why, you pie-faced geck," gasped Fisher T. Fish, "what the Moses you done with my sootcase?"

"Eh?"

"My sootcase!" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"What suitcase?" asked Bunter, quite puzzled.

The fat Owl knew nothing about the suitcase in Study No. 14, in which Fisher T. Fish had parked his valuables in case of sudden alarms.

"You dog-goned scallawag, cough up that sootcase!" roared Fisher T. Fish, advancing on Bunter with his bony fists clenched. "What you done with it? Where you taken it?"

Billy Bunter backed away from him in alarm. He backed as far as the box-seat in the window alcove, after which he could back no farther.

"You silly idiot!" he exclaimed. "I don't know anything about your silly suitcase—I haven't seen it!"

"I guess that won't wash! You're here—and it's gone!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "Cough up—what you done with that sootcase—before I make potato-scrappings of you!"

"Keep off!" yelled Bunter. "I tell you I don't know anything about it! I never knew you had a suitcase in the study. What the thump do you keep one here for, I'd like to know? What have you got in it?"

"Where is it?" roared Fishy.

"I don't know!" roared back Bunter. "Blow it—and you, too!"

The fat Owl was angry and indignant.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

If a fellow missed anything eatable from his study, he naturally thought of Billy Bunter at once. But nobody had ever suspected Bunter of bagging such a thing as a suitcase before. Why Fishy suspected him of walking off with his suitcase was a mystery to Bunter.

But Fishy clearly did.

"Will you cough it up?" hissed Fishy. "You been nosing out what I got in that sootcase, and you got after it! Don't I know you?"

"You silly idiot—keep off!" yelled Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish did not keep off; he rushed at Bunter!

A bony fist landed on a podgy chest, and Bunter rolled over backwards on the stack of newspapers on the box-seat.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter.

He rolled and sprawled and slithered over on the floor in a sea of newspapers from the upset stack. Newspapers showered round him—they floated round him, they billowed round him.

Dozens and dozens of newspapers billowed round the sprawling fat Owl, as he rolled off the box-seat accompanied by nearly the whole pile.

"Yoo-whoop!" roared Bunter. "Oh crikey! Keep off, you beast! Yaroo!"

Fishy gave a howl of consternation.

He was fearfully excited about that missing suitcase. But the five-pound note was parked in one of the newspapers billowing round the sprawling fat Owl—at least, Fishy believed that it was.

"Geo-whiz!" howled Fishy. "You pie-faced scallawag! You boneheaded gink! This sure is the bee's knee! I'm telling you I'll make potato-scrappings of you!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" Keep off, you beast!" roared Bunter, wallowing in newspapers and spluttering wildly for breath. "Leave off kicking me, you beast! I tell you I haven't seen your beastly suitcase. Blow your rotten suitcase! Oh crumbs! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Aw! Carry me home to die!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish, as he suddenly caught sight of his suitcase on the box-seat—revealed by the upsetting of the stack of newspapers.

There it was!

It was not gone from the study. It had been hidden under the stack of newspapers! Fishy realised that now.

"Beast! I say—yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter.

"You pesky mugwump! You hid that sootcase!" snorted Fisher T. Fish.

"I didn't!" yelled Bunter. "I've never seen it before! Blow you and your mouldy suitcase! I came here for one of these newspapers to light my study fire!"

"Beat it, you geck!" snapped Fishy.

Relieved on the subject of that mysterious suitcase, Fisher T. Fish was now anxious only to sort over the sea of newspapers in search of the one that contained the banknote!

"Beast!" gasped Bunter, as he scrambled to his feet.

"Git!" snorted Fishy.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter got.

He rolled to the doorway, grabbing up one of the fallen newspapers as he went.

"Gimme that noospaper!" howled Fisher T. Fish, in alarm.

Even Fisher Tarleton Fish did not carry stinginess to the length of grudging a fellow an old newspaper to light his study fire. But for all he knew, that might be the very newspaper that hid the banknote. Not a single newspaper of the lot was going out of that study till Fishy had found the fiver!

He jumped after Billy Bunter and grabbed him, as the fat junior cut out into the passage. He dragged Bunter back, and the exasperated fat Owl landed out with a podgy fist, catching Fisher T. Fish in the middle of his waistcoat.

"Urrrrgh!" gurgled Fishy.

The next moment, Billy Bunter bumped on the passage floor, and Fisher T. Fish grabbed the newspaper from his fat hand. He whizzed back into Study No. 14 with it, and slammed the door.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish did not heed. Fishy was sitting on the floor in Study No. 14, in the midst of a sea of newspapers, groping through newspaper after newspaper in search of that five-pound note.

Billy Bunter rolled back to Study No. 7, newspaperless.

In Study No. 14, Fisher T. Fish groped and groped, and rustled and rustled amid innumerable newspapers, in search of that fiver—and when Fisher T. Fish had gone through the whole lot, and failed to find it, his feelings were altogether too deep for words!

A TIP FOR FISHY!

"WHAT the dickens——" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

He glanced in surprise along the Remove passage.

That passage was somewhat dim, lighted by blue A.R.P. lamps. But it was lighted enough to reveal the extraordinary expression on the face of Fisher T. Fish, as he suddenly bounded out of Study No. 14.

It was nearly time for prep, and a number of fellows were in the Remove passage.

Harry Wharton, at the door of Study No. 7, was talking to Peter Todd, inside the study. Billy Bunter was waving a sheet of impot paper at the study fire, to make it burn. The night had set in rainy as well as windy, and it was cold, and Bunter wanted that fire.

"Not much good being pleased to remember the Fifth of November, this time," Peter Todd was remarking. "Nothing allowed after dark, I hear."

Wharton was about to reply, when he spotted Fisher T. Fish, and stared along the passage at him.

Fishy came hurtling down the passage almost like a bomb!

"Where's that clam Bunter?" he panted.



"If you're not satisfied with this black-out, Coker, you've only got to say so!" said Bob Cherry, upending the bottle of ink. "I can get some more when this has all gone!"

"Eh? Bunter's in his study!" answered Harry, in astonishment. "What the thump—"

Fisher T. Fish shot past him, and hurtled into Study No. 7.

"What—" began Peter Todd.

Fishy shot past the astonished Peter. He pounced on Billy Bunter. "Gotcher!" gasped Fisher. "Now hand it over, you gink!"

"Leggo!" roared Bunter, in surprise and wrath, as Fisher T. Fish hooked him over, sprawling on the study floor. "I say, you fellows, draggimoff! I say, he's gone mad! Hold him!"

"Cough it up!" shrieked Fishy.

"Yaroo!"

Harry Wharton and Peter stared for a moment in dumb amazement. Then they jumped at Fisher T. Fish together, grasped him, and dragged him off the yelling Owl.

"What's the row, you mad ass?" roared Peter.

"Leggo! Lemme gerrat him!" spluttered Fisher T. Fish, struggling in the grasp of the two juniors. "He's got my fiver!"

"What!" yelled Wharton and Toddy together.

"My five-pound note!" shrieked Fishy.

"Have you gone mad?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "Who's got your fiver? You made out that I had your mouldy suitcase half an hour ago—now you make out that I've got your fiver! You cheeky rotter—"

"Hand it over!" yelled Fisher T.

Fish. "You got it! I found you in my study—and now the fiver's gone! You got it!"

"You've lost a five-pound note?" asked Peter.

"I ain't lost it! That fat gink's pinched it!"

Billy Bunter spluttered with wrath. Five pounds' worth of tuck would not have been safe from Bunter! In matters of tuck, Bunter had the principles of a Bolshevik. But really and truly, Bunter was quite incapable of bagging an actual fiver! Had fivers been eatable, it would have been a different matter. But fivers weren't!

"You—you—you worm!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, hold him tight while I hit him in the eye! He ain't going to say I've pinched his fiver!"

"You got it!" gurgled Fishy, wriggling wildly in the restraining grasp of Wharton and Toddy. "You got it, you geck!"

"Don't be a fool, Fishy!" said the captain of the Remove contemptuously. "Bunter wouldn't touch your fiver!"

"It's gone!" howled Fishy. "I left it in my study! That fat gink was there—I copped him there! He's got it!"

"Have you been in Fishy's study, you fat ass?"

"I only went to get one of his old newspapers to light this fire," howled Bunter, "but he was too jolly mean to let me have one!"

"Did you see a fiver there?"

"No, I didn't! I don't believe he's got one, either!" snorted Bunter.

"He ain't rich, like Mauly and Smithy and—and me—"

"I got it off Mauly for that small change you saw me with!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "It ain't where I left it in my study, and that fat geck was there. He's got it, I'm telling you!"

"That's what you think, is it?" asked Peter Todd, with a grim look at the frantic Fishy.

"Yep!"

"Well, if that's what you think, you're going to think again!" said Peter. "Bump him!"

"Good egg!" agreed Harry Wharton.

"I'm telling you—yarooooop!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as the two juniors swung him off the floor, and then bumped him thereon, with a hard and heavy bump.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, give him a few more! I'll teach him to say I pinched his fiver!"

"Leggo! I'm telling you—"

Bump!

"Aw, wake snakes! I guess—"

Bump!

"Yooooop!"

"Now chuck him out!" said Peter Todd. "And boot him all the way back to his study! He's got to learn not to accuse fellows of pinching his putrid money!"

Fisher T. Fish struggled desperately as he was hooked to the door.

"I ain't going without my fiver!" he bawled.

"You howling ass, it's not here!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Haven't THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

you sense enough to know that Bunter wouldn't touch it?"

"Who's got it if he ain't?" howled Fishy.

"You've lost it somewhere!"

"He's got it!"

"Chuck him out!" hooted Peter Todd.

"He's sure got it!" howled Fisher T. Fish, and, determined not to go without his fiver, Fishy struggled frantically.

There was quite a terrific struggle in Study No. 7 for two or three minutes. Fishy's collar and tie came off, his handkerchief dropped on the floor—a fountain-pen and a small steel key shot out of a pocket—unheded in the struggle.

But frantic as Fishy was, he really had no chance. He was hooked to the door and hurled headlong into the passage.

Wharton and Peter Todd followed him out.

Billy Bunter, grinning, collected the handkerchief, fountain-pen, collar and tie, and the little steel key, with the intention of hurling them after Fishy.

He hurled the handkerchief, the collar and tie, and the fountain-pen. But, on second thoughts, Bunter did not hurl that little steel key.

He guessed at once that it was the key of that suitcase in Study No. 14, about which Fisher T. Fish had been so fearfully particular!

Bunter was inquisitive about that suitcase—as he was about everything. This was a chance to satisfy his inquisitiveness.

Grinning, the fat Owl dropped that little steel key into his own pocket.

Fishy could have it back later, when Bunter had satisfied his curiosity on the subject of that mysterious suitcase—if this was the right key, as he had no doubt that it was.

In the meantime, he could hunt for that key as long as he liked—and serve him jolly well right for thinking that Bunter had bagged his fiver!

Billy Bunter was not specially sensitive, but an accusation of pinching money roused even Bunter's ire. He would gladly have made Fishy put the gloves on, and given him a jolly good hiding—had that been a practical proposition. As it wasn't, he was going to worry Fishy over the loss of that key; and in the meantime, he blinked from the study doorway and enjoyed the sight of Peter Todd and Harry Wharton seeing Fishy home.

They saw Fishy home in the most unceremonious way.

Each of them had hold of a bony leg. They pulled those bony legs along the Remove passage—and the rest of Fisher T. Fish, naturally, had to follow the legs.

Fisher T. Fish yelled wildly as he travelled up the passage on his bony back.

A dozen fellows stared on, laughing.

"What on earth's this game?" asked Vernon-Smith. "What has Fishy done?"

"Whom has he done, you mean!" grinned Skinner.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1.655.

"The silly chump has lost a fiver and thinks that Bunter has pinched it!" answered Harry Wharton. "We're giving him a lesson not to think things like that!"

"And hasn't Bunter?" asked Skinner.

Harry Wharton gave him a look.

"Do you want a lesson, too, Skinner?" he asked. "You'll get one if you ask for it!"

Skinner, it seemed, did not want one, for he said no more. But Fisher T. Fish's voice was heard incessantly on its top note as he went home to Study No. 14.

He arrived at that study in a sadly dishevelled and draggled state, gurgling for breath.

He was pitched in, and sprawled in a sea of newspapers.

"That's that, Fishy!" said the captain of the Remove. "You'd better look for your fiver—if you've lost it!"

"Gurrgh!"

"But if you say anything again about any fellow pinching it, look out for squalls! That's a tip!"

"I guess—Urrgh! I reckon—Grooogh! I calculate—Wurrgh!" gurgled Fisher T. Fish.

"Keep that in mind!" said Peter Todd. "Any more of it, Fishy, and we'll make you feel like a filleted Fish!"

"Gurrrrgh!"

And Harry Wharton and Peter Todd went back down the Remove passage, leaving the unhappy Fishy squirming and gurgling amid his newspapers.

BUNTER WANTS TO KNOW!

"WANT anything?"

"Oh, no!"

"Take it and go, then!" grunted Johnny Bull.

It was in break the following morning.

Johnny Bull had gone up to his study for an old footer to punt about in break.

He was putting it under his arm when a fat face and a big pair of spectacles blinked into Study No. 14.

Johnny eyed the fat Owl of the Remove suspiciously.

That Bunter wanted something was certain. He would not have carried his extensive weight up the staircase for nothing.

Unless he had designs on the study cupboard, Johnny could not guess what he wanted. Naturally, he did not guess that the fat Owl was in possession of a key to a mysterious suitcase and was fearfully inquisitive to learn what that mysterious suitcase contained.

"Hook it!" grunted Johnny, as the fat junior lingered by the doorway, waiting for him to go with the football.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Travel!"

"I suppose I can stand in the passage if I like!" snorted Bunter. "Have you bought the Remove passage, you cheeky beast? I'm not going into your study as soon as you've gone down."

Johnny Bull grinned.

"You're not!" he agreed. "Roll away!"

Billy Bunter eyed him inimically through his big spectacles. He was disposed to stand up for his rights and jolly well stop there as long as he jolly well liked! But as Johnny drew his foot back Billy Bunter decided, after all, not to bother about his rights, and he rolled away down the passage.

Johnny followed him as far as the Remove landing. There the fat Owl came to a halt at the window and stood gazing out.

A fellow surely had a right to stand at a landing window and look out! But Bunter's rights, that morning, were going to be ruthlessly disregarded.

