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METAL MOTOR-CAR BADGES

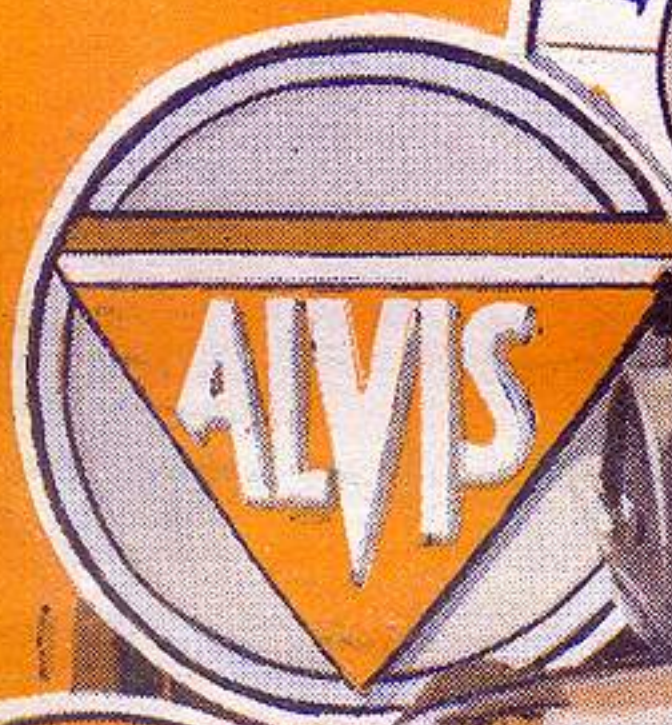
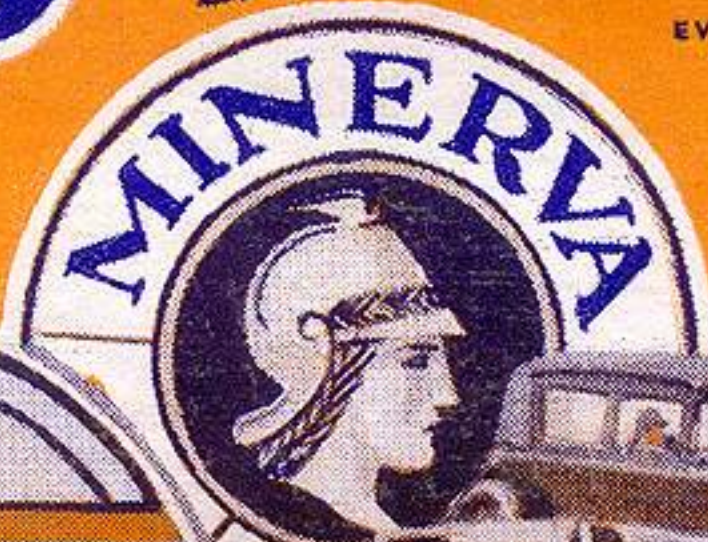
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The Magnet

LIBRARY

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EVERY SATURDAY.



These 3 Metal
Motor Car
Badges
Given Free
inside



Come into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**THE
MAGNET
EDITORIAL
OFFICE**

NOW that all you chaps have the first three Motor-car Badges in your hands—and the special album—you're all mighty keen to collect the complete set. That's the stuff! Everyone will go crazy over these unique Free Gifts, so the wise reader will take the obvious step of placing a regular order for the Magnet at once. You'll remember that? Good! Now for a chin-wag on other matters.

If only some of you fellows could see the terrific post-bag I get each morning! Gosh! What a thirst for information you Magnetites possess! Jim Thornfield, of Leeds, starts the ball rolling this week by asking me for some information on:

HOW TO GO TO SEA!

Unfortunately, he doesn't say in what capacity he wants to go to sea. If he has a hankering after the Navy, he can get all the information he requires from his local recruiting office, or from the post office. But if he wants to become an apprentice in the Merchant Service he must be prepared to be indentured for four years. He should write to various shipping companies and ask if they have any vacancies for cadets or apprentices, as conditions of apprenticeship vary in different companies. To be accepted as an apprentice, a boy must be physically fit, have perfect eyesight, a fairly good standard of education, and be able to swim. To go as a steward, he should write to the Chief Shore Steward of the shipping lines, while, if he imagines that the engine-room department will suit him better, he must first serve his full apprenticeship in an engineering works ashore, and must be a fully-skilled man before he can go even as an uncertificated engineer. Any of the weekly journals dealing with shipping will give him the address of the principal shipping companies.

Another Magnetite, H. Barry, of Newport, has heard the phrase:

"BLOOD MONEY!"

and wants to know what it is. "Blood Money" is a term used in the Navy to mean the money that is paid when an enemy warship is sunk. The amount varies according to the size of the vessel sunk, and the personnel she carried. It is shared out amongst the officers and crews of the vessels which did the sinking. "Prize Money," on the other hand, is shared out throughout the whole

Navy nowadays, and the value of enemy Merchant vessels captured, blockade runners captured, or goods which were designed for the enemy and which have been taken by the Navy. So, you see, there is a subtle difference between the two.

I think Alf Turner, of Gateshead, is trying to pull my leg. He asks:

"IS GOLD THE HARDEST METAL?"

No, it isn't, Alf. I thought everyone knew that Iridium was. But I have frequently found myself that gold is the hardest metal—to get! Next, please!

Here is Lance Harding, of Bristol, asking me to tell him which is the

SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD!

That distinction belongs to San Marino, which is situated on a mountain top in the North of Italy. Small republics always seem to be associated with mountains. There is another, Andorra, which is in the Pyrenees, between France and Spain. I happen to have seen Andorra, and to have been as far as its frontier, and I can tell you that its inhabitants are welcome to their desolate country! There are quite a number of "pocket" countries scattered about Europe. Monaco—where Monte Carlo is—is a principality of its own, and so is Liechtenstein, which is between Switzerland and Austria.

I suppose we have all heard the saying: "What would Mrs. Grundy say?" but I wonder how many of you are puzzled to know, as Fred Gibbs, of Harrogate is:

WHO WAS MRS. GRUNDY?

Well, Mrs. Grundy is a character mentioned in an old play called "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton. There is an old farmer in the piece whose wife is always wondering what Mrs. Grundy would say. Mrs. Grundy does not appear in the play, and the farmer, a comical old character, is constantly annoyed by his wife's references to Mrs. Grundy, who is the wife of a rival farmer.

Frank Dobbs, of Glasgow, has seen the reference to Blackbeard, the pirate, in "Wolves of the Spanish Main!"—our last serial—and wants to know:

DID BLACKBEARD ACTUALLY LIVE?

Yes, he did! "Blackbeard" was the

In addition to a Free Album this issue contains THREE COLOURED METAL MOTOR-CAR BADGES joined together. You can trim the badges quite easily with a pair of scissors, boys!

name given to Captain Teach, a notorious sea-rover. Teach, from all accounts, was an ugly, ferocious-looking villain, and he used to endeavour to make himself look all the more forbidding by tucking the ends of his great black beard under the sides of his hat, and putting lighted slow matches in his hair when he led his ruffians aboard a ship. He was absolutely merciless, and one of the blackest-hearted villains that ever sailed the Main.

Jove, I don't seem to be getting any nearer to the end of the queries which my readers have put up to me. There is still a pile of letters before me, and if I spare much more of my valuable space I'll have none left in which to tell you about the things I've got up my sleeve for you in future issues, beginning, of course, with the next.

THREE FREE GIFTS!

These unique badges, beautifully coloured, are of the well-known Morris-Cowley, Lea-Francis, and Rolls-Royce cars. They will make a fine addition to the three badges you already possess. You can have great fun with these badges, too, by "spotting" at a glance the various makes of motor-cars you see in your own particular district. Try it on with a pal. But, a word of warning. There's bound to be a terrific rush to secure these wonderful Free Gifts, so it's up to every one of you to place an order for next week's Magnet now!

"BOUND FOR AMERICA!"

By Frank Richards.

That's the title of the next Greyfriars yarn in the delightful series we've just started. It treats of the innumerable efforts of Fisher T. Fish and his "popper" to get rid of Bunter, now that the selected party is on the way. But Bunter is a stickler, as you know, and the way he counters all the moves the Fish family put into operation makes tip-top reading.

"THE INVENTOR OF THE FOURTH!"

Dicky Nugent's "shocker" is well up to standard, and you'll enjoy every line of it. The same can be said of the next instalment of

"THE BLACK HAWK!"

You will all agree that Mr. Rochester is a master-hand at writing stories of the Air, for he's a clever pilot himself. There's a big surprise for you in next week's stirring instalment. Don't miss it. And, once again, boys, see that you get the

THREE MOTOR-CAR BADGES

which will be given away FREE with every copy of next week's MAGNET. Cheerio, chums,

YOUR EDITOR.

WONDERFUL NEW SERIES STARTS TO-DAY!



A Jewel of a Yarn from the pen of FRANK RICHARDS.

There's some big money to be picked up in America for the company that can produce a "pukka" film of English Public School Life, and Fisher T. Fish and his "popper"—keen, businesslike Americans—are determined to rope in a star cast "on the cheap" from the fellows at Greyfriars. You'll find this school yarn the best you've ever read, so get started on it, boys!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

After Mauly!

"**M**AULY!"
"Oh dear!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.
"Mauly!" squeaked Billy Bunter, once again.

Mauleverer glanced round cautiously. It was morning break at Greyfriars—a keen, winter's morning. Harry Wharton & Co. were enjoying, in their usual energetic way, the interval between second and third school. The Famous Five, and half a dozen other Remove fellows, were punting a footer about, with plenty of vigour, and a good allowance of noise.

Such energetic occupations did not appeal to Lord Mauleverer. But it was necessary to move to keep oneself warm, so his lordship was ambling gently under the old trees. His lordship looked, as usual, as if he could not have moved quickly to save his noble life. But he moved quite quickly as he saw William George Bunter bearing down upon him.

Billy Bunter had come out of the House, blinking to and fro through his big spectacles, evidently in search of someone. He sighted Lord Mauleverer, and rolled across to him, calling. It seemed to Bunter that Mauly must have become suddenly deaf, for, instead of answering to his name, he walked away in the opposite direction quite rapidly.

"Mauly!" yelled Bunter.
His lordship accelerated.
"Deaf?" howled Bunter.
His lordship grinned.

Bunter could not see the grin, as only

the back of Mauly's head was visible to him. He blinked after his retreating lordship in great exasperation.

"Mauly!" he roared.

Lord Mauleverer did not turn his head. Mauly was a long-suffering youth, and there were many things he could stand. But there was one thing he never stood, if he could help it, and that was the fascinating society of William George Bunter. Haste and hurry were not in Mauly's line at all; but there were occasions when he could put on speed. This was one of them.

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "Mauly, old man, you frabjous chump! I say, old fellow!"

Lord Mauleverer turned into a walk under the elms, and disappeared from sight.

Bunter gave an angry snort, and started in pursuit.

He was quite sure that Mauly had heard him. Indeed, he could guess that that was why Mauly was putting on speed. Bunter was an entertaining—indeed, fascinating fellow. Nobody knew that better than Bunter himself. Still, it was not uncommon for fellows to turn corners, or put on speed, when Bunter appeared in the offing. Lord Mauleverer, especially, had that exasperating habit.

Bunter broke into a run. Mauleverer had turned a corner, and Bunter came round that corner at top speed.

There was a sudden collision, and Bunter staggered back.

"Ow! Wow! Mauly, you silly ass why—" he gasped.

"Yarrop!" came a howl from a figure sprawling on the frosty ground. "You slab-sided guy! What, in the name of

the great-horned toad, do you calculate you're up to, you pesky mugwump?"

Bunter blinked down at the victim of the collision.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, recognising Fisher T. Fish. "I say, where's Mauly? Did he pass you?"

Fisher T. Fish sat up.

It was no joke to receive a charge, with William George Bunter's weight behind it. Fisher T. Fish was winded.

"Groogh!" he gasped. "You wait till I gerrup! Ooch! And I'll make potato-scrappings of you, you fat clam! Ow!"

Bunter did not wait.

He was anxious to find Lord Mauleverer, and he was not at all anxious to ascertain what Fisher T. Fish was going to do when he got up.

He circumnavigated the gasping American junior, and rolled on in pursuit of his elusive lordship.

"Come back, you pesky gink!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm going to hand you a sockdolager that will burst you all over the Universe!"

Bunter did not come back for the sockdolager. He did not quite know what a sockdolager was—the American language not being in the curriculum at Greyfriars School—but, whatever it was, Bunter did not want it.

He rolled on after Lord Mauleverer, leaving the Transatlantic junior gasping.

"Mauly," he roared, "it's come! You silly ass, it's come! I say, Mauly, old chap!"

Mauleverer had left the trees, and was crossing towards the House, still going strong.

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Whatever it was that had come, Mauly did not seem to want to hear about it. All he wanted was to keep at a safe distance from the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter sighted him in the distance, and rushed after him.

"Look out!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A fellow could not see everything at once. Bunter saw Lord Mauleverer making his escape. And he did not see the whizzing footer. It had just flown from the hefty foot of Bob Cherry of the Remove. And Bunter was rushing across its line of flight. He caught it beautifully. Bunter's nose and a muddy footer came into sudden contact, and William George Bunter found himself strewn along the ground.

"Whoop!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat ass!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Get out of the way!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"On the ball!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows—Yaroooh! Whoop! Help! Murder! Fire! Yoooh!" spluttered Bunter, as the juniors rushed after the footer, taking the Owl of the Remove in their stride, as it were.

The punt-about passed on, and Bunter picked himself up dizzily. He set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and glared after the footballers with a glare that almost cracked the glasses.

"Beasts!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter tottered on towards the House. In the distance he saw Lord Mauleverer vanish into the doorway.

He panted breathlessly into the House.

The big door stood wide open, and there was no sign of Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter called to Skinner and Snoop, who were frowsting before the fire, "seen Mauly?"

Skinner and Snoop were grinning.

"O where and O where can he be?" sang Skinner.

"Echo answers where?" chuckled Snoop.

Bunter gasped.

"The silly ass! He heard me calling him! He must have heard me! And he simply bolted! I know he heard me—"

"Probably that was why he bolted," chuckled Skinner. "He may be looking for a chance to cash a postal-order for you. On the other hand, he may not."

"With the odds on the not," remarked Snoop.

"Tain't that!" gasped Bunter. "His cake's come from Chunkley's in Courtfield, and it's been taken to the housekeeper's room. Mauly's got to go there to see about it. I was going to tell him—"

"Oh, begad!" ejaculated the voice of Lord Mauleverer.

His lordship stepped from behind the big door.

Bunter spun round and blinked at him.

"You—you silly ass!" he gasped. "You—"

"My mistake, old bean!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I thought you were going to talk to me, old chap!"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Thanks no end," yawned Lord Mauleverer. "I'll trickle along and see Mrs. Kebble about it at once."

"I'll come with you, old chap."

"Don't trouble."

"No trouble at all, old fellow."

"Not to you—but what about me?" said Mauleverer plaintively. And he

faded away in the direction of the housekeeper's room.

Billy Bunter rolled after him. Some fellows might have felt rebuffed. But William George Bunter was not easily rebuffed. He could swallow a rebuff, and almost anything else that came his way. He rolled after Lord Mauleverer to the housekeeper's room. Mauleverer accelerated, and Billy Bunter's little fat legs fairly twinkled in pursuit. It proved to be a dead heat; they arrived together.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

No Luck for Bunter!

MR. QUELCH, master of the Remove, eyed Billy Bunter, not once or twice, but several times, in third lesson.

Billy Bunter was especially anxious just then to avoid catching his Form master's eye. Doubtless, for that reason, he caught it more than usual, for when Bunter was exercising caution he did it in his own inimitable way, and his excessive cautiousness could not fail to attract attention.

"Bunter!" rapped out Mr. Quelch at last.

"Oh! Yes, sir?" gasped Bunter, jumping.

"Sit still!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Bunter sat still for some minutes.

Then he was on the move again.

The fact was that William George was in a difficult position. Third school that day dealt with English literature, a subject in which Bunter's lack of interest was measureless. English literature, on this occasion, was represented by "Julius Caesar," a work by the late William Shakespeare. Every fellow in the Remove had to have his copy of that play in the Form-room. Bunter's copy was there, like the rest. Bunter, too late, wished that he had forgotten to bring it.

For Bunter desired an excuse to quit the Form-room. Powerful motives—more attractive than English literature—drew him in quite another direction.

In the housekeeper's room a large parcel had been handed over to Lord Mauleverer by Mrs. Kebble. That parcel contained a cake—a huge cake—from Chunkley's Stores in Courtfield. Mrs. Kebble had raised some little difficulty about handing over the cake; but Mauly had explained, in his genial way, that he was standing a tea in his study that afternoon, asking a lot of fellows who were going to play footer, and who would come in hungry after the game, and a cake of unusually large dimensions was, Mauly asserted, absolutely required on this occasion. The house dame yielded the point—and the cake—and Mauly carried it off triumphantly to his study—with Bunter as escort.

Then the bell rang for third school. That bell always was detestable to the fat ears of William George Bunter; but never had it been so detestable as now. But for the time occupied in running down Mauly and getting him to claim his parcel, there would have been ample time in morning break for Bunter to sample that cake, which Mauly had placed in his study cupboard. But Bunter did not venture to be late for class. Mr. Quelch had a most unpleasant way with fellows who were late for class. So Bunter repaired to the Form-room with the rest of the Remove, his fat thoughts lingering on the cake.

Sitting in the Form-room, investigating the alleged beauties of Shakespeare, seemed to Bunter even more horribly a bore than usual in these circumstances.

The cake in Mauly's study was at his mercy—if he could get out of the Form-room; but, of course, he could not get out of the Form-room till the end of third school, when all the fellows went. That would be too late. Bunter wanted to be out of the Form-room on his own, in which case it was likely that but little of that huge cake would remain for the hungry footballers whom Lord Mauleverer had asked to tea.

And then Mauleverer had stated that he had forgotten his Julius Caesar, and had been given permission to go to his study to fetch it. Which put a brilliant idea into Bunter's mind. Why shouldn't he have forgotten his Julius Caesar, too, and have to fetch it from his study.

Once out of the Form-room a swift dash to Mauly's study, and the trick was done!

A bite or two at the cake to go on with, then the cake could be hidden in the box-room or Bunter's study or somewhere; then the fat junior could return to the Form-room—able to endure English literature for a season patiently, with the prospect of devouring the cake afterwards.

There was one drawback to that scheme. It was not the fact that that cake didn't belong to Bunter; trifles of that sort never worried Bunter. In the matter of cakes and foodstuffs generally Bunter was rather a Bolshevik.

The drawback was that Bunter hadn't forgotten his Julius Caesar! Had he thought of this scheme earlier, it would have been all right; he would have remembered to forget it. As the matter stood, there was Julius Caesar on his desk, and Bunter was fully equipped for the joys of English literature—if any!

But difficulties were made only to be overcome.

If a fellow hadn't forgotten his book and wanted to make out that he had forgotten his book, all he had to do was to let that book disappear, and pretend that he had forgotten it.

Again there was a drawback. The drawback was not that a fib was involved; Billy Bunter had told so many fibs that one more could not possibly have made any difference to him—it would have been as a drop in the ocean of his mendacity. This particular drawback was that it was not easy to pull the wool over the eyes of Mr. Quelch—a specially keen pair of eyes, often compared by his pupils to gimlets, on account of their penetrating qualities. Pulling Quelch's leg was generally regarded in the Remove as the same sort of amusement as pulling a tiger's tail.

But Shakespeare—the author whom the Removites were now dealing with—has declared that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Bunter resolved to chance it.

Hence his excessive caution and his constant movement in his seat which had attracted Mr. Quelch's attention.

Julius Caesar had to be got rid of somehow; got out of sight, so that Bunter could claim that he had forgotten his book, like Mauly, and get permission to leave the Form-room to fetch it. Bunter's idea was to slip it to the floor, push it along with his foot, and let it vanish under the desks. Any fellow, seeing what he was up to, would give the beastly thing a shove with his foot to help; in such matters fellows stood by one another loyally. But getting the book to the floor was not easy.

Bunter, of course, could have dropped it; the well-known law of gravitation would have solved the problem then. Like Isaac Newton's celebrated apple, it would have started on the shortest and most direct route towards the centre of the earth. But the Form-room floor would have stopped it with a bang, and



The ball had just left Bob Cherry's foot when Bunter rushed across its line of flight. He caught the muddy ball beautifully with his nose! "Whoop!" roared Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton & Co. (See Chapter I.)

that would have drawn the gimlet eye of the Remove master to it. Dropping it was out of the question, therefore.

Unluckily, Bunter, while hesitating and planning, did drop it, and had to pick it up again under Quelch's eye. Still, Quelch could not have seen what book it was, so that did not matter, except that it made Quelch glare. Quelch always glared if a fellow dropped things about in the Form-room.

Bunter hit on the masterly device of placing the book between his fat knees, sliding it gently down his fat legs to his feet, and thus getting it to the floor unheard.

This necessitated considerable wriggling.

Then came Mr. Quelch's sharp order to sit still. Quelch hated to see fellows wriggling and shifting on the forms.

Bunter sat still, with Julius Caesar jammed between his fat calves, well-started on the way to the floor, but by no means there yet.

To let the book go was to cause another bang on the floor, and another glare from Quelch. To wriggle it on the downward path was to wriggle again under the gimlet eye of Quelch, and already there was a steely glint in that gimlet eye when it turned on Bunter.

Bunter sat tight, taking what interest he could in English literature; not very much in the painful circumstances.

