

ANYONE CAN WRITE A STORY—EVEN BILLY BUNTER! THE FAMOUS
FAT SCHOOLBOY PROUDLY PRESENTS A TERRIFIC THRILLER, WHICH HE
FONDLY HOPES WILL BECOME—

BUNTER'S BEST-SELLER!

by William George Bunter



A Gripping Detective Drama, in which
our Great Author describes the doings
of Stetson Flake in the Case of
"THE INVISIBLE DAGGER!"

P.S.—Kindly excuse all blots and
spelling. Both of them are Billy
Bunter's own work!

The Awful Warning!

IT was a dark and dismal night when Stetson Flake, the famous detective, arrived at Tantivvy Towers in response to an urgent postcard he had received.

Pausing only to give a ring on the door-knocker, he waited to be admitted. Soon the front portals were thrown open by Jellybean, the butler.

"Ah, there you are, Jellybean!" exclaimed Stetson Flake. "Lord Knockem Potty sent for me."

"Yes, sir," answered Jellybean. "You will find his lordship in the dining-room!"

"Deaded already?" gasped Stetson. "If he has been murdered it is no wonder that he sent for me in such a hurry. I begin to smell a rat!"

"Begging your pardon, sir, that is a rabbit which is being cooked in the kitchen," sniffed Jellybean, the butler. "Come this way, sir."

Stetson Flake hung his bicycle-clips on a hatpeg, and followed the butler into the dining-room.

And there he fownd Lord Knockem Potty lying on the floor and groaning horrible groans.

"Ah! Already I begin to suspect that he has been poisoned by a stab in the back from a fully loaded water-pistol," said the great detective. "Lead me to the nearest bloodstains, Jellybean!"

"There aren't any, sir," replied the butler.

"Tut, tut! No bloodstains?" cried Stetson Flake. "That makes it much more difficult to solve. The crime cood not have been committed in this room——"

"Crime? What crime?" suddenly said Lord Knockem Potty, getting up off the carpet. "There hasn't been any crime committed yet. But I expect one at any moment! Read that!"

He pushed into the detective's grasp a piece of paper, on which were the fateful words:

**"WATCH OUT! IT'S HERE!
THE INVISIBLE DAGGER!"**

Stetson Flake examined the paper, and carefully notissed a complete absence of foot-prints on it.

"Ah! The man who sent this to you must have used his hands," he decided. "How long have you had it?"

"Since just after tea," replied his lordship. "I was playing toy soldiers with my little son Cyril, when I heard sumthing being pushed under the door. Cyril went to get it, and brort back this awful warning. At ferst I took no notiss of it, but after we'd packed Cyril's soldiers up and he had gone to bed, the invisible dagger struck at me and—Ow-oooo! There it is again!"

Lord Knockem Potty staggered to a chair, holding his back.

"It's just as though a knife is being stuck into me!" he groaned. "But who can be doing it? Ouch! It's the invisible dagger all right. I can feel it, but I can't see it!"

Stetson Flake frowned, and began to kneel down by the fireplace in search of fag-ends.

When he had fownd a few he stuffed them into his pipe and lit it.

Then for about thirty minutes, or nearly half an hour, he paced up and down the room deep in thort.

"The mystery of the invisible dagger!" he muttered to himself. "What is the meaning of it all? Where will it all end? What is the point? A-ha!"

Skidding to a halt in front of Lord

Knockem Potty, Stetson Flake looked at him keenly.

"Where is the missing soldier that your son Cyril lost to-night?" he asked mysteriously.

Lord Knockem Potty was so surprised that he staggered as if pushed over by a pair of pink elephants.

"How did you guess that Cyril had lost a soldier?" he gasped. "You amaze me, Mr. Flake!"

"I amaze myself sumtimes," said Stetson Flake modestly, as he picked up the fire-tongs. "Allow me, your lordship, and I will solve this mystery."

Whereupon the great detective pushed the fire-tongs down his lordship's back, and with a smile of triumf, he pulled them owt again.

And gripped in the ends of the fire-tongs was the missing toy soldier!

"You see," explained Stetson Flake, "I suspected all along that when you were playing soldiers one of them fell off the table and went down the back of your neck, your lordship. It was a soldier's bayonet that was prodding you—not an invisible dagger at all!"



Stetson Flake hung up his bicycle-clips and followed the butler into the dining-room, where Lord Knockem Potty was lying on the floor, groaning horrible groans.

The Awful Warning Again!

LORD KNOCKEM POTTY gave a gurgle of joyful relief.