"Get going!" snorted Johnny.

"I'm going to stay here!" snapped Bunter. "You can see the sea from here. Might spot an enemy submarine—"

"Oh crikey! You're likely to spot a lot of enemy submarines! Can't you think of a better one than that?"

"Yah!"

"Are you going downstairs?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "If you think I'm waiting for you to go down, to cut back to your study, you're jolly well mistaken! What do you think I want in your study, you fathead? Besides, it's Fishy's study, as well as yours!"

"Are you after something of Fishy's, you fat brigand?" hooted Johnny. "Do you want to pinch his collection of wastepaper, or what?"

"I'm not going back to the study at all. I'm admiring the scenery here!" explained Bunter.

"You can admire the scenery from the quad! Get going!"

"Shan't!"

Thud!

"Yarooop!"

Bunter got going.

One thud of a boot on his tight trousers was sufficient to set him in quick motion.

He rolled down the staircase, and Johnny Bull followed him down and into the quad.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Got that footer?"

"Here you are!"

Johnny Bull joined in the punt-about. Naturally, he forgot all about Bunter within a minute or two.

Billy Bunter rolled back into the House.

His fat face wore a deep frown.

Bunter did not like stairs. He had too much weight to carry up. Once already he had negotiated that staircase—all for nothing. Now he had to negotiate it again if he was to carry on his investigations in Study No. 14.

Slowly, wrathfully, the fat junior plugged up the stairs again. He arrived breathless on the study landing and stopped there for a rest.

Having regained his breath, he plugged across the landing and up the Remove staircase, where he stopped for another rest and to take in breath.

Then, as he started up the Remove passage at last, there was a ringing of a bell.

Break was brief; it lasted only

fifteen minutes. Those minutes had now elapsed, and the bell was ringing for third school.

Billy Bunter halted, with a snort of rage.

For the second time, he had negotiated the staircase for nothing. He had no time for investigations in Fishy's study. Having clambered up, he now had to roll down again—or else be late for class. Mr. Quelch did not encourage unpunctuality in the Remove Form Room. Bunter did not venture to carry on and be late for class.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter.

And he plugged savagely down the stairs again.

It was a breathless fat Owl that joined the Remove going back into the Form-room. He gave Johnny Bull a deadly blink through his big spectacles.

But there was no help for it; the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars had to wait till third school was over.

In third school Fisher T. Fish was the fellow who gave least attention to the valuable instructions imparted by Mr. Quelch.

Fishy's narrow, sharp eyes turned continually on Billy Bunter. Fishy's fiver was in Fishy's mind—and Fishy was still convinced that Bunter had it!

How else had it disappeared from Study No. 14?

That it had disappeared from that study was certain. On the bare chance that he might have missed it in his search, Fishy had gone through those newspapers again, page by page, sheet by sheet. As there were fifty or sixty of them, it was a long and weary task, but Fishy had gone through them—only to ascertain, beyond the last shadow of doubt, that the fiver was not there.

It was, as he expressed it in his own language, fierce for Fishy. After the tip he had received from Harry Wharton and Peter Todd, Fishy did not venture to tackle Bunter again on the subject. He still had a good many aches in his bony person, and did not want any more such tips.

He would have gone to Mr. Quelch about his awful loss; but Quelch, of course, would have wanted to know too much about that fiver.

After his interview with the Head, Fishy was not anxious to let the beaks know that he had a fiver!

That was a very last resource.

In the meantime, the fiver was missing, and Fisher T. Fish, like Rachel of old, mourned for that which was lost, and could not be comforted.

Billy Bunter did not even notice the wolfish looks that Fisher T. Fish gave him in Form. He was not thinking of Fish's fiver. He was thinking of that mysterious suitcase, and wondering what on earth could be inside it that Fishy was so fearfully particular about.

When third school was dismissed, at last, Billy Bunter lost no time. He noticed that Fisher T. Fish went out into the quad. Bunter headed for the stairs.

As it happened, so did Squiff.

Squiff had some lines on hand for

Mr. Quelch, and he was going to get them finished before dinner.

So, as Bunter, having heaved his weight up the stairs, rolled along the Remove passage, the Australian junior was walking after him along that passage, heading for the same study!

Bunter rolled into Study No. 14.

He blinked round for the suitcase! It was back in its old corner of the study. Bunter was rolling towards it when Squiff stepped in.

"Well?" said Squiff.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He spun round and blinked at the junior from New South Wales.

The Remove goalkeeper stared at him.

"What the thump are you up to here?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing!"

"You've barged into this study for nothing?" asked Squiff. He seemed to doubt that statement!

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, if you've come for nothing, I'll give you something to take away with you!" said Sampson Quincy Illey Field genially.

And he did—using his boot for the purpose!

"Wow!" roared Bunter. "Ow! Beast! Stop kicking me, you swab! You kick me again, you rotter, and I'll jolly well—yow-ow-ow-wow!"

Bunter departed once more! He departed in haste!

Squiff sat down to his lines, and the exasperated Owl rolled away, still ignorant of the mysterious contents of that mysterious suitcase.

LOST—A KEY!

"GEE-WHIZ!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish in startled tones.

It was tea-time.

Fishy had been in his study, and he had come down the passage to go downstairs to tea in Hall.

Fishy always had tea in Hall, except on the rare occasions when he could scrounge a tea in some other fellow's study. Fishy did not see buying grub himself, when grub was paid for in the school bill!

But he halted on the Remove landing and ran his hands through his pockets, with an ejaculation of surprise and dismay.

Billy Bunter was on the landing, and he eyed Fishy cautiously. He wondered whether Fishy had missed that key!

Bunter was waiting for Fishy to go down. After dinner Squiff had been in Study No. 14 again, finishing his lines. After class again, Fishy had been there. So Bunter had to wait for him to clear.

Then, at long last, the Paul Pry of the Remove would be able to get going. Johnny Bull was in Study No. 1 with the rest of the Co. Squiff had gone to tea with Tom Brown, the New Zealander in Study No. 2. So Study No. 14 would be vacant as soon as Fishy went down to Hall. Now he was going!

But he was stopped in transit, as it were! He stood on the landing,

running his bony hands through one pocket after another, in search of something that was not there.

Fishy had not, so far, missed that key. His mind had been full of the missing fiver, and he had not thought anything about the key. He had supposed it to be still in the pocket where he kept it. Now, feeling in that pocket for something else, he discovered that it was gone.

Billy Bunter watched him, in considerable amusement, as he groped in pocket after pocket.

Having completed a futile search of all the pockets he possessed, Fisher T. Fish shot back into the Remove passage.

He hurled open the door of Study No. 7.

Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were there. Peter was making toast, and Dutton was opening a tin of sardines, in readiness for tea. Both of them stared at Fishy as he hurtled in.

"You guys spotted a key?" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"A what?" snapped Toddy.

"Key! Little steel key! I guess it must have dropped when you pesky guys were manhandling me in this study yesterday! I sure picked up the fountain-pen outside the study! I'll say the key must have dropped here! You spotted it?" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish breathlessly.

"No! Blow your key, and blow you!" grunted Peter. "Buzz off!"

"I guess I want that key!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish excitedly. "I sure do want that key! I'm saying it's here somewhere."

"You can look for it, if you like!" said Peter. "The study's been swept out since yesterday, though. You're always losing something, you booby! First you yowl out that you've lost a fiver—now you yowl about a key! Buck up and clear—I'm fed-up with you!"

Peter went on making toast. Dutton went on tin-opening.

Tom Dutton, who was deaf, had not heard what Fisher T. Fish said, and he stared in surprise as the worried business man of the Remove stooped and began to peer about the study, under the table, and under chairs.

"What's Fishy up to, Peter?" asked Dutton. "What the dickens is he rooting over our study for?"

"He's after a key!" answered Peter.

"After a tea! Have you asked him to tea?"

"Not a tea—a key!" howled Peter.

"A bee? Bees at this time of the year! Is he potty! There's no bees in this study, Fishy, you ass, and if there were, we don't want you rooting after them!" exclaimed Dutton.

Fisher T. Fish did not heed the deaf Removite. He went on rooting. But there was nothing to be seen of a key! Obviously, unless it had been picked up, it had been swept out of the study.

He straightened up at last, gasping for breath.

"You ain't seen it, Toddy?" he asked.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

"No! If you dropped it here, it's been swept up, I expect! Most likely you dropped it somewhere else."

"Might have been in the passage when you pesky guys was dragging me up to Study No. 14!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "If that was so, it's sure been swept up! You ain't seen it, Dutton?"

"Eh?"

"Aw, shucks! You seen a key?" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"I tell you there's no bees in this study, you idiot!"

"Not bee—key!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "I sure lost a key! A leetle steel key! Seen it? A steel key?"

"You silly chump, do you think anybody here would steal a bee?" exclaimed Dutton warmly. "What do you mean?"

"Aw, carry me home to die! I'm looking for a key!" roared Fisher T. Fish, in a voice that even the deaf Removite could hear. "Have you seen a key in this study?"

"Of course I have!"

"You sure have?" gasped Fishy.

"Yes, you ass!"

"Where is it, then?"

"In its usual place, sticking in the door!" answered Dutton. "Where do you think it would be? On the mantelpiece?"

Peter Todd chuckled.

Fisher T. Fish fairly howled with exasperation.

"I don't mean your study door key, you goob! I mean a key that dropped out of my rags when I was in this yere study yesterday! Have you seen a leetle steel key lying about?"

"What?" roared Dutton. "Who's a lying lout?"

"Oh snakes! I never said lying lout—I said—yaroooh! Great John James Brown!" yelled Fisher T. Fish, as the indignant Dutton rushed at him.

Thump, thump, thump!

Fisher T. Fish staggered doorward under successive thumps! He yelled and roared as he staggered.

"Let up, you galoot! I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you! I'll sure scatter you in small pieces! I guess—"

Thump, thump!

Fisher T. Fish flew into the passage. He staggered against the opposite wall, gasping.

Tom Dutton glared at him from the doorway of Study No. 7.

"You come in here again!" he hooted. "I'll teach you to walk into a fellow's study and call him a lying lout!"

And Tom slammed the door in Fishy's face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Peter Todd.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, Toddy!" exclaimed Dutton. "It looks to me as if Fishy's going off his rocker. Looking round the study for bees—and then calling a fellow, who's said nothing, a lying lout! What are you cackling at, Peter?"

Peter did not explain what he was cackling at! He just cackled!

Fisher T. Fish, having got his second wind, rooted up the Remove

passage as far as Study No. 14, in the vain hope of spotting a key. Then he rooted down again as far as the Remove landing. There he spotted Billy Bunter.

"Say, you fat boob, you seen a key?" he exclaimed.

"Lots!" answered Bunter.

"You pie-faced mutt, I mean a key I dropped somewhere around when them pesky goobs was manhandling me yesterday. I guess it must have dropped about that time—I sure had it safe in my pocket. You seen it?"

"What sort of a key?" asked Bunter.

"A leetle steel key! I guess it dropped in your study, or else in the passage!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Might have dropped anywhere when them pie-faced goobs were playing the goat! I sure do want that key!"

"If it was left on the floor, I expect it's been swept up," said the fat Owl cheerfully. "This passage is swept out every morning."

"Don't I know it?" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

"You can ask the maid what was done with the dust," suggested Bunter. "If the key was swept up it must have been chucked away with the dust. In a dustbin, most likely."

Fisher T. Fish limped away down the stairs. If that key had not been picked up, obviously it had been swept away—and getting on the track of it was a tough proposition.

Billy Bunter grinned after Fisher T. Fish as he went. If Fishy was going to root after a lost key in the dustbins, Bunter wished him joy of the task! If he rooted through every dustbin at Greyfriars he was not likely to find a key that was parked in Billy Bunter's waistcoat pocket!

Fishy having disappeared downstairs, the grinning fat Owl rolled up the Remove passage to Study No. 14.

The coast was clear at last; and the inquisitive fat Owl was going to know what was parked in that mysterious suitcase! After which, Fisher T. Fish could have his key back, and be blowed to him!

A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

"Oh!" gasped Billy Bunter.

He gazed!

He blinked!

He seemed mesmerised.

In the corner of Study No. 14 that mysterious suitcase was now open. The little steel key fitted the locks, as Bunter had had no doubt that it would! Now the lid was raised, and the fat Owl was blinking into it through his big spectacles—and his eyes almost popped through his spectacles in astonishment as he did so.

Bunter had not had the faintest idea what was hidden in that locked suitcase in Study No. 14—any more than Fishy's study-mates had.

He wanted to know, simply because he was curious and inquisitive. After he had gratified his curiosity, he intended to leave the key lying about for Fishy to find.

But now—

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bunter.

He gazed and gazed!

"The awful swab! The worm!" gasped Bunter. "Hoarding! Oh crumbs!"

It was an utterly unexpected discovery!

But now that he saw the contents of the suitcase, Bunter could guess why Fishy had suspected him when he



"Have you been lending money to the other boys?"

"Nope!" gasped the American junior, hiding

had fancied, the day before, that that suitcase was gone.

For it contained grub!

Grub in abundance!

It was a good-sized suitcase, and it was packed full to the lid.

Fisher T. Fish, little as he liked spending money, must have spent several pounds, at least, on this collection.

It was mostly tinned stuff. Cans of beef, cans of tomatoes, cans of peaches, cans of sardines, cans of all sorts of things—tins of biscuits and shortbread—tins of almost everything—pots of jam—pots of marmalade.

Fisher T. Fish had got ready for a possible time of shortage! He had not laid in that plentiful supply of grub for spreads in the study! He had packed it away, to remain locked up and untouched—for his own

behoof, if needed—the kind of selfishness that was likely to bring about the very shortage against which it was intended to guard!

Billy Bunter gave a snort of contempt.

Bunter was prepared, at a moment's notice, to pack away any amount of foodstuffs—inside Bunter! But hoarding food, careless of whether other people went short or not, was beyond Bunter's limit!

"The rotter!" breathed Bunter.

Bunter's own methods in spotting that guilty secret were not above criticism! But the fat Owl did not think about that! He was filled with scorn for the wretched Fishy!

"The swab!" said Bunter.

He rose to his feet! His first

pocket. He shoved another pot of jam into another pocket. He shoved pot after pot, tin after tin, into every pocket into which he could cram them.

He chuckled as he packed.