Fortunately, Skinner was suddenly detected in the very act of flipping an ink-ball at the back of Mark Linley's neck. Mark was actually interested in Shakespeare, which seemed awful rot to Skinner, and to Skinner's mind a nice little ball made of blotting-paper compounded with ink, dropping inside Mark's collar from behind, seemed a good thing in the circumstances. Unfortunately for Skinner, fortunately for Bunter, he was caught in the act, and for a whole minute Mr. Quelch devoted himself to scarifying Skinner with his

tongue. A minute was more than enough for Bunter.

Julius Caesar reached the floor at last, and Bunter gave the wretched thing a shove with his foot, whisking it behind the form he sat on.

It was "all clear" now.

"Please, sir," said Bunter, when the Form master had finished scarifying Skinner.

Mr. Quelch whisked round crossly.

"You spoke, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir! May I fetch my book?"

"Your book?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir: I forgot to bring my Julius Caesar into the Form-room, sir," said Bunter glibly. "May I go and fetch it, sir?"

The gimlet eyes fixed on Bunter.

He naturally expected Mr. Quelch to acquiesce. How could a fellow study English literature to advantage without his book? Mauly had been allowed to fetch the forgotten book. Why not Bunter?

Already Bunter could feel the luscious cake melting in his mouth!

But something seemed to be wrong. Mr. Quelch did not rap out a snappish permission to fetch the book. He came nearer to Bunter.

"You forgot to bring your book, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir."

"The lesson has been in progress twenty minutes," said Mr. Quelch. "Why did you not mention it before, Bunter?"

"I—I—"

"Well?" rapped out the Remove master.

Bunter had a natural hesitation. He had to explain, but he couldn't possibly explain that he hadn't been able to mention the matter earlier, because he had been busy getting Julius Caesar out of sight. That, certainly, would not have satisfied Henry Samuel Quelch.

"I—I—I forgot, sir—I mean, I was

listening to you, sir—I—I was so interested in what you were saying, sir, that—"

"I trust that that statement is correct, Bunter."

"Oh, yes, sir! M-m-may I go, sir?"

"But I doubt it, Bunter."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Some few minutes ago," said Mr. Quelch, "you dropped a book on the floor. What book was that, Bunter?"

"That—that was my Latin grammar, sir."

"Indeed!"

"Ye-a-es, sir, indeed!" gasped Bunter.

All the Remove were looking on now with interest. Every fellow could see that Bunter was inventing an excuse to get out of the Form-room for some mysterious reason. They wondered whether Quelch could see it, too.

"Show me your Latin grammar, Bunter."

"Eh?"

"Immediately!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh dear!" As Bunter had no Latin grammar to show, the situation grew rather strained.

Mr. Quelch had come among the desks now. His gimlet eye detected the book on the floor under the desk behind Bunter. He pointed to it.

"Whose book is that?" he asked.

"I—I don't know, sir," groaned Bunter.

"Pick it up!"

Bunter, in the lowest of spirits, picked it up. The cake in Lord Mauleverer's study seemed to fade away into the far distance now.

"Your Julius Caesar, I think, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch genially.

"Oh—oh dear! I—I—I think it is, sir," groaned Bunter. "I—I—I can't imagine how it got there, sir."

"Indeed," said Mr. Quelch, "I think I can, Bunter. I greatly fear, Bunter, that you yourself deliberately—and surreptitiously conveyed that book to the floor in order to obtain an excuse for

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leaving the Form-room and escaping class for a few minutes."

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I never was syruptitious, sir—"

"You will be detained half an hour after class, Bunter."

"Oh dear!"

English literature was resumed, less attractive than ever to William George Bunter. For ten minutes Bunter sat quiet, giving what attention he could to English literature. But the thought of the cake in Mauly's study was too strong for him.

"Please, sir—"

"If you interrupt the class again, Bunter, you will be caned!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Be silent!"

"It—it's important, sir!" gasped Bunter.

Mr. Quelch's eye glinted.

"What is it, Bunter? Be brief."

"I—I left the tap running in the Remove passage, sir. I've just remembered. M-m-may I go and turn it off?"

Mr. Quelch glared.

"Nugent!" he rapped out.

"Oh! Yes, sir?" said Frank Nugent.

"Go to the Remove passage and if you find the tap running, turn it off."

"Yes, sir."

"Bunter, stand out before the class!"

Mr. Quelch picked a cane from his desk. "Bend over that chair!"

"Ow! I say, sir—" gasped Bunter.

"I shall cane you, Bunter, for leaving a tap running in the House."

"Ow! I—I—now I—I come to think of it, sir, I—I—I didn't leave it running!" gasped Bunter.

"You have just stated that you did, Bunter."

"I—I—I meant—"

"Well, what did you mean?"

"Nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Nugent, you may go to your place. Bunter, bend over that chair immediately!"

"Oh, lor!"

Billy Bunter bent over the chair dismally.

Whack, whack!

"Yarcoop! Oooooop!"

"Go to your place, Bunter!" Mr. Quelch laid down the cane. "Upon any repetition of this idle and foolish conduct you will be detained for the half-holiday this afternoon."

"Ow!"

Bunter crawled back to his place.

English literature occupied his unwilling attention after that. When the Remove were dismissed Bunter sat in the Form-room for his half hour of detention; and Lord Mauleverer's cake, still undevoured, reposed safely in Lord Mauleverer's study.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

So Near, and Yet so Far!

HARRY WHARTON & CO., after dinner that day, were thinking of football. The heroes of the Remove were booked for a Form match with the Shell, and that afternoon the great game of Soccer occupied their attention, to the exclusion of all less important matters. Billy Bunter rolled along to the changing-room, and surprised them by displaying an unusual interest in the important matter. Football, as a rule, did not appeal to Billy Bunter. He was willing to play in the Form team, and win matches for the Remove; but as nobody else was willing, this never came to pass. He rarely honoured a Form match by watching it, and he dodged games practice whenever he could; and he was not interested in the talking of "shop"

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in the changing-room. On this occasion, however, Bunter was full of interest.

"I say, you fellows, when do you kick off?" he asked.

"Half-past two," answered Harry Wharton.

"I fancy the game will be worth watching," said Bunter.

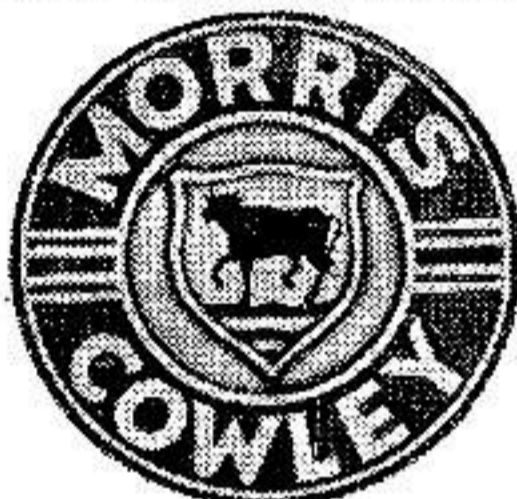
"You can come and watch it, old fat man," said Harry, with a smile. Bunter's sudden interest in the game was surprising; but if Bunter was mending his ways the captain of the Remove was the fellow to encourage him.

"Well, I shall be rather busy this afternoon," said Bunter, cautiously. "There's a new film at Courtfield; I'm going to see it. Otherwise, I should be pleased. There's a part in that film that would just suit me, if I were a film actor—a Valentino part—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at," said Bunter crossly. "I've often thought I should make a jolly good film actor. Apart from my ability as an actor, good looks and a good figure

ONE OF NEXT WEEK'S TOPPING FREE GIFTS! ADD IT TO YOUR SET, BOYS!



This is the badge of the famous Morris-Cowley, the wonderful car which made real motoring possible for people of moderate means, and, incidentally, made its manufacturer a millionaire! You must have this badge!

are required, and that's where I should come out strong."

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But about the football," said Bunter.

"I know it's going to be a good game and worth watching. Mauly ought to come down to the field."

"Catch him!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"I expect Mauly will be sprawling on his study sofa while we're beating the Shell."

"That's just what he's doing now," said Bunter. "The way that chap sticks in his study is sickening! It's slack, you know. I never could stand slacking!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows, my idea is that Mauly ought to be rooted out," said Bunter. "This slacking is simply rotten. Why not root him out and make him come down to Little Side? It would do him good."

"Not a bad idea," said Bob Cherry, with a nod. "Let's go and yank old Mauly out by the ears, you men."

"Let's!" agreed Johnny Bull.

"Oh, let him rip!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "If we got him down to the field, he would only go to sleep standing up, like a horse."

"I say, you fellows, it would do him good," urged Bunter. "Get the lazy slacker out into the open air, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bounder.

"What's the joke, old bean?" asked Bob, looking in surprise at Herbert Vernon-Smith.

The Bounder chuckled.

"Mauly's standing us a feed after the game," he said. "He's got a whacking cake from Chunkley's. I fancy that's why Bunter wants him rooted out of his study."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob.

"My hat! That's why the fat bounder was trying to sneak out of the Form-room this morning!" ejaculated Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar in the changing-room. Evidently the Bounder had hit the right nail on the head. Bunter's sudden interest in football, and his kindly solicitude for Lord Mauleverer, were explained now.

"I say, you fellows, it's nothing of the kind, of course!" exclaimed Bunter. "I never knew Mauly had a cake at all. I never saw him put it in his study cupboard. Besides, it's not much of a cake—nothing like what I get from Bunter Court."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'd better leave Mauly roosting in his study, or there won't be any cake after the match," chuckled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherr—"

"Scat, you fat bounder!"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the changing-room. His luck seemed to be quite out that day.

He made his way to the Remove passage, and blinked in at Study No. 12. Lord Mauleverer was there.

His lazy lordship was stretched on his luxurious sofa. His face was in shadow, and Bunter could not see whether his eyes were closed or not.

But he lay very still and the Owl of the Remove hoped for the best. If Lord Mauleverer was asleep, he was likely to awaken minus his cake.

Bunter tiptoed into the study.

Softly as a cat stealing upon a mouse, the fat junior tiptoed to the study cupboard. Still Mauleverer did not move.

With his fat heart beating with excitement, Billy Bunter opened the cupboard door.

A large cardboard box, tied with string, lay there—the box in which the cake had arrived from Chunkley's. Closed and tied as it was, a luscious aroma emanated from the box. Bunter's mouth watered.

His back was towards Lord Mauleverer now. Having no eyes in the back of his head, Bunter naturally did not see Mauleverer rise to a sitting position, and grasp a cushion.

His fat hands were on the box when the cushion flew.

Whiz! Crash!

"Whooop!" roared Bunter.

The cushion landed on the back of his bullet head. Bunter pitched forward into the cupboard, with a crash.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

He scrambled round, and glared at Lord Mauleverer, who sat grinning on the sofa, reaching for another cushion.

"Ow! Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Good shot—what?" said Mauleverer. "Have another?" He took aim.

"Beast!"

Bunter made a jump for the door. The cushion caught him in the back of his neck as he fled. The cushion dropped in the doorway, Bunter in the passage. A roar awoke all the echoes of the Remove quarters.

"Yarocoh! Beast!"

William George Bunter picked himself up, and retired from the scene. Lord Mauleverer chuckled, and resettled himself on his sofa.

Billy Bunter rolled dismally into his own study, No. 7. Evidently it was not Bunter's lucky day.

Reposing in the study armchair, in an attitude of unaffected grace, Billy Bunter devoted his powerful intellect to the solution of that problem—the annexation of the cake from Chunkley's before a crowd of hungry footballers dealt with it. Bunter was feeling annoyed and morose—and he would probably have felt still more morose and annoyed could he have heard the talk that was going on in the changing-room—where the Famous Five of the Remove were plotting a plot for his especial benefit.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Trapped!

BILLY BUNTER started.

For ten whole minutes he had been thinking—an unaccustomed mental exercise on Bunter's part, and in this case quite fruitless. His deep cogitations were interrupted by the sound of footsteps and voices in the Remove passage outside. The study door had been left ajar, and the voices came quite plainly to Bunter's ears.

He grinned.

Some fellows, finding themselves within hearing of a conversation obviously not intended for them to hear, would have made their presence known. Bunter was not that sort. He was quite above little weaknesses of that kind. He listened with all his ears.

"That fat boulder will bag it if Mauly loaves the study for a minute," came Harry Wharton's voice.

"Mauly can lock the cupboard," said Frank Nugent.

"That fat burglar would think nothing of busting a cupboard door," said Bob Cherry.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter, under his breath.

"It's all right," said Johnny Bull. "I'll speak to Mauly, and take the cake along to my study. Bunter will never think of looking for it there."

Bunter winked at the ceiling.

"Good idea," agreed Bob.

"The goodness of the esteemed idea is terrific!" remarked Hurroo Janset Ram Singh. "A stitch in time saves ninepence, as the English proverb says."

"Good!" said Harry Wharton. "We shall want that cake after the match. Let's put it to Mauly."

The footsteps passed on.

Bunter chuckled.

There was no need to think out the problem further. The Famous Five had solved it for him.

Bunter heard the chums of the Remove crowding into Study No. 12, up the passage, and heard the door of that study close. He detached himself from

the armchair, left Study No. 7, and hurried down the Remove staircase. He did not want any of the beasts to guess that he had overheard.

Bunter rolled down to Little Side. He did not intend to watch the football match, but he intended to see it started, after which Harry Wharton & Co. would be booked. After which, again, he would roll along to Johnny Bull's study, and everything in the garden would be lovely.

Johnny's study, No. 14 in the Remove, belonged to Johnny Bull, Squiff, and Fisher T. Fish. Johnny and Squiff were in the Remove eleven, and would be disposed of. Fisher T. Fish might stay in his study; but, if so, a spoof message from a prefect would draw him out long enough for Bunter to annex the cake. So far as the Owl of the Remove could see, it was a case of "all clear."

He grinned cheerily as the footballers came down to the field.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "You've turned up for the game, after all, Bunt!"

Interesting Points About the "Alvis" Car.

THE KING OF THE ROAD.

The name of Alvis has for many years been associated with medium-powered, British made cars of the very highest class. Efficiency has been the Alvis watch-word, and Alvis cars have appealed more to the motorist of discrimination rather than to those to whom a low price is of the first importance.

Of recent years the Alvis Company has built a number of racing cars which have taken part with considerable success in many classic races. The firm's designers have produced a "front-drive" model, that is, one on which the power of the engine is transmitted direct to the front wheels, which thereby, of course, become the driving wheels as well as the steering-wheels. The front-drive Alvis is a splendid example of British engineering work of very advanced design, and by the plucky policy of the Alvis firm in putting their new-type car through every strain and stress it has quickly reached a high pitch of perfection.

Greater efficiency and wonderful steadiness at high speeds are claimed as two points of superiority for the front-wheel driven car over the rear-driven car of ordinary design. In the great 1928 Tourist Trophy Race in Ireland, victory was only snatched from the Alvis car by a matter of seconds, and there is little doubt that a number of racing successes lies in front of the famous British car for 1929. May the triangular badge of the Alvis always be well to the fore!

"Like to play, Bunter?" asked Wharton.

"Play?" repeated Bunter.

"You're always making out that you ought to play for the Form. Now, if I ask a man to stand out for you—"

"The—the fact is, I—I haven't time to play football this afternoon," said Bunter hastily. "I—I'm going to tea with Quelch."

"That won't be till after the match."

"I—I forgot that. I mean, I've promised to help a chap with some lines," stammered Bunter.

"Tell me who the chap is, and I'll get him to let you off."

"I—I mean, I'm going to the picture show at Courtfield—"

"Leave it till Saturday, and come with us, and we'll stand you a seat," urged the captain of the Remove.

"The—the fact is—"

"All serene, old fat bean; only pulling your silly leg," said Harry, laughing, and the footballers passed on, with grinning faces.

Bunter, evidently, had some important business on that afternoon. But the footballers soon forgot all about Bunter. The ball was kicked off, and Harry Wharton & Co., and Hobson & Co. of the Shell, proceeded to live, move, and breathe soccer.

Bunter watched until the game was fairly going. Then he rolled away from the football ground. Harry Wharton & Co. were fully occupied now, and had forgotten his fat existence. For once, William George Bunter was glad to be forgotten.

He rolled into the House, and ascended to the Remove passage. Lord Mauleverer's study door was half open, and his lordship could be seen reposing on his sofa. But Mauly's study had no interest now for Bunter. He rolled on up the passage to Study No. 14.

Study No. 14 was untenanted. Johnny Bull and Squiff were playing football, and wherever Fisher Tarleton Fish was, he was not in his study. Bunter rolled in, and shut the door.

He looked for the key, thinking it was safer to lock the door in case of interruption. But the key was missing.

Bunter grunted, and turned to the study cupboard. After all, he need not stay long. Just a bite at that luscious cake, and then he would carry it off bodily to Study No. 7, where he could lock himself in safely, and devour his prey at his leisure.

His little round eyes glistened behind his glasses as he beheld the big cardboard box, with its lingering aroma, and Chunkley's style and title printed on it, in the study cupboard. His mouth watered. It was a happy moment.

Click!

Bunter jumped.

It was the click of the key in the lock.

"What the thump—" breathed Bunter.

Somebody, evidently, had crept to the door, put the key in the outside of the lock, and turned it. Bunter was locked in the study!

For several moments, Bunter blinked blankly at the locked door, wondering who had played that unaccountable trick. It really was mysterious. Possibly Mauleverer had come along and locked up Study No. 14, thinking the cake would be safer with the door locked. Bunter grinned at that idea. It was not much use for Mauly to lock the door, with Bunter inside the study.

"Silly ass!" commented Bunter.

How he was going to get out of the study again was a problem that did not demand immediate solution. The cake was there, and so long as the cake was there, Bunter was content to be there. He had no objection whatever to being locked in with that cake.

He lifted the big cardboard box out of the cupboard, and placed it on the table. It was extremely heavy; its weight showed what a huge cake it must contain. Bunter's eyes gleamed with happy anticipation.

Hastily he cut the string, and opened the lid of the box. Then a sudden and awful change came over his fat face.

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He gazed at the contents of the box like a fellow in a dream!

It was not a cake that met his eye! The luscious aroma that had made his mouth water clung to the box, but not to the contents. Inside the box were neatly packed a hassock, several lumps of coal, and half a brick! Bunter gazed at them. All these things were useful, but even Bunter could not regard them as edible. Bunter could eat almost anything, but he drew the line at hassocks, coal, and bricks.

"Wha-a-a-t?" stuttered Bunter.

He blinked dazedly at the box and its surprising contents. The cake was not there! The cake, obviously, had been removed, to make room for these remarkable things. What did it mean?

Bunter's powerful intellect did not work quickly. But it worked! He realised at last what it meant. It meant that he had been intended to overhear that talk in the Remove passage, and that the cheery Removites had pulled his leg.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter.

The box no longer had any interest for Bunter. He had absolutely no use for a hassock, three or four lumps of coal, and half a brick.

With wrath in his fat face, he turned to the door. Somehow, he had to get Mauly out of his study, where evidently the cake still was. After all, the beast, slacker as he was, couldn't stick in his study all the afternoon. Then Bunter remembered that he was locked in.

He dragged furiously at the door handle.

The door was fast.

There was a chuckle in the passage outside.

"Mauly!" roared Bunter.

"Yaas, old fat bean?"

"You've locked me in, you rotter!" roared Bunter.

"Yaas."

"Let me out, you beast!" howled the Owl of the Remove. "I'll jolly well lick you! Let a fellow out."

There was another chuckle, and the sound of receding footsteps.

"Mauly!" yelled Bunter.

No reply.

"Mauly, old chap! Mauly, you horrid beast! Mauly, you rotter!"

Lord Mauleverer was gone.

Bang, bang, bang! Billy Bunter hammered furiously on the door. Loud echoes answered from the Remove passage. But he received no other answer.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

It dawned upon him that he was locked in until after the football match. By that simple device the Removites had frustrated his knavish tricks. He was a prisoner—for an hour and a half, at least, and that glorious cake from Chunkley's was in another study—and might as well have been in another planet, so far as Bunter was concerned.

On Little Side, Harry Wharton & Co. played football, and enjoyed themselves strenuously. In the quadrangle, Lord Mauleverer strolled at ease, and enjoyed himself more placidly. In Study No. 14 in the Remove, Billy Bunter banged on the door, and yelled through the keyhole, and did not enjoy himself at all!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Nice Afternoon for Bunter!

"O H, lor'!"

Billy Bunter groaned.

An hour had crawled by.

Nobody had come near the study. Bunter had long since tired of hammering at the door. He roamed

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about the study like a fat animal in a cage—he sat in Johnny Bull's armchair to rest—he peered from the window—and he confided to empty space what he thought of the Famous Five. And still the long minutes dragged by, and Bunter was a prisoner. There was absolutely nothing of an edible nature in the study, and Bunter was hungry—and growing hungrier.

Really, it was awful! All the fellows seemed to be out of doors, and in many studies along the Remove passage, Bunter might have picked up a snack here or there, had he been at liberty. But the locked door cut short his career as a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

It was sheer joy to him to hear a footstep approaching the study at last. Bunter was a gregarious animal; he hated solitude, and he was beginning to feel like Robinson Crusoe on his island. If Mauly was coming to let him out—

But it was not Mauly. A hand grasped the door handle of Study No. 14, it turned, there was a bumping sound, and a howl.

"Yooop! Jerusalem crickets! Whooop!"

Bunter grinned. The long, sharp nose of Fisher T. Fish had evidently established contact with the outside of the door. Fishy had not expected to find his study door locked.

"Gee-whiz!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, rubbing his nose savagely.

Fishy was an efficient youth, who knew the value of time. In everything was Fishy efficient. Ordinary fellows opened the door in the ordinary way; they would turn the handle, push open the door, and step in. That was not rapid enough for a really smart Transatlantic fellow, Fisher T. Fish reduced the operation very considerably. He would turn the handle, shove the door, and stride forward, all in the same motion, all in the fraction of a second. He saved a lot of time in that way. In ordinary circumstances, the efficient Fishy entered a room along with the opening door.