"Wonderful work, Mr. Stetson Flake," he cried. "When you send in your bill for this I will at once see that it is put with the others that I owe for the rent, the gas and so forth. But now I must toddle upstairs and tell Cyril the good news."

With that his lordship left the dining-room.

But he had not been gone long when

"Ah, thanks," murmured Stetson Flake, taking the glass and drinking the lot. "I feel better now. It always upsets me to see any one faint."

Reviving his lordship by emptying the goldfish bowl over him, Stetson Flake then proceeded to question him.

"Cyril is the only heir I have got!" sobbed Lord Knockem Potty, mopping his bald brow. "He has gone, and never said good-bye to his dear dad. This is all that I fownd in his room upstairs."



Stetson Flake frowned and knelt by the fireplace in search of fag-ends. When he had found a few he stuffed them into his pipe and lit it.

there was an awful cry heard, and he rushed downstairs again.

His face was as white as if he had washed it.

"Gone!" he gasped. "Cyril has vanished from his bed, and his room has not been slept in! Give me a chair—I feel quite faint."

"Jellybean, bring a glass of strong brandy-ball wine at once!" ordered Stetson Flake.

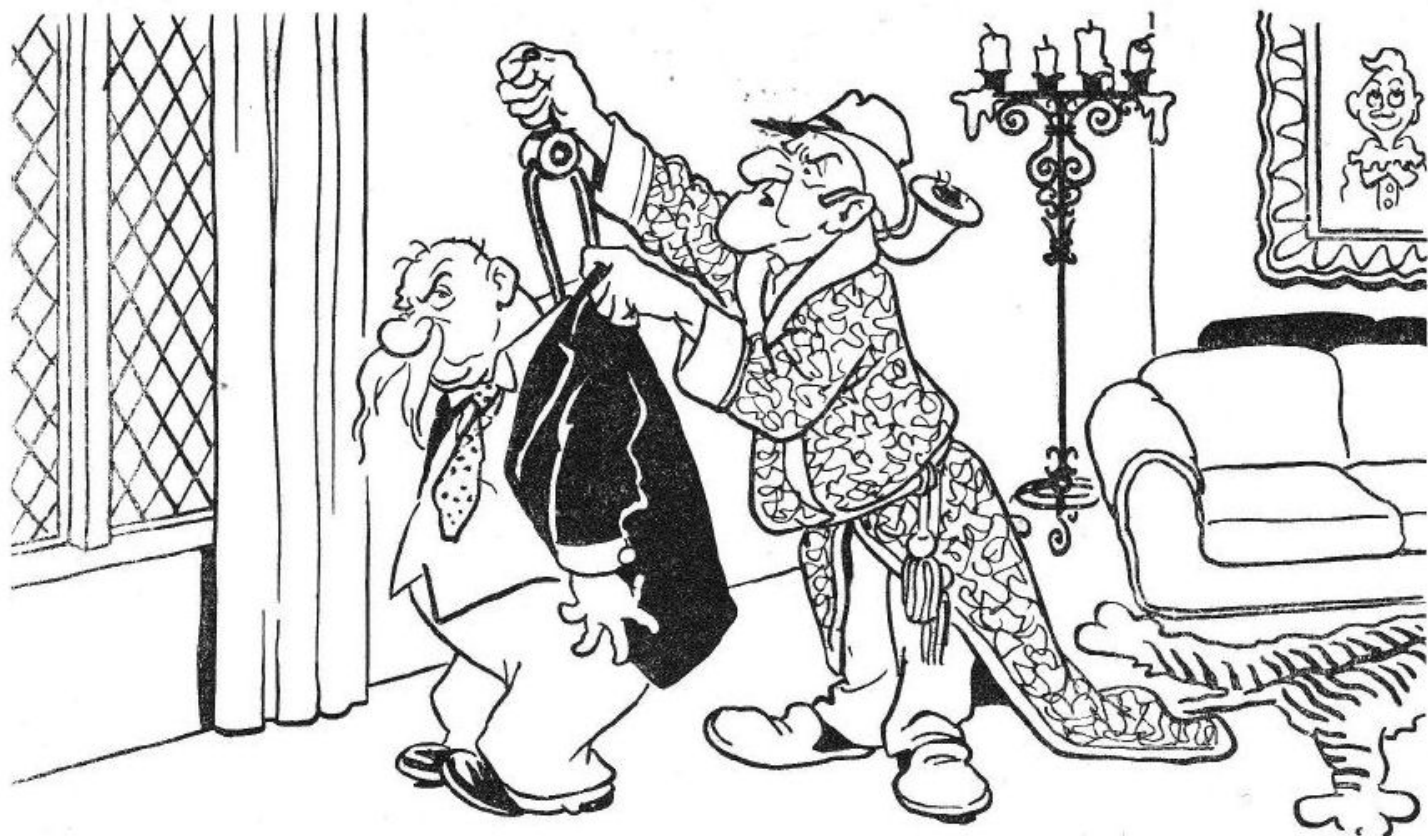
The butler hurried away and got the drink, adding a little starch to make it a stiff one.