Bunter had a bright idea. The selfish hoarder deserved to be punished for his hoarding. Every fellow in the Remove would have agreed with Bunter on that point.

Bunter was going to punish him.

His punishment was to consist in losing his food-hoard! That was making the punishment fit the crime.

Had Mr. Quelch discovered that food-hoard in Study No. 14, there was not the slightest doubt that he would have confiscated it, and whopped Fishy into the bargain.

Bunter had discovered it, and was going to confiscate it, instead of Quelch doing so, which really was all the better for Fishy, as he would get out of the whopping.

Bunter proceeded with the happy task of confiscation.

He packed himself with pots and tins till he bulged all over. Even then he had not made much impression on the contents of the big suitcase, so extensive was Fishy's store.

But when he had packed all that he could carry, the fat Owl closed the suitcase, re-locked it, and put the key back in his waistcoat pocket.

He chuckled gleefully.

Fishy was not going to know that his secret store had been diminished. Having lost the key to the suitcase, he could not make that discovery. And in the belief that the key had been swept away with the dust, he could never guess, reckon, or calculate that another fellow was getting at that secret store.

So long as it lasted, it was a constant supply for the Owl of the Remove.

Billy Bunter had absolutely no scruples in the matter. He seldom had any where tuck was concerned.

But in this case it was simply a question whether Bunter bagged the plunder, or whether it was confiscated—and a hungry, fat Owl considered it best to keep the matter in his own fat hands.

He rolled to the study door and peered into the passage. He was anxious not to be seen emerging from Study No. 14—especially in his present bulging state.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing were coming up the passage from the stairs. They went into Study No. 4 and disappeared.

Then, for the moment, the coast was clear.

Billy Bunter rolled out of No. 14 and shut the door behind him.

He rolled down to Study No. 7!

He grinned as he rolled!

There was a measly tea going in his study—a few sardines and some

toast. But there was going to be a spread—a feast of the gods!

It was a generous Owl—when supplies were ample! Supplies were ample now! Bunter was more than ready to whack out his plunder. He was going to surprise his study-mates! Study No. 7 in the Remove was going to be like unto a land flowing with milk and honey—so long as the supplies in Fishy's suitcase lasted!

Fisher T. Fish—rooting in dustbins after an undiscoverable key—was going to be, all unconsciously, the founder of the feast! That, in Billy Bunter's opinion, served him jolly well right! It was a happy and grinning fat Owl that arrived, heavily-laden, at the door of Study No. 7!

A SPREAD IN STUDY NO. 7!

"YOU'RE late, fatty!" remarked Peter Todd, as Billy Bunter came into Study No. 7.

"Breaking records?"

It was unusual, if not unprecedented, for Billy Bunter to be late for a meal.

"There's your whack in 'the sardines!' went on Peter. "If you want any toast, you can make it!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

Billy Bunter surveyed the tea-table with a blink of lofty contempt.

A few sardines in the circumstances had no attraction for the Owl of the Remove. His fat lip curled, and his fat little nose turned up still further on the way Nature had started it.

"That all you've got for tea in this study?" he asked.

"That's all," assented Peter. "If you haven't been able to stick Mauly for a tea, or to plant yourself in Wharton's study, you'll have to make the best of it, old fat man!"

"Well, that's no good to me!" said Bunter. "I don't eat much, as you jolly well know; but I want a decent tea."

"No objection, I'm sure!" said Peter blandly. "The tuckshop's open, and you can fetch anything you like. I'll sort out a shopping basket for you, shall I?"

This was sarcasm—as William George Bunter was seldom, or never, known to stand his whack in a study tea.

Bunter was always going to—when his postal order came. But as his celebrated postal order never did come, he remained permanently in a going-to state.

This time, however, Bunter had a surprise for Toddy. This time Bunter was not only going to stand his whack, he was going to stand more than his whack. He was going to stand a spread. He was going to stand a feast.

"That's all right, Peter," he answered, "I've done the shopping."

"Postal order come?" asked Peter, with still deeper sarcasm.

"Exactly."

"Gammon!"

"Oh, really, Toddy! If that's how you thank a chap for standing a spread in the study—"

"Let's see you stand it first!" grinned Peter. "When I see—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.



boys at interest, Fish?" asked Mr. Quelch grimly, holding the banknote from sight behind his back.

impulse was to throw open the door of Study No. 14 and yell the news along the Remove passage!

It would serve that unspeakable swab right to be shown up before all the Remove!

But Bunter paused!

His moral condemnation of Fishy's beastly selfishness was as strong as ever. But a pot of jam tempted him.

He paused and picked up the pot of jam.

Bunter liked jam. Indeed, he loved it! He loved it with a deep devotion. But the course of true love never did run smooth. Bunter never got all the jam he wanted.

Now, here was pot after pot, jar after jar!

Billy Bunter's little round eyes twinkled behind his big, round spectacles.

He shoved that pot of jam into a

Peter Todd broke off suddenly as Bunter unpacked a bulging pocket.

He stared at a pot of jam.

"Oh!" he said.

Bunter unpacked another pocket.

Peter stared at a jar of pickles. He stared hard.

But the fat Owl was not finished yet. He was bulging all over, and he continued to unpack the bulges.

Peter Todd's eyes widened and widened. So did Tom Dutton's. They stared, and they gazed.

Another pot of jam, a pot of marmalade, and a jar of honey graced the tea-table in Study No. 7. A tin of biscuits extracted with some difficulty from under Bunter's waistcoat followed. Other things, from other hide-outs, followed.

"Well, my hat!" said Peter. "You're going it, old fat man, now you've started. Whose study have you been raiding?"

"Look here——"

"Smithy's?" asked Peter. "You'll have Smithy on your trail if that lot came from his study cupboard!"

"Oh, really, Toddy! Am I the fellow to raid a fellow's study cupboard?" demanded Bunter warmly.

"Are you not?" grinned Toddy. "Have you been looting poor old Mauly?"

"Yah!"

"Well, look here, where did you get that lot?" demanded Peter. "There must be jolly nearly a quid's worth of tuck there."

"My postal order was for a pound," explained Bunter. "I told you I was expecting a postal order, Toddy. Don't you remember?"

"Don't I?" gasped Peter. "Yes—sort of. I fancy I seem to have heard something about it. Is that a can of beef? And another of tongue? And another of peaches? This is a bit over the speed limit, old fat man."

"You make out that I never stand my whack in this study," said Bunter with dignity.

"No making out about it—you never do!" answered Peter.

"Well, look at that!" said Bunter. "This is a spread, Toddy! I say, where's the can-opener? Go it!"

Peter Todd eyed the fat Owl dubiously. It was quite agreeable to see that sudden and surprising supply in Study No. 7. But it was very sudden and very surprising. Peter could not help suspecting that the fat Owl had been grub-raiding—as, indeed, he had.

"This," said Peter, "is like jolly old corn in Egypt in one of the giddy lean years. But I think I'll take a stroll along the passage before I begin on this jolly old feast, Bunter."

"Er—why?"

"I'm rather particular whose tuck I scoff!" explained Peter.

"You cheeky beast!" roared Bunter. "Is that how you thank a chap for standing you a spread?"

"Just how!" agreed Peter.

"Beast!"

Peter strolled out of the study. That spread, if legitimately obtained, was welcome as the flowers in May in Study No. 7. But Toddy had no idea of sharing in the plunder of a grub raid—and he knew his Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

He looked in at Study No. 1, where the Famous Five were at tea. They all gave him a welcoming look.

"Trot in, Toddy!" said Harry Wharton. "Just in time for tea."

"My dear man, we're rolling in grub in our study," said Peter. "I haven't come to tea—I've looked in to ask you if you've missed anything from your study cupboard?"

"No!" answered Harry. "Why?"

"Oh! I thought you might have—Bunter's standing a spread!" explained Peter. And he walked away, leaving the Co. laughing.

He looked in next at Study No. 4, where he found Vernon-Smith and Redwing. They looked at him inquiringly.

"You've generally got something in your study cupboard, Smithy," remarked Peter.

"Yes. What about it?" asked the Bounder.

"Is it still there?"

"Yes—why?"

"Bunter's standing a spread—I thought I'd ask!" grinned Peter. And he walked up the passage to Study No. 12, where Lord Mauleverer and Jimmy Vivian were at tea.

"Missed any tuck from this study?" asked Toddy.

Mauly shook his head.

"Sure? Bunter's standing a spread!" said Peter.

Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"No; the fat old bean hasn't been here."

"Well, my hat!" said Peter.

He went down the passage looking in at two or three more studies. But the answer was the same—no tuck was missing in the Remove.

Peter was driven to the conclusion that it was not, after all, a grub-raid. After all, it was not impossible though improbable, that Billy Bunter's celebrated postal order had arrived. Certainly, it looked as if it had.

Peter went back to Study No. 7 at last. He found Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton already going strong on the good things.

Bunter gave him a reproachful blink.

"I heard you!" he said accusingly. "I call that pretty thick, Peter—making the fellows think I'm the sort of chap who would raid a fellow's tuck."

"They don't need much making!" remarked Peter.

"Yah! I mean, sit down and pile in, old chap!" said Bunter hospitably. "There's lots—go it!"

And Peter Todd, nothing loath, sat down and piled in, and there was an uncommonly good tea in Study No. 7. The founder of the feast, forgetful of tea, was still rooting in dustbins!

SNAFFLING A SHADOWER!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. smiled.

It was not sympathetic. But really, they could not help it. The lugubrious expression on the bony face of Fisher Tarleton Fish might have made a stono image smile.

On Wednesday afternoon the Famous Five were in the quad after dinner, when they sighted the long, cadaverous visage of Fisher T. Fish at the gates.

Fishy was standing there, near Gosling's lodge, his sharp eyes on fellows as they went out. As it was a half-holiday, and a fine afternoon, plenty of fellows were going out of gates.

Fishy eyed every fellow as he came along—and not for a moment did the gloom in his bony countenance lift.

"Looks happy, what?" remarked Frank Nugent.

"The happiness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Perhaps the esteemed Fishy has not yet found the mislaid fiver."

Harry Wharton's smile changed to a frown.

"If that's the case, he ought to have gone to Quelch about it, or put up a notice on the board!" he said. "Blessed if I can understand him losing it—he's jolly careful with tanners, let alone fivers. Let's ask him."

And the Famous Five bore down on Fisher T. Fish.

He gave them a glum glance as they came.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Aw, can it!" grunted Fishy.

"Found that fiver?" asked Harry.

"Nope!"

"I suppose you've looked for it?" asked Johnny Bull.

Fisher T. Fish snorted.

"I been all over my study with a small comb," he answered. "That fiver was in my study when that fat geck Bunter came there! It was missing afterwards. I guess I know enough arithmetic to put two and two together."

"You've had a tip on that subject already, Fishy," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "If you want another you've only to ask for it."

"Aw, pack it up!" grunted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I ain't no fool! I'll mention that I know what I know."

"Why don't you go to Quelch and have the beastly thing inquired after?" demanded Wharton.

Grunt from Fishy.

"I guess I got to if there ain't any other way," he answered. "But I sure ain't in no hurry to worry Quelch about it."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Quelch might want to know too much—is that it?" he asked.

Grunt!

"Well, I can't make this out," said Harry, with a very dubious look at Fisher T. Fish. "You say the fiver was in your study. You're not the fellow to leave a sixpence about a study—let alone a five-pound note! What did you leave it about the study for?"

"I guess it jest happened," grunted Fishy. "Anyhow, I did leave it in the study, and Bunter was there when I got back."

"Bunter wouldn't touch it, you fat-head!"

"Mebbe it got some wings and flew away," suggested Fisher T. Fish

sarcastically. "Mebbe! But I don't sort of reckon so."

"You seem to be always losing something these days," remarked Bob Cherry. "I've heard that you've lost a key now. Found that?"

"Nope! I guess that was swep' up, and it's gone for good," grunted Fisher T. Fish. "I ain't worrying about that a whole lot—I ain't in a hurry to open my satchel! But I'll tell a man I want that fiver."

"It can't be about the study now," said Johnny Bull. "Some of us would have seen it. It's not at all likely that it would be swept away, like your key, if it was on the floor."

"Aw, can it! I tell you I combed that study for it half an hour after it went!" grunted Fishy. "I never missed the key till next day—that was different. But I was after that fiver at once, like death after a nigger. It was gone!"

"It can't have been found," said Harry slowly. "Anybody who found a banknote knocking about would mention it at once."

"Mebbe he would—and mebbe not!" jeered Fisher T. Fish. "Not if he found it in a study when it wasn't lost. I guess that guy would park it in his pocket and wait for a chance to change it."

"You'd better ask Mrs. Mimble, at the tuckshop, if anybody's changed a fiver there lately!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Think I ain't?" snorted Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I guess I've asked O.K.—it ain't been changed there. But I guess it wouldn't be, neither. The guy that's got that fiver will get out of the school to change it. I guess he's cute enough for that!" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "I got the number of that bill, and it sure wouldn't pay him to change it where I could get an eye on it."

The Famous Five looked grimly at Fisher T. Fish. That any fellow at Greyfriars had pinched his banknote, they did not think of believing for a moment—though it certainly was puzzling what had become of it. That idea was firmly fixed in Fishy's mind, however. There was, so far as Fishy could see, no other explanation of its disappearance.

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter rolled down to the gates. He disdained to take any notice of Fisher T. Fish, who suspected him of having pinched his fiver. But he bestowed a blink on the Famous Five.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Going out before footer, old fat man?" asked Bob Cherry. "Larry Lascelles will miss you!"

"Six on the bags if you cut!" said Harry Wharton.

"I've got leave!" said Bunter loftily. "I'm going over to Cliff House to see my sister Bessie. You see, I'm very anxious about Bessie in these days, with air-raid alarms and things—"

"Specially anxious on an afternoon when it's compulsory games practice?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I shall be

back as soon as the footer's over—I mean, I shall be back to tea," said Bunter. "I was going to ask you fellows to tea in my study. It will be rather a spread."

Fisher T. Fish gave a sort of galvanised jump. The Famous Five looked rather curiously at Billy Bunter.

Owing to Toddy's doubts on the origin of Bunter's ample supplies the previous day, they knew that Bunter had been spreading himself in Study No. 7 already. Now, it seemed, he was going to spread himself again.

It looked as if the fat Owl was in possession of unusual financial resources.

What Fisher T. Fish thought on that subject was quite clear in his bony face as he stared at Bunter. And the Famous Five could not help feeling that it was a rather odd coincidence.