Certainly, this rapidity on the part of Fishy had sometimes led to painful results, to any fellow who happened to be standing just inside a room, when Fishy hurtled into it so suddenly. But that could not be helped. Fishy had no compassion for the victims of efficiency. "Get on or get out!" was his motto.

On the present occasion the American junior's efficient system led to painful results for himself. He had not counted on a door declining to open when he turned the handle, pushed, and strode forward all in the same efficient swing.

Naturally, as the door did not stir, Fishy collided with the door. His nose fairly banged on it, and Fishy jumped back again, with the water in his eyes. He clasped that long, sharp nose with two bony hands in anguish. For some moments he felt as if his nose had been driven clean into his head, like a nail hit by a hammer.

Fortunately, it was not so bad as that. His nose was still in its usual place, though it felt as if it wasn't.

"Great snakes!" gasped Fishy, as he clasped his suffering nose. "Gee-whiz! Gold-darn that pesky door! What all-fired guy has locked that door? Great Christopher Columbus! I'll make potato-scrappings of him! I'll strew him about in small bits! Wow!"

"He, he, he!"

"Bunter!" yelled Fishy, recognising that fat cachinnation from within the study. "You fat clam!"

"He, he, he!"

"Let me into the all-fired study!" roared the angry Fishy. "Wharrer you

mean by planting yourself in my study, you fat mugwump?"

"I've been locked in, old chap!" said Bunter.

"Guff!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Who'd lock you in my study? What are you after, you pesky guy? Open this door!"

"I can't!" howled Bunter. "Mauleverer's locked me in! Go and find Mauly, and make him hand over the key, Fishy."

"Rats! Let me in!"

"You silly chump! I haven't the key! Mauly's got it!" yelled Bunter. "The suspicious beast thought I was after his cake, and he locked me in here! Go and find him, old chap!"

"Where is he?" hooted Fishy.

"I don't know! Look in his study! Most likely he's asleep there!"

Fisher T. Fish, still rubbing his painful proboscis, tramped along to Study No. 12, glared in, and discovered that Lord Mauleverer was not there. He tramped back to Study No. 14.

"The pesky guy's absquatulated!" he snapped. "Look here, Bunter, I want a paper that's on my table! You can slip it under the door! Then you can stick in the study as long as you like."

"I don't like!" howled Bunter. "I want to get out!"

"Do you calculate I'm going to root all over Greyfriars hunting for that guy, Mauleverer?" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "He may be asleep, anywhere! Don't be a jay! Shove out that paper! You'll find it on the table. It's called the 'Film Ledger,' the 'Hollywood Film Ledger!' You'll spot it!"

"Rats!" retorted Bunter. "If you want your silly film paper, you can get that door open, somehow!"

"You slab-sided mugwump!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "How can I get the door open without the pesky key?"

"Go and find Mauly—"

"Shove that paper under the door!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I tell you I want it! It came from my popper in Noo Yark only this morning! I guess there's something in that paper I got to read."

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Bunter.

"You fat clam—"

"You skinny rotter!"

"I guess I'll burst you!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "Carry me home to die, if I don't burst you all over the shebang!"

"Rats!"

For several minutes Fisher Tarleton Fish stood outside the study breathing wrath, and kicking at the door. Bunter sat on the study table and grinned. If Fishy was anxious to get his paper no doubt he would, in the long run, find Mauly, and get the key—when Bunter would be released. So the Owl of the Remove sat tight.

"Will you shove that paper out?" Fisher T. Fish yelled, at last.

"Not till you get the door open."

The American junior tramped away at last, apparently in search of Lord Mauleverer and the key.

Bunter chuckled.

Release seemed nearer at hand now. If only he was out of the study before the football match ended, there was still a chance of his getting the cake. Billy Bunter's mouth watered at the prospect.

But there were no footsteps returning up the Remove passage. Fishy, if he was looking for Lord Mauleverer, did not seem to be finding him.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

The minutes hung heavy on his hands. In sheer boredom Bunter picked out the film paper that Fisher T. Fish had described and looked at it, wondering what there was in it that interested the Transatlantic junior.



A hand grasped the door handle of Study No. 14; it turned, there was a bumping sound, and a howl. "Yooop!" Billy Bunter, on the other side of the locked door, grinned as he recognised the well-known voice of Fisher T. Fish. That hapless junior's long, sharp nose had come into contact with the outside of the door—with painful results. "Whoop!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" (See Chapter 5.)

The title of the paper was, as Fishy had said, "The Hollywood Film Ledger." It consisted mostly of photographs. And the letter-press was in the American language, and only partly comprehensible to Bunter. Such a heading as "Perfection Snoops Pandora's Big Noise," was a little perplexing. But by careful reading Bunter elucidated the fact that Pandora's Big Noise was a star film actor of the Pandora Company, one Myron Polke by name, who, it appeared, had gone over to the Perfection Co., a rival syndicate.

But what interested Bunter was a large displayed photograph in the middle pages of the paper.

"Old Fish!" he ejaculated.

Hiram K. Fish, the parent of Fisher T. Fish, had been seen at Greyfriars, and he was one of those articles that once seen are never forgotten.

Bunter knew the lean, angular form, the lean, angular face, the sharp eyes that looked like needles, the sharp nose that looked like a bodkin, the smile of mingled cuteness and self-satisfaction that adorned the bony features.

Undoubtedly it was old Fish!

No doubt that was why Fishy was interested in the paper, and why his popper had sent it to him from "Noo Yark."

Old Fish, apparently, was concerned in the film business, and was a power in the film world at Los Angeles.

Bunter read through the letterpress that concerned "Old Fish." He had nothing to do, and certainly at that

moment he had not the faintest suspicion of how nearly he was himself concerned in this matter.

Bunter had often thought that, given a chance, he would carry all before him as a film actor. He fancied a Valentino part. He had the good looks, the handsome figure, the indescribable fascination that was needed. There was no doubt about this, for Bunter's looking-glass told him as much, though it revealed the secret to no one else.

But certainly Bunter was not aware that the time was coming when he would be disporting himself as an actor on the films. Such a thought did not cross his fat mind. He read through those paragraphs simply because he had nothing else to do while he was locked in Fisher T. Fish's study.

From the paragraphs it appeared that Fish senior was in line to corral the biggest noise ever. That is to say, the syndicate of which Fish senior was a member was in line to corral the biggest noise ever.

Reading on Bunter discovered what the biggest noise ever was.

The biggest noise ever was some stunt.

It was nothing less than a representation, on a Hollywood film, of English public school life.

The difficulty in the matter, it appeared, was to find juvenile actors to play the parts—more especially as it was to be a "talking" film, and the correct English accent would be needed for the talkers—a thing difficult to discover in the United States.

For this reason the Perfection Syndicate had evolved the stunning idea of getting hold of a number of schoolboys belonging to a well-known English public school, who were to form the principal members of the cast.

Negotiations were in progress with several public schools in the Old Island where these curious survivals existed.

The reporter of the Hollywood Film Ledger had no doubt that all the celebrated public schools in England would jump together at the chance of getting into a Perfection film, and anticipated keen competition among the headmasters of Harrow, Eton, Winchester, Repton, Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rugby, Shrewsbury, etc.

Bunter grinned.

The newspaper man at Los Angeles evidently regarded this stunt as an overwhelming honour for the public schools. He could see, in his mind's eye, the headmasters of Eton, and Harrow, and Greyfriars fairly jumping at the great chance.

For what greater glory could fall to those ancient foundations than figuring on a Perfection film, taken in the Perfection Studios at Hollywood, Los Angeles, California?

Bunter chuckled.

He could picture the expression on the august countenance of Dr. Locke, headmaster of Greyfriars, if the request should be made to him, of allowing a number of Greyfriars fellows to travel across the Atlantic and the United States, to figure in film production at Los Angeles.

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Surprise would be the Head's first emotion, then horror, then indignation, then wrath, then all together.

"The silly ass!" said Bunter. He threw the paper down. There was no sound yet of Fisher T. Fish returning. Apparently, he had not found Lord Mauleverer.

Bunter's thoughts ran on what he had been reading.

A fat smile overspread his face.

That big stunt, which seemed such a big noise to the Perfection Syndicate of Los Angeles, was utter rot, of course. They would never be able to bring it off. But—

If the negotiations, as stated, were in progress, it was assured that those negotiations would end in disappointment for the seekers of a big noise. But—

Bunter, at least, was willing.

If they offered him, say a million dollars, or even less than that, he would be willing to take it on.

He fancied himself in a Valentino part, especially; but he would be accommodating. He could do a Douglas Fairbanks' part better than himself, and in a Jackie Coogan part he would far outshine the original Jackie.

Whatever any other fellow could do Bunter could do better—he knew that. There was no false modesty about W. G. Bunter.

Suppose he offered his services? Suppose he got leave from school on some pretext? For Bunter realized that it would be no use asking for leave to go film-acting in a distant foreign country. Suppose they took him on, and he achieved the success and fame that was the natural due of a fellow with such gifts? Better than grinding Latin in a Form-room. These people would be sure to jump at him. They were out, keen, smart American business men. They would know a good thing when they saw it. He could send them his photograph. That, surely, would clinch the matter.

Bunter beamed.

The half-hour chiming from the clock-tower interrupted these blissful meditations. It was half-past four. The football match was over. The footballers would be in Lord Mauleverer's study by this time devouring the cake. Bunter's thoughts came back to facts with a jump.

"Beasts!" he ejaculated.

There was a click of a key in the lock.

The door opened, and Fisher T. Fish came in.

"Oh, you got the key?" grunted Bunter.

"Yep! Hunting that mugwump all over the school!" growled Fisher T. Fish. "Rooted him out at last. He's in his study with a tea-party."

"Beast!"

Bunter forgot all about films and film fame. He knew what that tea-party in Lord Mauleverer's study would be doing. That cake from Chunkley's was going—if it was not already gone.

Bunter rushed from the study, heedless of Fisher T. Fish, who aimed a hurried kick at him as he went, and unfortunately missed.

The Owl of the Remove arrived at Study No. 12 with a rush.

Study No. 12 was crammed with Remove fellows, and there was a cheery buzz of talk and laughter there.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Here's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked into the study.

Tea appeared to be over, or nearly

over. A football match in the keen, wintry air had given the Remove fellows good appetites, and they did not seem to have lost time.

Nine or ten grinning faces were turned on Bunter.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter. "Where's that cake?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've been locked in Fishy's study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

"Hungry?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, lor', yes!"

"Like what's left of the cake?"

Bunter brightened up.

"Yes, old chap—thanks!"

Bob glanced round the grinning company.

"You fellows agree to let Bunter have all that's left of the cake?" he inquired.

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Yass, begad!"

"Passed nem. con."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry. "Here you are, Bunter!"

He gathered up three small crumbs from a large plate, and held them out to the fat junior.

Bunter blinked at them.

"Wha-a-at's that?" he stuttered.

"All that's left of the cake."

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, a sadder if not a wiser Bunter. And a cheery yell of laughter from Lord Mauleverer's study followed him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Means Business!

"BUNTER!"

Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but, deep.

Bunter made no reply.

It was the second time that Mr. Quelch had addressed Bunter, in second school, and Bunter had not answered.

Bunter was buried in thought.

Thoughtfulness, of course, was quite in place, in class in the Form-room. As a rule, Bunter was thoughtless.

But only too evidently Billy Bunter's thoughts were not on the class work. They were elsewhere, wandering far, to judge by the rapt expression on his fat face, and by the fact that he did not heed, or even hear, the voice of his Form-master.

Many Remove men looked round at Bunter. What was the matter with him was a mystery. Obviously, deep thoughts engrossed him. Possibly he was thinking of his celebrated postal-order, and attempting to solve the mystery of its non-arrival at Greyfriars. Possibly his thoughts were lingering with fond regret on Lord Mauleverer's cake, which the previous day had gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream.

Whatever might be the cause Bunter was oblivious of his surroundings, and did not seem to remember that he was in class at all.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet-eye glinted at him.

"Bunter!" he said, for the third time.

Bob Cherry reached out a foot under the desk, and gave Bunter a good-natured shove with it to draw his attention, before the vials of wrath should be poured out.

"Yooop!" howled Bunter.

He got the shove rather harder than was necessary in the haste of the moment. It made him jump.

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Some beast kicked me!" howled Bunter.

"Silence, Bunter! I have spoken to you several times, and you have not answered me."

"Haven't I, sir?" asked Bunter, blinking at his Form-master. "Sorry, sir! I was thinking."

"What?"

"Thinking, sir."

"Gammon," murmured Skinner; and there was a subdued chuckle in the Remove. Mr. Quelch glared the chuckle out of existence, and then glared at Bunter.

"I trust, Bunter," he said, in his most sarcastic tone, "that you were thinking of the lesson?"

"Oh no! I mean, yes! Yes, of course, sir!" gasped Bunter, remembering where he was. "Oh, rather, sir! I heard all you fellows were saying. I—I mean—I—I heard every word you said, sir."

"What?" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"I—I assure you, sir, I—I heard every word you were saying, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I was saying nothing."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "W-w-weren't you, sir?"

"No!" hooted the Remove master.

"That—that's what I—I meant, sir! I—I heard you say nothing," stammered Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say, sir!"

"You utterly absurd boy——"

"Oh, really, sir——"

"You will continue where Wharton left off, Bunter."

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter had not the faintest idea where Wharton had left off. He had quite forgotten that the class were doing Virgil. Anyhow, he wasn't ready with his construe, as he had done no prep the evening before. He had been too busy for prep.

"Postera Phoebea lustrabat——" whispered Frank Nugent.

"Silence, Nugent!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"I am waiting, Bunter!"

"Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampado terras——" stammered Bunter.

"Construe!" hissed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir! I—I'm just going to, sir! The morrow's dawn was lighting Los Angeles——"

"What?" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean Phoebea was just dawn-ing at Hollywood——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove.

Bunter's deep meditations were no longer a mystery. For some inexplicable reason, Bunter had been cogitating deeply on the subject of the film factories at Hollywood. That subject, evidently, was still uppermost in his fat mind.

Mr. Quelch glared.

It was quite possible that Mr. Quelch had never heard of Hollywood. It was quite certain that he never expected to hear of it in Virgil. Certainly P. Vergilius Maro had never known anything about the "movies."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean——"

"You are not thinking of the lesson, Bunter. You are apparently thinking of some matter totally extraneous to the lesson."

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't thinking anything about Los Angeles or Hollywood, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"I—I wasn't thinking about films at all, sir," stammered Bunter. "I—I wouldn't in class, sir. I—I'm too keen on Latin, sir!"

"This is—is outrageous!" said Mr.

Queloh. "You are not only the stupidest boy in the Form, but the idlest, Bunter. You will take a hundred lines. You may go on, Skinner."

Bunter sat crushed.

But he did not look crushed for long. For some reason the thought of the Californian town where the films come from, was deep in his podgy brain, and in a few minutes, the rapt look returned to his fat face.

When the Remove came out for morning break, Billy Bunter still had that rapt look on his face, like a fellow in a dream.

Bob Cherry woke him up in the Form-room passage with a smack on the back.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he bawled. "What's up, Bunter?"

"Yarough! You silly ass!" howled Bunter. But the next moment he calmed down and turned eagerly to Bob. "I say, Cherry, old chap, lend me a quid, will you? I say, where are you going, you ass?"

There was no reply—Bob Cherry had gone!

Billy Bunter rolled out into the quad.

"Wharton, old chap—"

The captain of the Remove disappeared.

"I say, Inky—"

Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh followed Wharton.

"Mauly, old man!" Lord Mauleverer was leaning gracefully on a buttress, and Bunter ran him down before he saw his danger. He stood directly in front of his lordship, cutting off retreat. "I say, Mauly—"

"Don't!" urged Lord Mauleverer.

"Eh! Don't what?"

"Don't say—don't say anythin'!"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

Mauleverer sighed and detached himself from the buttress.

"Hold on a minute, old chap," said Bunter eagerly. "I want a pound—it's important. I want to get my photo taken!"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Old bean, don't do it!" he advised. "No fellow can help his face, I know that. But a fellow can help putting it on record."

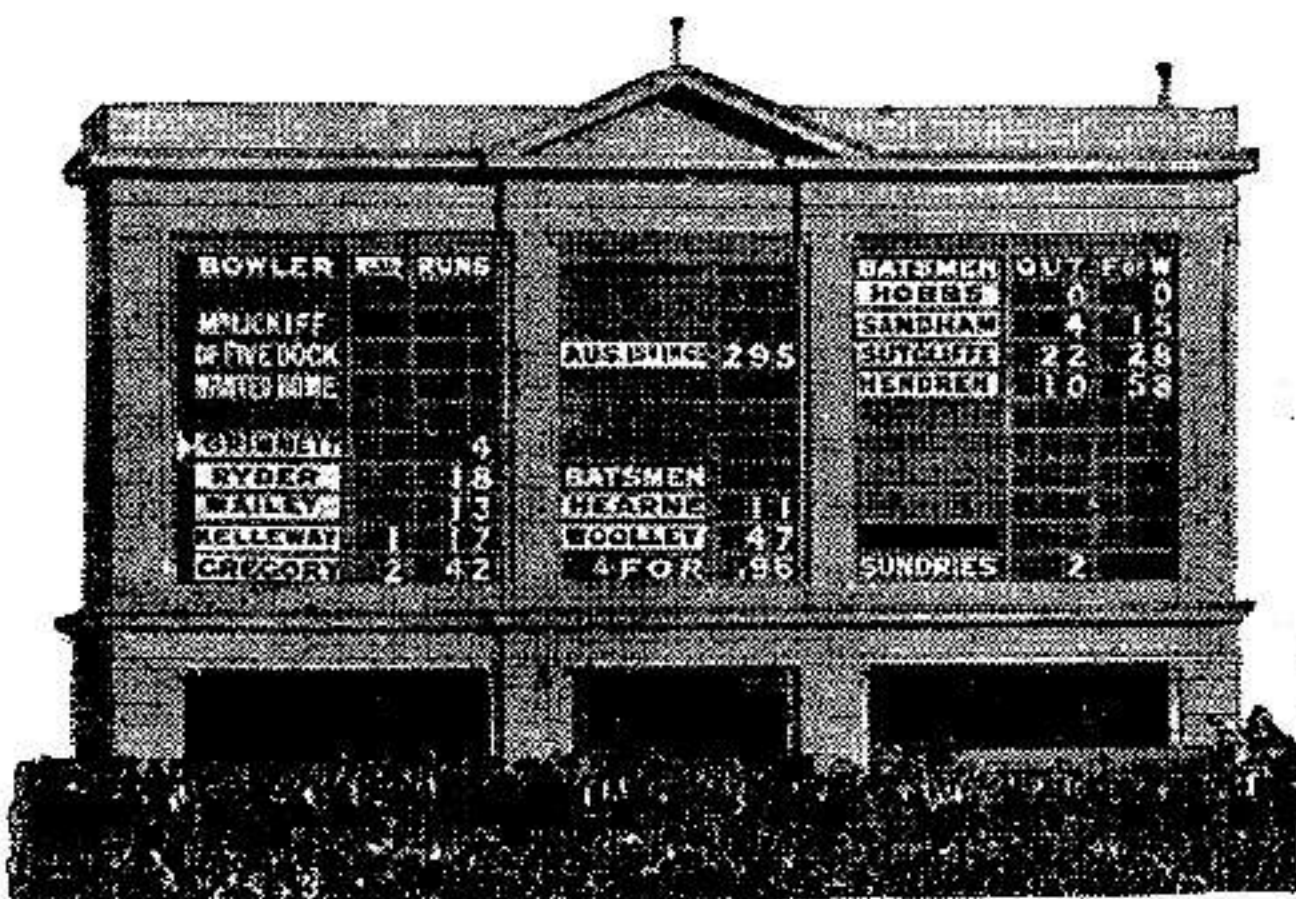
"You silly chump!" roared Bunter. "It's important. It may mean something like a million dollars to me!"

"Eh?"

"I've got a chance of getting on the films," said Bunter mysteriously. "A man is wanted—a handsome, aristocratic-looking fellow—chap who looks the ideal of a public school man. See? The thing will suit me down to the ground—"

"Oh, begad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

"If I can send them my photograph, it's practically settled," said Bunter. "I happen to be short of money. I want to get my photo taken without delay. I don't want to wait till I lose the chance. The fact is, they won't get the (Continued on next page.)



By comparison with a section of the crowd shown standing below it, some idea can be obtained of the colossal proportions of the Sydney score-board.

JUST now Australia may have difficulty in beating England, so far as the actual number of runs scored in the Test matches is concerned. But in certain directions the Australians can teach the English cricket people lessons.

For instance, those score-boards which they have on certain of the big grounds in Australia are ever so much more elaborate than anything to be found in England. Consider, for a moment, what the score-board at the Sydney ground tells the spectators. You have only to take a glance at the score-board, and you will get there information about practically everything connected with the game except the manner in which the scoring strokes were made.

The score-board on the Sydney ground informs you what men are out, and the number of runs each has made, and the names of the batsmen at the wicket. The number of runs each player has made is there, and that number alters as the score mounts, the runs being registered almost before they have been completed.

Seeing in Comfort!

The number of runs at the fall of each wicket is shown, also the order in which the batsmen got out, and the bowlers were put on. A movable hand points to the name of the player who

is actually bowling—the names are printed on white canvas attached to boards which can be taken out of slots and put in again from behind—and this hand moves up and down as the overs pass. The number of runs scored against each bowler, and the number of wickets he has taken are recorded in the same way, and as completely as in the case of the batsmen.

The particulars of the game are recorded even down to that item which we call "extras," but which, in Australia are referred to as "sundries." When these score-boards used in Australia are compared with the very best—and most elaborate—to be seen in England, then we are justified in saying that in this respect, at any rate, the Australians beat us.

