

14 FREE GIFT PICTURES and AMAZING SCHOOL YARN of GREYFRIARS
INSIDE!

The MAGNET 2^D

No. 1,353. Vol. XLV.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending January 20th, 1934.



"I say, you fellows, that toffee's prime! I've had some!"

FREE
A BIG SLAB
OF
WALTERS
DELICIOUS
PALM
TOFFEE
WITH
NEXT WEEK'S
MAGNET

*Billy Bunter's
Broadcast*

THE PROFITEER OF THE REMOVE!



BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Called Over the Coals!

"BUNTER!" Billy Bunter jumped. "It—it wasn't me, sir!" he gasped.

"What?" "I—I don't know anything about it, sir!"

Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars, gazed at Billy Bunter. The Remove fellows looked round at him, grinning.

It was second lesson at Greyfriars, and the Head was taking the Remove. That was very unusual. Seldom indeed did the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars enjoy the distinguished honour of being "taken" by their headmaster.

It was an honour they would willingly have dispensed with. The Head was rather a terrifying personage to Lower Fourth juniors.

But the Remove had started the new term without a Form-master. Their own "beak," Mr. Quelch, had not come back after the Christmas holidays, being laid up with a severe cold. So matters were rather at sixes and sevens until he came.

The Remove were on their best behaviour with the Head. Bob Cherry tried hard not to shuffle his feet. Skinner carefully refrained from projecting ink-balls at other fellows' necks. Lord Mauleverer suppressed his inclination to yawn. Even the Bounder was quiet and respectful; and Billy Bunter had not brought anything eatable into the Form-room. Really, it was quite a model Form that morning, every fellow anxious not to catch the Head's eye.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

But that eye fixed on Billy Bunter! Bunter was alarmed.

There were many sins, of omission and commission, on Billy Bunter's fat conscience, and, as Dr. Locke rapped out his name, the Owl of the Remove could only wonder which of them had come to the Head's knowledge.

He blinked at Dr. Locke in great alarm through his big spectacles, and promptly denied the accusation, without waiting to hear what it was.

"Bunter!" repeated the Head. "I assure you, sir, that it wasn't me!" said Bunter, in a great hurry. "I haven't been near the Fifth Form passage this term."

"What?" ejaculated Dr. Locke. "If Coker says that his cake is gone, sir, I don't know anything about it. Besides, that was yesterday—"

"You are a very stupid boy, Bunter!" said the Head mildly. "I have heard no complaint from Coker of the Fifth Form."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "But," said the Head in a deep voice, "if you have abstracted a cake from Coker's study, Bunter—"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all! I—I don't think Coker had a cake! I never heard him mention it to Potter and Greene, nor—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the Remove.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "Bunter, I fear that you are a very untruthful boy, as well as a very stupid one—very untruthful indeed!"

"Me, sir?" exclaimed Bunter. "Oh, no, sir! Perhaps you're thinking of Wharton, sir, or Nugent—"

"You blithering owl!" murmured Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Silence!" rapped the Head. "Bunter, stand out before the Form!"

"Oh lor'!"

Billy Bunter rolled out dolorously. Evidently the trouble, whatever it was, was not connected with Coker's cake. Bunter wondered whether the cook or the House dame had been complaining. It would be just like those old cats, Bunter thought, to make a fuss about a pie being mysteriously missing from the regions below stairs.

"Now, Bunter—"

"I never touched it, sir!" said Bunter.

"You never touched it?" repeated the Head.

"No, sir! I haven't seen it."

"You have not seen it?"

"No, sir! There's a very strict rule about fellows going down into the kitchen, and I'm always very careful about the rules, sir! If there's a pie gone, it's news to me!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"The fact is, sir, that I don't care for beefsteak pie!" said Bunter. "It's not a thing I like at all! And it wasn't a nice pie, either, sir! You can ask Skinner! I gave him some!"

Dr. Locke was not so used to the fatuous Bunter as Mr. Quelch was. He seemed to be quite taken by surprise by him. He gazed at him as if Bunter had taken his breath away.

"Bunter," he gasped at last, "I have certainly received a complaint from Mrs. Kebble with reference to a missing pie, but I was not aware that you were the culprit."

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter. "I called to you," said Dr. Locke, "with reference to that extremely con-

This issue contains our final set of coloured pictures. Get ready for some DELICIOUS FREE TOFFEE NEXT WEEK!

spicuous diamond pin in your tie, Bunter."

"Oh!" stuttered Bunter.

His fat hand went up to his tie, in which gleamed and glittered and flashed a big diamond.

Everybody at Greyfriars had seen Bunter's diamond except the Head—and now the Head saw it!

Nobody, of course, believed that it was a real diamond; even Bunter, who had bought it for a shilling from a shabby man in a railway train, could hardly believe that it was genuine.

But it looked the genuine goods, there was no doubt about that. And Bunter had swanked very extensively with his diamond pin.

According to Bunter, it was a diamond of the purest water, and its value was almost fabulous.

Greyfriars fellows did not sport diamonds; it was considered bad form. But Billy Bunter did not care much about that, so long as he could flash and sparkle and glitter.

It was still early in the term; but Bunter's diamond had become as well known at Greyfriars as the clock-tower or the ivied library wall or the football field. It had become one of the sights of Greyfriars. It was familiar to almost every eye. And—though it did not occur to Bunter's fat mind—it was certain that the Head would want to know about it as soon as he became aware of it.

"No boy in this school, Bunter, is allowed to wear such prominent and expensive jewellery," said the Head. "It is in bad taste, Bunter. But, apart from that, I require to know how you came into possession of such an article? It is far too valuable to belong to a junior schoolboy. Where did you obtain that diamond, Bunter?"

The Remove fellows looked on, with grinning faces.

The Head, apparently, was taking Bunter's diamond as genuine. Certainly it looked it.

But if it was genuine, it was worth a hundred pounds—in which case, a Lower Fourth fellow would have found it very difficult to explain how he had come by it.

Bunter had to own up now.

The fat Owl had told many tales about that diamond. It was an heirloom in the Bunter family which had been made up into a tiepin. It was a Christmas present from his Uncle George. It was a New Year's gift from his Uncle William. Bunter never could remember that a certain class of persons should have good memories! None of these yarns, however, would do for the Head. The Removites listened with keen interest to hear what the hapless Owl would say.

He blinked dismally at the Head. It was a relief to learn that he was not called on in reference to a cake or a pie. But he did not want to own up before all the Form that his famous diamond was paste!

"Answer me, Bunter!" rapped the Head.

"The—the fact is, sir—" stammered Bunter.

"Well?"

"My—my Uncle George—" stuttered the fat Owl.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Peter Todd blankly. Against all probability, the fat Owl was going to spring his Uncle George on the Head!

"Your uncle?" repeated the Head.

"Yes, sir! He—he—he gave me this—this pin for a Christmas present, sir."