"Look in about five," said Bunter airily. "It will be a pretty decent spread—a bit better than the mouldy spreads you fellows have in your studies."

And the fat Owl rolled out of gates and headed for Friardale Lane.

Fisher T. Fish, the next moment, jerked out after him.

The Famous Five exchanged rather curious looks.

"That fat ass seems to be in funds all of a sudden," said Bob. "You could see what Fishy thought."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It's a jolly odd coincidence for Bunter to be in funds just when a fiver is missing," he said. "But it's only a coincidence, of course. That fat chump would snaffle anybody's tuck, but Fishy's a worm to fancy that he would snaffle a banknote."

"The wormfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the queerfulness of the esteemed coincidence is great, all the same."

Johnny Bull gave a grunt.

"That bony sweep has gone after Bunter!" he said. "He fancies that Bunter has gone out to change that fiver. That's what he was watching and waiting at the gate for. He expected Bunter to go out."

"By gum!" said Harry.

He stepped out of the gateway, and looked along the road.

Billy Bunter was rolling off without a backward blink—evidently quite unaware that he was being shadowed.

Fisher T. Fish was walking after him, his sharp eyes on Bunter's fat back, shadowing him. That, clearly, was why Fishy had been waiting at the school gate—and why he was shadowing Bunter, the Famous Five did not need telling.

"Come on, you men!" said Harry abruptly.

"What—"

"We've got something to say to Fishy about spying on a fellow behind his back," said the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, all right!"

The Famous Five cut along the road.

Fisher T. Fish was accommodating his pace to Bunter's—which was that of a tortoise. So the pursuing

juniors easily overtook him in a couple of minutes.

Fishy was apprised of their arrival by a grab at the back of his collar.

He spun round with a startled squeal.

"Say, what's this game?" he ejaculated. "What's got you? What—"

"You're going after Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "You've got a fat-headed idea in your silly head that he's going to change that rotten banknote."

"I guess that's my bizney!" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "I'm telling you to leggo my collar before I make potato-scrappings of you!"

"Have you got leave from games practice?"

"Find out!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. He had, as a matter of fact, forgotten all about games practice in his keenness to get after Bunter. A jaw, or even six, from the games master did not matter much in comparison with getting on the track of that fiver!

"I'm asking you to find out," answered Harry Wharton. "As captain of the Remove, I have to see that the fellows turn up! Bunter's got leave. Have you?"

"I guess I can cut, and chance it, if I like!" hooted Fisher T. Fish. "You leggo my collar! If I get six it ain't your funeral, I guess."

"Not as a rule!" agreed the captain of the Remove. "But this time you're not going to cut, Fishy—you're coming down to footer."

"I sure ain't!" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"You sure are, old bony bean!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You're not doing the shadowing act this afternoon, Fishy! Come on!"

"I guess—"

"This isn't a guessing competition! Come on!"

"I sure ain't coming!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I'm telling you I'm going after that fat clam, to spot him changing my fiver, and stop him! See?"

"Are you coming?" demanded Wharton.

"Nunk! Nope! Forget it!"

"Help him along!" said Harry.

"Aw, wake snakes!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "Will you leggo my years?"

"Not at present!" grinned Bob.

"Kim on!"

Fisher T. Fish came on. He had rather long ears, which gave a good grip—and Bob Cherry grasped one, Johnny Bull the other. They led Fishy back to the gates by his ears, the other three members of the Co. following.

Fisher T. Fish squealed wildly as he was marched in at the gates.

Gosling, from his lodge, stared at the scene and grinned.

"Will you leggo my years?" howled Fisher T. Fish. "You're pulling my pesky years out of my dog-goned cabeza! Let up, I'm telling you!"

"This way!" said Bob cheerily.

Billy Bunter, rolling away down Friardale Lane, rolled unshadowed. Fisher T. Fish, who had guessed and calculated that he was going to

shadow the fat Owl and cinch that fiver, had no chance to put in any detective work. Fisher T. Fish was led down to Little Side by his long ears—dozens of fellows staring at him, and laughing, as he went.

"What on earth are you young asses up to?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth, coming on that peculiar procession.

"Fishy has forgotten games practice!" explained the captain of the Remove. "We're helping him to remember not to miss it!"

"Oh!" The Greyfriars captain laughed. "Carry on, then! You've been whopped for slacking at games before, Fish. Look out if you're missing this afternoon!"

Fisher T. Fish was not missing that afternoon! Fisher T. Fish went through games practice that afternoon, from start to finish, in a state of suppressed rage and fury.

Not the slightest doubt had Fishy that his missing fiver had gone out with Bunter—and that it was gone for good! Nobody else thought so—least of all, Bunter. But Fisher T. Fish had no doubt about it, and his feelings were deep and inexpressible.

BILLY BUNTER HITS OUT!

"**B** UZZ off!" The Famous Five spoke with one voice, or, rather, they hooted.

They were in the Rag, after games practice, when a bony figure jerked in, and Fisher T. Fish bore down on them.

They waved him off. They were fed up with Fishy—fed up with hearing about his lost fiver—fed up with him and all his works! They did not want to see Fishy; they did not want to hear his voice; they wanted a rest from Fisher T. Fish.

But there was no rest from Fishy. Waved off, and hooted off, Fisher T. Fish came up regardless.

"I guess——" he began.

"Stop guessing! Stop reckoning! Stop calculating! Hook it!" hooted Bob Cherry.

"I guess that fat clam——"

"Travel!"

"You figure that that pie-faced porpoise absquatulated over to Cliff House this afternoon!" hooted Fisher T. Fish. "Well, he didn't! You opine that he's there now—well, he ain't!"

"Rot!" said Harry Wharton. "He got leave from the games master to go over to Cliff House and see his sister there. We all saw him start!"

"He was stringing you along!" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "He was giving you chips to chew. He was pulling your leg! He was stuffing you with sawdust. He never went there. And where do you figure he went? He can't change fivers at Cliff House!"

"Oh, rot!" said Nugent. "Of course he went there!"

"I'm telling you that he never went near Cliff House!"

"And how do you know?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"You figure that I wasn't wise to

it when he started?" snorted Fishy. "I sure spotted his game! Now I been on the phone and talked to Cliff House—and he ain't been there!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I got the noos!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I asked to speak to Miss Elizabeth Bunter on account of her brother yerc! I got that doll. And what do you think she spilled back? She ain't seen Billy this afternoon, and wasn't expecting him; and she glued on to it to tell him she didn't want to see him, neither, unless he was ready to cough up the half-crown he's owed her from last holidays!"

"Oh!"

"Now I'm asking you, where has that fat clam been?" jeered Fisher T. Fish. "If you guys hadn't stopped me, I'd have kept tabs on him, and cinched him trying to pass that fiver! Now what do you figure he's done?"

The Famous Five stood silent.

Already there was that odd coincidence that Billy Bunter seemed to be in unusual funds, just when Fishy's fiver was missing! Yesterday's feed in Study No. 7 might—or might not—have been due to the arrival of that long-expected postal order. But there was to be another spread to-day—and it was rather too improbable that there had been another postal order!

Now, it seemed, Bunter had cleared off under pretence of going over to Cliff House to see Bessie Bunter—and had not been there at all! Where had he been, and how had he been occupied?

Fisher T. Fish had no doubt—and the other fellows could not help feeling a little uneasy. Really, it looked suspicious.

"Now, I'm telling you!" went on Fisher T. Fish. "When that fat goob blows in, with the change of my fiver on him, he's got to cough it up! Got that?"

"It's all rot!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The rotfulness is terrific!"

"Bosh!" said Harry Wharton—rather slowly, however.

Other fellows in the Rag who had heard Fishy's excited hootings gathered round. The mystery of that missing fiver was, undoubtedly, a puzzle—and there were some fellows who did not share the views of the Famous Five. A banknote, after all, could not walk away!

"After all, somebody must know where that fiver is!" remarked Skinner. "I've heard that Bunter was standing spreads yesterday!"

"Oh gad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Wonderful man, Bunter!"

"Eh? What do you mean, you ass?" asked Skinner.

"Well, if Bunter stood a spread yesterday out of a fiver he went out to change this afternoon, it's pretty clever of him!" said Mauleverer. "How do you think he did that, Skinner?"

Some of the juniors laughed.

"Bunter was in funds yesterday!" said Peter Todd, with a worried look. "He said he had had his postal order!"

"Fishy's making out that he

sneaked out to change that fiver to-day!" grunted Johnny Bull. "If that's right, he wasn't spending it yesterday!"

"I'm telling you——" snorted Fisher T. Fish.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

A fat figure rolled into the Rag. Billy Bunter had said that he would be back for tea. It was getting near tea-time, and here he was!

He rolled in cheerfully, and blinked at the crowd of juniors, all of whom fixed rather peculiar looks on him.

"I say, you fellows, is Fishy here?" asked Bunter, blinking round through his big spectacles.

"Yes. Do you want Fishy?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no! I thought he might be in his study, that's all. All right," said Bunter; and he turned to the door to roll out of the Rag again.

"Hold on, Bunter!" called out the captain of the Remove.

The fat Owl blinked round.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I'm in rather a hurry!"

"What's the hurry about?" asked Peter.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Never mind the hurry!" said Harry Wharton. "Shut that door, Squiff, old man! Now, then, Bunter——"

"I say, you fellows, is anything up?" asked Bunter, blinking round. It dawned upon his fat brain that something was on, and that he was the centre of a general and very curious interest.

"Yes!" answered Harry. "You told us you were going over to Cliff House this afternoon. You got leave off games to go and see your sister Bessie——"

"What about it?" asked Bunter.

"Well, did you go?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course!"

"How's Bessie?" asked Skinner satirically.

"Oh, Bessie's all right!" answered Bunter breezily.

"Was she glad to see you?" asked Vernon-Smith, with a grin.

"Of course she was! We're a very affectionate family!" answered Bunter. "She was delighted, of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Billy Bunter, in surprise. "I say, you fellows, what's the joke?"

"You fat villain!" said Harry Wharton. "You haven't been to Cliff House at all! Where have you been?"

Billy Bunter gave a start.

"Eh? How do you know I haven't been there?" he asked. "I mean, I've been there, of course! You can ask Bessie—when you see her again."

"Fishy has asked Bessie already on the phone——"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"And she's told him that you haven't been near the place!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I guess I know where you been!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "You been changing my fiver, you pie-faced clam!"

"Beast!"

"Nobody but Fishy thinks you've been changing a fiver, Bunter," said Harry Wharton quietly. "But you've been telling lies, as usual, and you've got to explain yourself. Where have you been?"

"The—the fact is—" stammered Bunter. He paused, apparently not quite sure, for the moment, what the fact was.

"Cough it up!" said Skinner.

"Give him time!" said the Bounder. "He hasn't decided yet what the fact is! Give him time to make up his facts."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Smithy! The—the fact is, I—I got rather tired, and never went as far as Cliff House after all!" said Bunter. "I just sat on the stile and had a rest, and—and came back again."

"And Bessie was delighted to see you, though you never got there?" asked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I meant Bessie would have been delighted to see me if—if I'd got there!" explained Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say."

Fisher T. Fish made a jump at him.

"Hand it over!" he roared:

"Eh? Hand what over?"

"Five quids, you pinching clam!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "You got my five quids, and if you don't shell out, I'm hooking it off you, see Hand it over, you slab-sided hoodlum!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him. His fat face crimsoned with wrath. The look on that fat face convinced most of the fellows that, whatever Billy Bunter had been doing that afternoon, he had not been changing Fishy's fiver.

"You—you—you——" gasped Bunter. "You—you—you make out that I had your mouldy fiver, you beast!"

"Yep! And I guess—yarooooooh!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as the fat Owl, jumping forward, suddenly hit out with a podgy fist.

Crash!

That fat fist landed on Fisher T. Fish's sharp nose. It landed with all Billy Bunter's considerable weight behind it. It landed almost like a sledgehammer. It swept Fisher T. Fish right off his feet—and there was a loud and heavy bump in the Rag as Fishy went backwards, and landed with his bony back on the floor.

THE ARTFUL DODGER!

"MAN down!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a ferocious old porpoise!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar in the Rag as Fisher T. Fish landed.

Fishy lay on his back, gasping for breath, a trickle of red spurting from his long, sharp nose.

Billy Bunter, spluttering with rage, danced round him, brandishing fat fists.

"Get up!" roared Bunter. "Get up and have some more! I'll teach you to call me a pincher! Get up, you rotter! Get up, you swab! I'll mop up the Rag with you!"

"Ooooo!" moaned Fisher T. Fish.

He sat up, clasping his bony proboscis with both hands. That bony nose felt as if it had been driven into his head like a nail!

"I'll jolly well show you!" roared Bunter. "Making out that a fellow's pinched your mouldy fiver! I don't believe you ever had a fiver—and it wasn't yours, anyhow—you got it money-lending, and you'd be whopped for it if Quelch knew! I'll jolly well wallop you!"

"Oooooogh!"

Fisher T. Fish staggered to his feet. That warlike outbreak on the part of the fat Owl had been quite unexpected by Fishy! It had taken him quite by surprise. Bunter was no fighting-man, as a rule.

And as soon as Fishy was on his feet, with a perfectly deadly glare in his narrow eyes, Billy Bunter ceased to prance round him, and backed away a little.

"I say, you fellows, keep that beast off!" squeaked Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of you!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "And then I'll sure go through your rags for the five quids!"

"I say, you fellows——"

Harry Wharton ran forward as Fishy hurled himself at Bunter. He grasped the business man of the Remove, and dragged him back by main force.

"You can chuck that, Fishy!" he said coolly. "You're not going to touch Bunter!"

"Figure that I'm going to let that pie-faced clam give me a binge on the

beezer, and walk away with it?" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"You shouldn't have asked for it!" retorted the captain of the Remove. "If you call a fellow a thief, you can expect to have your cheeky face punched. Make the best of it! You're not going to touch Bunter!"

"Look at my nose!"

"Blow your nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess——"

"If you're spoiling for a scrap, you can leave Bunter alone, and another fellow here will oblige you!" said Wharton cheerfully. "What about you, Bob?"

"Happy to oblige!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "Take off your jacket, Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish did not take his jacket off! He was no more anxious for a scrap with the hefty Bob than Bunter was anxious for one with Fishy.

He dabbed his nose with his handkerchief, which was soon richly spotted with red. Fishy's sharp nose was seriously damaged.