The cricket follower who looks in at the match in the course of the afternoon can see from the score-boards at Melbourne or Sydney practically everything that has happened since the start of the match. By way of contrast the casual enthusiast who looks in on an English ground where a Test match is being played has to ask his neighbours a lot of questions before he is in possession of all the information which the Australian score-boards give him.

Then the general equipment of the big grounds in Australia is better, from the point of view of the spectators, than

WHERE THEY BEAT US!

Whatever the ultimate fate of the "ashes," our cricketing friends "down under," certainly know how to please the crowd with a score-board that can be seen and read from all sections of the ground at Sydney.

the best grounds in England. On the second day of the Test match of the present series, played at Sydney, the official attendance was returned at 58,446. This was a record for a cricket-match played anywhere, and, under present conditions, is a record which will never be anything like equalled in England for this reason—that we have no ground which will hold anywhere near that number of watchers.

Looking for Talent!

When there are thirty thousand people present at Lord's, or the Oval, the ground is more than conveniently full. But at the biggest grounds in Australia there is not only room for fifty thousand people, but the great proportion of those people can sit down and watch the game in comfort. At the big grounds in this country when there are thirty thousand present many of them have to stand in such positions that at the end of the day they are suffering from a bad attack of "stiff neck," owing to their efforts to get an occasional glimpse of the play.

It is not in the power of any set of players to command success on the cricket-field, but the Australians certainly do their best to deserve it. They leave no stone unturned to discover the right sort of talent for these big games. Before the last Australian team visited England certain trial games were arranged, in which likely players had to take part.

Now, it was realised that when these players got to England they would have to operate on rain-affected pitches. Do you know what the Australians did to find out the sort of batsmen most likely to get runs on pitches affected by rain? They didn't have any rain during the trial matches "down under," so they turned the hose-pipe on to the pitch, and made it into a glue-pot for a portion of the trial match.

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allows they think they will, and they may chuck up the whole stunt—"

"They? Who?"

"Oh, they!" said Bunter vaguely. "You see, I want to strike while the iron's hot. If they get me, they can make up the rest of the cast somehow. I'm going to write at once and send my photograph. That ought to do the trick."

"Are they—whichever they are—insured?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Eh? I don't know! Why?"

"Better find out before you send them your photograph, in case of accidents, you know."

"What?"

"It would be rather unfeelin' to risk leavin' their families unprovided for," said Lord Mauleverer gravely.

"You silly chump—"

"Comin'!" called out Lord Mauleverer, in answer to an imaginary call, and he retreated from the spot.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove bore down on Fisher T. Fish, who was strolling in the quad. The American junior eyed him suspiciously.

"Nothing doing," he said, before Bunter could speak.

"I say, Fishy—"

"Try next door!" said Fishy.

"You silly fathead! I was reading that film paper in your study yesterday—"

"Like your cheek," said Fisher T. Fish.

"I'm going to offer my services," explained Bunter. "That fatheaded syndicate your pater is mixed up in won't get the fellows they want, you know. But I'm prepared to make an offer. It's a bit beneath a public school man's dignity, of course. Still, I'm prepared to face that. I think I'd better send my photograph with my offer. Lend me a quid—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. When they see my photograph, they'll know I'm the man they want," explained Bunter. "Lend me a—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling ass—"

"Why, you fat clam," said Fisher T. Fish, with great hilarity, "the Perfection Syndicate will be swamped with offers. Every public school in England will be breakin' its neck to get in first. The popper will be piled up with letters and cablograms from Eton and Harrow and Winchester, and everywhere else. He can pick and choose where he likes. The trouble will be to shut out all the galoots that want to butt in."

Fishy chuckled.

"You! I guess you'd crack the cinematograph machine, with that face! Forget it, fathead."

And Fisher T. Fish walked away chuckling. Billy Bunter glared after him.

"You wait a bit, you silly chump!" he murmured. "You'll see!"

Fisher T. Fish, like the newspaper man at Los Angeles, had no doubt whatever that all the public school authorities in England would jump at the chance of attaining fame in a "Perfection" film.

Bunter's view was quite different.

"THE TITAN THREE"

The Radio Set You Cannot Do Without.

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As a matter of fact, Bunter was right. There was a surprise in store for Fisher T. Fish, and for his worthy popper, the guiding spirit of the Perfection Picture Syndicate.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Astonishing!

"WAAAL, I swow!" Thus Fisher Tarleton Fish.

Fishy looked astonished.

He looked not only astonished, but amazed—in fact, astounded, not to say flabbergasted.

It was a day or two later, and morning break, and Remove fellows had come along to the rack for letters. Among the letters was one with a U.S.A. stamp for Fisher T. Fish. Fishy had opened that letter and looked at it, and as he read it his face had changed amazingly. That letter, obviously, contained astounding news for the American junior.

It seemed that Fishy could hardly believe his Transatlantic eyes, keen and sharp and spry and cute as they were.

He blinked blankly at his popper's letter.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he gasped.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the jolly old news from the other side, Fishy?" asked Bob Cherry. "What's Uncle Shylock been up to?"

"I swow!" gasped Fishy, heedless and still gazing at the letter. "Carry me home to die!"

"Anything about the film stunt?" asked Bunter.

"I'll tell the world!" stuttered Fishy.

"I say—"

Fisher T. Fish crushed the letter in his hand and walked away with it, still with blank astonishment in his face. The other fellows looked after him curiously, wondering what amazing news he had received from the land of the almighty dollar.

Fishy evidently did not mean to tell them—in fact, he seemed oblivious of them.

He took the letter away to his study to peruse it once more. He accompanied the perusal with amazed ejaculations. Fishy had never had a very high opinion of the little old island in which he now sojourned, or of the inhabitants thereof. In cuteness, spryness, smartness, and other valuable qualities they had nothing on the U.S.A., as he expressed it. But this, Fishy considered, was the limit. Even Fishy, after all his experience of the effete, played-out old island, had never guessed, reckoned, or calculated that Britishers could be such an all-fired set of moss-headed mugwumps as they appeared to be from his popper's letter.

The letter from Hiram K. Fish ran as follows:

"Dear Fisher,—You'll be surprised to hear that the Perf. Syndicate have slipped up some on the programme. You'd hardly guess that their offers have been turned down—yep, surely turned down by the petrified moss-heads who were offered a chance of free advertisement, with dollars thrown in. It sure gets my goat! Eton, Harrow, and the rest might have doubled, or more, their business by the advertisement the Perfection Films would have given them. They can't see it. They ain't rose to it. They've just said 'Nope,' more or less polite—mostly less. I guess they make me tired! Why, the advertisement would have made them. They might have done a lot of business with

this country if they'd had the hoss-sense to see it. They might have got a crowd of customers from the U.S.A., who would have livened up the old places some, and larned them how. But they don't see it! I guess they don't see anything in that played-out old spot.

"But it ain't any use cussing—that won't buy anything. I've got to get the goods. That new film is a winner, and it's got to be did. The whole U.S. will rise to it. It's been announced, and we can't back out now. We surely can't. The Perf. Syndicate never backs out. That film of English Public Life is going to be did. We ain't got the goods here. We got to import them.

"Among the other petrified mugwumps who have refused a rip-snorting offer is your headmaster, Dr. Locke. But this don't go with me. Now, you being at Greyfriars, I look to you to fix it up somehow. You pick out about a dozen guys and put it to them. I guess I shall have to come over personal to see to it. I'll be with you in two or three days. Plane, of course. No time for steamer. You have the guys ready for me to run the rule over. You being at the school ought to be able to work it. Rope the guys in, and we'll diddle the old guy somehow. That film is going to be made, if I have to kidnap the galoots. This sure gets my goat!

"Old Locke got the letter from the Perf. Syndicate, and don't know that I'm in the matter personal. Don't let on. I'll see him when I happen in, and put it to him that there's a stunt of touring the United States—educational value, and all that. If a galoot don't know what's good for him, he's got to have it, anyhow.

"Don't spill a word about the film stunt. Weigh on the educational tour idea. All expenses paid. I guess a heap of guys will jump at it with both feet.

"Your affectionate popper,

"HIRAM K. FISH.

"P.S.—Mind you don't spill the beans."

It was quite a lengthy epistle from Fish senior. It breathed the wrath, indignation, and astonishment of that smart Transatlantic business man, whose offer of a free advertisement had been refused—declined, apparently, without thanks.

"I'll tell the world!" said the amazed Fishy.

His astonishment was overwhelming.

He had taken it for granted that the Perfection Syndicate's offer would be jumped at—that the only difficulty would be to keep out the crowd that would endeavour to butt in.

Evidently he had taken too much for granted.

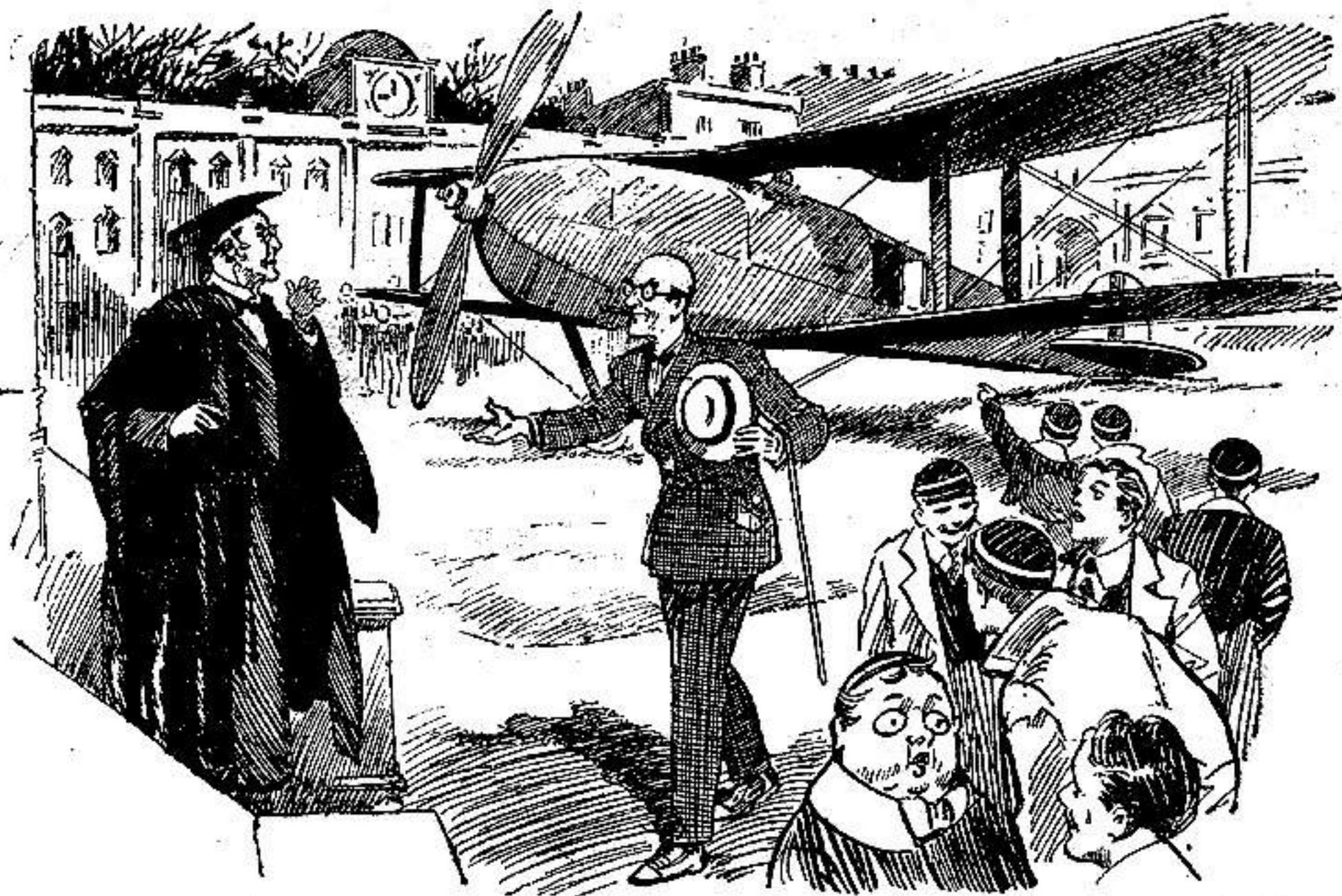
So far from the offer being accepted, it had not even been considered; and the Perfection Syndicate, who had already announced the Big Noise, were left without even a whisper!

That was an impossible position for the Perf. Syndicate. What they had announced had to happen. Otherwise, the Perf. Syndicate would have to sing small—which, of course, was unimaginable.

"I'll tell a man!" gasped Fisher T. Fish helplessly.

Obviously, diplomacy was required.

Some celebrated public school in the Old Country had to furnish the contingent needed by the Perfection Syndicate—and Hiram K. Fish had decided on



As if by design the plane stopped exactly opposite the House steps, and a tall, thin, angular gentleman stepped out. [It was Mr. Hiram K. Fish. He advanced to meet the astounded Head, with hat raised. "Dr. Locke, I guess!" "Bless my soul!" murmured Dr. Locke faintly. (See Chapter 11.)

Greyfriars, as his son was there. The wool was to be pulled over the eyes of the headmaster—not a difficult task, perhaps; for the Head certainly was anything but cute, spry, or smart.

Once the Greyfriars contingent were landed in the United States, all would be well. The only question was to land them there. Hiram K. Fish was coming over to see to the matter personally. There was no time to lose if the Perf. Syndicate was not to be let down. Meanwhile, Fisher T. Fish was to prepare the ground for him.

Fisher T. Fish, having read that letter over several times, carefully burned it. His popper had warned him not to spill the beans—and certainly the beans would have been spilled had any other eye seen that letter. Next, Fishy sorted out the "Los Angeles Film Ledger" in which the picture of Hiram K. Fish was displayed, with the announcement of the Perfection Syndicate's great stunt, and burned that also. It was rather unfortunate that that pesky mug-wump, Bunter, had already chanced to see it. But that could not be helped; and, at all events, no other eye would see it now.

Having taken these precautions against spilling the beans, Fisher T. Fish sat down with pencil and paper to make up a list of fellows whom he was to invite to share in a trip to the United States, for educational and sight-seeing purposes, all expenses paid!

The bell for the third school interrupted that task, and Fisher T. Fish had to return to the Form-room.

"No bad news, I hope, Fishy?" asked Harry Wharton, as he passed the American junior, going to the Remove room.

"None!" said Fishy.

"You looked rather knocked over that letter—"

"Not at all, old bean."

"Oh! Glad it's all right," said the captain of the Remove.

"Right as rain," said Fisher T. Fish. "By the way, Wharton, how'd you like a trip to the United States?"

"Eh?"

"Cutting school for the rest of the term," said Fishy. "All expenses paid, and a tour of the greatest country on earth."

Harry Wharton stared.

"The United States would make you open your eyes," said Fishy. "For the first time in your life, you'd see how things are done. Not messed about or mucked up, but done."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Like the idea?" asked Fishy.

"I'd like it no end," said the captain of the Remove. "But I'm not likely to get leave from the school for a whole term. What's the game, anyhow?"

"My popper's running an educational tour—selected party conducted through the United States."

"My hat!"

"All expenses paid," added Fishy.

"Is your father a philanthropist, then?" asked the puzzled captain of the Remove.

"Hem! Well! Yep! You can put it like that, if you like," said Fishy. "Enlightening the ignorant European, you know—promoting Anglo-American friendship—hands across the sea, and all that."

"Oh!"

"Not on the make?" asked Herbert Vernon-Smith, who had listened to the American junior's words, in amazement.

"Eh! Nope," said Fisher T. Fish, hastily.

"Gammon!" said the Bounder. Smithy at least, was not likely to believe that Fish Senior would do anything unless he saw a profit in perspective.

"Dash it all, it's a jolly generous offer, Smithy, if a fellow could close

with it," said Wharton. "Mr Fish must be a jolly kind-hearted man, to make an offer like that, to fellows he's hardly seen."

"Timeo Danaos!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oh, guff," said Fisher T. Fish. "It's a firm offer—I'm empowered to select the party. Great educational value—"

The arrival of Mr. Quelch at this point cut short the discussion. As Fisher T. Fish went to his place, a fat thumb nudged him in his bony ribs.

"I say, Fishy, I'll come!" breathed Bunter.

"Scat!"

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"Git!"

William George Bunter, apparently, was not on Fishy's selected list.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Mauly is Wanted!

"O H dear!" Lord Mauleverer sighed, almost groaned.

After class that day, his lordship had retired to his study to rest a little. The knowledge he had acquired in the Form-room that day, was not, perhaps, extensive. His aristocratic brain did not absorb knowledge readily. But such as it was, it had fatigued his lordship, and he had intended to take a little repose till tea-time. And scarcely had he ensconced himself on his study sofa, than the door opened, and Mauly glanced round apprehensively, in dread of seeing William George Bunter.

It was not Bunter who appeared. But it was almost as bad, for it was Fisher T. Fish. Bunter, doubtless, was the

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

greatest bore in the Remove. But Fishy was a good second.

"Busy, old bean?" asked Fisher T. Fish cheerily.

"Yaas!"

"You look it!" said Fish.

"Yaas!"

"Don't get up," said Fishy sarcastically.

"I wasn't goin' to," answered Lord Mauleverer, innocently.

"I'll sit on the table and talk to you, old fellow."

"Sit on the table if you like," agreed Lord Mauleverer. "But would you mind not talkin'?"

Fisher T. Fish did not heed. He sat on the side of the study table, facing Lord Mauleverer, and fixed his keen, sharp eyes on that long-suffering youth.

"I guess you'll do, Mauly," he said. "In fact, you're specially wanted. How'd you like a trip to the United States?"

Lord Mauleverer shuddered.

"Like it?" asked Fishy.

"N-n-no!"

"Ever seen a skyscraper?" asked Fisher T. Fish. "Ever seen a real railroad? Ever seen anything really getting done? Of course you haven't. Ever seen live people a hundred per cent alive? Not on your life! Ever travelled three thousand miles by rail? Here's your chance."

"What an awful prospect!" said Lord Mauleverer, plaintively.

"My popper—"

"Your what?"

"Popper! Don't you know what a popper is?" snapped Fisher T. Fish. The ignorance of this ten-cent island sometimes made Fishy tired.

"I—I suppose it's something that pops," said Lord Mauleverer, cautiously. "If you've got a popper about you, old chap, don't let it pop in this study."

"Popper—pater—father!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, begad!"

"My popper's in Noo Yark now—"

"Thank goodness," said Lord Mauleverer, involuntarily.

"I'm going to see him soon—"

"Oh! That's fine!" said Lord Mauleverer, brightening up. "Be a long time away from Greyfriars, old chap? Don't hurry back on my account."

"He's coming over here."

"Oh, dear!"

"You'll see him—"

"Help!"

"Oh, can it," said Fisher T. Fish. "The popper's making up a party to tour the Yewnited States, and see the sights—grand educational value, and all that. You're going to be one of the selected, Mauly. We want you specially. Of course, I don't guess you can act—"

"Act!" repeated Mauleverer.

"I—I mean—never mind," said Fisher T. Fish hastily, realising that he had come near to spilling the beans. "I—I wonder what made me say act! Never

mind! You can just walk on and look aristocratic—"

"Eh?"

"Titles go down in the United States," explained Fishy. "Your title will knock 'em!"

"Whom?"

"Oh, nobody," said Fishy, vaguely.

"Never mind that. The point is, you're invited to join the party. All expenses paid. Tour of the Yewnited States. Greatest country on earth! An education in itself! You'll come?"

Lord Mauleverer sat up on the sofa.

"Come to the United States?" he said, blankly.

"Yep! The popper will fix it with the old guy—"

"The—the what?"

"I mean the Head! I've put your name down on my list," said Fisher T. Fish. "It's a cinch, what?"

"My dear chap!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "I wouldn't be found dead in the Benighted States—"

But Fisher T. Fish did not stay to listen. That any galoot really did not want to see the greatest country on earth was of course, incredible. Fishy could not take such a statement seriously at all. He whirled out of the study, leaving Lord Mauleverer gasping.

A minute later, a fat face adorned with a pair of spectacles, blinked into No. 12.

"Oh, gad! Bunter!" groaned Mauly. It did not seem to be his lucky day.

"Fishy here?" asked Bunter.

"No! Go and look for him, old bean."

"I'm going to."

"Thank goodness!"

"I say, Mauly, has he asked you to go to the United States?" asked Bunter.

"Yaas."

"You're going?"

"No fear."

"Well, you wouldn't be any good," said Bunter, blinking at him. "You can't act for toffee! Fancy you on a film! I'm the man they want! That ass Fishy can't see it. But I'm jolly well going!"

"Wish you luck, old man!" said Lord Mauleverer fervently. "Don't you let Fish leave you out, Bunter. Stick to him! Glue on to him! Go to the United States with him, old bean—and stay there!"

Lord Mauleverer's face was quite cheery as Bunter rolled away. If Fisher T. Fish went to his native land, and Bunter went with him, there was no doubt that life would be much better worth living in the Greyfriars Remove. The prospect brought a cheery smile to Mauly's face. From the bottom of his heart he wished Bunter luck.

Billy Bunter rolled along the Remove passage in quest of Fishy. He discerned that bony youth at the door of Study No. 1, and rushed after him.

"I say, Fishy!" he yelled.

Fisher T. Fish did not heed.

"I say, I'm coming!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, git, do!" snapped Fishy.

"You'd better put my name down—"

"Absquatulate!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"Vamoose, you fat clam!"

"Look here!" hooted Bunter. "I saw it all in that film rag in your study. You're pulling the fellows' legs. I—Yaroooooop!"

Bunter broke off suddenly, as the exasperated Fishy turned on him and smote. The fat junior sat down in the Remove passage.