Bunter was risking it. Anything, from Billy Bunter's peculiar point of

view, was better than stating the facts before a whole grinning Form.

Dr. Locke's brow grew very stern.

"A most extraordinary thing!" he exclaimed. "Surely, Bunter, your uncle should know that an article of such value should never be placed in the keeping of a junior schoolboy. Give it to me at once—"

"Eh?"

"I will return it to your uncle—"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"With a letter explaining my reasons. Take that pin from your tie at once, Bunter, and hand it me."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He had not expected that. Really, he might have—but he hadn't. He stood rooted with dismay, blinking at the Head.

"Bunter—"

"Oh lor'! The—the fact is, sir—" gasped Bunter.

"I am waiting—"

"The—the fact is, sir, my—my uncle George never gave it to me, sir—that—that's what I really meant to say, sir!" stuttered Bunter.

And as Dr. Locke stared at him blankly, from the Remove there came a howl:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bad for Bunter!

"SILENCE!" hooted Dr. Locke. He turned a grim frown on the Remove. For a moment the kind old Head looked as grim as Mr. Quelch had ever looked. The Re-

To Fisher T. Fish, parting with money is almost as painful as having his teeth extracted. But even Fishy, the profiteer of the Remove, doesn't mind parting with 50s. for a £100 diamond tiepin—until he learns where the tiepin came from!

move men contrived to control their merriment.

"There is nothing," said Dr. Locke, "in this boy's obtuse untruthfulness to cause laughter."

On that point the Remove did not agree with their headmaster. Dr. Locke could take Billy Bunter seriously if he liked. But to the Remove, the fat Owl was a scream—a real shriek.

Silence, however, was restored, and Dr. Locke fixed his eyes again on the hapless Owl. Bunter, standing first on one leg, then on the other, then on the first again, was longing to escape. He fairly wriggled under the Head's stern eye. But there was no escape for Bunter. Dr. Locke evidently meant to know all about that big diamond.

"Bunter! I command you to tell me the truth at once!" snapped the Head. "You have made a statement, and immediately contradicted it. Can you, or can you not explain how you came into possession of that diamond?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"The—the fact is, sir—"

"Listen to the facts," murmured Frank Nugent.

"The factfulness will probably not be terrific," murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Speak, Bunter, and at once!" rapped the Head impatiently.

"The—the fact is, sir, that—that

diamond is an heirloom in our—our family, sir—"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in sheer wonder at the fat Owl's fatuous nerve.

"Silence! Did you say an heirloom, Bunter?" exclaimed the Head.

"Yes, sir; handed down from generation to generation," said Bunter, recovering confidence a little. "It came over with the Conqueror, sir—I mean, with one of my ancestors who came over with the Conqueror—"

"Do not talk nonsense, Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes, sir! I mean, no, sir!"

"If that stone, Bunter, is a family possession, as you say, how comes it to be in your hands?"

"It—it isn't in my hands, sir."

"What?"

"It isn't really, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"It's in my tie, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bless my soul!" gasped the Head. "Is it possible for a boy to be so obtuse as this? I mean, Bunter, how comes that stone to be in your possession if it is an heirloom, as you say?"

"I—I thought I'd have it made into a tiepin, sir, instead of leaving it with the—the other family jewels, sir—"

"Bunter! I shall cane you severely for telling untruths."

"Oh lor'!"

"And I can only conclude, Bunter, that you obtained possession of that large and valuable diamond, in some questionable manner!" thundered the Head. "Obviously it cannot belong to you. Have you purloined that stone, Bunter?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"If you came by that stone dishonestly, Bunter, confess the truth at once. You will, of course, be expelled from Greyfriars—"

"Ow!"

"But possibly the police—"

"The pip-pip-police!" stuttered Bunter.

"The police may take a lenient view of the matter, when they observe your crass stupidity and impenetrable obtuseness. But you must make a complete confession this instant."

The fat Owl gasped. Obviously, prevarication was not going to save him. So long as the Head believed that the diamond was real, he would not believe that it was Bunter's.

Bunter was driven to tell the truth. It was a last and desperate resource.

"I—I—I say, sir, I—I—I never pinched this diamond, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"The—the fact is, sir, it—it ain't real, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What?" roared the Head.

"It's only paste, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I gave a man a shilling for it, sir, in the holidays—a shabby man—he sold it to me in a railway train for a—a—a bob, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Head, angrier than ever. "After so many absurd prevarications, Bunter, you confess that you are wearing sham jewellery. How dare you do anything of the kind?"

"I—I—I—"

"The stone certainly appears to me to be genuine, Bunter, and I can hardly credit your statement. Hand it to me."

Billy Bunter unwillingly extracted his famous pin from his tie, and passed it over. It flashed and sparkled, in the wintry sunlight that came in at the windows of the Remove Form Room. If that diamond was imitation, there was no doubt that it was a remarkable imitation, and might have deceived anyone.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

Dr. Locke examined it with great care, the Removites watching him curiously. Everybody knew that Bunter had picked it up for a trifle; and so nobody, of course, supposed for a moment that it was real. So the fellows were surprised by the keen and lengthy attention that Dr. Locke gave it, and the puzzled expression on his face. Dr. Locke, of course, was not an expert in precious stones. But so far as his knowledge of such matters went, this stone certainly impressed him as the genuine article.

He fixed his eyes on Bunter at last.

"Bunter, I can hardly believe your statement that this diamond is not genuine, and that you bought it for a shilling. Once more, I command you to tell me the truth."

"Oh lor'! All the fellows know, sir!" stammered Bunter, in alarm. "I—I've tried to sell it for five bob, sir—I mean five shillings—but nobody will take it off my hands. Fishy offered me three-pence; but I wouldn't take that, as I gave a bob for it—"

The Head scanned his fat, alarmed face keenly. Bunter was telling the truth now—terrified at the bare idea of the Head taking that stone for a real diamond, and in consequence supposing that Bunter had "pinched" it. And it was easy for the Head to see that the fat junior was speaking the truth—so far as he knew it, at least. He was as anxious now to prove that the diamond was artificial, as he had previously been to make fellows believe that it was real.

"Does any boy here know anything

"Oh lor'!" Bunter bent over the chair! The cane swished.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yarooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Whoop! Yow-ow-ow! Yooop!" roared Bunter.

"Silence! Go to your place!" rapped the Head, laying down the cane.

"Yow-ow-ow-wooop!"

"Another sound, Bunter, and I will cane you again!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. He bolted to his place without another sound.

Then second lesson proceeded! Billy Bunter wriggled painfully on his form, dolorously reflecting that the Head was as beastly a beast as Quelch, and almost wishing that Mr. Quelch was back. But the rest of the Remove were feeling rather bucked. A quarter of an hour of second lesson had slipped by while the Head was dealing with Bunter; which, from the point of view of the Lower Fourth, was all to the good! So all the Remove—excepting Bunter—were rather glad that the fat Owl had been sporting his diamond pin in the Form-room that morning.