Billy Bunter, in the rear of the captain of the Remove, gave him a scornful grin.

"Yah!" he exclaimed. "Calling a fellow a pincher! Yah! I've jolly well knocked you down for it! Yah!"

Fisher T. Fish dabbed his suffering nose, and gasped with wrath.

"That fat guy's got the spondulies!" he hissed. "You hear me toot? He's got the goods! He's got to cough it up! I'm telling you!"

"Look here, it does look jolly suspicious!" said Skinner. "What has Bunter been up to this afternoon, anyhow?"

"Bunter's going to explain that!" said Harry. "It's nothing to do with Fishy's mouldy fiver—I'm sure of that! But the fat chump is going to make it clear!" He turned to the Owl of the Remove. "Now, you potty porpoise, what have you been up to?"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Cough it up, Bunter, old fat man!" said Lord Mauleverer gently. "If you don't make it clear, a lot of fellows here will think that you had the fiver and sneaked out to get it changed!"

Billy Bunter blinked at him. He blinked at the captain of the Remove. He seemed in doubt.

(Continued on next page.)

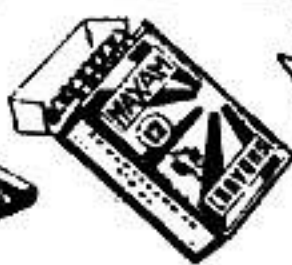
All these presents FREE to any boy or girl



TANTALIZER PUZZLE
A grand game for wetweek-ends. You will just love it.
15 Coupons and Free Voucher.



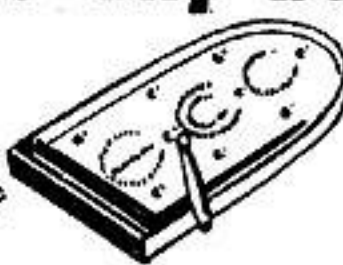
WRITING WALLET
with pens, pencils, rubber, ink eraser, ruler, set square and protractor.
54 Coupons and Free Voucher.



BOX OF CRAYONS
In six different colours. Draw funny pictures of your friends!
15 Coupons and Free Voucher.



SPEED BOAT. Un-sinkable, strong clockwork drive, propeller, rudder. Length 13½"
162 Coupons and Free Voucher.



RABATTELLE BOARD
You'll love this game—so will Dad. With cue and balls.
120 Coupons and Free Voucher.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
Just ask your mother to get some Rowntree's Cocoa. Every tin contains Free Gift Coupons—three in the quarter-pound size. You get coupons with Rowntree's Jellies, too.

Start collecting the Rowntree's Cocoa coupons rightaway. You'll soon have enough for your first gift.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER

Rowntree's Cocoa, made by a special pre-digestive process, actually helps children to digest other food and get more nourishment from their meals.

★ For the complete list of hundreds of gifts, send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. NC85, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the illustrated Free Gift Booklet, which also contains a Free Voucher, value three coupons, to make your collection grow faster.

"Get it off your chest, you fat ass!" said Harry.

"Well, look here, if you promise not to tell Lascelles——" said Bunter.

"Why the thump should I tell the games master?" asked Harry in astonishment.

"Well, you're the captain of the Form!"

"What's that got to do with it, you howling ass?"

"Well, it has, you know!" said Bunter. "You promise not to tell Lascelles, or Wingate of the Sixth, and I don't mind telling you."

"What is the blithering owl drivelling about?" asked Peter Todd, in wonder.

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Well, I promise not to tell Lascelles or Wingate!" said Harry. "It's nothing to do with them, so far as I can see. Now cough it up!"

"All right, then!" said Bunter cheerily. "I told Lascelles I was going over to Cliff House, just to get out of games practice this afternoon."

"What?"

"Oh!"

"I mean to say, I had to tell him something, to get out of games practice," explained Bunter. "It was a toothache last time; but he said I could carry on, toothache and all. I fancy he didn't believe I had the toothache. So this time I thought of Bessie—you see, with all sorts of alarms going on, a fellow is naturally anxious about his dear sister, so——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, I really meant to go to Cliff House, if it hadn't been so far," said Bunter. "I started, and if I hadn't got tired, I should have gone. I went jolly near a quarter of the way, anyhow. Then I sat on the stile till it was time to come back—of course, I couldn't come back till games practice was over, or I should have had to join up——"

"You fat, slacking grampus!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I don't need all the practice you fellows do!" said Bunter. "Mind, you're not to tell Lascelles or Wingate! I should get six!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter in the Rag! The mystery of Billy Bunter's mysterious expedition that afternoon was explained now! He had not, certainly, gone over to Cliff House. He had not sneaked out to change a purloined fiver! He had simply been dodging games practice—and he had pulled the games-master's leg with a new excuse! And that was all!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We might really have guessed that one!"

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

"Mind you don't mention it, Wharton!" said Bunter anxiously. "As captain of the Form, you have to report a man for cutting. But you've promised, you know!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I've a jolly good mind to boot you all round the Rag and back again, you frowsy, fat frump!" he said. "Now, Fishy, you fathead, can you

see how the matter stands? That fat, lazy porpoise was dodging games practice—just that, and nothing else! See!"

"Nope!" hooted Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, if you don't, or won't, you can do the other thing, and be blowed to you!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Will you lemme get at that fat clam?" hissed Fisher T. Fish.

"No! You're not going to touch Bunter! You lay a finger on Bunter," said the captain of the Remove impressively, "and you'll get an eye to match that nose! The best thing you can do is to shut up and go and bathe that boko—it needs it!"

Fisher T. Fish breathed rage. His opinion was quite unchanged—but he could not deal with the suspected Owl. He did not want an eye to match that nose!

Breathing fury, he tramped into the lobby adjoining the Rag, to fill a wash-basin with water and bathe his anguished nose—which, as Wharton said, needed it!

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Rag. While Fisher T. Fish was bathing his suffering proboscis downstairs, Billy Bunter had business upstairs—in a certain study in the Remove passage—business not unconnected with the contents of a locked suitcase!

THE FAT OF THE LAND!

"TROT in, old chaps!"

Billy Bunter was bursting with hospitality.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked in at the open doorway of Study No. 7. They had not come to tea—but, hearing that a feast was toward, they looked in.

The study was crowded.

Feeding was the great joy of Billy Bunter's existence. When there was enough to go round, he liked to see other fellows feeding! Now there was more than enough—the study table groaned under the fat of the land!

Peter Todd was standing in the study, with a puzzled expression on his face. Peter did not know what to make of it—any more than the Famous Five did.

They could not—and would not—believe that Bunter had pinched Fishy's fiver! But what did this mean?

Skinner and Snoop and Stott, Bolsover major and Hazeldene, and two or three other fellows were seated round the table. It was quite a party. But Billy Bunter was generously willing to add to it. He waved a sticky, but hospitable, fat hand to the juniors in the passage.

"Well!" said Bob Cherry, as he gazed at the well-laden table.

That table was remarkably well laden. There were pots of jam and marmalade. There was a stack of biscuits, and another of shortbread. There were a couple of tins of peaches. Several other tins had been opened, and beef and sardines and tongue turned out on plates. There were bars of chocolate galore—there were packets of toffee. There was condensed milk in large quantities.

It was such a spread as a master would hardly have approved, especially in war-time. Fortunately for Bunter, no master's eye was near at hand.

Still, there were many mouths to fill; and the hospitable fat Owl was ready and willing to add any number more.

"Well!" said Harry Wharton.

"Um!" said Johnny Bull.

Peter Todd looked at them and joined them in the passage.

"You fellows make this out?" he asked.

"The makefulness is not terrific!" answered Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

"Has Bunter been raiding the larder downstairs?" asked Nugent.

"That's the only thing I can think of!" said Peter Todd. "He's done it before, and he may have done it again. But——"

"I say, you fellows, trot in!" squeaked the hospitable Owl. "I say, there's lots! Make room for those fellows, you chaps!"

But the Famous Five did not come in.

"Thanks all the same, old fat man—we're tea-ing in our study!" said Harry Wharton, remaining in the passage.

Skinner glanced round, with a grin.

"Join the happy party," he said. "I don't see that we shall get any trouble when they cop Bunter for raiding the larder! We don't know that he did, do we?"

"Oh, really, Skinner——"

"Is that where all this prog came from, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Certainly not!" hooted Bunter. "Am I the fellow to raid the larder? I ask you!"

"Why, you fat chump, you were whopped for it only last week!"

"That was a mistake, as I told Quelch at the time," answered Bunter. "Mrs. Kebble made out that I'd gone down the kitchen stairs, because she saw me coming up. You know how suspicious women are!"

"Oh crikey!"

"I never went near the larder. That ham I had never came from the larder. Besides, there was hardly half a pound of it—fat lot to make a fuss about. If there was ham missing, it wasn't that ham—it was some other ham! And I haven't been near the larder since."

"Then where did you get all that prog?" demanded Bob.

"I happen to have had a postal order from a titled relation!" explained Bunter. "When I'm in funds I stand a spread! Why shouldn't I?"

"Another postal order to-day—after one yesterday?" asked Peter.

"Yes! Exactly!"

"It's the larder, of course!" said Bob. "There'll be a fearful row when all that stuff is missed. Bunter, you ass, don't you know there's a limit?"

"Yah!"

"Good stuff, anyhow!" said Bolsover major. "Pass those bikkies, Skinner! Shove the jam over this way, Hazel!"

"Pile in, you fellows!" said Bunter. "Don't leave anything." Bunter's own capacious mouth was full—he



"You—you—you make out that I had your mouldy fiver, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "Yep! And I guess—yaroooooooooop!" Fisher T. Fish broke off suddenly, with a roar, as the fat junior's fist crashed on his sharp nose.

was setting a good example in the way of not leaving anything! "I'm standing another spread to-morrow!" "You'll be whopped for this before to-morrow, you footling ass!" said Peter Todd.

"Yah!"

There was a jerky step in the passage, and Fisher T. Fish came along. His nose had been carefully bathed—but it was red, it was rather swollen, and it was painful. Fisher T. Fish was in the worst temper ever.

He glared into Study No. 7. He jumped almost clear of the floor at the sight of the plentiful spread, of which Bunter's numerous guests were disposing at a great rate.

"Gee-whiz!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

He pointed a bony forefinger into the study, and glared round at the Famous Five.

"Look at that!" howled Fishy. "Just look! Give it the once-over! I'm telling you, there's more'n a quid spent on that lot! It come out of my fiver! I'm telling you! What'll you say now, you galoots?"

"Rot!" answered Harry Wharton.

"Beast!" came from Bunter.

"Where you reckon that fat clam cinched the goods, then?" howled Fishy. "You figure that he's rolling in, spondulics, when last Monday he was trying to borrow a bob up and down the Remove?"

"You silly ass, he's been raiding the larder downstairs!" answered the captain of the Remove. "He was caught at it last week—and he will be caught again, when all that stuff is missed."

"Aw! Nuts! I'm telling you——"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull.

"I guess I'm telling you——"

"Cheese it!"

"I'll say I'm telling you——"

The Famous Five walked down the passage, leaving Fisher T. Fish to tell empty space.

Fishy almost raved. His fiver was going—he had not the slightest doubt of it! If Bunter had not changed it that day, he had changed it the day before—and it was going fast! Fisher T. Fish was sure of that! It was too much for flesh and blood to stand.

Fishy jerked into the study, his bony fists clenched.

"Say, you fat goob——" he roared.

Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"I'm not asking you to this feed, Fishy," he said. "You can't expect it, after insulting a chap! You get out!"

"I guess I want my spondulics!" raved Fisher T. Fish. "I guess——"

"I say, you fellows, push that beast out!" said Billy Bunter. "I say, don't let him come yowling in this study!"

"I guess——"

Bolsover major jumped up.

"Outside!" he said tersely; and the burly Removite grasped Fishy by his bony shoulder and spun him into the passage.

Skinner kicked the door shut after him.

And the feast in Study No. 7 continued to its happy end, while Fisher T. Fish raged unregarded.

When that feast was over, Billy

Bunter's tea-party had not the slightest doubt that trouble was coming for Bunter. They did not believe that he had pinched Fishy's fiver, but they did believe that he had raided the larder. They could think of no other way of accounting for the plenty that reigned in Bunter's study.

Such a stack of provisions certainly would be missed, and inquired after—and Bunter would be for it!

But Bunter, to the general surprise, was not for it!

If there had been a larder raid, either the purloined provisions had not been missed, or Bunter, amazing to relate, had not been suspected. Up to prep that evening, nothing was heard on the subject. Bunter was not sent for to his Form-master's study, neither did Mr. Quelch visit the Remove studies. After prep there was still no news of trouble for Bunter.

If it had been a larder raid, Bunter had got by with it, successful and unsuspected. But had it?

When the Remove went to their dormitory that night, Fisher T. Fish was not the only fellow in the Form who suspected that William George Bunter knew something about that mysteriously missing fiver.

THE LAST STRAW!

"JAM!" said Bob Cherry.

"The jamfulness is terrific."

A shower of rain, in break the next morning, drove the fellows indoors.

Quite a crowd of Removites came
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

into the Rag, where they beheld Billy Bunter, who, till then, had had the room to himself.

Bunter was seated in an armchair! Gripped by his fat knees was a three-pound jar of jam. In his right hand was a tablespoon.

With that tablespoon the fat Owl was transferring jam from the large jar to a large mouth.

His fat face beamed with pleasure, and with jam. There was jam on his chin, on his fat cheeks, and his podgy paws!

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter, with a jammy blink at the crowd of juniors coming in. He had not expected an audience. "I say, you fellows—"

"Is he sticky?" asked the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How the dickens did Bunter snaffle that jam from Mrs. Kebble's store cupboard without getting spotted?" asked Skinner.

"I didn't!" howled Bunter.

"Where did you get it, then?" grinned Hazel.

"Bought it, you silly ass! How does any fellow get jam?" snorted Bunter. "Can't a fellow buy a jar of jam if he likes?"

And the fat Owl went on ladling out jam! But there was quite a lot of jam in the jar, and Bunter was in a hospitable mood.

"I say, Mauly, have some jam?" he said.

Lord Mauleverer gazed at him.

"Wha-a-t?" he ejaculated.

"Have some jam, old chap?" said Bunter. "It's topping! I'll lend you this spoon—we'll take it in turns."

"Oh gad! Thanks awf'ly!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "I—I'd rather not! I—I really don't care for jam, old fat man."