"Now, are you beating it?" de-

manded Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm fed up with your chewing the rag, you fat mugwump! Beat it!"

"Yow-ow-ow! I say—Yow-ow!"

Fisher T. Fish opened the door of Study No. 1 and strode in. Billy Bunter scrambled up and followed. The door of Study No. 1 slammed; and there was a fearful yell as it established contact with a fat little nose.

"Whooooooop!"

William George Bunter tottered away, clasping his nose with both hands. For the moment W. G. Bunter ceased from troubling, and Fisher T. Fish was at rest.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Mysterious!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. regarded Fisher T. Fish with interest and attention. As a rule they did not yearn for Fishy's company. Fishy's conversation was generally about himself and the unequalled country from which he came, and when he mentioned other people and other countries it was usually in a tone of disparagement.

And when Fishy was not talking about himself or his native land he was generally talking about money—a subject that occupied most of his thoughts and haunted his dreams o' nights. If Fishy mentioned football it was to compare it unfavourably with baseball; if he mentioned anything appertaining to the old island, in fact, it was to remark on its inferiority to something on the "other side."

Nobody objected to Fishy holding these remarkable opinions; but nobody wanted to hear them, for which reason Fisher T. Fish was frequently left to waste his sweetness on the desert air. But for once Fisher Tarleton Fish had a topic that was of interest to the other fellows. Not that they thought it likely to come off; but the mere idea of a term away from school, travelling in a foreign country, was extremely attractive, and even the prospect of Fishy's company in travelling did not quite destroy the attraction.

The Famous Five were at tea when Fishy came into Study No. 1, and Vernon-Smith was with them. Six juniors were talking football when the youth from New York butted in; but they dropped that topic to listen to Fisher T. Fish.

"I'm putting your names down," said Fishy. "I want you. I've got Mauleverer already."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"If it can be fixed with the Head, we'd be jolly glad to come," he said. "It would be no end of a trip."

"The tripfulness would be terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But it won't come off," said Frank Nugent.

"Not likely," said Johnny Bull. "As if the Head would give a lot of fellows leave to cut school for nearly a term—"

"Can't see him doing it," grinned Vernon-Smith.

"Wait till my popper hops in!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess he will work the rifle, just a few. Look at the educational value of a trip to the United States—I guess it will open your poor old European eyes! My popper will fix it. Is it a go?"

"Well, if our people consent, and the Head consents, I don't think any chap will say no to a chance like that," said the captain of the Remove.

"No fear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"But what's the game?" said the puzzled Bounder. "What is your pater going to get out of it, Fishy?"

Fisher T. Fish looked pained.

"Nix!" he answered.

"Draw it mild, you know!" urged the Bounder. "Better put the cards on the table."

"Promoting international good-fellowship—hands across the sea—"

said Fishy. "But when Americans put their hands across the sea it's generally to grab something, isn't it?" asked Smithy.

"Look here, you jay—"

"Oh, cheese it, Smithy, old chap!" said Bob. "It's a jolly good thing, if Mr. Fish cares to spend the time and money on it. I'm afraid it won't come off; but it's generous of Fishy's pater."

"The generosity is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Bounder was silent. As he was included in the invitation, it did seem rather ungracious to look for business-like motives behind that generous offer.

But Smithy had seen Mr. Hiram K. Fish, and he simply couldn't imagine H. K. Fish giving something for nothing. Getting something for nothing was more in H.K.F.'s line. But at the same time it was difficult to perceive what the New York gentleman was going to get out of it. Nobody in the Remove had seen the "Hollywood Film Ledger," excepting Billy Bunter, and the fellows knew nothing of the great stunt of the Perfection Picture Syndicate. And Fishy was very, very careful not to "spill the beans."

"Well, it's a go, if it can be fixed with the old guy, what?" asked Fishy, in a business-like tone.

"You bet!" said Bob Cherry.

"Only"—Fishy eyed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh rather dubiously—

"I'd like you in the party, Inky—"

"The obligefulness is terrific."

"But I guess I wish you were another colour," said Fishy regretfully. "Darkies ain't popular in the States. Still, you ain't exactly a nigger, are you?"

"My esteemed and idiotic Fishy—"

"After all, you're a prince of sorts," said Fishy. "Nabob is a sort of prince, ain't it? That will make up for your complexion, I guess. Princes are a big draw in the Yew-nited States, even if they're a bit coffee-coloured. With a prince and a lord in the party I guess we shall go through."

Fishy consulted his list.

"You, six; and Mauly, seven; me, eight," he said. "That will be enough in the way of juniors. I shall want some seniors. Three of the Fifth, say, and one or two of the Sixth—"

Fishy whirled out of the study, in his usual hurry. He had at least two days before his popper could arrive, so there was plenty of time. But Fishy's idea of "getting there" was to be always in a rush.

The door slammed, and Fisher T. Fish was gone.

"Well, this beats it!" said the Bounder, helping himself to cake. "I hope it will come off, though. No end of a lark."

"The larkfulness will be terrific."

"After all, the Beak may consent," said Nugent hopefully. "You can learn more by travelling than by sitting in a Form-room; and we're supposed to be here to learn."

"The Head may not look at it like that," said Harry, with a smile. "We shouldn't make much progress with Latin, for instance."

"But we should learn some American; and all languages are useful more or less," remarked the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door opened, and William George Bunter blinked in.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Too late!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Tea's over, old fat man. Try some other study."

"Oh, really, Cherry! I haven't come to tea—"

A Brief Survey of the "Standard" Car. "COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD."

No name stands higher in the estimation of the British motoring public than the name of Standard of Coventry. Pioneers of the six-cylindered engine in days long before the Great War, the Standard firm settled down after the War to the manufacture of light-weight cars of medium power, designed especially for the owner-driver. That is to say, the ideal aimed at was the production of a car which would require the minimum of looking-after; on which every working part likely to need attention was as accessible as it was possible to make it; which was a by-word for reliability; and which was economical both in up-keep costs and in first cost. These ideals were nobly fulfilled by the 9.5 horse-power and later the 13.9 h.p. Standard cars, which were so popular that "Count them on the Road!" became the slogan of their makers.

The Standard flag is kept flying in 1929 by the 9 h.p. four-cylinder model and the six-cylinder 15 h.p. model—two fine cars—British to the core—either of which any British motorist would be proud to own.

The Standard badge is, appropriately enough, the Union Jack.

Could any car have a finer?

"Gammon!"

"Beast! That rotter Fishy has been here," said Bunter. "He banged the door on my nose, the beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, do shut up cackling while a fellow's speaking. Has that rotter invited you to go on a tour in the United States?"

"Just that."

"You're going?" asked Bunter.

"Yes, rather, if we can get away!"

"And the silly chump wants to leave me out!" said Bunter. "He thinks he's cute, but he can't see that I'm the man he wants. Now, you fellows won't be any good. You can't act."

"Act?" exclaimed Wharton.

"He, he, he!"

"It's a tour of sight-seeing in America," said Harry staring at the grinning Owl. "That's all!"

"That's all you know!" grinned Bunter. "I'm not letting on—if Fishy does the right thing."

"What on earth are you driving at, you fat ass?"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "I'm not telling you anything. Old Fish is awfully deep—he, he, he! Of course, he's been turned down every-

where else, just as I knew he would be. He's going to bag Greyfriars chaps."

"What the thump—"

"Not that I'm going to interfere," said Bunter. "So long as I'm in the party I shan't say anything about it."

"About what?" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, nothing!"

"I knew there was something behind it all," said the Bounder. "It looks as if Bunter's nosed it out, whatever it is."

"He, he, he!"

The Famous Five stared at Bunter.

"What do you know about the matter, Bunter?" demanded Wharton.

"That's telling."

"Well, tell us, then, you fat dummy."

"No fear—not if Fishy does the decent thing. You see, it would knock the whole thing on the head," said Bunter. "I'm not letting on."

"What do you mean?" hooted Johnny Bull.

"I know what I mean," grinned Bunter. "If I'm in the party, all right! If not, I know enough to give the whole game the kybosh. You fellows had better put it to Fishy that I'm coming, if you want it to come off at all. I suppose you want me to come?"

"Then your supposer must be out of gear," said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I—"

"There can't be anything behind it," said Harry. "It will cost Mr. Fish a lot of time and money taking a party on a tour in America. He can't be on the make."

"He, he, he!"

"Look here, you fat chump—"

"I'm not letting on," said Bunter. "I'm jolly keen to go out to California, I can tell you. Lovely climate, and gold-mines, and things. Might discover a gold-mine or something."

"I don't suppose we should be taken as far as California," said Nugent. "That's right over on the other side of the States."

Bunter winked.

"I fancy there won't be much sight-seeing this side of California," he answered. "He, he, he! I rather think the party will head right across to California first thing."

"Why?" demanded Wharton.

"That's telling. He, he, he!"

And Bunter rolled out of Study No. 1, leaving the chums of the Remove considerably perplexed. Apparently Bunter knew something about that philanthropic design of Hiram K. Fish—something that detracted a little from the philanthropy. But whatever it was Bunter knew, he evidently did not intend to disclose it—yet.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

And Coker!

COKER of the Fifth frowned. It was the sight of a Remove junior walking into his study as if it belonged to him, that called up that frown to Horace Coker's brow.

The new arrival was Fisher T. Fish. Fishy bustled into the study, without even knocking at the door. Fishy was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,092.

in his usual hurry, and a truly efficient Transatlantic guy had no time to knock at doors.

"You cheeky little sweep!" said Coker.

"Get out!" said Potter.

"Bunk!" said Greene.

Coker & Co. were at prep in their study. They did not want to be interrupted by anybody; least of all by a Lower School boy.

"Can it," answered Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I've hopped in to talk business to you guys."

Coker looked round for a fives bat.

Coker of the Fifth had a short way with fags, and it seemed to him that his short way was needed here.

"Keep your wool on, kid!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you've heard about the tour that my popper is fixing up."

Potter and Greene grinned. Already the news had spread from the Lower School to the Upper. Fellows were talking of the personally conducted party that was to tour the United States under the charge of Mr. Fish—perhaps. If the Head consented, the fellows agreed that it was rather a catch. Many fellows, who at other times totally disregarded the existence of Fisher T. Fish, made it a point to give him a nod or a civil word, these days.

There was no doubt that Fishy could have made up a very numerous party for that tour, had he liked. Plenty of fellows were willing to make the voyage, like the gentleman in the ballad, "strange countries for to see." In fact, Fisher T. Fish could have put down in his list all the Lower School en masse.

"I guess I want you three!" said Fish.

Whereupon Potter and Greene ceased to smile, and frowned. An invitation from a Lower boy to great men in a senior Form was cheek. Great men in the Fifth were not likely to consent to go sight-seeing with a mob of Lower School boys.

"Coker, Potter, Greene," said Fishy. "That will do for the Fifth. Popper will be here to-morrow, I guess, and he'll run the rule over you. But I guess you three will fill the bill for the Fifth."

"You cheeky little ass!" said Potter. "Do you think that Fifth Form men will travel with your Bank Holiday crowd of fags?"

"Yep!"

"Kick him out," said Greene.

"I guess—"

Potter rose from his chair. Greene rose also. Horace Coker sat where he was, and he had ceased to frown.

"Put him over the table, Greeney!" said Potter, taking up a fives bat.

"Look here, you jays— Yaroooh!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as Greene of the Fifth grasped him and bent him over the table.

"Hold on, Potter!" said Coker.

Potter held on, with the bat in mid-air, staring at Coker. He was surprised.

Horace Coker was the most "Fifth Formy," so to speak, of all the Fifth. He might have been expected to display the greatest indignation at this cheek on the part of a Remove fag. But there really was never any telling what view Coker would take of anything—except that he was likely to take the view opposed to anybody else's.

"Look here, Coker—" began Potter warmly.

"Hold on, I say!"

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Fisher T. Fish wriggled uncomfortably in Greene's grasp, apprehensive of the fives bat.

"Let him go, Greeney!" said Coker.

"Look here—"

"I said, let him go!"

William Greene gave a snort and released Fisher T. Fish.

"This," said Coker, "is not a bad idea."

Had his study-mates hailed it as a good idea, no doubt Horace Coker would have condemned it as an extremely bad one. As they disapproved of it, Coker saw good in it. That was Coker's agreeable way.

"You can sit down, Fish," said Coker graciously.

Fisher T. Fish sat down.

"No time to waste, though," he remarked. "I guess—"

"Don't interrupt!"

"I'm jolly well not going on a spree with a mob of fags, I know that!" said Potter.

"I shall expect you to come, if I go, Potter."

"I'm jolly well—" began Greene.

"Dry up, old chap!" urged Coker.

"You talk too much, Greeney. So does Potter. I've often told you so."

"I guess—" recommenced Fisher T. Fish.

"Shut up, Fish, till I tell you to speak!"

Coker, having now fully established his authority, proceeded to consider the matter. Potter and Greene scowled; and Fisher T. Fish sat like a fellow on pins. Keeping silent was not in Fishy's line.

"It's not a bad idea," proceeded Coker at last. "If a mob of fags are going to a foreign country, they ought to have

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Here is the badge that was borne to victory on the radiator of the wonderful Lea-Francis which won the great International Tourist Trophy Race in Ireland last August. Thanks to this brilliant victory, this badge has become famous throughout the world.

a senior in charge of them. I'm the fellow to keep them in order!"

"Mr popper—" began Fishy.

"I've told you to shut up, Fish!"

"Will be in charge—"

"Kick him, Potter!"

"Yaroooh—"

"As for the educational value of a tour in the United States," went on Coker, "that's all piffle, of course. As for sight-seeing, there's nothing to see, that I know of. I wouldn't give half an acre at home for the whole country—lock, stock, and barrel!"

"Why, you jay!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Still, I'm inclined to go," said Coker. "Only a silly ass would think that we could even learn anything from the Americans. But, on the other hand, they might learn a lot from us!"

"Jerusalem crickets!" stuttered Fisher T. Fish. "Why, you galoot, do you reckon that this old island has anything on the great Yewnited States?"

"It's always interesting," continued Coker, unheeding, "to study the manners and customs of queer people."

"I guess—"

"F'rinstance," said Coker. "Some Remove kids had a voyage in the South Seas one summer vac. They saw a lot of queer sights. Well, there must be a lot of queer sights in America, well worth seeing, in the way of curiosities, I mean. They build fearful things called skyscrapers."

"Great snakes—"

"I heard of a man in New York," said Coker, "who lives on the fifteenth floor, of No. 11,110, Hundred-and-Ninety-Ninth Street. Now, that sort of thing is jolly entertaining!"

"I guess—"

"Then there are queer, weird celebrations they have over there," said Coker. "I've heard of Independence Day. You fellows may hardly believe it, but the Americans celebrate the day they were bunked out of the British Empire. I could understand it being celebrated on this side; but celebrating it over there beats me."

Fisher T. Fish could only gasp. Coker's remarks seemed to deprive him of the power of speech.

"And that isn't the only queer thing," said Coker. "They're a Republic, and proud of it—like a man being proud of having a black eye or a broken nose. There are no end of queer things over there, well worth seeing by way of curiosity. We're going, if the party goes."

"Look here—" said Potter.

"Look here—" said Greene.

"I've said we're going," said Coker calmly. "You can take it as settled, Fish. Now get out!"

"I guess—"

"I don't like fags hanging about my study. Get out!"

"I calculate—"

"Kick him out, Potter!"

Fisher T. Fish landed suddenly in the passage. Possibly Fisher T. Fish had changed his mind by that time about desiring Horace Coker in the party. If so, he had no time to say so. He travelled with even more than his usual efficient haste, at the end of Potter's boot, and the study door slammed on him.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Dropped from the Skies!

"LOOK!"

"My hat!"

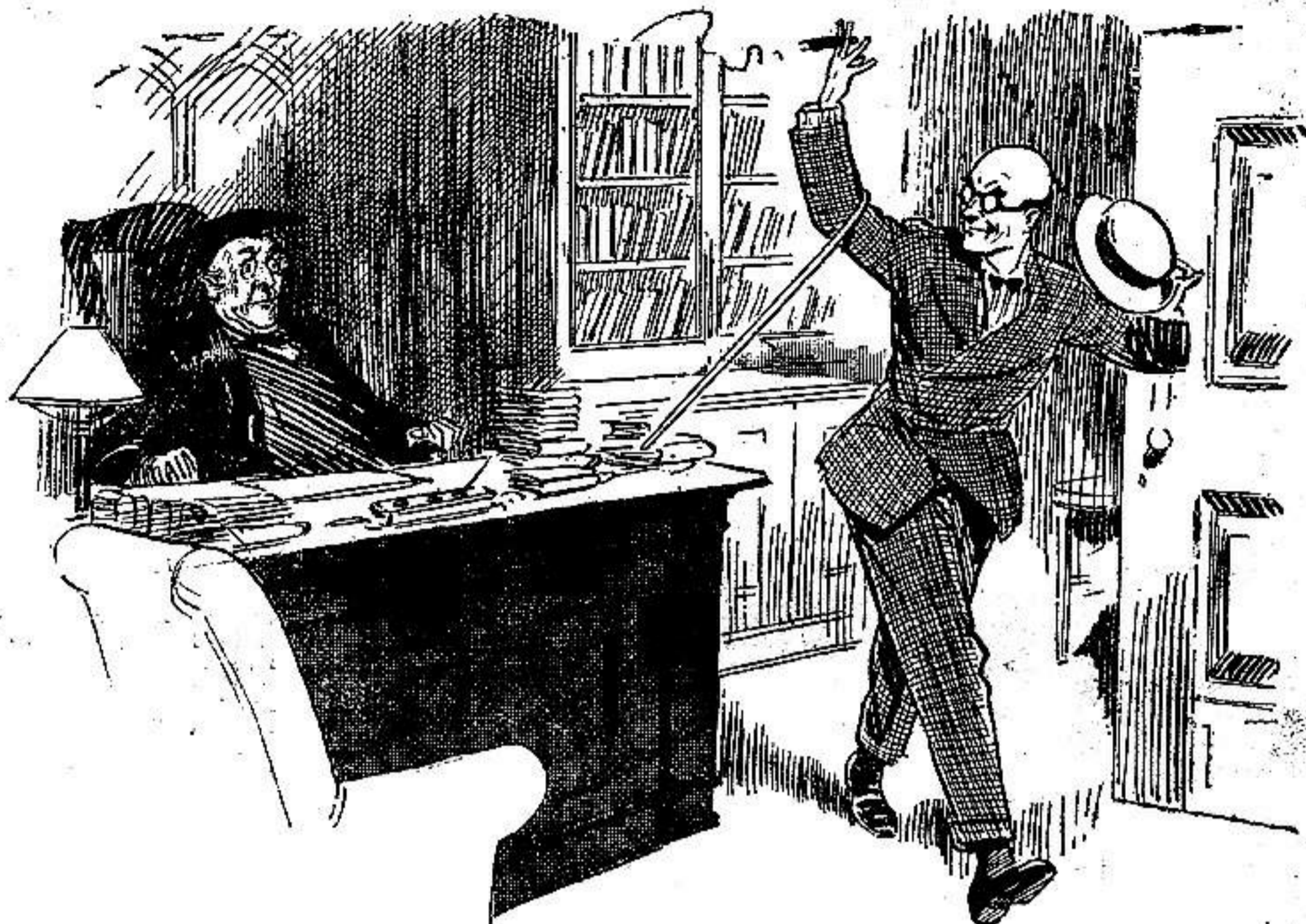
"He's coming down!"

"Phew!"

It was Saturday afternoon; a clear, cold day, with a brightness of winter sunshine. All Greyfriars was out of doors that half-holiday. On the football ground two games were going on—the first eleven playing a visiting team from Redclyffe, the Remove playing a Form match with the Fourth.

Round both games there were a good many spectators, and the sound of cheering and yelling was heard in the land.

But above that sound, considerable as it was, there came a deep buzzing that drew most glances upward.



Mr. Fish made as if to depart. "Chew on it," he remarked. "I guess time's up. Glad to have seen you again, sir—good-bye!" Dr. Locke felt as if a cyclone had ripped round his study and rushed out again. "Bless my soul!" he gasped.
(See Chapter 12.)

It was the roar of an aeroplane coming nearer.

Aeroplanes, of course, were not unaccustomed sights at Greyfriars. Almost every day one or two could be seen winging in the blue.

But this particular one was coming down unusually near the school precincts.

Eyes that had been fixed on the footballers turned upward. Even the eyes of the footballers themselves turned to the sky.

Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"The silly ass!" ejaculated Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth. "Does he think he can land here?"

"Forced landing," said Coker of the Fifth to Potter and Greene. "That chap's going to dive!"

"Better get clear," suggested Potter. "No joke to have a plane hanging on a fellow's napper!"

"Let's cut," said Greene.
Coker shook his head.

"You men can cut if you like. But if that chap crashes, he will need help. I'm staying!"

There was a buzz of voices all over the school.

Masters looked out of their study windows; even the majestic countenance of the Head was seen peering forth.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, walking stately in the quad, stopped and looked up, and stood rooted. The descending plane was fairly over his head, and it looked to Mr. Prout as if it was just about to settle on him. Mr. Prout, a dignified gentleman, leisurely in his movements, forgot dignity and leisure; after standing transfixed for a few moments, he made a rush for it, and disappeared into the House.
Buzzzzzzzzzz.

Whether the airman was in trouble or not, he certainly seemed to be looking for a place to land.

But the plane passed over the quad and hovered over Little Side, where the Removites and the Fourth-Formers forgot all about football, as it roared over their heads.

"My hat, it's coming down!" shouted Bob.

"Run for it!"
"Hook it!"

There was scattering on all sides. On both junior and senior grounds the game stopped. At any moment, as it appeared, the plane might come crashing down; and nobody wanted to be exactly on the spot when it crashed.