 A DELICIOUS BAR
of
WALTERS' "PALM"
TOFFEE
FREE

with

NEXT SATURDAY'S
MAGNET!



THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Smithy Asks For It!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH, the Bounder of Greyfriars, drew a little packet from his pocket and selected a cigarette therefrom.

It was morning break at Greyfriars, and the Bounder was strolling under the elms in the quad with his chum, Tom Redwing. The latter's face was a little clouded; and it clouded still more as he noted the Bounder's action. It only needed the slightest expression of disapproval to confirm the Bounder in any wilful idea that came into his reckless head. He took out a match-box and struck a match.

"You silly ass, Smithy!" said Redwing in measured tones. "If you must play the fool, haven't you sense enough to keep out of sight? If a prefect catches you smoking in the quad—"

"Bow-wow!"

"There's Wharton looking at you—"

"Let him look! A cat may look at a king!"

And the Bounder, stopping under an elm, deliberately struck a match and lighted the cigarette. Redwing, with an angry grunt, walked away and left him, and the Bounder laughed mockingly.

Harry Wharton came along the path under the leafless trees.

"Is that how you're keeping fit for football, Smithy?" he asked quietly.

"Why not?"

"You'll want all your wind when we play Redclyffe on Wednesday."

"Lots of time to recover from a poor little harmless fag!" drawled the Bounder, and he blew out a cloud of smoke almost in the face of the captain of the Remove.

Wharton's brow darkened.

"You footling fathead!" he said contemptuously. "Haven't you the sense of a bunny rabbit? All last term Quelch had an eye on you—"

"While the cat's away, the mice can play!" grinned the Bounder. "We're safe from Quelch's jolly old gimlet eye this term!"

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter rolled up. For once there was no glitter of a diamond pin in Bunter's tie. He had taken the Head's warning to heart for the time, at least, and discarded that sparkling adornment.

"I say, having a smoke? I'll have one, Wharton!"

"You blithering fat Boojum," growled the captain of the Remove, much incensed. "Do you think I'm playing the fool like Smithy?"

Sniff from Billy Bunter.

"Oh, you're too jolly goody-goody for anything!" he said scornfully. "Might have known you wouldn't have the nerve! I say, Smithy, got a smoke for a pal? We're sportsmen, ain't we?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Vernon-Smith. The Bounder smoked, not because he wanted to, but because it was against the rules, being a rebel by nature. He smoked in the quad, simply to display his nerve; to irritate his

Reserve Your Copy
Before the Big Rush.

chum Redwing, and to show the captain of the Remove that he did not care two straws for his opinion. But if anything could have made him ashamed of his dingy folly, it would have been Billy Bunter claiming him as a fellow-sportsman!

"Don't be mean, old chap!" urged Bunter. "Dash it all, you might hand round the smokes! Be a sport!"

"I'll hand you a thick ear, if you don't roll off, you obnoxious barrel!" snapped Vernon-Smith.

"Beast!"

"Look here, Smithy—" began Wharton.

"Keep your pi-jaw for your pals!" sneered the Bounder. "I've no use for it."

Wharton breathed hard.

"If you crock up in the Redclyffe match, you've a good chance of being dropped out of Remove footer!" he said.

"I'll take the chance!" jeered Vernon-Smith. Smithy was only too well aware that he was a tower of strength in the Remove eleven; and it was rather like him to presume upon it.

Wharton opened his lips again—but closed them. He did not want to quarrel with the Bounder, who had started that term in his most wilful and arrogant frame of mind. His recent narrow escape from the "sack" seemed to have made Smithy rather more careless than more careful; at all events, his recklessness seemed on the increase.

Harry Wharton controlled his annoyance, turned away, and walked up the path under the elms, leaving the Bounder grinning over his cigarette. Wharton swung away angrily round a turn of the path; and stopped suddenly as he almost ran into a tall and stately figure that was coming towards him.

Here's a Treat for
EVERYBODY . .

about this?" asked the Head, glancing over the grinning Remove.

"We all knew that Bunter had a sham diamond, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "He brought it back to school this term."

"Oh, yaas, sir!" said Lord Maulverer. "I saw him wearin' it in the hols, sir."

"I guess he offered it to me for five shillings, sir!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I sure said nope; and he let out that he had bought it for a shilling, sir, when I offered him threepence."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Head gave an impatient frown. He could not help being impressed by the genuine aspect of that stone. But if Bunter had offered to sell it in the Remove for five shillings, it was clear that Bunter could not believe that it was real; which bore out his story that he had bought it as a sham stone for a trifling sum. Greatly to the fat Owl's relief, Dr. Locke handed it back to him. Sham or not, Bunter wanted it.

"Very well; I must accept your statement, Bunter," said the Head. "But you must not wear such a pin in public; it is in the very worst of taste in a schoolboy, all the more so if the diamond is an imitation. Put it in your pocket."

Bunter was very glad to get it safely into his pocket.

"And now," said the Head, taking up Mr. Quelch's cane from the Form-master's desk, "now, Bunter, you will bend over that chair! You have wasted my time with your absurd prevarications, and I shall punish you severely for your untruthfulness. Bend over!"

"Oh, really, sir! I—"

"Bend over!" snapped the Head, in a voice that made Bunter jump.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. It was the Head, taking a walk in break.

Wharton stopped, utterly dismayed. The Head stopped, too, smiling slightly. He attributed the obvious dismay in the junior's face to the fact that they had nearly collided.

But that was not what Wharton was thinking of. If the Head took a few more paces the way he was going he would sight the Bounder—smoking his cigarette! Any fellow would have been landed in trouble for such a breach of the rules. But in the Bounder's case the matter was much more serious. He was a dog with a bad name, the eye of suspicion was on him! Harry Wharton, personally, was angry with the Bounder, and feeling inclined to kick him for his

sion that suddenly came over Bunter's fat face. Bunter saw the Head coming, and his little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles at the sight of him.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

"What the thump——"

The Bounder turned round to see what it was that had startled Bunter.

Then his heart gave a jump as he found himself facing his headmaster, the cigarette still in his mouth.

Instantly he clutched it away. But it was too late! And Herbert Vernon-Smith, with all his nerve, felt a cold chill run down his back as Dr. Locke's eyes fixed on him.

"Vernon-Smith!" The Head's voice was very deep. "I find you smoking!"

The Bounder was silent. It was not

The Bounder's teeth came hard together.

"I admit I was smoking, sir! But no fellow at Greyfriars has ever been flogged for that!"

"You are an exceptional case, Vernon-Smith—and you will be dealt with with exceptional severity. Follow me at once!"