"Well, you're an ass!" said Bunter. "You can have some if you like, Wharton. Nothing mean about me, I hope. I've got lots—and more if I want it, too! Have some, old fellow."

Harry Wharton laughed. He was not, perhaps, wholly indifferent to jam; but taking that tablespoon in turns with Bunter did not seem to appeal to him, somehow.

"No, thanks!" he answered.

"Have some, Bob?"

"Not just now," grinned Bob Cherry.

"It's good jam," said Bunter.

"Plenty of it, too! There's a couple more jars after this."

"In the larder?" asked Skinner.

"Eh? Oh, no!"

"Where, then?" chuckled Skinner.

"Oh, nowhere! I mean, there ain't a couple more jars," said the fat Owl, hastily. "Don't you ask questions, Skinner. I haven't prigged this jam from anywhere, especially a study."

"Oh, it's a study this time, is it?" asked the Bounder. "If it was my study, you fat burglar, you're going to be damaged shortly."

"'Twasn't your study, Smithy—I mean, it wasn't a study at all. I got this jar of jam at the tuckshop! Why shouldn't I?"

"You haven't been to the tuckshop this morning, you fat fibber!"

"I mean it was left over from yesterday."

"I wonder," said Bob Cherry blankly, "where Bunter is priggig all this tuck? I can't make out why it hasn't been missed."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"He can't be raiding all this from the House stores," said Hazel. "They'd have been on his track before this. Goodness knows where he gets it—but it looks—"

"How much left out of the fiver, Bunter?" asked Skinner.

"Beast!"

Fisher T. Fish was among the fellows in the Rag. He gazed at Bunter and gazed at the jam jar with deep feelings. Some more of his missing fiver had gone on that jam—Fishy did not doubt that!

How much was left he could not calculate. But if Bunter was paying for his unusual and ample supplies of tuck out of that fiver, it was clear that the fiver was going fast. At this rate, there would not be much left of it by an early date.

And there was no help for Fishy—unless he reported his loss to his Form-master, and Quelch inquired into the matter. Then Billy Bunter would have to account for his unusual and extraordinary expenditure at a time when a fiver was missing.

The outcome, Fishy had no doubt, would be the restitution of what was left of the fiver, and a claim on Bunter for what had been expended. Bunter would be sacked—and the sooner the better!

But—there was a "but." Fishy had to think of some way of accounting for his own possession of that fiver, without exciting the suspicion, or, rather, the certainty, that he had been at his money-lending business again that term.

That was not easy; it was, in fact, a problem.

But it was a problem that Fisher T. Fish had to solve—if he was not to see the remnant of his fiver disappear down Billy Bunter's fat neck.

Bunter sat and ate jam till the bell went for third school. Then he dabbed smears of jam with a sticky handkerchief, and rolled away with the Remove to the Form-room.

In that apartment, Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes turned on him. Bunter was never spick-and-span, but this time he was altogether too sticky to pass muster.

"Bunter!" said the Remove master, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir?"

"Leave the Form-room at once and wash yourself!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I washed this morning, sir! I—I'm rather particular about washing, sir—not like some fellows. I—"

"You will go and wash yourself at once, Bunter, and you will be detained half an hour after class for having entered the Form-room in so disgusting a state!" said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"Oh lor'!"

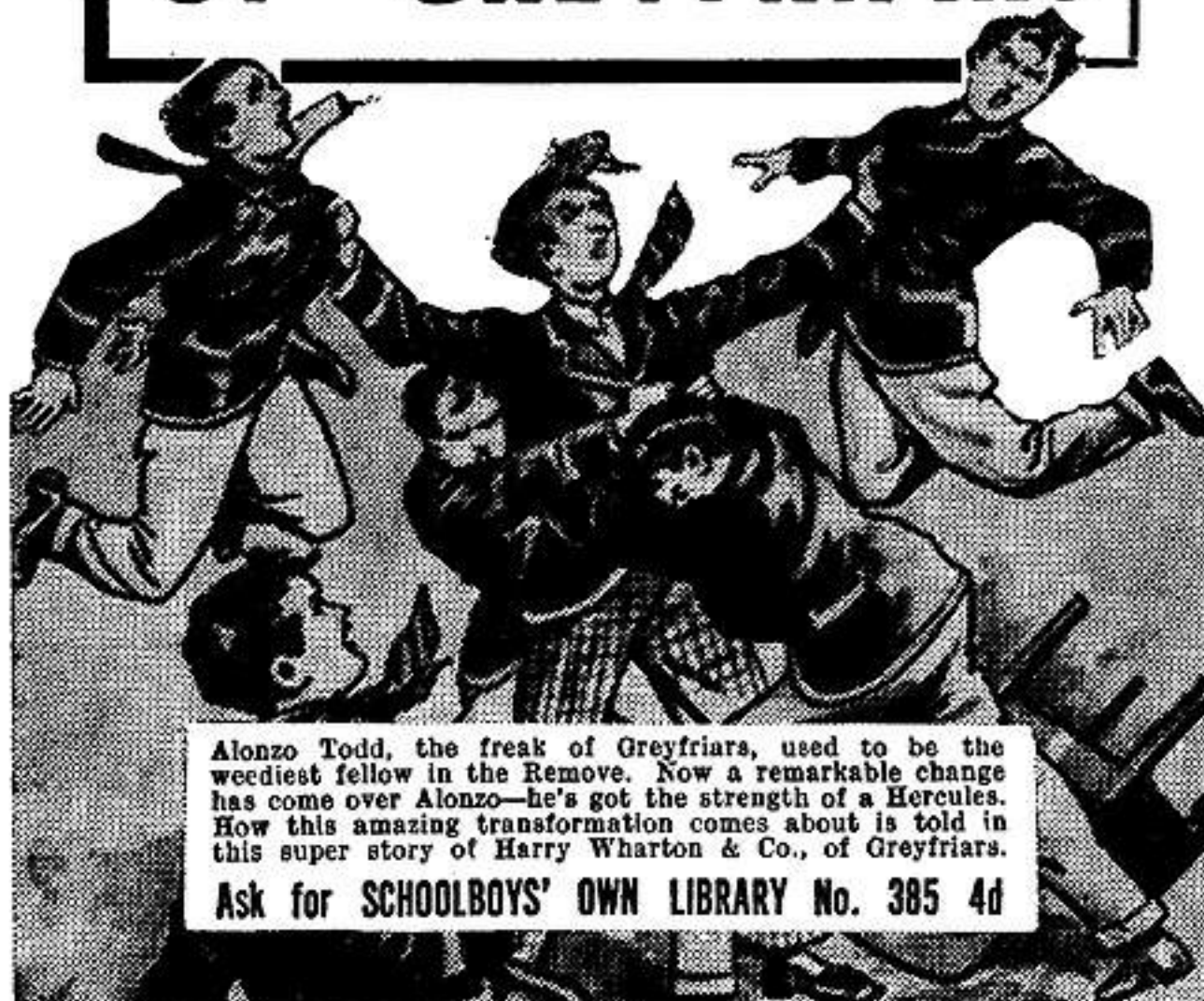
Billy Bunter rolled off to wash.

He came back in a less sticky state, and when third school was dismissed he had to sit in the Form-room for half an hour with Latin verbs to keep him company.

When at length Bunter escaped

READ FRANK RICHARDS' GREAT NEW YARN

THE TOUGH GUY OF GREYFRIARS



Alonzo Todd, the freak of Greyfriars, used to be the weediest fellow in the Remove. Now a remarkable change has come over Alonzo—he's got the strength of a Hercules. How this amazing transformation comes about is told in this super story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

Ask for SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY No. 385 4d

from the Form-room his footsteps led him to the stairs, and up to the Remove studies.

When he came out into the quad a little later there were brown smears all round his large mouth, indicating an extensive consumption of chocolate—his extra wash that morning, after all, had been a waste.

"I say, you fellows, have some choc?" asked Bunter, coming on Harry Wharton & Co. in the quad.

He drew out a handful of chocolate bars.

"Choc this time!" said Bob Cherry. "He can't have raided choc from the larder—they don't keep choc there!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Whose study?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled away with his chocolate, leaving Harry Wharton & Co. with rather serious faces. They did not want to agree with Fisher T. Fish on this subject—they hated the idea of it. But, really, they did not know what to think.

Fisher T. Fish did.

When the American junior spotted Bunter with that cargo of chocolate it was the last straw. His fiver was going fast—at least, Fisher T. Fish had no doubt that it was, having not the faintest suspicion of the real source of Bunter's supplies.

Fishy made up his mind to it. He was not going to lose that fiver. He was not going to see it, as it were, devoured piecemeal under his eyes by a hungry fat Owl. Only Quelch could make Bunter disgorge—and Fisher T. Fish resolved, at last, to put it to Quelch.

And when the Remove went into their Form-room that afternoon he did.

UNEXPECTED!

"PLEASE, sir—"

"Well!"

Fisher T. Fish stood up and spoke—and Mr. Quelch's rejoinder was short and sharp.

The master of the Remove did not think much of that particular member of his Form. He still had deep suspicions of Fishy—in spite of the success with which that spry youth had scraped through the interview with his headmaster a few days ago.

"I guess I ought to tell you, sir, that I lost a banknote," said Fisher T. Fish.

The Remove sat up and took notice. Fisher T. Fish was taking the plunge at last.

"What?" Quelch fixed his gimlet eyes on Fisher T. Fish. "If you have lost a banknote, Fish, certainly you ought to report it to me. Do you mean a Treasury note—a pound note?"

"Nope! A fiver, sir!"

"A five-pound note!" The gimlet eyes fixed on Fisher T. Fish's bony face in so penetrating a manner that the business man of the Remove almost repented that he had raised the subject. "You had a five-pound note in your possession, Fish?"

"Yep! I—I—"

"On Monday, when you were questioned by your headmaster, Fish, you had, or declared that you had, no such sum!" said the Remove master sternly. "You will be required to account for this, Fish."

The Remove fellows exchanged glances.

Most of them knew how that sum had come into Fishy's possession—some of them had seen the stacks of various small change that he had turned into a fiver. Nobody had any idea of telling Quelch what he knew—little as any fellow liked Fishy or his ways. But they all wondered how on earth Fishy was going to explain.

But Fishy's cute and spry brain had been at work. Fishy had thought of a stunt that he guessed and reckoned would see him through. Fishy had cudgelled that cute, spry brain to some purpose, and he was ready for Quelch.

"It's like this, sir," he explained. "I been saving up hard, and I got a special tip from the popper, too, sir, because I wanted to make a handsome donation to the war hospital box, sir—"

"What?" Quelch ejaculated, and the Removites gasped. If Fishy was giving anything away, it was a new one on the Remove.

"That's how, sir!" said Fisher T. Fish glibly. "When I raised as much as five pounds, sir, I turned it into a five-pound note, to slip into the box in the hall, sir. That's why I never mentioned it—I guessed it would look like sort of bounce, sir, if I mentioned that I was putting a fiver into the box, all in one heap, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

The Remove fellows gazed at Fishy. Not a man in the Remove believed a word of all this. They wondered whether Quelch did.

There was a long pause before the Remove master spoke again. His eyes seemed almost to pierce Fisher T. Fish. But Fishy was quite cool.

"If that statement is correct, Fish, it is very meritorious on your part," said Mr. Quelch at last.

"Mebbe, sir. A guy don't like to brag of what he's going to do," said Fisher T. Fish calmly. "But now the fiver's missing, sir, I got to let it out. What hurts me most is that I

can't put it in the box while it's missing."

"Oh, wake me up!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I'm dreaming this!"

Again Mr. Quelch scanned Fisher T. Fish with penetrating eyes.

"Nevertheless, Fish, you should have mentioned this when you were questioned by your headmaster," said Mr. Quelch. "But if your intention was as you state—" He paused. "You say that you actually saved five pounds to contribute to the hospital box?"

"Yep!"

The Remove fellows looked at Fishy—and at one another—speechless! Fisher T. Fish's statement seemed to have taken away the breath of the whole Form.

There was another pause. Quelch did not trust his Fishy very much. Still, if Fishy had intended to make such a handsome donation to the war hospital fund, for which there was a collecting-box at Greyfriars School, it was undoubtedly, as he had said, very meritorious of Fishy.

"You say that the banknote is missing, Fish?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Yep! I left it in my study, sir, and when I went back for it, it was gone."

Mr. Quelch started.

"You do not mean that you suppose that it was purloined, Fish?" he exclaimed.

"I guess it never walked away, sir."

"Answer me plainly!" snapped the Remove master. "Do you suppose that the banknote you mention was taken by another boy, or not?"

"I know it was," said Fisher T. Fish, "and I guess every guy in the Form knows it, too. When a guy who never has any money begins spending pounds right and left, a galoot knows what to think, sir."

"Beast!" breathed Billy Bunter.

"Does that mean that you suspect some particular boy, Fish?" asked Mr. Quelch icily.

"Yep! Bunter was in my study when I got back after seeing the Head on Monday, sir. After he went I missed the banknote. I want you to tell that guy to hand it back, sir."

There was a deep-drawn breath in

(Continued on next page.)

ORDER FORM

To (Newsagent's name and address)

Until further notice, please reserve for me every week a copy of the
MAGNET.

Reader's Name and Address

the Remove. It was out now—and the matter was in official hands.

Many eyes turned on Bunter.

The Owl's fat face was crimson. But he did not, to most eyes, look a guilty man.

"Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I never—"

"Were you in Fish's study at that time as he states?"

"I only went there for one of his old newspapers, to light my study fire, sir," wailed Bunter. "I told him so, and he was too jolly mean to let me have an old newspaper, though he got them all for nothing."

"You were there?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Did you see the banknote?"

"No!" howled Bunter.

"I do not believe for one moment, Bunter, that you have taken it. But I must make a rigid inquiry into this. Have you the number of the note, Fish?"

"Yep, sir. 00012468. I guess I always take numbers."

"Then it will be easy to identify, if found. You will now tell me what reason you have for suspecting Bunter of an act of dishonesty," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "His presence in the study, which he has explained, is not a sufficient reason. Two other boys share the study with you—indeed, I was myself in your study that day, once in your presence, and again after you went down to the headmaster. What reason—"

"Ask Bunter where he's got the money from that he's been spending right and left since Monday, sir," said Fisher T. Fish doggedly. "Every fellow here knows."

"Bunter! Have you spent an unusual amount of money this week?"