"Here, sir!" he said.

And for the second time that night he showed Stetson Flake the warning bit of paper. But there was a bit more to it this time, for it said:

**"WATCH OUT! IT'S HERE!
THE INVISIBLE DAGGER!
1/-, 1/9, 2/6."**

"What do those mystic prices mean?" muttered the great detective. "Are these invisible daggers for sale in three different sizes——"



"I amaze myself sumtimes," said Stetson Flake modestly, as he pushed the fire-tongs down his lordship's back. "I will solve this mystery!"

"Or do you add them up to five and threepence, and get the amount of ransom money that the kidnappers want?" chipped in Jellybean, the faithful old butler. "Poor young master Cyril! He was as pretty as a picture!"

Something clicked inside Stetson Flake's high-powered brain, and his two eyes shone as bright as traffic-lights.

"Jellybean, you have just said a mouthful," he exclaimed. "Kindly fetch the master's hat from the hall-stand, and my bicycle-clips. His lordship and I are going to the pictures!"

Lord Knockem Potty took a golfish out of his left ear and handed it to Jellybean, the faithful butler.

"Place that in the kitchen sink, my man," he said. "Pour in some slightly warmed water, and then dry this unfortunate goldfish with a cloth soaked in metal-polish. It shoold be as good as new after that. Mr. Flake has kindly offered to take me to the pictures——"

"No, your lordship, I fear that you are taking me," said Stetson Flake swiftly. "I

have just spent all my weekly allowance on a new bath-mat for the canary's cage, and for the moment I am somewhat hard-up but happy."

"In that case," said his lordship, "I will be brave and attack young Cyril's money-box with my bare hands and the blade of a knife. It may be a mean thing to do, but that is what I mean to do."

And so the deed was did. Little Cyril's money-box supplied the cash, and his lordship very thoughtfully put back two large buttons and the tops of seven milk-bottles, so that the lad would never know.

"And now," said Stetson Flake, "let us away to the cinema, and we shall not be in the dark for long!"

The Mystery Solved

IT was shortly later that Lord Knockem Potty, looking very puzzled, followed the detective into the half-crown seats at the local cinema.

"How will all this help to bring my little Cyril back to me?" he asked.

"Hush!" whispered Stetson Flake.



Reviving his lordship by emptying the goldfish bowl over him, Stetson Flake then proceeded to question him about the missing child.

And for a while they both hushed and waited. All was silent except for the sound of the film, and the noise of the audience sucking ices and acid-drops.

"Listen!" hissed Stetson Flake presently.

Lord Knockem Potty listened, and heard a slight scuffling sound that came from somewhere on the floor.

"Ah! Mice!" he muttered.

"That's just where you are wrong, old sport," announced Stetson Flake. "Your lordship, here is your missing sonny boy!"

And reaching down under the seats, the clever detective pulled out young Cyril.

"Well, run over my rhubarb!" exclaimed Lord Knockem Potty. "How did you know where to find him?"

"I suspected that he had cum here to the pictures," replied Stetson Flake. "And I guessed that we shood find him having a bit of clever crawl-back from the shilling seats to the half-crown ones. It's quite an old custom."

"You astonish me!" said Lord Knockem Potty. "But there is still one mystery to be

cleared up before we finish. What about those warning messages and the invisible dagger?"

Stetson Flake smiled a knowing smile. Then borrowing a bob off his lordship, he calmly bort himself a choc-ice and a bag of peanuts.

"Sit back in your seat and you shall see, your lordship," he chuckled. "They weren't warnings at all. They were sent round to advertise this week's film, 'The Invisible Dagger!'—which we are now about to see!"

So they all sat back and enjoyed the thrilling picture, and then went and bought some fish and chips, which they enjoyed even more.

THE END

There you are, then, you jolly rotters, what did you think of that for a super detective story? We Bunters are jolly clever, you must admit. Even Mr. Quelch thinks that I've got some brains that I haven't even used yet! Cheerio for now. This is your famous author friend signing off!—BILLY BUNTER.