The Head rustled away.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Flogged!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter's fat face was red with excitement. He was bursting with news. He rolled up the passage to the door of the Remove Form



"I say, Smithy, don't be a pig, smoking yourself and not standing a fellow a fag." "You fat frog——" The Bounder broke off, startled by the expression that suddenly came over Bunter's fat face. Bunter saw the Head coming, and his little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles at the sight of him. "Oh lor'!" he gasped.

check; but he certainly did not want the headmaster to catch him out. If he could delay the Head for a minute and let the sound of his voice reach the Bounder, the situation was saved. Smithy was quick on the uptake!

But even as that idea flashed into Wharton's mind, he discovered that it was too late! For the fat voice of Billy Bunter floated to his ears—and to those of Dr. Locke also!

"I say, Smithy, don't be a pig, smoking yourself and not standing a fellow a fag!"

Dr. Locke gave a sudden start.

He heard every word as clearly as Wharton did.

Instantly he strode on, passing the dismayed captain of the Remove. In a moment more he had his eyes on the Bounder.

Smithy did not see him coming! He was scowling at Bunter, his back turned.

"You fat frog——" he snapped.

He broke off, startled by the expres-

much use to deny it. Billy Bunter, glad that the Head's eye did not turn on him, backed away among the elms. He was deeply glad that Smithy had not "whacked out" a smoke, after all!

"I find you smoking!" repeated the Head. "In open quad!"

"Yes, sir!" said Vernon-Smith.

"In any other junior boy," said the Head, "I might regard this as an act of thoughtless folly! But in you, Vernon-Smith, I fear it indicates that the leniency with which you have been treated has been misplaced; and that, so far from striving to reform, you are the same wilful, disobedient, disreputable character that I have known you to be!"

The Bounder breathed hard, but he said nothing.

"Any other junior would be caned!" said the Head. "In your case, Vernon-Smith, I shall use greater severity! You will be flogged!"

"Flogged?" repeated the Bounder.

"Follow me to my study!"

Room, where the juniors were gathering for third school after break.

Wingate of the Sixth was going to take the Remove in third lesson that morning. Mr. Quelch was still away, and it seemed that the Head was unwilling to replace that old and trusted colleague with a temporary master if it could be avoided. At all events, the Remove were still without a master of their own; and the time-table was filled up with extra French, extra maths. lessons from some of the prefects, and generally one class a day with the Head. On this occasion it fell to Wingate, the captain of the school, to take the Lower Fourth, but he had not put in an appearance yet, when Billy Bunter rolled up, bursting with news.

"I say, you fellows!" he gasped.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He hasn't got his diamond on! Have you sold somebody a pup, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, really, Cherry—"
 "Anybody been ass enough to give Bunter sixpence for his jolly old heirloom?" asked Johnny Bull.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I say, you fellows," yelled Bunter, "Smithy—"
 "What about Smithy?" asked Tom Redwing quickly.
 "He's copped!" yelled Bunter.
 "Smithy copped!" grinned Skinner.
 "Well, he's always asking for it! Who's copped him, and for what?"
 "The Head—"
 "Oh, my hat! Must be a footling fat-head to give the Beak a chance at him!" said Skinner, with a whistle.
 "I say, you fellows, the Head copped him smoking! Smoking like a furnace!" gasped Bunter. "He's taken him to his study for a flogging!"
 "Rats!"
 "The ratfulness is terrific!"
 "I was there!" roared Bunter. "Smithy was smoking, and, of course, I wouldn't have any of his filthy fags—"
 "You mean he wouldn't give you any?" asked Skinner.
 "Yah! The Head came up and copped him fairly in the act! Smoking like a furnace—clouds of smoke—"
 "Draw it mild!" suggested Peter Todd.
 "I saw him! You should have been there and seen the Beak's face! Scarlet with rage!" said Bunter impressively.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Crimson with fury!" said Bunter.
 "Practically foaming—"
 "My hat! I'd like to see the old bean foam!" said Skinner. "Only Bunter ever sees these amusing things!"
 "Foaming with rage, he gripped

Smithy by the collar and dragged him away to the House!" said Bunter, who never could tell a plain, unvarnished tale. "I said, Look out, sir; you'll throttle him!"
 "You did!" shrieked Bob Cherry.
 "I did!" said Bunter firmly. "I'm not so afraid of beaks as you fellows are! I felt bound to put in a word for poor old Smithy! The Head turned to me and said— What are you grinning at, you beast?"
 "The Head said that?" gasped Squiff.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "No, you ass! I said that!" snapped Bunter. "The Head said— Look here, you can jolly well cackle if you like, but—"
 "The Head said you could jolly well cackle if you liked?"
 "No!" howled Bunter. "I said that! The Head said, 'I'm going to make an example of this young blighter—'"
 "The Head did?" howled Bob Cherry.
 "His very words!" said Bunter.
 "Yes, I think I can hear the Head saying that!" sobbed Bob. "Did he say some more things like that, old fat man?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "He said he was going to flog him!" roared Bunter. "I was only a few yards away. I thought I'd better keep behind a tree—you never know what the Beak may do when he starts, and a fellow's safer out of sight—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "And Smithy's getting it now!" said Bunter. "A fearful flogging! I can jolly well tell you the Head's laying it on! It sounds like beating a carpet outside his study window."
 "What rot!" said Frank Nugent. "They don't flog a man for smoking! Touch your toes and take six—"
 "The Head said—"

"Rats!"
 "He said—" yelled Bunter.
 "Rot!"
 "Has anything happened at all?" inquired Skinner.
 "You silly ass, I've told you it has!" yelled Bunter.
 "Yes; that's why I think it hasn't!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Wharton!" said Bob, as the captain of the Remove came up the passage.
 "Heard the latest thrilling news, old bean? Bunter says that Smithy's copped and up for a flogging!"
 "He's caught!" said Harry gravely.
 "The Head found him smoking in the quad and marched him off to his study!"
 "Was he scarlet and crimson with rage and fury?" asked Skinner.
 "Eh! Not that I noticed. He was in a wax!" said the captain of the Remove. "I'm afraid Smithy's for it this time."
 "You didn't notice him foaming at the mouth?"
 "No, ass!"
 "Bunter did," said Skinner. "I told you fellows that only Bunter sees these things! Must be his specs that does it!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Well, I can jolly well tell you that he was in a towering rage!" snapped Bunter. "Didn't you see him spring at Smithy, Wharton?"
 "No!"
 "Oh, you never see anything! He sprang at him like a tiger! Seizing him by the collar, he hissed—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I say, you fellows, I can jolly well tell you that the Head was foaming with rage, and he seized Smithy by the collar and hissed— Yaroooooh! What beast is lugging at my ear?"

Billy Bunter spun round. It was Wingate of the Sixth who had taken a fat ear between a finger and thumb, having just arrived on the scene. He gave that fat-ear a twist, eliciting a fearful howl from Billy Bunter.

"That isn't the way to speak of your headmaster, Bunter!" the captain of Greyfriars pointed out.