It was low now, and almost every detail could be seen with clearness. Fellows dodged, looked up, and looked up again. That it was coming down seemed certain; but nobody could tell just where it would bump. Nobody wanted it on his own head.

"Oh, my hat! There goes the clock-tower!" yelled Peter Todd.

"Great Scott!"
"Missed it!" shouted Bob Cherry.

For an instant it had looked as if the plane would carry away the summit of the clock-tower.

Dr. Locke had arrived in the big doorway of the School House by this time. He gazed out at the apparition from the skies with startled face. The good old Head was alarmed; not for himself, but for his boys.

Once or twice the Head had had to make complaints about reckless airmen flying low over the school grounds. But no airman had ever flown so low as this before. If it was not a forced landing, it was difficult to guess what the man was about. He could hardly have

mistaken Greyfriars School for an aerodrome.

"What silly ass can it be?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I guess it's the popper," said Fisher T. Fish.

"The what?"
"The popper. He was coming by plane."

"My only hat! But he can't be idiot enough to come to the school by plane!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "A plane has to stop at an aerodrome, you ass! It can't stop anywhere like a taxi."

Fisher T. Fish grinned.
"I guess the popper ain't wasting any time," he said. "Life's too short for a real live American to travel on British railroads."

In the playing-fields, now that the footballers had cleared, there was ample room for a safe landing.

But it seemed to be in the quadrangle in front of the old House that the airman designed to land.

Dr. Locke, in the big doorway, watched the machine with incredulous eyes.

At every moment he feared to hear a terrific crash. And doubtless he was thinking more of the historic buildings, grey with the centuries, than of the reckless airman aloft.

"Here she comes!" yelled the Bouncer.

"Look out!"
"I say, you fellows, get out of the way!" shrieked Billy Bunter. "Let a fellow get clear! I—"

"What-ho, she bumps!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

There was a hurried scattering away

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from the spot which, as was now clear, the airman had selected for a landing.

The machine dropped lightly, and taxied along gracefully. And some of the fellows caught a glimpse of a bony, keen-featured face looking out of the passenger's cabin.

"Popper!" grinned Fisher T. Fish.

"Great pip!"

The plane taxied lightly along. Dr. Locke eyed it with eyes growing wider and wider.

He could scarcely believe his eyes. It was not a forced landing. It was not engine trouble, or anything of that sort. The plane had just run in at Greyfriars as a taxicab might have done.

The pilot evidently knew his business. He had had about a thousand chances of disaster in landing in the Greyfriars quad, and he had not taken one of them. He had come down as surely and safely as a gull.

Dr. Locke gazed at the plane, taxiing along by the great facade of the School House.

It stopped.

As if by design it stopped exactly opposite the House steps, just as a cab might have done.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

A tall, thin, angular gentleman stepped out. To judge by his composure, Mr. Hiram K. Fish might have been stepping from his car.

He gave one keen glance about him and advanced up the House steps, and raised his hat politely to the astounded Head.

"Dr. Locke, I guess?"

"Bless my soul!"

"I guess I remember you, sir," said the angular gentleman. "Dr. Locke—what? You ain't forgotten me?"

"Upon my word!"

"Hiram K. Fish, sir," said the bony gentleman, extending a bony hand. "Glad to see you again, sir! Shake!"

Dr. Locke mechanically "shook."

He was still in a state of utter astonishment and bewilderment.

"Mr. Fish!" he gasped.

"That's me!"

"You—you—you—" gasped the Head. "My dear sir, I am really bound to say that you should have taken a train—"

"A train?" repeated Mr. Fish.

"Or a car?"

"I guess a train or a car wouldn't have brought me hyer from Noo Yark, sir," said Mr. Fish, in surprise.

Dr. Locke gasped.

"You—you have come direct from—from New York in that that—that machine?"

"You bet your sweet life," answered Mr. Fish.

"Bless my soul!"

"Time's money," explained Mr. Fish, "and money makes the mare go. No time to land at Croydon and take a train. I believe you call 'em trains, though we shouldn't over the pond. Life's too short, sir. Time's money."

"Dear me!" said the Head blankly.

He blinked at the American gentleman.

"Bless my soul! Pray come in, Mr. Fish!"

"Sure!"

Mr. Fish walked into the House with the Head. From the Greyfriars fellows, gathered in great excitement around the plane, came a cheer.

"Bravo, Fishy!"

"Good old Star-Spangled banner!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "That man Fish has got some nerve, anyhow. Three cheers, you men!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

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It was some time before the fellows went back to the interrupted Soccer. The arrival of Hiram K. Fish at Greyfriars was the sensation of the term.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Fish Works the Oracle.

DR. LOCKE looked at Mr. Fish. Mr. Fish looked at his watch. "Twenty minutes!" he remarked.

"Eh?"

"I guess I can give you twenty minutes, sir," said Mr. Fish. "I got business in London to-day."

"Oh!"

"Five minutes ought to be enough to fix it," said Mr. Fish.

The Head gazed at him. His brain was almost in a whirl. He was quite unaccustomed to the rapid movements and manners of a real live American man—a hundred per cent. alive.

Mr. Fish radiated energy.

He was almost bursting with pep, push, and go.

"Now, sir," he said, pointing his remarks with a bony forefinger. "Let me put you wise."

"Dear me!"

"The big idea is this—"

"But—" stammered the Head.

"Let me get to it, sir," said Mr. Fish. "Time's money, as I guess I've said. My time's of value, sir. Other engagements."

It did not seem to occur to Mr. Fish that the Head's time might be of value, and that he might have other engagements. Like a really efficient live American, full of pep and ginger, Mr. Fish found time to think only of himself. Other guys could look after themselves. Certainly, Mr. Fish had no time to think of them.

"I'll hand you the goods straight away, sir," said Mr. Fish crisply.

"Impossible, sir!" said the Head.

"What?"

"I understand that you came direct from New York? I think you said—"

"Yep!"

"Any goods brought into this country, sir, must pass through the Custom House," said Dr. Locke. "It is absolutely impossible for you to hand anyone any goods, Mr. Fish, until that formality has been complied with. In a legal sense it would amount to smuggling."

"Great snakes!" ejaculated Mr. Fish.

He gave the headmaster of Greyfriars a pitying look. How any galoot could become headmaster of a great school, without even understanding his own language, beat Mr. Fish to a frazzle.

"When I say hand you the goods, sir, I mean, let on about my stunt over here," he explained. "I mean, put you wise."

That explanation left the headmaster of Greyfriars still groping in the dark. "I—I fail—" he stuttered.

"Sit up and listen, sir!" said Mr. Fish. "This is the big idea. I'm taking a party of Greyfriars boys on a tour in the Yewnited States—sight-seeing—open their eyes—educational value—first-hand acquaintance with the greatest country on earth. You get me?"

"Bless my soul!"

"My son is selecting the party—that kid's wise to what's wanted. I'm putting it to you, as the head guy here. You consent?"

"But—but I—I—" stuttered the Head.

"All expenses paid," said Mr. Fish.

"But the idea is quite startling!" stammered the Head. "I—I should

have to consider it very seriously. I fear it would not be practicable."

"Consider it all you like, sir," said Mr. Fish generously. "I guess I got business in this one-horse country, and I shan't be starting back for the States for nearly a week. That'll give you time. I'm jest handing you the goods now, so that you'll know what's the matter. Dozen Greyfriars boys tour the great Yewnited States—an education in itself—all expenses paid, under my personal charge. Parents' consent will be asked and obtained by telegram. Party starts next week. Got me?"

Dr. Locke pressed his hand to his brow.

That was how Mr. Fish made him feel.

Hiram K. Fish glanced at his wrist-watch again.

"I guess I got to see son before I quit," he remarked. "You got the goods straight, sir?"

"I—I—" Dr. Locke gasped. "I—I will give your suggestion my—my consideration, sir. I certainly think that it is a very generous offer on your part. But—"

"Chew on it," said Mr. Fish. "Chance of a lifetime for a party of schoolboys to see the world—the best part of the world—the only part that matters. What?"

"No doubt. But—"

Mr. Fish rose.

"Chew on it," he repeated. "I guess time's up. Glad to have seen you again, sir. Good-bye!"

Dr. Locke felt as if a cyclone had ripped round his study and rushed out again.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured faintly.

Hiram K. Fish met his hopeful son at the corner of Head's corridor. Fishy was waiting for him there.

"Gee-whiz, pop!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you've made this old place sit up and take notice, jest a few!"

"How's the stunt going, boy?"

"I've picked out a dozen galoots, pop. But I say, most of them are out of the House jest now—"

"I guess I can't stop while you round them up," Mr. Fish looked at his watch again. "Time's dollars! I shall look in again one day in the week. Have 'em ready."

"Yep."

"You ain't spilled the beans?"

"Nope."

"Watch out!" said Mr. Fish. "I got a lot of respect for the old guy I've jest been chewing the rag with—a whole lot. But he don't understand what's good. He's turned down the offer of the Perf. Syndicate. If he figured that there was any connection between me and the Perf. he would turn this tour down, too. Stick-in-the-mud! Can't let fossils interfere with business. You get me?"

"Yep. But—"

"I guess I've fixed it all right now. But watch out. Not a syllable about Hollywood, or films, or pictures, or the Perf. That's all."

"Yep. But I say—"

"Time's up!"

"But—" stammered Fishy.

Mr. Fish was gone. Fishy had no time to tell him that the beans were spilled, so far as Bunter was concerned.

On the football field there was another pause, a little later.

"Is that another plane?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"No, the same," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

The aeroplane was rising to the skies, carrying off Hiram K. Fish. He was gone before the football match was over.

Dr. Locke, in his study, was breathing hard and fast, as if he had been running. Mr. Fish often produced that effect on gentlemen of less pep than himself.

Mr. Quelch came in, and found him in that breathless state. The Remove master smiled.

"Mr. Fish is gone," he remarked.

The Head did not say "Thank goodness!" He only looked it.

"A gentleman of considerable energy," remarked Mr. Quelch.

"Undoubtedly," said the Head. "He has made a very surprising proposition—a very surprising proposition indeed. He proposes a tour of the United States, to be shared in by a number of Greyfriars boys, for educational purposes. He generously offers to take personal charge of the party, and defray the whole of the expenses. It is a very remarkable proposition, Mr. Quelch, and a very generous one."

"Very," agreed the Remove master.

"I have not yet had time to consider the matter, of course; but certainly there is much to be said for such an excursion," said the Head. "I think I shall allow the decision to rest with the parents of the boys selected, giving them leave from school if their parents elect to send them on this—this educational tour."

The Head paused.

"By a curious coincidence," he remarked, "it is only a short time since I received a very remarkable proposition from a—firm—I think it is called a syndicate—in the United States, proposing that a number of Greyfriars boys should be allowed to travel to—Jollywood—no, Pollywood—no, no; Hollywood—a place which appears to be in California, or some other such remote spot and where picture films appear to be manufactured, as I gather from the letter of the Perfection Syndicate. The absurd idea was that Greyfriars boys should take some part in a representation of Public School life for the screen! I, of course, did not dream of entertaining such an absurd suggestion for a moment."

"No doubt," smiled Mr. Quelch.

"Indeed, my answer was somewhat curt, I think," said the Head. "These persons did not seem to comprehend that the suggestion was absurd and in the worst of taste."

Mr. Quelch nodded assent.

"But this proposition of Mr. Fish is of quite a different nature," said Dr. Locke.

"Quite!" agreed the Remove master.

"Such a tour would be of immense educational value to any boy," said the Head. "Mr. Fish is a gentleman of responsible age, and can be relied upon, I have no doubt, to take every care of such a party. I shall certainly consider the matter very seriously."

Undoubtedly the Head of Greyfriars was exactly the kind of gentleman that a smart and spry Transatlantic business man liked to meet! Not for a moment did it cross his mind that there was any connection between the Perfection Syndicate and Hiram K. Fish. Not for

a moment did he dream that his scholarly leg was being pulled.

Having considered the matter, and made up his mind in the course of a day or two, Dr. Locke decided in favour of Mr. Fish's "tour"—subject to the consent of the parents concerned. And when Mr. Fish rang him up from London, on Monday morning, he said as much.

"Then it's a cinch?" said Mr. Fish.

"A—a—what?"

"Good!"

And Mr. Fish rang off without explaining what a cinch was. Time was money!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

"NOPE!"

"Oh, really, Fishy—" "When I say nope," roared Fisher T. Fish, "I mean nope! Got me? Nope—nope! Now absequatulate!"

A NUTSHELL HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS "MINERVA" CAR.

GALLANT LITTLE BELGIUM'S BEST.

The Minerva car is made in Belgium, but it is known everywhere as one of the world's finest cars. Minerva history goes right back to the early days of motoring, and always the name has stood high. Silent, smooth-running and luxuriously comfortable, the Minerva firm has always specialised in luxury vehicles of somewhat high price. Of recent years, the firm has not gone in for racing, but in one notable Tourist Trophy Race held in the Isle of Man, the Minerva team of three cars all finished well up and won the team prize—a much-coveted award.

The Minerva is one of the few firms exclusively using the Knight patent sleeve-valve engine—universally known as the Silent Knight. The great Daimler firm, of Coventry, use the same type of engine in all their models.

Absolute silence and luxurious smoothness of running are great characteristics of sleeve-valve engined cars, and to these features the Minerva adds tremendous strength and robustness of construction. It is said in the motor trade that you can't wear a Minerva out!

All modern Minerva cars have six-cylinder engines. The 16 h.p. and the 32 h.p. cars are the two models now concentrated on, and the handsome badge, bearing a representation of the goddess Minerva, has never been more worthily carried than by these two fine cars.

Billy Bunter glared at Fisher T. Fish through his big spectacles. His fat face was pink with wrath.

Bunter had settled that he was going with the party, especially as it was now settled definitely that the party was going.

The Head's decision had been made known, and the fellows concerned had all written persuasive letters to their people, to extract from them the required consent. Bunter had done the same, taking it for granted that he was going.

Bunter had many reasons for joining the party. The more he thought about acting on the films the better he liked the idea. Once Bunter got into the picture, where would Valentino and the rest be? Nowhere. Their diminished heads would be completely hidden. They would scarcely be also rans, in comparison. There was fame and fortune for Bunter, as well as for the Perfection Syndicate, if they could but see it.

But the certainty of making a wonderful hit as a film actor, the star of the cinema, the big noise of Hollywood, was not Bunter's only reason.

The tour was certain to last many weeks, all the participants knew that. Bunter knew that it was not to be a tour, but a straight run across to Los Angeles, where the secret would be revealed. Still, it would last a good many weeks. All those weeks, there would, of course, be no classes—no Latin, no maths, no anything. Bunter would have been willing to travel to the United States, or to the North Pole, to cut lessons.

Moreover, all expenses were to be paid. That appealed to Bunter very strongly.

The only fly in the ointment, so to speak, was that Fisher T. Fish positively declined to include him in the party.

Bunter declined to be declined.

Plenty of other fellows would have liked to go, but they had had to accept Fishy's decision as final. But Bunter was not disposed to accept it so.

He knew what the other fellows did not know.

Thanks to that afternoon spent locked up in Fishy's study, Bunter was aware of the whole game.

Knowledge was power. Bunter intended to use his knowledge to the best advantage. So when Fisher T. Fish told him to absequatulate, Bunter did not absequatulate.

"You mean that, Fishy?" he demanded.

"Yep."

"Mind, if I consent to come, it will be a good thing for your pater. I'm just the fellow he wants—"

"Can it, and quit."

"Very well," said Bunter, with dignity. "In the circumstances, Fishy, I feel it my duty to let the Head know that he's being taken in."

Fisher T. Fish glared.

"You prying, sneaking fat clam!" he hissed.

"I know all about it," said Bunter. "It was in that film rag in your study. Your pater can't get the men he wants from any public school in

England—I knew he couldn't—and he's dropped on this dodge! There's not going to be any tour. That's all eye-wash for the Head. The stunt is to get a crowd of Greyfriars fellows out to Hollywood and put 'em on the film, without paying them anything for the work."

Fisher T. Fish breathed hard.

"It's a tour!" he said.

"Rats!"

"Educational, and all that—"

"Gammon!"

"All expenses paid—"

"There'd have to be salaries, too, if the fellows knew," said Bunter, with a grin. "Mean to say they're not going to Hollywood?"

"Hollywood may be taken in the tour," admitted Fisher T. Fish, cautiously. "No expense will be spared to make it a success."

"If I tell the fellows—"

"Oh, tell them—tell the world, if you like!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess nobody will believe you."

"If I tell the Head—"

"Go and tell him. He won't listen."

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and if he listens, he won't take any stock of it."

Bunter blinked at Fishy.

"Why, you—you—you—" he gasped. "Look here, suppose I tell the Head that old Fish is director of the Perfection Syndicate. Think he won't smell a rat then?"

Fisher T. Fish closed his thin lips hard. The Head was a simple old duck, as Fishy described him. But even a simple old duck would be liable to smell a rat if he learned that the proposer of that educational tour in the United States was the director of Perfection Pictures.

"You pesky gink!" said Fisher T. Fish.

Bunter grinned.

"Am I coming?" he asked.

"Nope!" roared Fishy.

"Then you can jolly well wash out the whole thing," said Bunter cheerily. "I'm going to the Head now! I'm a conscientious fellow, I hope, and I can't see my headmaster deceived in this unscrupulous way."

And Bunter rolled out of Fishy's study, rolled along the Remove passage, and headed for the stairs.

Fisher T. Fish stood irresolute.

Bunter, in his view, was no use, and he did not want Bunter. Very much indeed he did not want him. What was the use of a fat bounder like Bunter, on a film representing public school life? He would have been well suited to represent life in the Zoo, perhaps; indeed, Fishy had told him so. And to take Bunter merely as a "passenger," was to incur unnecessary expense; and even necessary expenses gave the Fish family a pain. Still, Bunter knew the secret! It was in Bunter's power, very probably, to upset the whole apple-cart. It was not of much use for Fisher T. Fish to avoid spilling the beans, if Bunter spilled them.

"The slabsided scallywag!" growled Fisher T. Fish.

He hurried from the study.

Bunter had reached the stairs. Fisher T. Fish rushed down the Remove passage after him.

"Hyer, you guy!" he howled.

Bunter glanced round.

"Keep your yaup-trap shut and you can come!" snarled Fishy.

Bunter blinked at him with great dignity.

"Do you mean that you want me to come?" he asked.

"Nope!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess not! I'll let you butt in to keep your mouth shut."

Bunter shook his head.

"I'm afraid that's not good enough, Fishy," he answered calmly. "It might suit some fellows, but not me. If I'm not wanted, I shan't come. In fact, I'm not at all sure that I should care to come. As a conscientious chap—"

"You fat clam!" hissed Fisher T. Fish.

Bunter waved a fat hand at him.

"That will do, Fishy! I'm going to the Head!"

"Look hyer—"

"The whole thing's rather too unscrupulous for me," said Bunter. "I offered to come as a friend. As a friend I should be bound to keep your somewhat disreputable secrets and not give you away. But on any other footing, I feel bound to speak out, and put the Beak on his guard. Some fellows have consciences, Fishy."

Fisher T. Fish gasped with rage.

"You can come! I—I mean, I—I ask you to come," he stuttered. "Keep your mouth shut, you fat clam, and come!"

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"Let's have it clear! You want me to come?"

"Ye-ep!"

"You really want my company?"

Fisher T. Fish's look indicated that, so far from wanting Bunter's company on a trip to the United States, he would have preferred to leave him at home in a disunited state. But he managed to gasp:

"Yep!"

Bunter smiled cheerily.

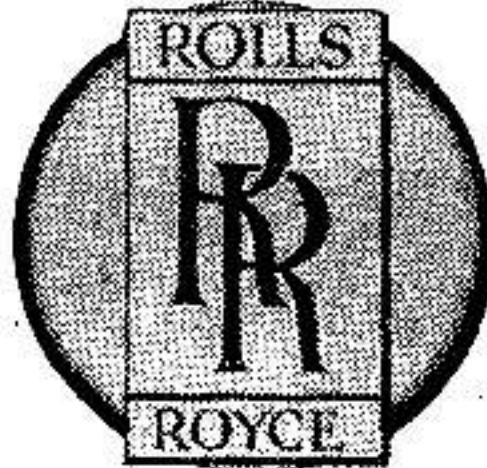
"Well, as you make a point of it, old fellow, I'll come," he said. "It's a bit beneath a public school man's dignity, and I don't think much of the United States, and it rather lets a fellow down to travel with a chap of your sort. But I'll come. Enough said; it's settled!"

And it was settled. Fishy's chief regret being that Bunter was not settled, too. That evening, Bunter rolled into the Rag with a cheery grin on his face.

"I say, you fellows, I'm in the party," he told the Famous Five. "Fishy was so jolly pressing, I felt I couldn't refuse. He made such a point of it, it would

YOUR SET WON'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS FAMOUS BADGE!

See that you get it in next Saturday's issue.



Wherever motor-cars are known—and that is all over the civilised globe—the name of Rolls-Royce stands supreme. "The finest car in the world," is the usual phrase coupled with the name of this famous make. Here is the badge which adorns the radiator at the end of those long Rolls-Royce bonnets—the world's most talked-of badge.

have been cruel to let him down. I can't quite see what use you fellows will be—it stands to reason that the cast director will give me the principal part."

"The cast director?" repeated Harry Wharton blankly.

"I—I mean—"

"The principal part?" said Bob Cherry. "The principal part in what?"

"Oh, nothing!"

Now that it was decided that he was to go, Bunter was as anxious as Fishy that the beans should not be spilled. He rolled away hastily, leaving the chums of the Remove staring.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Sporting!

"THE pie-faced jay!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"The miserable mugwump!"

"What—"

"The slabsided gink!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish.

Bob Cherry grinned. Fisher T. Fish was apparently talking to himself, or

to space. There was indignation in the bony countenance of Fisher Tarleton Fish, and there was wrath. Something, evidently, was disturbing the serenity of the Transatlantic junior.