"Oh dear! I mean, no, sir."

"Wharton! Are you aware whether such is the case?" Mr. Quelch turned to his head boy.

"I haven't seen Bunter spending any money, sir," said Harry.

The junior captain hardly knew what to say. But that, certainly, was true.

"Aw, nuts!" yapped Fisher T. Fish. "Ain't he been standing feeds in his study all the week? Ain't he been floating in jam? Ain't he spent pounds and pounds? Search me!"

"Is that true, Bunter?"

"Oh! No! I—I may have stood a spread in my study, sir," gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't been spending any money, sir—I haven't had any."

"You got the tuck for nothing, what?" jeered Fisher T. Fish.

"Yes, you beast!" hooted Bunter.

"Aw, can it!"

"Silence, Fish! Now, Bunter, answer me!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Have you had any unusual supply of—of comestibles this week?"

"I—I may have had, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—the—the fact is, sir, I—I was expecting a postal order, and—and it came, sir—"

"What!"

"I—I mean it—it never came, sir!" gasped Bunter, in a hurry.

"Upon my word! Bunter, where did you obtain the money you have spent at the school shop? Answer me at once!"

"I—I—I haven't spent any, sir!" wailed Bunter. "I—I—I—I never—"

"Canned beef, and jam, and pickles, and biscuits!" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess they cost money!"

"Bunter, tell me this instant how you obtained the articles to which Fish refers!"

"Oh lor'! I—I—I found them, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"You found them!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in a petrifying voice.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Where?" thundered the Remove master.

"In—in—in a suitcase, sir!"

"A—a—a suitcase!" repeated Mr. Quelch, like a man in a dream. "You have the absurdity, the impudence, to tell me that you found a large quantity of foodstuffs in a suitcase?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I happened to find a key, sir, and—and it happened to—to fit that suitcase, sir—and—and I wondered what Fishy had in it, sir, so I—I looked—and when I found it was stacked with grub, sir, I—I—I thought it would serve him right if I—I ate it, sir!"

Sensation in the Remove room!

There was a long moment of dead silence after Billy Bunter's unexpected and startling confession.

It was broken by Fisher T. Fish.

"Gee-whiz!" gasped Fishy.

VERY FIERCE FOR FISHY!

MR. QUELCH stood with a dumbfounded expression on his face.

The Remove fellows just stared.

Not a fellow had thought, or dreamed, of such an explanation of the fat Owl's sudden and unlimited supply of tuck! Least of all had Fisher T. Fish—or wild horses would not have dragged him to raise the subject with Mr. Quelch.

Fishy was fairly overwhelmed.

He understood now what had become of that lost key! He understood whence Bunter had drawn his mysterious supplies! He had not pinched a fiver and blown it! He had been helping himself from Fishy's secret store!

Fishy saw it all now! So, unfortunately, did everybody else—including his Form-master!

Mr. Quelch's expression was growing quite terrifying.

"Well, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "So that—that's it!"

"A food hoard!" breathed Johnny Bull. "And in my study! I'll smash Fishy up into little pieces after class!"

"Leave some for me!" breathed Squiff. "I want some of him to smash!"

"The worm!"

"The terrific toad!"

"Silence in the class!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, finding his voice at last. "Bunter! You say that you found a large quantity of foodstuffs packed in a suitcase? To whom does that suitcase belong?"

"Fishy, sir!"

"Where is it now?"

"In Fishy's study, sir!"

"Wharton! Kindly go at once and bring down the suitcase from Study No. 14."

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"I—I—I guess I'll fetch it, sir!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I know jest where to lay hands on that sootcase, sir—"

"Stay where you are, Fish!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Do not dare to attempt to leave this Form-room! Wharton, go at once!"

Harry Wharton went at once!

There was a buzz in the Remove room as he went! It was all clear enough now, and the looks that the

Bunter does it again . . .

"Yarrooh! Look out, sir! . . . Oh, help!"

Yes, it's Billy Bunter, world's fattest and funniest schoolboy, again! Meet him now!

The HOLIDAY ANNUAL is the book to go for. In the 232 pages of The HOLIDAY ANNUAL you can meet Billy Bunter, Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, and the other famous schoolboy favourites.



Follow more adventures of Billy Bunter in—

THE GREYFRIARS

HOLIDAY ANNUAL

Of all Newsagents and Booksellers 5/-



Remove fellows gave the wretched Fishy were fearfully expressive.

Fishy could have groaned. Expressive looks had little effect on him. He did not care a whole lot what the fellows thought of him. They had never thought much! But trouble was coming! He was going to lose his board, which had cost him twenty dollars—some of it, evidently, was lost already! He was not going to be able to take that cute precaution to dodge what might fall upon others. And he was going to be whopped! He could see that in Quelch's eye!

And even that was not all! For Fishy realised, at last, that he had been on the wrong track! Bunter had not had that fiver! Bunter had not, as he had supposed, been spending a lot of money on tuck! Bunter had not been spending any money at all! He had got that tuck for nothing! All Fishy's convincing evidence that Bunter had had that fiver faded away like a mirage.

Who had had it—what had become of it—remained a mystery! But Fishy's suspicion that Bunter had had it was now very faint. At all events, it was certain now that Bunter had not spent it on tuck. He had not needed to! Fishy had supplied him with that tuck—for nothing!

Harry Wharton was not long gone. He came back with a big and heavy suitcase—not quite so heavy, however, as when Bunter had first discovered it in Study No. 14.

"Is that the suitcase, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir!"

"Is that suitcase your property, Fish?"

It was scarcely practicable to deny it, with the name "F. T. Fish" on the suitcase, plain for all eyes to read.

"Yep!" groaned Fishy.

"You have the key to this suitcase, Bunter?" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Hand it to me immediately."

Billy Bunter handed over the key—sorrowfully! He had raided, so far, hardly a third of the contents of that suitcase! But he had raided his last raid! The horn of plenty was going to run dry!

In the midst of a breathless silence in the Remove-room, Mr. Quelch inserted the key in the locks, one after the other, and unlocked the suitcase. He raised the lid.

"Oh!" came a gasp from the Remove.

They craned their heads to stare into that suitcase!

Mr. Quelch gazed into it, with glinting eyes.

Bunter's raids had depleted the store considerably. But there was a lot left. Canned foods of all sorts and kinds; pots of jam, tins of biscuits—all sorts of things! Even after Bunter's raids, there was enough left to last any ordinary fellow a month!

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. He glanced at Fisher T. Fish.

"For what reason, Fish, have you secretly purchased and stored this immense quantity of food in your study?" he inquired, in a rumbling voice.

"I—I—I guess—" mumbled Fisher T. Fish.

His voice trailed away. There was, in fact, nothing that Fisher T. Fish could say—for what he had done it for was plain enough!

He had laid in that huge store for his own behoof, if things went badly in the war—thinking, like other selfish people, wholly and solely of himself.

Not only was such a thing unheard of at Greyfriars School—but it was actually an infraction of the law!

The thunder in Quelch's speaking countenance was simply terrifying. Fisher T. Fish quaked all through his bony person. His precautions were, in point of fact, useless as well as mean, for no such scarcity as he dreaded was ever likely to occur. But that was only one more of the many miscalculations of the spry and cute Fishy!

"Stand out before the Form, Fish!" said Mr. Quelch.

The Remove master picked up a cane from his desk.

Fisher T. Fish almost crawled out before the Form.

"These articles"—Mr. Quelch pointed to the suitcase with the cane—"will be confiscated, Fish! I shall order them to be sent to the House-dame, for use in the household! You, I shall punish very severely."

"I—I—I guess—" mumbled the wretched Fishy.

"Bend over that desk!"

In the lowest spirits, Fisher T. Fish bent over the desk.

Mr. Quelch swished the cane in the air.

It came down six times in succession, with a series of cracks like pistol-shots!

At every crack there was a wild howl from Fishy.

The Remove fellows looked on grimly. Generally there was sympathy for a fellow getting six. But there was no sympathy for Fishy! If Quelch had made it sixty, instead of six, there would have been none.

Whop! came the sixth swipe.

"Wow!" came Fishy's dismal howl. Mr. Quelch laid down the cane.

"I trust," he said, "that that will be a warning to you, Fish! Take heed of it, or it will be repeated more severely."

"Ow! Ooogh! Wow!"

"Go to your place!"

Fishy limped to his place.

Mr. Quelch closed the suitcase and placed it behind his desk—to be taken back empty to Study No. 14 after the contents had been handed over to the House-dame!

Then he looked at Bunter.

The fat Owl quaked.

But Quelch, to his great relief, did not order him to stand out before the Form.

"You will take a hundred lines, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, after a pause.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"And now," said Mr. Quelch, "it remains to discover what has become of the banknote that is missing! When this class is dismissed, the whole Form will go to their studies, and I shall accompany them. The

missing note must be searched for till found. We shall now proceed with the lesson!"

And the Remove, at last, proceeded with the lesson.

FOUND—AND LOST!

"HENRY'S got his teeth into it!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Bob was right.

Henry Samuel Quelch had!

After class, the whole Remove marched up to the Remove passage. Mr. Quelch accompanied them there with a grim countenance.

A banknote was missing in the Remove quarters—and that banknote was going to be found, if Henry had to comb the Remove studies with a small comb for it.

Nobody supposed any longer that Bunter had had it—not even Fishy. What had become of it was just a mystery—which Mr. Quelch, if he could, was going to elucidate!

Mr. Quelch stalked up the Remove passage to Study No. 14. He beckoned to the three owners of that study—Fishy, Johnny Bull, and Squiff—to follow him in. The rest of the Form remained in the passage in a state of rather breathless expectation.

"The banknote, it appears, was lost in this study," said Mr. Quelch. "Neither of you has seen anything of it?"

"No, sir!" said Squiff and Johnny Bull.

"It would appear," said Mr. Quelch, "that it has been taken away! But before we allow any such dreadful suspicion to enter our minds, we must ascertain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it is really gone. Fish!"

"Yep!" mumbled Fishy.

"You have said that you left that banknote in this study when you were sent down to the headmaster. Where did you leave it?"

Fisher T. Fish hesitated. He was unwilling to enter into particulars on that point if he could help it.

"Answer me at once, Fish! Point out the exact spot where you left that five-pound note!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"In—in—in a newspaper, sir!" gasped Fishy.

"In a newspaper!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Are you telling me, Fish, that you left a banknote for five pounds in a newspaper?"

"I—I jest slipped it there, sir, till—till I had time to put it away!" mumbled Fisher T. Fish.

"I cannot understand so utterly careless and thoughtless an action!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Is the newspaper still here? Do you mean one of that pile that you have collected to sell as waste paper?"

"Yep!"

"The pile that was in the study, in the same place on the box-seat, when I came here to take you to the Head?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Sure!"

"Bless my soul!"

The three juniors in the study and a crowd of fellows in the passage looked at their Form-master. They

could see that a startling thought had shot into his mind—they could not guess what.

"In which newspaper did you slip the banknote, Fish?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Was it the top one of the pile?"

"Yep!"

"Then it is probable that the matter may be easily explained!" snapped the Remove master. "Follow me!"

He stalked out of Study No. 14, the juniors in the passage making room for him to pass. The whole crowd followed him down to Study No. 1—and, to the general astonishment, he stepped into that study.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry blankly.

"The man from Courtfield has not yet been here to repair the study window, I see. Has that newspaper remained tacked up over the broken pane ever since I directed you to place it there on Monday evening?"

"Yes, sir," answered the captain of the Remove in wonder. "We're keeping it there till a new pane is put in."

"Quite so!"

Mr. Quelch stepped to the window of Study No. 1.

The Remove crowd fairly goggled at him as he jerked the newspaper off the tacks with which Bob Cherry had secured it.

He turned to the staring juniors with the newspaper in his hand.

"You may remember, Wharton, that I handed you this newspaper to be fastened over the broken pane in your window," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I had noticed the pile of old newspapers in Fish's study. I went to that study to obtain a paper for the purpose!"

"Oh!"

"Naturally," said Mr. Quelch, "I picked up the top one from the pile."

"Gee-whiz!"

"According to Fish's statement, he had slipped his banknote into the top newspaper on that pile. If that was the case, it must have been this newspaper!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

He understood now. So did the rest of the Remove, and there was a chuckle in the passage as the juniors watched Mr. Quelch unfold that newspaper.

He opened the pages, and shook them.

A crisp slip of paper rustled out and came to rest on the study table. It was a five-pound note!

"Aw, wake snakes!" breathed Fisher T. Fish.

"The number of this note," said Mr. Quelch, taking it up, "is 00012468. That is the number you gave me, Fish. This banknote is yours!"

Fisher T. Fish's eyes danced as he held out a bony claw for the fiver.

He lived again!

He had lost his food hoard. He had had a whopping. But he had found his fiver at last. Its crisp rustle was music to his ears! He

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,655.

almost clutched it from his Form-master's hand.

"The matter," said Mr. Quelch, "is now cleared up. It was Fish's own foolish carelessness with the banknote that caused it to be lost. You may tack this paper up again, Wharton, to remain until the glazier comes from Courtfield to mend the window. Fish!"

"Yep!" bleated Fisher T. Fish.

It was for the moment a happy Fish. His sharp eyes gloated over the fiver in his bony claw.

"I am not wholly satisfied, Fish,

with your explanation of how that sum of money came into your possession," said Mr. Quelch. "But I am satisfied, and indeed gratified, with the way in which you have expressed your intention of disposing of it."

"Oh, yep, sir!" gasped Fishy.

He suppressed a grin. If Quelch fancied that that fiver was going through the slot in the war hospital box, he had another guess coming. Fishy was only waiting for Quelch to go before he parked that fiver in a safe place.

(Continued on page 28.)



COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS—AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THIS week I have had a bouquet in the shape of a letter from a reader living in Newcastle-on-Tyne, who says: "Come Into the Office, Boys and Girls!" is excellent. I always turn to that first. The more there is of it, the better I am pleased." Well, so long as you fellows like to read this feature I will always be pleased to write it.

The first query this week comes from Jack Baker, of Chigwell Row, who asks me: "Should we like one friend more than another?"

Human life goes on best by each of us devoting most of his affection to a few people, and certainly we ought to like one friend better than another, so long as we like that friend for the right things. If one has more love and tenderness and faithfulness and honour than another, we should naturally love him or her for these things more than we love someone else who has less of them. It is right that love should be rewarded by love, and cheerfulness by cheerfulness. This very fact helps and encourages people to show their best side to the world, which would be scarcely worth while if people were just as fond of us whether we were kind or not. One of the most important facts in our lives is that our qualities call forth the same qualities in other people.