"Yarooooooh!"
 Wingate released the fat ear, which Bunter rubbed in deep anguish, and opened the Form-room door. The Remove went in and took their places, and Wingate ran his eye over the Form.

"Where's Vernon-Smith?" he rapped.
 "I—I think he's with the Head, Wingate!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, all right!"
 Books were sorted out for third lesson. Footsteps were heard in the passage, and all eyes turned on the door as the Bounder came in. His look was rather startling to the eyes of the Remove fellows. His face was almost as white as chalk, and his eyes seemed to burn like live coals. It was plain, at a glance, that the Bounder had been very severely through it.

Wingate gave him a glance, and started.

"What the dickens is the matter with you, Vernon-Smith?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing!" said the Bounder between his teeth.

"Have you been up before the Head?"

"Yes!" snarled the Bounder.

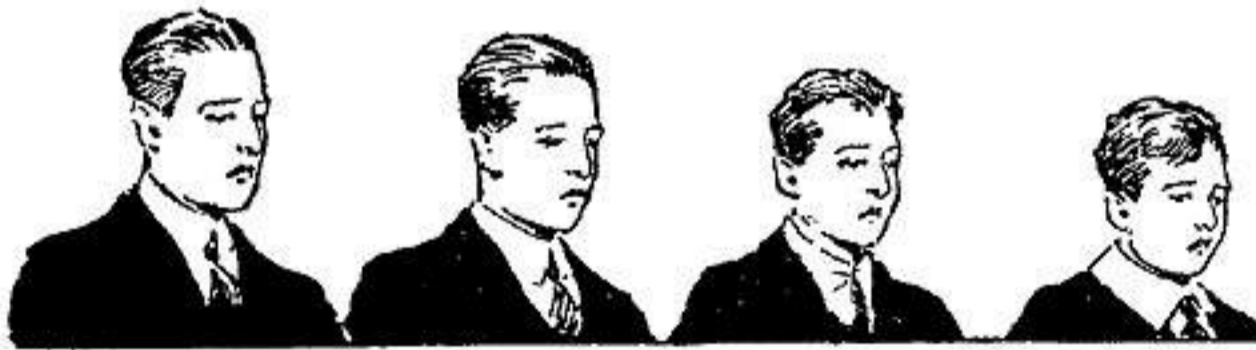
Wingate gave him a long look.

"Very well, you may go to your place!" he said quietly.

And the Bounder sullenly slouched to his place and slumped down.

Vernon-Smith sat silent through the lesson. He was in no state for class after his severe experience in the Head's study, and Wingate considerably left him alone. The Bounder was in a mood

The DANES of DANE HOUSE!



**A Book
 Length
 Yarn for
 4d. only**

The motto of the four Danes is "We come to conquer, and we stay to rule!" But Danehouse School has other ideas, and the Danes find that there's a packet o' trouble in the offing when they try to carry out their motto at Danehouse. Start right away on this ripping yarn of school and football.

Ask for No. 413 of

BOYS' FRIEND Library

NOW on Sale at all Newsagents **4^d**

for any reckless defiance or rebelliousness, and Redwing's eyes turned on him anxiously more than once. Third school was over at last, and the Remove were dismissed. A good many fellows gathered round Smithy in the passage.

"Was it a flogging, old bean?" asked Skinner.

"Yes!" snarled Smithy.
"Did it hurt?" squeaked Billy Bunter—which was exactly the fatuous question that Bunter would ask.

"Idiot!"
"Oh, really, Smithy—"
"Pretty thick, giving a man a flogging for smoking!" said Skinner. "Never heard of such a thing!"
Vernon-Smith gave a bitter, scoffing laugh.

"Oh, I'm specially favoured!" he said. "You'd get six if you were nailed, or perhaps only a hundred lines. I get a Head's whopping—and I can tell you the old bean laid it on! That's what they call justice here."

"Well, you're rather the man to ask for it, aren't you, old scout?" said Peter Todd. "You've got the Beak's back fairly up, you know."

"I'll make him sorry for it!" said the Bounder, between his teeth.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"
"Going to whop the Head?" asked Bolsover major, with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'm going to make him sorry for it! I've said so, and I mean it!" snarled Smithy. "There's more ways than one!"

"Think it over first, old chap," said Newland. "Second thoughts are best when you're thinking of a stunt like that, Smithy."

"The bestfulness of the second thoughts is terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Smithy," declared the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth.
"You'll see! I've had a flogging for nothing—practically nothing—because I kicked over the traces last term really. I'll make the Beak sorry he laid it on."

Redwing caught his arm as Wingate of the Sixth came out of the Remove-room.

"Shut up, for the love of Mike!" breathed Redwing. "Wingate—"

Wingate had heard. He came down the corridor with a grim expression on his face. The Bounder faced him, a reckless and defiant glint in his eyes.

"Cut that out, Vernon-Smith!" said the Greyfriars captain quietly. "That sort of gas won't do! I'm making allowances for what you've had, or I'd give you six on the spot! But don't talk like that any more!"

Leaving it at that, the prefect went on his way. Herbert Vernon-Smith, scowling, slouched out into the quad.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Luck!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
"It's pretty thick, ain't it?" said Billy Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five, with annoyance and indignation in his face, as he came on them in the quadrangle after class.

"If you're speaking of your head—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"It's thick, but not pretty—"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "I say, I'm going out, you know, and I can't put on my tiepin after what the Head said. Pretty thick, ain't it, for a fellow not to be able to wear his tiepin?"

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned. Since

that little talk with the Head in the Remove-room, Bunter had not sported his celebrated tiepin. He felt it rather keenly. Bunter liked to be gorgeous.

"I was thinking I'd chance it," said Bunter. "But a fellow might walk right into the Head—and he's rather a beast! Fancy not letting a man wear his diamond pin! 'Tain't as if it was a paste pin, or anything like that."

"Why, you fat villain, you owned up to the Head that it was paste, and that you gave a man a bob for it!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Bunter gave a fat wink.
"Only pulling the old bean's leg," he explained. "He seemed to think that if it was real it couldn't be mine—"

"It jolly well couldn't be if it was real!" said Nugent.

"You see, my people are wealthy," said Bunter. "A hundred-pound pin is

A NOTTS READER WINS
a
TOPPING POCKET KNIFE
for sending in the following
amusing joke:



Waiter: "I have stewed kidneys, stuffed heart, boiled tongue, fried liver, frog's legs, and pig's feet."
Diner: "Never mind telling me your troubles, just bring me some steak pie!"

Send in a joke and win one of these useful prizes like: Jack Gainsley, of 17, Park Crescent, Winthorpe Road, Newark, Notts.

nothing to wealthy people like us. I say, you fellows, can you lend me a tanner?"

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

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter. "A tanner isn't much—"

"But a hundred pounds is!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Can't the people who spring hundred-pound pins squeeze out sixpence as well?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The fact is, I've been disappointed about a postal order—"

"We've heard that one," said Bob Cherry gravely.