"But what's the jolly old trouble?" asked Bob Cherry. "Nothing gone wrong with the tour?"

"Nope!" grunted Fisher T. Fish.

"The Head's given leave," said Bob. "We're all ready for the United States, and I suppose the United States is ready for us. What are you grouching about?"

"The pesky geek!"

"Who, which, and what?" asked Bob.

"That blithering idiot, Mauleverer!" growled Fisher T. Fish. "He told me he wouldn't come, but, of course, I didn't take any notice of that. Don't it stand to reason that any galoot who got a chance of hopping out of a country like this, into a country like the United States, would jump at it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "All right for a tour, but not for keeps, old bean."

"Oh, guff!" grunted Fishy. "Anyhow, I took it for granted that Mauly was coming, and now he says he isn't. Of course, he said so all along—but I never took any notice. Only the popper's coming down again to-day to make the final arrangements, and it's got to be settled."

"And Mauly won't come?"

"Nope!"

"Well, every man to his taste," said Bob. "What does it matter whether Mauly comes on the tour or not?"

"Lots!" growled Fisher T. Fish. "The slab-sided gink is only a pesky jay personally, but there's his title. A titled man in the cast—"

"In the what?"

"I mean the party," said Fisher T. Fish hastily. "The popper's specially pertickler about that. I guess I've snooped Hurree Singh because he's a prince in his own country, and that makes up for his coffee-coloured chivvy. But an English lord—"

"But isn't the United States a republic?" asked Bob innocently. "They don't care for titles in republics, do they?"

"Oh, you're a gink!" said Fisher T. Fish. "A title goes further'n a million dollars in the States. We've simply got to have Mauly. And he says he won't come. I've told him about the sky-scrapers—and he says it makes his head ache to think of them. I've told him about our wonderful railroads, and he says he'll take my word about 'em. I've pitched it to him every way I can think of, but the more I describe the United States, the more he doesn't want to come, somehow."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Well, you've got Bunter," he remarked.

Snort from Fisher T. Fish.

"That pesky fat clam has gummed himself on to the party," he said. "I guess I'll get him unstuck, somehow, though, this side of New York. But I guess I want Mauly—he's got to come."

Fisher T. Fish strode away, his brows wrinkled in troubled thought, and Bob chuckled and went his way. Hiram K. Fish was coming down that Wednesday afternoon to interview the selected party, and make all arrangements for the journey to Liverpool, where the steamer was to be taken. The refusal of Mauleverer to join up worried Fisher T. Fish immensely. At first, he had declined to take the refusal seriously. It seemed incredible to Fishy that any sane person, offered a chance of visiting the great Yew-nited States, could dream



When the footsteps of Fish senior and junior had begun to die away, there was a movement in Study No. 14. The cupboard door opened and a fat figure emerged, with a grin on its fat face. "He, he, he!" Billy Bunter chuckled softly. "Beasts!" he added. "Yah! Beasts! We'll jolly well see if they can give me the slip!" (See Chapter 15.)

of refusing. But he had had to credit it at last.

Lord Mauleverer declined with thanks, whether it was from laziness, or a distaste for the society of the Fish family, or even indifference to the wonders and marvels of the most wonderful and marvellous country on the face of the globe. But he had to be brought into line. Like many democrats, the Fish family were keen on titles, and knew a title would "go down" in a republican country. Mauly had to come!

Fisher T. Fish thought it over. Mauleverer was impervious to argument. Fishy's arguments only made him yawn. But he had to come, and the matter had to be settled by the time Hiram K. Fish arrived. Hiram K. Fish was counting on at least one lord for the cast when that great Perfection Syndicate picture was made.

Fisher T. Fish looked in at Study No. 12. Lord Mauleverer was there, and he waved him away.

"Now, look hyer, Mauly——" said Fisher T. Fish, in his most persuasive tones.

"Go away, old bean!"

"The popper will be hyer this afternoon——"

"Oh, dear!"

"It's got to be fixed up——"

"Good-bye!"

"I'm going to make you a sporting proposition."

"You are?" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer, in astonishment.

He sat up and took notice, as it were, at last. Apparently he had never expected anything of a sporting nature from Fisher Tarleton Fish.

"Yep!"

"Go ahead!" said the astonished Mauly.

"Toss up for it!" said Fisher T. Fish, taking a penny from his pocket. "Heads, you come—tails, you don't! What?"

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"But, you see——"

"Oh, be a sport!" urged Fisher T. Fish. "Toss up and settle it. If you lose, you come. If you win, I'll agree not to say another word on the subject."

Lord Mauleverer brightened considerably.

"Honest Injun?" he asked.

"Sure as you're born!" said Fisher T. Fish emphatically. "Be a sport, old scout! Is it a go?"

Lord Mauleverer hesitated a moment. Then he nodded.

"It's a go!" he said. "Chuck it up!"

"Done!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"No larks, you know!" added Lord Mauleverer. "You're rather a tricky sort of blighter, if you don't mind my mentionin' it. Chuck that penny at the ceilin', and let it fall on the floor, an' don't touch it till I've looked at it, what?"

Lord Mauleverer was not a suspicious fellow. But he knew his Fishy.

Fishy nodded.

"Jest that!" he agreed.

The penny flew into the air, knocked on the study ceiling, and clattered down on the floor. Evidently, there was no trickery about that spin. Fisher T. Fish could not possibly have known which side of the coin would come uppermost.

Lord Mauleverer leaned over and looked at the penny.

"Well, what is it?" asked Fisher T. Fish.

His lordship sighed.

"Head!" he said.

"Then you come?"

"Yass."

"That's settled, then," said Fisher T. Fish, and he picked up his double-headed penny and walked out of the study in a state of great satisfaction.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Hears Something to His Advantage!

HIRAM K. FISH sat in the arm-chair in Study No. 14 in the Remove, and stretched his long legs. Fisher T. Fish sat on the side of the study table, facing his popper. And the two Fishes exchanged looks of satisfaction.

All had gone well.

Mr. Fish had interviewed the Greyfriars recruits, and had passed them all as satisfactory—with the single exception of W. G. Bunter. But as Fishy had put his worthy popper wise with regard to Bunter, the worthy popper had passed Bunter with the rest. Now popper and son had retired to Fishy's study for a final private confabulation before popper returned to London. Johnny Bull and Squiff left the study to them, politely. But though there were no ears to hear—at least, so far as they knew—popper and son spoke in cautious tones.

"It's all O.K.," said Mr. Fish. "We get the crowd out to the U.S., and then it will be safe to let on. They won't know their headmaster's down on the stunt, and won't kick. The old guy won't hear a twitter about it till it's over and done with. All O.K.!"

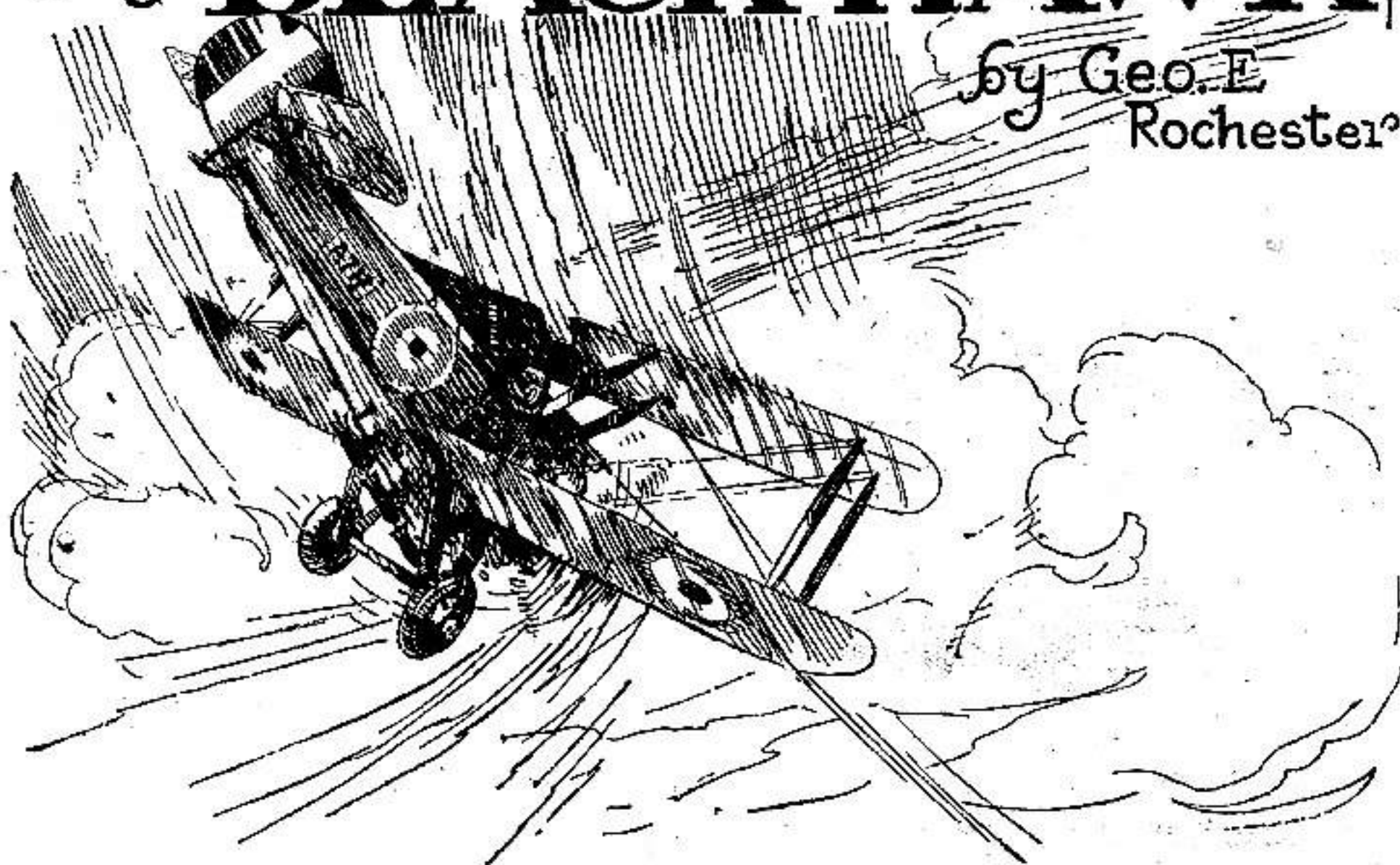
(Continued on page 28.)

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OPENING CHAPTERS OF A BRILLIANT WAR STORY!

The BLACK HAWK!

by Geo. E.
Rochester



If it's a scrap in the air, Derek Moncrieff, one of Britain's crack pilots, is the boy to rush into it. The German bird-men pale at the very sight of his plane appearing out of the blue. And the odds—two to one, three to one, five to one, eight to one! "Let 'em all come!" says Derek, and crack—crack—crack goes his synchronised machine-gun, spitting a blaze of death and defiance to the enemy!

The Aerodrome at Mannheim!

COUNT EBERHARD VON ERGSTROM launched himself to his feet and crashed a clenched fist on to the paper-strewn table in front of him.

"Fifty thousand marks," he cried, "for the capture of Moncrieff dead or alive!"

Frankenstein, war ace, with twenty-four Allied machines to his credit, leaned forward, a look of quickened interest in his eyes.

"Fifty thousand marks?" he repeated softly. "By whose order?"

"By order of the German High Command!" replied Von Ergstrom harshly. "That is not all. In addition, there will be promotion in rank and the highest honour Germany can give a soldier in the field—the Iron Cross!"

"And all for the capture of Moncrieff!" murmured the lithe and elegant Federkiel, officer commanding Mannheim Aerodrome. "Or for the shooting down of him in flames. The reward is in no way disproportionate to the task!"

Von Ergstrom looked at him sharply.

"You mean?" he rapped.

"I mean," replied Federkiel, thoughtfully examining his well-manicured nails, "that whoever gets Captain Derek Moncrieff will well have earned all three portions of the reward—honour, promotion, and money!"

Von Ergstrom drew himself up stiffly.

"Your words do you little credit, Herr Hauptmann Federkiel!" he retorted coldly. "This man, Moncrieff, is only human!"

Federkiel looked up quickly. There

was a smile on his lips, albeit his eyes were grim.

"Pardon me!" he drawled. "But you are somewhat misinformed. Moncrieff is not a man—he is a mere boy. Further, it is open to question whether he is as human as you appear to think."

"I fail to understand you!" rapped Von Ergstrom.

"No?" There was superb insolence in the shrug of Federkiel's grey-clad shoulders. "But then you are of the staff, are you not? That explains much!"

"Herr Hauptmann—" began Von Ergstrom angrily, a flush mounting to his cheeks.

With a quick movement, Federkiel pushed back his chair and sprang to his feet. Splaying his hands on the table, he leant forward towards Von Ergstrom.

"Listen to me!" he said tersely. "You come here from headquarters and talk like a glib-tongued fool of Moncrieff being only human. Had you seen machine after machine shot down in flames by him; had you seen the pick of Germany's fighting pilots sent earthwards in the death spin by him; had you seen him emerge scatheless from flights in which the odds against him were overwhelming, then you, like us, might sometimes wonder if he is human!"

Federkiel paused and flung out his hand in passionate gesture.

"Do you know that yonder, in France, they call him the Scourge of the Boche?" he shouted. "Do you know that he has painted his machine scarlet so that we shall recognise him

the more easily? Do you know that he is a fearless, cold-blooded boy who cares nothing for either man or devil? Do you know these things, I say, that you stand there and speak of him in that manner?"

Von Ergstrom quailed before the fury in Federkiel's eyes. Then, with an effort, he drew himself erect.

"Herr Hauptmann," he said harshly, "you forget yourself. When I said that Moncrieff was only human I did not intend to refer to him in contemptuous manner. I meant to convey that he cannot always prove invulnerable to bullets from our synchronised guns. But the High Command are aghast at the toll he is taking of our machines on the western front. He must be driven out of the air, and as an added incentive to the rewards I have mentioned will be given to the man who can do it!"

Federkiel swung on the seated Frankenstein.

"You hear, Frankenstein?" he cried. "You hear what is offered for the killing of Moncrieff? Fifty thousand marks, promotion, and the Iron Cross! That is the incentive for us to get him!"

He laughed bitterly, wheeling on Von Ergstrom.

"What other incentive do you think we want than revenge?" he demanded harshly. "What other incentive than to see this pig of an Englander go spinning earthwards in flames? Does the High Command in Berlin think we have spared any effort to get him? Look, Von Ergstrom, look at what he did to me—a mark I shall carry with me to my grave!"

Federkiel whipped a quivering finger to a scar which ran the length of his cheek.

"I got that from his synchronised gun at twenty thousand feet over Metz," he went on passionately, "and I but live to return it with interest. Pah! It makes me sick, this talk of rewards! It will be reward enough for me when I see him go earthwards in the death spin!"

He flung to the window, and, with hands clasped behind his back, stood staring out across the parched and withered grass of Mannheim Aerodrome.

"You speak only for yourself, Herr Hauptmann!" said Von Ergstrom frigidly. "You are wealthy, and the monetary award matters little to you. But there are others who will value it!"

"Yes, that is so!" Frankenstein nodded heavily. "Me, I would not say no to fifty thousand marks."

Federkiel turned from the window.

"No," he sneered; "a Bavarian ever found money a greater driving force than honour!"

Frankenstein, born and bred on the plains of Bavaria, leapt to his feet, a hot wave of anger flushing his lowering face. In two strides he reached Federkiel, and grasped him roughly by the shoulders.

"You will take that back, you swaggering upstart of a Prussian junker!" he said hoarsely, his eyes blazing.

Von Ergstrom thrust himself forcibly between the two men.

"Gentlemen," he said sharply, "this is no time for quarrelling! Federkiel, that remark was unworthy of the rank you hold—"

The sudden, shattering roar of Fokker engines out on the aerodrome cut in on his words. Heavily booted feet came running along the corridor outside, and a German sergeant of mechanics burst into the room.

"What is it—what is wrong, you fool?" cried Federkiel harshly.

"The mad Englishman is diving on our hangars, sir!" gasped the sergeant.

"What, Moncrieff, of the scarlet machine?" shouted Federkiel.

"Yes, yes!"

Federkiel leapt for the door, brushing the man aside.

"Come then, Frankenstein!" he cried, over his shoulder. "Let us see if you can get the pig this time!"

The Scarlet Scout!

LIKE a scarlet streak a small fighting scout was tearing down on the canvas hangars of Mannheim. The helmeted head of the pilot was scarce visible above the cockpit edge as he crouched forward over his controls. Rotary engine thundering at full revolutions, wind shrieking madly through flying-wires and struts, wore but a prelude to the death-snarl of the synchronised gun, round the trigger of which his ungloved fingers were already curling.

And the pilot—a laughing boy. On official records—Captain Derek Moncrieff, attached to 108 Squadron operating from Oachy. Months only since he had left the training squadron in England and come to France, but already known on both sides of the trenches, from Ostend to the Swiss frontier, as the greatest War Ace of them all.

A fearless, cold-blooded boy, was what Federkiel had called him. Fearless—yes; but cold-blooded—no! Acutely conscious of the justice of England's cause, realising to the full the menace which threatened her mighty Empire in the grey-clad hordes of Germany, he gave no quarter in the air, nor expected it.

Yet he was chivalrous to a degree and a sportsman to his finger-tips, as many a wounded German pilot could testify. His was the straight, clean code of the British boy. But sometimes there crept

into his eyes a grimness which is seen only in the eyes of men who, not once, but many times, have looked death in the face.

There was only laughter in his eyes as he thundered down on the aerodrome of Mannheim. Eight Fokkers were drawn up in front of the hangars, and grey-clad pilots could be seen running wildly towards the cockpits without waiting to struggle into leather flying-kit.

Captain Derek Moncrieff was less than five hundred feet up when three of the machines surged forward for the take-off. His fingers closed on the trigger of the synchronised gun. Above the thunder of the engine came the rattle of exploding cartridges as the belt whirled madly through the chamber. The gun muzzle spat lurid flame, and acrid fumes swirled back in the slip-stream of the thundering propeller.

That deadly stream of lead, ripping through wings and fuselages, spattering on the tarmac which fronted the hangars, sent mechanics and pilots in a frenzied rush to seek what cover the hangars afforded.

At less than one hundred feet the scarlet scout swerved in its wild dive and tore straight at the nearest of the three Fokkers now rushing across the aerodrome for the take-off. The pilot of the Fokker looked round, his face grey with the fear of the death roaring down on him.

Bullets from the synchronised gun of the scout tore through his upper plane, shivering the wind-shield and splintering the dashboard almost to matchwood.

Half-crazed, the pilot pulled madly on the control-stick; then, fearful that he had not enough flying speed, he jerked it forward again. The tail of the machine whanged upwards and the whirling propeller struck the ground.

As the machine turned a complete somersault, pinning the pilot in the cockpit, the scarlet scout went climbing up into the blue in a wild, soaring zoom.



In that same instant the other two Fokkers took the air in a steep upward climb. One was piloted by Federkiel, the other by Frankenstein.

Completing a whirlwind loop, the scarlet scout drove straight at the nearest Fokker—that piloted by Frankenstein.

The advantage of height was all with the scout. Frankenstein kicked on full rudder, whipping his control-stick forward and across. But the sharp wing-turn which he pulled rendered his synchronised gun momentarily useless and laid open his flank for one fleeting second.

It was enough to spell Frankenstein's doom. Like a scarlet hawk, the little scout tore in at him, raking him from engine cowling to tail-skid. The nose of the Fokker dropped, and the machine went thundering earthwards, with Frankenstein lying limp and inert over the controls.

It crashed sickeningly on the aerodrome one hundred feet below, while the scout was soaring up into the blue with Federkiel following, his thin lips a-snarl.

Up, up, went the scarlet scout; then, when at the top of a loop, with his under-carriage pointing up into the blue, Derek whipped his control-stick across, and, kicking on rudder, executed a perfect roll.

To have completed the loop would have been fatal, for before Derek could have pulled out of the downward dive Federkiel would have had the advantage of height. And that was what Federkiel had been staking on, else he would never have followed so grimly on the tail of the scout.

Derek took one swift glance downwards. He saw Federkiel throwing his machine over in a mad loop to pull clear of the scout. The boy's fingers closed on the trigger of his synchronised gun. Forward went the control-stick, and his foot pressed on the rudderbar as he went earthwards in a wild, thundering dive. Swerving on the dive, he swooped in towards Federkiel.

Above the roar of his engine he heard the staccato rattle of his snarling gun, and the hot flame from the belching muzzle licked back to cockpit wind shield.

Federkiel, his left shoulder shattered by a burst of bullets and his face ashen, shoved forward the control-stick and went earthwards as hard as his thundering engine could take him.

Sensing that something was wrong, Derek flattened out, holding his fire.

He saw Federkiel make a clumsy landing, his landing speed almost taking him surging into the Fokkers drawn up in front of the hangars. A glance at the instrument on his dashboard showed Derek that the oil and petrol gauges were perilously low.

Kicking on rudder, he swung his machine westwards towards the line. He had been out on offensive patrol for two hours, and had just enough petrol left to get him back to his aerodrome in France.

Glancing over his shoulder the Scarlet Scout saw that four Fokkers had taken the air and were thundering in pursuit of him.

"I'm not running away, old things!" he grinned. "I'll come back sometime when I've got more juice. I don't want to have to make a forced landing this side of the trenches!"

"Somewhere in France!"

THE sun had set red beyond the distant horizon, and the canvas hangars of Ouchy aerodrome loomed grey and ghostly through the dusk. From five kilometres eastwards, reverberating on the still evening air, came the eternal rumble of heavy gunfire.