Every now and again I get queries from readers concerning the value of certain coins, but I am sorry to say that I cannot always answer these queries as a great deal depends on the condition of the coin, and even the slightest of differences on a coin alter the value. Coins can only be valued if they are seen by an expert, which is why I invariably tell readers to seek the advice of someone at their local museum.

Alan Reading, of Bow, an enthusiastic "Magnetite," tells me that he has a very white face, which brings down upon him a good deal of

chaff from his companions. My chum is very resentful about his being the subject of these stupid and ungentlemanly jests, and wants me to tell him of some remedy for his white face.

The whiteness of my young friend's features is due to the poverty of his blood, which is lacking in those minute bodies known as red corpuscles. What Alan wants to do is to get a few more of these red corpuscles into his veins. The best way in which he can do this is to be out in the fresh air as frequently as possible, taking as much exercise as he can, and also to slightly increase the quantity of meat he at present eats. But exercise in the open air is the great thing my chum needs, and which he must go in for.

The next question is: What's in store for next week? The long, complete yarn of the chums of Greyfriars is entitled:

"RUN OUT OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

As usual, you'll find this popular author right on the top of his form, and once you begin this yarn you won't want to put it down until you've read every line of it. Who it is that is "run out" of Greyfriars, I will leave you to find out next Saturday. You're booked for a first-class story of the type that Frank Richards knows how to write so well. An excellent number of the "Greyfriars Herald" has been prepared for this special issue.

A final word. To those of you who have shifted away from your regular newsagent, my advice is to fill in the Order Form on page 23 of this issue and hand it to the nearest newsagent in your new district. This is the only way to make sure of getting the MAGNET regularly each week. So, till we meet again,

Cheerio, chums,

YOUR EDITOR,

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

(Continued from page 2.)

fame if he can only overcome his rather stupid habit of writing the rotten things in Greek. (Sorry, but I've just discovered that he will not do this, owing to having been dead 1,500 years.)

I understand there's a beauty chorus in this piece, consisting of Loder, Carne, and Walker. I imagine it must be a musical comedy. Wingate plays Hecuba, Gwynne plays Polyxena, and Coker plays the saxophone. The play ends with a skirt-dance by the company.

Actually, of course, it's only a bit of swank by the Sixth Form Greek Class. At the end of last term, the Remove gave a French play. It was Wibley's idea, and the Famous Five, Wibley, and Smithy did the thing. We kept it dark that it was only a burlesque. We called it "L'can d'Or," and it was simply a lot of gibberish—all we rehearsed were the actions of the play. On the night of the performance we spoke very quickly, and as much like French as we could, with a lot of "ongs" and "bongs" and "voilas." And it went like a breeze!

Monsieur Charpentier looked completely bewildered. So did Quelch. But all the distinguished visitors cheered like mad, and said what a remarkably good play it was, and how full of sense. Of course, we had a painful interview with Quelch afterwards, but it was worth it.

By the way, I hear that Mr. Richard Nugent, the well-known author, has written a play about St. Sam's, and this will be acted by the Second Form Thespians in due course. Only the first act of the play will be put in rehearsal, as Second Form plays never get beyond Act No. 1 before they dissolve into a fight with the audience. So it's a waste of time to learn more.

Mr. Nugent himself will play Dr. Birchmall, and he is now busy on the problem of finding a long beard. We saw him looking wistfully at the tail of old Cobb, the carrier's horse, yesterday, and if we could give the animal a tip, we should say "Horsey, keep your tail on!"

Mr. Cecil Reginald Temple is trying to get a play produced in the Upper Fourth. He favours a well-known mystery play called "The Golden Goat." He will naturally act the goat. In fact, he'll do that, whatever play is chosen.

That's all, children! 'Bye!

They say "constant dripping wears away a stone," but Bunter lived on dripping for a month and was a stone heavier at the end of it. No sense in these old proverbs, is there?

A Play by Wibley:

DIRE DISGRACE!

A Tragedy, written after the style of Shakespeare, but much better.

SCENE: Big Hall at Greyfriars. Dr. Locke stands on the platform, fingering a birch. The whole school is gathered in hushed expectation.

THE HEAD: Friends, Britons, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to punish Nugent, not to praise him.

The evil he hath done disgraceth him Before mine eyes, and in the gimlet orbs

Of his most worthy master, name of Quelch,

I read his condemnation.

Thou knowest well

That at the very witching hour of night

This Nugent stirr'd from slumber and crept forth

Upon the tiles, and straightway from the school



He made a bee-line to the Fishers Three.

1ST SCHOOLBOY: If 'twere so, 'twere a grievous fault. And grievously shall Nugent answer it.

2ND SCHOOLBOY: Mark ye his eyes are red with weeping.

THE HEAD: And caught red-handed in th' unhallowed act, This Nugent had no words to justify His dirty deeds! O woeful day! This was the noblest junior of them all.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Now bring him forth and let him taste the birch

And see how he enjoyeth that, withal.

(Nugent is brought forth.)

NUGENT: Most potent, grave, and reverend Dr. Locke,

That I have sinned indeed I do confess,

In that I rose at midnight from my couch

And ventur'd out.

Yet prithee take my oath.

I made no errand to the Fishers Three, Nor eke Cross Keys, nor any other pub; Indeed, the head and front of my offending

Was but to stop another reckless youth

From breaking bounds, and by impassioned words

Persuade him to return to slumber sweet.

This, this was all.

THE HEAD: Do you believe this nonsense, my dear Quelch?

QUELCH: Nay, give me leave to speak. I do submit.

That this ingenious tale is but the breath

Of idle fancy. Were I in Nugent's place

I could a tale unfold of this same kind.

And since he doth incontinent refuse To give the name of him who

journey'd forth

Upon th' unhallowed errand, he must stand

The very full and bitter consequence.

THE HEAD: Thou hast well said. And, Nugent, mark my word,

If thou hast tears, prepare to shed them now.

And thou, my worthy Gosling, old of years,

Take up this boy.

NUGENT: Nay, nay! It must not, shall not be!

Oh, I could weep my spirit from my eyes.

The bitterness that rises in my breast

O'erpowers me. Nugent, thou'rt gone!

I die of shame! (He dies of shame.) (Nugent minor rushes up the Hall.)

NUGENT MINOR: Frank, speak to me! Alas, that ashy face,

Those frozen eyes, that limp and lifeless hand!

Adieu, dear brother! Thou hast given thyself

For my unworthy sake. I was the little sweep

Who sallied forth last night to Joey Banks.

I left my sin to thee. It is too much,

Remorse has slain me. Oh, I die, I die! (He dies of remorse.)

THE HEAD: Dear me, this is a somewhat drastic end

To what was really but a trifling thing.

(Harry Wharton rushes up the Hall.)

WHARTON: Unjust suspicion hath unjustly ta'en

The life of one who never did no harm.

And my best pal and fairest chum has gone

In early youth to that far bourne from whence

No traveller returns. I'll follow him,

And seek him thence, and say

I died of indignation at their act.
(*He dies of indignation.*)
(Cherry, Bull, and Inky stand out.)

CHERRY: My friends and comrades,
have we hearts of flint
To send our chums alone and un-
supported
Along this gloomy valley of oblivion?

BULL: Nay, Heaven forbid! They
beckon us; and we
Will shuffle off this mortal coil as
well.

HURREE SINGH: The shuffleness is
terrific. (*All die.*)

MR. QUELCH: Now I am justly paid
for mine own treachery.
I am the cause of this; yea, I alone,
Because I would not take the word
of one
Who ne'er deceived me yet.
Well, let what will be, be.
I, too, must pay the price. My
friends, farewell.

THE HEAD: My dear Quelch, pray
reflect—

MR. QUELCH: Nay, prithee say no
more. I die, I die! (*He dies.*)

MR. PROUT: Well, this is really
most astonishing,
Unprecedented, and unparalleled.
However, since the fashion so de-
mands— (*Lays down and dies.*)

GOSLING: Wot I ses, most reverend
doctor, is this 'ere:
Two 'undred years—well, more or
less—'ave passed
Since I first came to Greyfriars.
Now, at last
I think I'd better die. Well, 'ere
we go! (*Dies.*)

THE HEAD (bastily): Dismiss the
school!
We'll have no more of this. But in
the privacy
Of mine own study, with no eye to
watch,
I'll die in comfort and security.
(*He totters away. The schoolboys
troop out and die in twos and threes
about the Quad.*)
CURTAIN.

MY FAVOURITE PLAY!

WIBLEY: "Baffling the Bookie,"
by W. Wibley. (All rights reserved.)

SKINNER: "The Road to Ruin,"
a poignant drama of the fate which
awaits cads who kick over the traces.
I saw it in the Vac., and wept all
night.

GOSLING: "Back to Methuselah,"
by Bernard Shaw. It's all about a
man wot determined to live three
'undred years, and did it. It'll be a

good forty years before I'm as old as
'e was. (P.S.—Smithy collected these
answers, and I have grave doubts
about some of 'em.—Ed.)

DUTTON: Eh?

BOLSOVER MAJOR: "The Good-
Natured Man," by Oliver Goldsmith,
a sweet play, full of gentleness and
charm, which I simply adore. (Fan
me!—Ed.)

FISHY: "Tons of Money." I guess
I ain't seen it, because the galoots
wouldn't give me a free pass, but I
reckon that hits me where I live.
Sure!

HURREE SINGH: "All's Wellful-
ness That Ends Wellfully," by
Shakespeare Sahib.

WHARTON: Any play that I'm
not acting.

VERNON-SMITH: "Uncle Tom's
Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe, because it's
the only play in which I ever had a
part. I was the "Bay of a blood-
hound (off stage)," and was word-
perfect from the start.

PLAYS, CONCERTS, ETC.

BIG HALL. At end of term. The
Sixth Form present HECUBA, by
EURIPIDES. Great All-Star Attrac-
tion. Stupendous spectacle. Featur-
ing Gerald Loder and his Gang in
skirts. You must not miss it.
Popular prices. Box Office open any
old time. Tomatoes and other fruit
forbidden, by order.

WOODSHED. To-morrow night.
GRAND SMOKING CONCERT.
Juniors only; no prefects admitted.
TICKETS FROM HAROLD
SKINNER, 1s. each, including free
cigarettes. Cheap excursions from
the BOX-ROOM WINDOW at 10.30
p.m. Apply Study No. 11.

BIG HALL. Great attraction.
FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY. Per-
sonal appearance of PAUL PROUT
in jawbone solos on "The Rocky
Mountains." Plenty of seats. AD-
MISSION FREE, but not compul-
sory, thank goodness. Stroll up any
time and get an earful.

REMOVE DORM. After lights-
out TO-NIGHT. WILLIAM WIB-
LEY will give a SHAKESPEARIAN
REPERTOIRE (whatever that is).
Pillows, cabbages, eggs, etc., for sale
at the FISH AMMUNITION CO.,
Study No. 14. Come to bed early
and have the time of your life.

ALL OVER THE PLACE. Daily.
HORACE COKER acts the fool.
Watch our Champion Clump for a
good laugh, free, gratis, and for nix.

BIG HALL. End of term.
HAMLET, by the Remove. Avoid it!

THE TUCK-HOARDER!

(Continued from page 26.)

But Quelch was not gone yet.
"In view of this," continued Mr.
Quelch, with quiet grimness, "I shall
allow the matter to rest where it is.
You may now come with me, Fish!"
"Eh?"

"You may accompany me down-
stairs and place that five-pound note
in the war hospital box!"

"Wha-a-t?"
"As you have stated to be your
intention—"

"Oh gum!"
"And I am sure that your Form-
fellows will express a proper appreci-
ation of your liberality, Fish!" said
Mr. Quelch grimly.

Fisher T. Fish did not answer.
He couldn't.

He limped down the stairs after
his Form-master. There was no
help for it. It was like having a
tooth out—or rather, five teeth out!
But Fishy was for it! And the
banknote was duly pushed through
the slot in the hospital box—Fishy's
eyes following it, as it went, with
a mournful gaze.

In the Remove passage, there was
a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I say, you fellows—he, he, he!"
gurgled Billy Bunter. "He, he,
he!"

"Ain't Quelch a downy bird?"
gasped Bob Cherry. "Did he know
that Fishy was pulling his leg? Ha,
ha, ha!"

"Did he?" chuckled the Bounder.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

When Fisher T. Fish crawled back
to the Remove passage, Johnny Bull
and Squiff both gave up the idea
of slaughtering him for parking a
food hoard in their study.

Fishy looked as if he had had
enough. He looked, indeed, as if he
had had too much! He limped into
the passage, groaning as he limped.
He gazed at the yelling Removites
with a lack-lustre eye.

"Gee-whiz!" groaned Fishy. "This
is fierce! I'll tell a man, this is
sure fierce!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Jevver get left, Fishy?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove passage fairly rocked
with laughter.

Fisher T. Fish did not laugh. He
did not even smile. He looked like
that ancient monarch who was deter-
mined never to smile again. But
everybody else yelled—and it was
agreed in the Remove that the joke
of the term was Fishy's fiver.

THE END.

(Next week's super story of Harry
Wharton & Co. is entitled: "RUN
OUT OF GREYFRIARS!" Make
sure of your MAGNET by ordering it
NOW!)

BLUSHING.—FREE to all sufferers, particulars of a proved
home treatment that quickly removes all
embarrassment, and permanently cures blushing and flushing of
the face and neck. Enclose stamp to—
Mr. A. TEMPLE (Specialist), Commerce House, 72, Oxford
Street, LONDON, W.1. (Established 38 years.)

STAMPS

FREE 35 CATALOGUE 13/-, incl. ROYAL VISIT
CANADA COMPLETE SET, COLONIALS, etc.; no
approval applicants sending 2d.—P. COCKRILL,
13, MONTRELL ROAD, LONDON, E.W.2.

JUBILEE PACKET FREE. Goliath Locomotive, Latvia,
Ethiopia, Chile, Egypt, Old
Turkey, Scarse Jubilee, pkt. 50 diff. Ask for 50% discount approvals and
enclose 2d. postage.—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 St., London, E.C.4.

Printed in England and published every Saturday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway
House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London,
E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 11s. per
annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for
South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, November 4th, 1939.