"You're repeating yourself, old fat bean!" said Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I say, you fellows, if you could afford to buy a valuable diamond pin—I say, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you!" roared Bunter.

But the Famous Five were gone. The Owl of the Remove snorted and rolled out of gates. That diamond pin—valuable as it was, according to Bunter—was going begging in the Remove. Bunter had asked various prices, from twenty-five pounds down to five shillings, but the only offer he had received was of threepence, from Fisher T. Fish, the business man of Greyfriars. Bunter had refused that offer, which would have left him ninepence to the bad on his bargain.

It was rather rotten not to be able to sell his famous pin, and not to be allowed to wear it, either. Bunter was feeling very wrathful and indignant, and he hoped that Smithy would "get away" with his scheme for making the Beak "sit up." The Beak, in Bunter's opinion, deserved to be made to sit up most severely for refusing to allow a fellow to sport his gorgeous tiepin in public.

Billy Bunter was thinking of his wrongs as he rolled down Friardale Lane. Certainly he was not thinking of danger. If he was thinking of anything beside his wrongs and grievances, it was of Smithy, who had gone down to the village after class—as Bunter suspected, to the tuckshop there. Billy Bunter could think of no reason why a sensible fellow should walk down to Friardale on a cold and frosty day, except to drop in at Uncle Clegg's. Bunter also was going to drop in—by sheer chance, of course—in the hope of annexing some of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Danger, certainly, he was not likely to be thinking of in the quiet country lane. But, as a matter of fact, that was exactly what was awaiting him.

Under the leafless trees, at a little distance from the school, a slightly built, shabby man, with sandy eyebrows and narrow, rat-like eyes, was loafing, with a half-smoked cigarette hanging loosely from a flabby lip. Had the Owl of the Remove seen him closely he would have recognised the sandy man who had sold him that famous diamond pin in a railway train in the holidays when he was departing from Wharton Lodge. But as he spotted Bunter coming along the lane the sandy man popped back quickly behind the trunk of a tree out of sight.

Standing there, unseen by the fat Owl, he glanced quickly up and down the lane. Nobody was in sight but Bunter.

"Crimes!" murmured Mr. Snigger-son. "Luck at last!"

Bunter rolled on, unsuspecting. As he came abreast of the tree the sandy man leaped out, and before Bunter even saw him he was down on his back, and a knee was planted on his chest.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter breathlessly. "Wow! Smithy, you beast—"

As Smithy was somewhere ahead of him the fat Owl supposed for a moment that it was the Bounder "larking." But the next moment he saw that it was not the Bounder. He blinked up in amazement at the narrow, rat-like face bending over him.

"You!" he stuttered. "What do you want?" He recognised the man who had sold him the diamond pin.

"I want that pin—"

"Look here—" gasped Bunter.

"Hand it over—sharp!" snarled the sandy man. "There ain't a crowd of schoolboys 'ere now, like there was the other day when I snatched it out of your tie. I got you, Mr. Bunter! Hand it over—sharp, afore I twist your fat ears off your fat 'ead!"

Bunter blinked up at him, alarmed, but more astonished than alarmed. A few days ago somebody, unrecognised by Bunter, had snatched his diamond

pin and made off with it; and Harry Wharton & Co., having witnessed the transaction, had chased the rascal and got it back. Bunter had supposed that it was some pickpocket who had taken the diamond for a real one. Now he realised that it must have been this man—the man who had sold it to him for a shilling. Why he wanted it back was an utter mystery to Bunter. He had sold it of his own accord—for a shilling! Bunter wondered whether the sandy man was out of his senses.

He seemed savagely in earnest, at all events. It was rather a risky business, collaring a fellow like this in broad daylight, when anyone might have come along the lane. The sandy man had no time to waste. Kneeling on Bunter, he grasped a fat ear and twisted it.

There was a fearful yell from Bunter. "Yaroooh!"

"Give me that pin, blow you!" hissed the sandy man.

"Ow! Oh crikey! Look here, what do you want it for?" gasped Bunter. "You sold it to me, didn't you, you beast? I never asked you for it—you fairly shoved it at me! It's mine."

"Give it to me!"

"Well, you'll jolly well give me my shilling back, if I do!" gasped Bunter. "Eh? Oh! Yes, if you like—where's the pin?"

"I haven't got it—"

"What!" yelled the sandy man. "Don't tell me any lies, young shaver!" He twisted the fat ear again, and there was another fearful yell. "Hand it over, and sharp's the word!"

"Yaroooh! I haven't got it on!" shrieked Bunter. "Can't you see I haven't got it on? The Head won't let fellows wear diamond pins, and I've had to leave it in my study! Ow!"

"Oh crimes!" muttered the sandy man. This was quite an unforeseen setback. "Look here, blow you, is that the truth? I'll search you—"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

The sandy man removed his bony knee from Bunter's podgy chest and rose, still grasping the panting fat junior. Apparently his intention was to drag the junior through the hedge, where he could search him at his leisure out of view. But as he gave a quick, uneasy glance up and down the lane a figure came in sight, walking from the direction of the village. It was the Bounder coming back to the school.

Smithy sighted him at the same moment. He stared at the sight of Billy Bunter wriggling and gasping and panting in the grasp of the sandy man. Smithy, with all his faults, was the last fellow in the world to leave another fellow in the lurch. He had been sauntering along, swinging a parcel in his hand, when he sighted the scene in the lane. Instantly he leaped into speed, coming up the lane like a race-horse for the spot.

"Oh crimes!" gasped the sandy man.

He hesitated a moment! But he was no athlete; and the Bounder, school-boy as he was, was a strong and powerful fellow—and his look showed that he was keen for combat! After that brief hesitation the sandy man jumped away through the hedge and raced across the adjoining field—and he was out of sight when Smithy arrived at the spot.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Halves!

"LEGGO!" yelled Bunter. His spectacles had slipped down his fat little nose. He yelled as the Bounder bent to grasp his arm and help him to his feet.

Blinking dizzily over his spectacles, the Owl of the Remove was unaware that the sandy man had departed, and that the Bounder had arrived.

"Leggo! Beast! Help!"

"You blithering, blethering, blathering booby—"

"Oh! Is that you, Smithy? I thought it was that other rotter—" gasped Bunter. "Ow! I say, lend a fellow a hand! Wow!"

He scrambled to his feet with the Bounder's aid. Setting his big spectacles straight on his fat little nose he blinked round.

"Where is he?" he gasped.

"That sandy-coloured merchant? Hooked it," answered the Bounder.

"He cleared off as I came up! What the dickens was he handling you for?"

"After my tiepin—" gurgled Bunter.

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

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Same chap who was after it the other day?" asked Vernon-Smith, laughing. "Why didn't you tell him it was a dud and save him the trouble?"

"Beast! That diamond is an heirloom—I mean, it cost my Uncle George thirty guineas—"

"And you can't sell it for five bob? Tell you what, send it back to Uncle George and say you'd rather have the money!" suggested the Bounder.