Home from Mannheim, the little scarlet scout came dropping down out of the dusk like some great moth, to land on the aerodrome. A burst of the throttle took the machine surging in towards a hangar, in front of which stood a group of mechanics.

Waiting until the machine had come to a quivering halt, with engine switched off, Derek clambered out of the snug cockpit.

"Give her a thorough overhaul, sergeant, and fill up her tanks!" he said to the sergeant mechanic. "I'll want her again at dawn, so there's no need to house her. Just picket her down for the night!"

"Very good, sir!"

Derek acknowledged the sergeant's snap salute and turned away. There was more than a hint of weariness in his gait as he walked towards the small flight-office.

"See this?" The sergeant ran expert and sensitive fingers over the bullet-riddled fuselage of the scout. "He's been in a scrap again. Spandau gun bullets, I think!"

"Wonder where he's been?" grunted a mechanic.

The sergeant shook his head.

"Dunno!" he replied. "He's not one of the talking sort, is the captain. There's no swank about him, poor kid!"

"Why do you say poor kid?" demanded one of the mechanics curiously.

"Oh, I dunno," replied the sergeant dully, staring out into the deepening dusk. "I suppose it's because some day we'll be standing here waiting for his return, like we were to-night—and he won't come!"

"They'll never get him!" said one of the men emphatically. "The Boche haven't got a pilot that can live with him in the air!"

"They'll get him some day!" replied the sergeant doggedly. "I know too much of the flying game not to realise that. A man can't always keep coming back from over yonder!"

He gestured towards the east, from whence came the long, rumbling thunder of the enemy guns.

"But come on, jump to it!" he went on briskly. "Get those picket-ropes fastened. There's one thing—neither his gun nor his engine will ever let him down as long as I've got anything to do with it!"

Meanwhile, Derek had reached the flight-office. The adjutant, seated writing at the table, looked up with a smile as the boy entered.

"Back, then, old man?" he said cheerily. "Dash it, I was getting a bit anxious about you!"

"Awful nice of you!" grinned Derek. "Got a report-form there?"

The young scout divested himself of his leather flying-coat, disclosing a long row of ribbons above the wings on the left breast of his oil-stained tunic. Amongst them were the ribbons of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Force Cross, and the blood-red ribbon of the proudest distinction of France—the Legion of Honour.

Taking the buff-coloured report-form

Derek seated himself at the table, and wrote:

"Carried out offensive patrol towards Mannheim. Report little activity on Mannheim aerodrome. One enemy machine crashed in taking-off. One enemy machine crashed out of control. Pilot probably killed. Report enemy concentration towards Metz. Advise reconnaissance."

Laying down his pen, he blotted the report and gave it to the adjutant, who was waiting with eager, outstretched hand.

"I suppose it's no good asking you for the whole yarn of this Mannheim stunt?" remarked the latter, having digested the contents of the terse report.

"No good at all, old bean!" replied Derek. "There's no yarn to tell. Well, I'll be shoving along to the mess; I'm jolly peckish!"

He rose to his feet, picking up his flying-coat.

"Wait a minute!" said the adjutant hastily. "Do you claim this blighted Hun who crashed before taking off?"

"No, of course not!"

"Oh, well, we'll credit you with the one who crashed out of control! You must have got him all right. That brings your number of enemy machines up to fifty-nine. Good hunting—what?"

"You ground wallahs ought to know!" laughed Derek. "Coming along to the mess?"

The adjutant shook his head.

"No, I must stay here!" he said sententiously. "Duty is duty, you know, and I've had dinner. Besides, there's a Brass Hat sitting about in the mess. He's from Wing Headquarters, and we've got to give him a good impression. Devotion to duty and all that—what?"

"Who is he?" asked Derek.

"Dunno. Never seen him before. He can't have been long on headquarters staff. Colonel Scaife is his name."

"Pilot?" inquired Derek.

"Yes; he arrived here about an hour ago in a Camel scout. He's staying all night. I don't know what he wants. Just a formal tour of inspection, I suppose!"

"I suppose so," agreed Derek. "Well, I'll be pushing off. Cheerio!"

"Cheerio!" replied the adjutant, and, lighting a cigarette, sat staring at Derek's report in thoughtful silence.

Making his way to his hut, the young scout indulged in the luxury of a cold rub-down. Then, feeling much refreshed, he crossed towards the mess. In the adjoining ante-room a gramophone was playing discordantly. The raucous, mechanical voice came clearly through the open windows:

"Take me back to dear old Blighty;
Put me on the train for London
Town—"

A plump, khaki-clad figure suddenly loomed up in front of Derek in the deepening dusk, and a massive hand slapped him on the shoulder.

"Here you are, old boss!" boomed a hearty voice. "I was just coming to look for you. Heard you land half-way through dinner, but couldn't get away because a blessed brass hat was grubbing with us. Awful stiff and formal sort of blighter!"

"Hallo, Foulkes!" replied Derek. "Have you left me anything?"

"Oh, a few scraps—a few scraps!" boomed the jovial Foulkes. "But

where've you been? Mayence—Karlsruhe—Mannheim?"

"Mannheim!" replied Derek. "But come on! I want some dinner!"

"Dinner?" snorted Foulkes, falling into step with the boy. "Dinner? Didn't you bring some sauer-kraut or blood-sausage back from Germany?"

"Don't you joke about horrible things like that, Foulkes," replied Derek, with a grin. "You might be eating something like that yourself behind the barbed wire one of these days!"

Foulkes, an excellent trencherman, shuddered.

"Don't talk like that, man!" he said in a hushed voice. "It's awful! Sauer-kraut and blood-sausage! I—I think I'd die if I had to eat that food!"

Reaching the mess, Foulkes poked his head into the ante-room, where the pilots of 108 Squadron were lounging about waiting until the windows should be closed and curtains and the lights switched on.

"Here's Monerleff, you men!" bellowed Foulkes. "Put that beastly gramophone off, will you? Here's Monerleff back from Mannheim. Come on! We'll hear all about his thrilling exploits out there!"

The pilots surged round Derek, plying him with eager questions, till at last the mess sergeant brought the boy some respite.

"Colonel Milvain's compliments, sir," he said, "and will you report to him at the flight-office in fifteen minutes' time!"

Derek nodded. Colonel Milvain was the commanding officer of Ouchy aerodrome.

"Phone message, sergeant?" asked the boy laconically.

"Yes, sir!" replied the sergeant. "Colonel Milvain has just rung up from the flight office, sir!"

The Summons!

FIFTEEN minutes later Derek reported to Colonel Milvain at the flight office. The adjutant was there, wielding busy pen. With Colonel Milvain was a tall, dark man in khaki whose badges of rank and red tabs denoted that he was a staff colonel.

His features were clear-cut and inclined to a certain swarthy. A thin-lipped mouth was surmounted by a black, close-cropped moustache. His nose was firmly moulded, his eyes of steely blue.

"You sent for me, sir!"

With a snap salute Derek came stiffly to attention in front of Colonel Milvain.

"Yes, Monerleff!" replied the C.O. "This is Colonel Scaife from Wing Headquarters. He wishes to speak to you!"

Colonel Scaife held out his hand.

"Captain Monerleff," he said in tense, crisp tones, "I am very pleased indeed to meet you. You are doing glorious work and have worthily upheld the finest traditions of the Air Force!"

Derek flushed. He hated this sort of thing, but supposed it had to be gone



"A Bavarian always did find money a greater driving force than honour!" sneered Federkiel. Frankenstein leapt to his feet, a hot wave of anger flushing his face. "You will take those words back, you swaggering upstart of a Prussian Junker!" he said fiercely, grasping Federkiel roughly by the shoulder. (See page 25.)

through. Moreover, there was an intangible something about Colonel Scaife which he did not like.

"This Mannheim flight of yours this evening," went on Colonel Scaife, taking the report from the hand of the adjutant, "seems to have been a good show. Give me details!"

Derek did so, telling the story as briefly as he could.

Colonel Scaife listened in silence, save for an occasional question here and there.

"You did well—extremely well," he said, as Derek concluded. "By the way, what type of machine do you fly?"

"I use a Sopwith scout, sir, fitted with a super-powered engine," replied the boy.

"I see," nodded Colonel Scaife. "And do you find it absolutely satisfactory?"

"Absolutely, sir!"

"Then, for the information of wing headquarters, will you please make out a detailed report as to the flying speed, climbing angle, etc., of this type of machine as compared with that of enemy aircraft such as the Krupps' fighting scout, the Albatross, and the Fokker?"

"Yes, sir," replied Derek.

A few minutes later he quitted the flight-office, leaving Colonel Scaife engaged in conversation with the commanding officer. Dusk had by now deepened into night. From the mess came the discordant, wheezy notes of the gramophone:

"Take me back to dear old Blighty;
Put me on the train for London
Town."

It was the only record that was left since Foulkes had clumsily dropped the box in which they were kept. Foulkes,

heavy-handed, great-hearted, was always breaking something. Every time he went up in the air the squadron confidently expected him to break his neck. But in reply he always said that when he broke that it would be the last thing he would break.

Derek made his way towards the hangars, which stood silent and deserted, save for the armed guard who patrolled them throughout the night. He was challenged by the guard as he reached his little scarlet scout picketed down in front of its hangar.

Exchanging a word with the man, he swung himself up into the cockpit, to get his map-case from its rack. Slipping the case into his tunic pocket, he dropped to the ground again, and, with a "Good-night" to the guard, he went to his hut.

Although attached to 108 Squadron, Derek had a roving commission. With the dawn he intended to fly over Saarbrücken on a lone offensive patrol.

Sitting on his camp bed, he carefully plotted his course and studied the topography of the country over which he would pass.

He turned in at length, and scarcely had his head touched the pillow than he was sound asleep.

It seemed but seconds later that he awoke with a start. The light had been switched on in his hut, and the adjutant was bending over the camp bed, shaking him and saying:

"Wake up, man!"

"Hallo!" Derek sat up with a jerk. "Oh, it's you, is it? What the thump do you want at this time of night?"

"The C.O. wants you," replied the adjutant grimly. "You'd better get up and dress."

(Continued on page 28, col. 3.)

"From School to Hollywood!"

(Continued from page 23.)

"I guess so!" agreed Fisher T. Fish. "I've got a whole lot of respect for the old guy, as I've said before," said Mr. Fish, "but he can't be allowed to interfere with business with his ante-diluvian notions."

"Not any!" agreed Fishy. "There's only one speck," said Mr. Fish. "That fat scallywag Bunter's no use. I guess I ain't paying expenses for a guy that's no earthly use. Seeing that he knows enough to spill the beans, you had to say yep! But I guess when we're on the go that yep can easily be turned into a nope."

Fisher T. Fish grinned. "Just what I calculated, popper," he said. "That pesky scallywag thinks he's looked for the Yewnted States. I guess we shall have to keep it up till it don't matter whether he blows off his mouth or not. After that—"

"After that," said Mr. Fish, "we drop that fat scallywag like a hot brick."

He looked at his watch. "I guess I got to be beating it. Now, Fisher, I guess I needn't warn you again not to spill the beans; but be careful. Let that pesky Bunter run on, till it's safe to boost him."

"You bet," said Fisher T. Fish. "He can leave the school with the rest of the crowd, but he can sure be dropped on the way to London. Easy as falling off a log. If by any accident he turns up in London on time we can drop him on the way to Liverpool. If he chances to butt in at Liverpool on time he can be lost there—it's a big city—and he can find his way home after the steamer's sailed. Once we're on the Atlantic he can talk all he likes. Gosh! I guess a clam like that can't put the goods over on me!" said Hiram K. Fish emphatically.

"I guess not!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll sure let him run on, and lose him on the way to London."

"Don't let him get wise to it," cautioned the worthy popper. "Just a word from the fat geek would be enough to spill all the beans and leave us in the air."

"I guess he won't get wise to it in a month of Sundays," answered Fisher T. Fish.

"It's all settled, then," said Mr. Fish. "Yep." Mr. Fish rose from the armchair. "The gink!" he said indignantly, still thinking of Bunter. "Figuring that he could put it across me! I guess he will be wiser next week! Well, the car's waiting."

Fisher T. Fish went down to the car with his worthy parent, to see him off, Harry Wharton & Co. gathering at the door for the same purpose. The philanthropic Mr. Fish had quite an ovation there.

Study No. 14 was left vacant—or apparently so.

But when the footsteps of Fish senior and junior had died away down the passage there was a movement in Study No. 14.

The cupboard door opened. From the lower part of the cupboard a fat figure emerged with a grin on its fat face.

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter chuckled softly.

"Beasts!" he murmured, alluding, apparently, to the departed Fishes.

"Yah! Beasts! We'll jolly well see," said Bunter, left the study in his turn, still grinning. Forewarned is forearmed, and the probability was that William George Bunter would not get lost on the way when the Greyfriars party started for Hollywood.

THE END.

Now look out for the second story in this Grand New Series, entitled:

"BOUND FOR AMERICA!"

which will appear in

NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER!

"The Black Hawk!"

(Continued from page 27.)

Wide awake now, Derek stared at the pale-faced adjutant.

"What's wrong, old man?" he asked quietly.

The adjutant did not answer for a moment, then words came with impassioned earnestness:

"Derek, what have you been doing, man? They've found out something about you—something terrible! Colonel Seafie was going to send an escort here for you, but the C.O. overruled him. They're going to put you under arrest—"

"They're going to put me under arrest?"

Derek spoke incredulously.

"Yes. It was only Colonel Milvain who prevented that brass hat, Seafie, having you arrested here, in this hut! The C.O. is going to give you a chance to clear yourself."

"To clear myself?" echoed Derek.

"Clear myself of what?"

"I dunno," replied the adjutant wildly. "You know I sleep in the room adjoining the flight-office. When I turned in for the night I left the C.O. and that blighter Seafie in the flight-office. Next thing I knew was when the C.O. came into my room and told me I was wanted. I went into the flight-office, and that blighter Seafie was ram-paging up and down, declaiming that you were a cursed traitor, and that he'd have you shot, and all kinds of foul things like that. The C.O. said that before he moved in any direction he would give you a chance to clear yourself, and he sent me to fetch you. That's all I know. I haven't the faintest idea what they've found out about you—or what they think they've found out."

"Right!" said Derek, his eyes grim. "I'll go with you at once!"

(It is with a clear conscience and a brave heart that young Derek proceeds to interview his C.O. But he little realizes the powerful forces that are working against him. In next week's vivid instalment all your sympathy will go out to this plucky air-fighter. Don't miss it, chums, or the next three wonderful Free Gifts!)

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

The Boy from the Clouds!

By
Dicky
Nugent

Clevercove by name and clever cove by nature rightly sums up the amazing new boy who literally "drope in" at St. Sam's this week.



But some- how, it didn't come off. Instead of splashing Clevercove, Bitter and Ruff got the shock of their lives—in more senses than one, for the new boy had taken the presentation of con- sidering one or two electric batteries on his person, and the two booles got the full force of the current!

"Yooooooo!" yelled Bitter, for like a shot he was a coward at heart. Clevercove quickly followed up his first advantage with a rattling blow right in the middle of the die and a crashing pile-driver over the oral cavity. That finished Bitter. With a yell of pain, he fled for his life. His precious pal Ruff made as if to follow, but to his dismay Ruff found his retreat cut off.

"CLARENCE CLEVERCOVE!"

"That's his name!"

"Clevercove by name and clever cove by nature," said Jack Jolly, of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's.

"Old Man Clevercove, it seems, is the self-proclaimed inventor, and his son inherits his uncles' gifts."

"Now! In that case, there ought to be some law, this time!" grinned Merry. "I suppose this youthful genius arrives by the afternoon train?"

"Not at all!" answered Jack Jolly. "As a matter of fact his pater is driving him here by airplane."

"Oh, grate pip!"

It was the first day of the new term at St. Sam's, and Jack Jolly & Co. were back in their old study, discussing the new boy who was coming into the Fourth. Judging by Bright's remarks, the newcomer was going to be something exceptional, and the chums of the Fourth were looking forward to making the acquaintance of this young inventor.

"They hadn't long to wait, however. Soon after Jack Jolly had finished speaking, Frank Fearless rushed in, his handsome face flushed with excitement.

"Hurry up, you fellows!" he shouted eagerly. "The airplane waits with- out!"

"Without what?" asked Merry, humer- ously.

"Without wheels!" It's a seaplane, as a matter of fact!" roared Frank Fearless, with a chuckle. "That's the funny part about it. There's nowhere it can land butting the fountain in the quad, and that's not big enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Fourth left their unpacking and sprinted downstairs. Out in the quad, a great crowd had gathered to watch the extraordinary spectacle of a new boy coming about the quad in a seaplane apparently unable to make a landing. Jack Jolly & Co. could see the new boy leaving out of the passenger's seat and looking down on the crowd with grate interest.

"How the merry dickens is he going to get out?" asked Jack Jolly, wondering.

"It's impossible!" declared Frank Fearless, shaking his head.

But Fearless didn't know the new boy yet, or he wouldn't have said that. Just as he finished speaking, the plane swooped down until it was almost touching the heads of the spectators. Then a flap opened from underneath the pilot, and out dropped a couple of suitcases and a port- manch right at the feet of the school House steps!

Scarcely had the crowd recovered from their surprise at this unlooked-for method of delivering luggage, when the new boy himself stood up. Then a sudden cry of horror arose as the spectators saw him shake hands with the pilot, and then calmly jump over the side of the machine.

"The MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1,092."

"Grate heavens!" cried Jack Jolly, in dismay. "The silly sea will be killed!"

But the captain of the Fourth was wrong. For Clevercove was the sort of chap who always landed on his feet. He did so this time, and to everybody's astonishment, bounced off the School House steps and shot up into the air again. A second bounce followed and then a third and a fourth, each one being a little shorter than the last until he finally came to rest. The crowd fairly gasped with relief and then rushed to inspect the newcomer, who grinned and nodded in the most uncom- bined way.

"Hello, everybody!" cried the new boy, cheerfully.

"Well, you're a cool card," said Jack Jolly in amazement. "How is it you haven't broken your neck, young'un?"

"That's easy!" he said. "I'm wear- ing a pair of airplane spring-soled landing-shoes—my own invention."

"Can you tell me where I have to report, please?" asked the new boy, bending down and taking off the spring-soled shoes, which fitted over his ordinary shoes like gelatinous.

Jack Jolly nodded pleasantly. Already, he liked this cheery, open-faced young inventor.

"Yes, you'll have to report to the Head, and Mr. Lickham, your Form-master," he answered. "Better leave your bags here for the present. I'll show you where to go."

The new boy entered the grate portal of St. Sam's, and Jack Jolly introduced him to Merry and Bright and Fearless, who were all favorably impressed.

Apparently Clevercove was not satis- fied with the sensation he had already created, for after they had passed through the Hall, he produced some weird-looking folding roller-skates from his pockets and proceeded to fix them on his feet.

Jack Jolly & Co. simply stared.

"Look here, Clevercove, you can't go roller-skating through the secret passages of the School House," protested Jack Jolly, in shocked accents. "Nobody but prefects and masters are allowed to do that at St. Sam's, you know."

"Who said anything about roller-skating?" grinned Clevercove. "If you think these things are roller-skates, you're running away with the wrong idea. They're not."

"Then what the thump are they?" demanded Frank Fearless.

"Electric leather-sewers—my own in- vention," replied the new boy modestly. "Each is supplied with a battery, you see, and they just carry me along automatically. When I press the heel, they start off, and when I press the toe, they stop. Savvy?"

"Oh, my giddy aunt!"

"You're a cure, and no mistake!"

Jack Jolly, "With a chap like you kicking around, I can foresee that we're going to have some high old times, this term!"

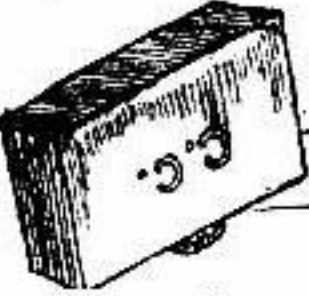
They continued their journey to the Head's study. Jack Jolly & Co. walking, and Clevercove riding gracefully along on his electric leather-sewers.

It was unforhappily for the new boy that something should have gone wrong with them on his very first day at St. Sam's; but so it turned out. And it wasn't until after Jack Jolly had knocked at the door of the Head's study and taken the first step in, that Clevercove found he couldn't stop himself!

Slowly and gracefully he rolled into the most decorated apartment in St. Sam's, bowing to the Head and Mr. Lickham, and treading frantically on his toes in an endeavor to switch off the current. But the current refused to be switched off, and Clevercove consequently continued to career round the room in a series of giddy circles.

Dr. Birchmall and Mr. Lickham stared at the strange visitor with frozen faces.

"What the merry dickens is this?" demanded the former in icy accents.



"Give it up, sir!" replied Mr. Lickham, coldly.

"Can it be the new boy?" asked the Head, frigidly.

"I shouldn't be surprised, sir," said Mr. Lickham, frostily.

Clevercove fairly shivered. But still he couldn't stop.

The Head's expression became dark and stormy.

"Boy!" he thundered. "What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm just looking round the room at the present moment, sir," answered Clevercove, coolly.

"Isn't he the giddy limit?" grinned Jack Jolly, and there was a chuckle from Frank Fearless and the others in the passage.

The Head, however, only glared.

"Silence, Jolly! Such unbecom- ing behavior is not to be tolerated! Now, Clevercove—I presume that is your name—stop this wild career immediately!"

"I can't, sir!" groaned Clevercove.

"Can't? Is this, then, what your respocted father meant when he said that you always moved in the best circles?" boomed the Head, angrily.

"Pass me that brush, Lickham!"

"I'll soon show this dis- respoctive young cub who is head cook and bottle-washer at St. Sam's!"

Mr. Lickham bandaged over the instrument of torture, and the Head

(Look out for "THE INVENTOR OF THE FOURTH!" next week's story of the boys of St. Sam's.)

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