"Yah!"

"Well, did he get it off you?" asked Smithy, scanning Bunter's untidy tie.

"You've not got it on!"

"The Head won't let me wear it, you know," said Bunter. "Luckily, it was left in my study. So he never got it."

"He's lost a bob's worth!" said the Bounder, and he swung on towards Greyfriars, swinging the parcel in his hand.

Billy Bunter's eyes were on that parcel. Smithy was back from Friar-dale sooner than the fat junior had expected. Bunter concluded that, instead of stopping for a feed at Uncle Clegg's, he had bought tuck there, and was taking it in for tea. The parcel looked like it. As Smithy was on his return journey, Bunter had no desire to go on to the village, and he rolled after the Bounder towards the school.

With his interest concentrated on Smithy's parcel, he forgot all about the sandy man and the latter's mysterious desire to regain possession of the tiepin he had sold Bunter for a shilling. It was, perhaps, just as well for Bunter that that parcel drew him like a magnet in the track of the Bounder. For, at a distance, the sandy man was watching from behind a tree, and had he spotted the fat Owl alone again there was little doubt that Bunter's adventures would not have been over. As it was, the sandy man in the shabby overcoat shook a bony fist after the two juniors, from the distance, and slouched away to wait for another opportunity. Forgetful of his existence, Billy Bunter trotted after Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"I say, Smithy! I'm glad you came along," he panted. "Don't walk so fast, old chap! I say, it was awfully brave of you."

"What rot!" grunted the Bounder.

"It was, really—that fearful ruffian—"

"Any Greyfriars man could knock that weedy specimen out! You could, if you weren't so funky!"

Billy Bunter breathed hard. "Soft sawder" seemed no use to the practical, hard-headed Bounder. But the fat junior tried again.

"Well, I've always said that you were the pluckiest chap in the Remove, Smithy—"

"I've never heard you!"

"Well, I've always thought so—"

"What with?" grunted the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"For the love of Mike, can it!" snapped the Bounder. "Do you think you can grease up to me and borrow a bob, or what? Go and eat coke!"

"Look here, you beast—" hooted Bunter.

"Oh rats!"

The Bounder had come to Bunter's help; but he had no desire whatever for his company, and he accelerated to shake him off. But Bunter was not to be shaken off. He accelerated, too, his fat little legs going like clockwork.

"I say, Smithy!" he gasped. "Shall I carry your parcel?"

Vernon-Smith stared round in surprise. That was a very unusual sort of offer from Billy Bunter! But the next moment the Bounder guessed what was in his mind, and burst into a laugh.

"What do you think's in it?" he asked.

"Well, you've been down to the village to buy something," said Bunter. "I suppose you've been to Uncle Clegg's—I say, I'd really like to carry the parcel! It looks rather heavy."

"It is rather heavy!" answered Smithy. "Carry it if you like." He laughed, and swung the parcel to Bunter.

"Is it a cake?" asked the fat junior, as he caught it. The parcel was not large, but undoubtedly it was rather heavy. "I say, Smithy, what about opening it here and taking a snack—"

"Oh, buck up, and don't jaw!"

"Well, look here, Smithy, if I'm going to carry your parcel for you, I think it's up to you to whack it out!" said Bunter argumentatively. "What about halves?"

"Halves!" repeated the Bounder. "I'm not going to open the parcel till I get it into my study, but if you like to scoff half of it there, you may."

Billy Bunter beamed.

"I say, Smithy, you always were a splendid chap!" he said. "Nothing mean about you, old fellow."

"Hear, hear!" agreed the Bounder. "Come on."

Bunter panted and puffed at the Bounder's heels, back to the school. He was tempted to drop behind and disappear with the parcel, but he was aware that the Bounder was too wary a fellow to be "done" like that! So he followed Smithy back to the school and rolled in at the gates after him.

Tom Redwing was in Study No. 4 in the Remove when Smithy came in, followed by Bunter with the parcel.

"Wharton's been asking after you, Smithy," he said.

"Kind of him!"

"I mean, for games practice—you cut it—"

"Yes, I had to go down to the village."

"Well, as it's the Redclyffe match tomorrow, old chap—"

"I've other things to think of."

Redwing made no answer to that. Billy Bunter landed the parcel on the table, and cut the string. The Bounder watched him, with a grin.

"You said halves, Smithy!" remarked Bunter, blinking round at him.

"Halves it is!" said Smithy. "In fact, you can have the lot, if you can eat it, Bunter, after carrying it for me. I don't mind."

"You're a real sport, Smithy!" gasped Bunter.

"One of the best!" agreed the Bounder.

Bunter's fat fingers hurriedly unrolled the brown-paper wrappings of the



Harry Wharton pushed open the door and was about to enter the Form-room when— Plop! Something suddenly descended on his head from above—something sticky and smelly swamped all over him. "Urrrgh!" he gasped. He had got the full benefit of the booby-trap set for the Head!

parcel. Redwing was moving to the door.

"Don't go, Reddy!" said the Bounder. "Wouldn't you like to see Bunter feed?"

"Not specially!" answered Tom dryly.

"Perhaps he's going to offer you some!"

"No fear!" exclaimed Bunter hastily. "You said I could have it all, Smithy, and you're not backing out of it, see?"

"Only if you eat it," said Smithy.

"I'll eat it all right!" grinned Bunter.

He rolled off the paper and revealed Smithy's purchase. Then an extraordinary expression came over his fat face. It was not a cake!

It was a rather large tin can! But it did not contain preserved fruits, or anything of that kind. On the outside was an inscription.

"RED PAINT."

Billy Bunter could eat almost anything. In that line he could have beaten an ostrich. But even Bunter could not eat red paint!

He blinked at it with his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. Why a fellow should walk a mile to buy a can of red paint, for which no Greyfriars fellow could be imagined to have any use, was a deep mystery. Naturally, Bunter had not expected anything of the sort.

But there it was—red paint. Merely that and nothing more. The expression on Bunter's speaking countenance caused Redwing to burst into a laugh. The Bounder chuckled. Bunter blinked at the

can of paint, and then blinked at the Bounder. He had carried that heavy parcel in the belief that it contained tuck! And this was what it contained! This was why the Bounder had told him he could have it all—if he would eat it. Bunter was not going to eat it.

"Beast!" he roared.

"What's the row?" asked Smithy.

"Rotter!"

"Don't you want it?"

"Yah! Beast! Rotter! Cad! Yah!"

Bunter rolled out of the study, snorting, leaving the Bounder and Redwing roaring.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Genuine Goods?

"YOU being a Jew——"
"Eh?" ejaculated Monty Newland.

"You being a Jew, old chap, I dare say you know all about diamonds and things," said Billy Bunter affably. "Jews do, don't they?"

Monty Newland gazed at Bunter. That fat and fatuous youth had rolled into Study No. 9 in the Remove, which belonged to Newland and Penfold. It was time for prep in the Remove, but Billy Bunter was too busy for prep, as he often was.

Bunter had been thinking.

This was unusual; but then the circumstances were unusual.

Even the obtuse Owl of the Remove realised that there was something extraordinary in the man who had sold him a dud diamond for a shilling, taking such lawless and violent measures to get it back again.

Everybody said that that diamond looked real. The Head himself had obviously been puzzled by so excellent an imitation. Now, it seemed, the man who had parted with it was desperately anxious to get hold of it again.

Obviously the sandy man could not possibly have wanted to get back a dud diamond worth only a few shillings. This was obvious, even to Billy Bunter's limited intellect.

What, then, did it all mean?

Was it possible, after all, that the stone was real; that that shabby merchant who had told Bunter that he was a dealer in artificial gems, had somehow got a real stone mixed with the duds?

If so, Bunter was bound, as an honest and honourable fellow, to let him have back the stone he had sold by mistake.

That, however, was not what Bunter was thinking of. He was thinking of what a wonderful stroke of luck it would be if it was so.

Hence his visit to Monty Newland. Newland belonged to the ancient race of Israel, and Bunter wanted expert advice. Of course, he had his own inimitable and wonderfully tactful way of putting it.

"You being a Jew, old chap," he said. "I dare say you've got a lot of relations who are pawnbrokers, and so on——"

"You blithering, fat idiot!" said Monty.

"Oh, really, Newland! I say, old chap, it wasn't me who called 'sheeney' through your keyhole yesterday," said Bunter anxiously. "Besides, you'd refused to cash a postal order for me, you know, and it was only a joke, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

too; and, as I've said, it wasn't me at all."

"Oh, my hat!" said Newland; while Dick Penfold grinned.

"But as I was saying," went on Bunter. "You being a Jew, you understand these things. I dare say you help your father at home in the porshop in the hols—what?" Bunter grinned agreeably. "He, he, he!"

"What way do you prefer to go out of a study, Bunter?" inquired Monty. "On your feet, or on your neck?"

"Oh, really, old chap! Look here, I want to know if this diamond is real," said Bunter. "Look at it and tell me."

"I don't know anything about diamonds, fathead!"

"Oh, rot! All Jews do," said Bunter. "You needn't mind a fellow knowing about the pawnshop—he, he, he! Look here, you tell me about my diamond pin, and if it turns out to be real, I'll stand you something when I sell it. See? I'm not asking you to do it for nothing."

"You want what you're asking for?" inquired Newland.

"Eh! Yes."

"Then I'll hand it out."

And Newland made a stride at Bunter, grasped him by his fat neck, and spun him round in the doorway. Then he planted a boot on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars.

"Can't!"

"Why not, you ass?"

"Too dazzlin'."

"Look at it, you fathead! Now look here, Mauly," said Bunter. "You're a silly idiot—"

"Eh?"

"And a howling fathead!"

"What?"

"And a blithering nincoompoop!" said Bunter. "But you know a lot of things that other fellows don't. You know a diamond when you see one. You've got lots, though you never wear any. You could tell a real stone from a dud."

"Yaas."

"Well, look at this and tell me."

"But you know it's a dud, old fat bean," said Mauly. "You know you don't buy real diamonds at a bob each from men in railway trains."

"But suppose the man made a mistake?" said Bunter. "Suppose he got a real one mixed up with the duds?"

"Oh gad! Not jolly likely."

"Suppose he hung round the school, trying to snatch it back from me?" said Bunter. "Suppose he tried twice to get hold of it by snatching? Would he, if it was a dud?"

Lord Mauleverer stared.

"Nunno, unless he was potty," he answered. "If the man's done that, it

Lord Mauleverer handed the pin back.

"A fellow can't be certain," he said. "But that looks to me like a genuine stone. If it's a paste, it's a wonderful imitation."

"You'd take it as real in a jeweller's shop?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Yaas."

"Oh, good!"

"Look here, Bunter," said his lordship seriously. "I may be mistaken, but I believe that's a real diamond. If it is, the man who sold it made a mistake. You can't keep it."

"Eh?"

"If you can find the man—"

"What man?" asked Bunter calmly.

"The man who sold you that pin for a shilling."

"Oh, really, Mauly! This diamond is an heirloom."

"What!" yelled Mauleverer.

"I mean, my Uncle Peter gave it to me for a birthday present."

"You frabjous ass—"

"I dare say you fancy you're the only fellow at Greyfriars who gets expensive birthday presents," sneered Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you that twenty pounds for a tiepin is nothing to my Uncle Rupert."

"You frabjous, fozlin' fathead—"

Don't Forget!!!

For FOUR WEEKS—commencing SATURDAY NEXT—the MAGNET will present

FREE TO EVERY READER

a BAR of

WALTERS' SCRUMPTIOUS TOFFEE!

And every bar has a different flavour.

Order Your Copies Now!!!

Thud!

"Yaroooop!"

Bump!

Bunter landed in the passage. The door of Study No. 9 closed on him with a slam.

"Ow! Wow! Beast!" gasped Bunter. "Oh, the rotter! What was he getting his rag out for, I wonder? Yow-ow-ow! Beast!"

The Owl of the Remove picked himself up and limped away. Monty Newland, for some reason utterly unknown to Bunter, had cut up rusty, and he was still in want of an expert opinion on precious stones.

He stopped at the door of Study No. 12 and looked in. Lord Mauleverer was extended on the study sofa there, thinking of prep. His study-mate, Sir Jimmy Vivian, was at the table, already at work.

"Busy, old chap?" asked Bunter, blinking at his lazy lordship.

"Yaas."

"You look it!" grunted Bunter, and he rolled in. "I say, Mauly—"

Lord Mauleverer sat up on the sofa.

"Prep, old fat man," he said. "Roll away!"

"You weren't doing prep when I came in, you ass!"

"Nunno! Prep's a bore," said Mauleverer. "But it's not such a bore as you are, old fat bean! Travel, there's a good porpoise."

Bunter took the diamond tiepin from his pocket.

"Look at that, Mauly!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

looks as if he must have handed you the real goods by mistake."

"Well, he's done it twice," said Bunter. "Now, you examine it, Mauly, and tell me what you think."

Greatly astonished, the schoolboy earl took the diamond pin. He had seen it often enough sparkling in Bunter's tie, but had never given it any attention; taking it for granted, like the other fellows and Bunter himself, that it was paste. But if the man who had sold it had made desperate attempts to get it back it could hardly be worthless. Even Bunter could see that; and it was clear to Mauleverer.

So he took the pin, and examined the stone in it with great keenness. Probably there was no other fellow in the Greyfriars Remove who could have given an opinion of any weight on the subject, except perhaps the Bounder. But Lord Mauleverer, though generally regarded as an ass in the Remove, had quite a lot of knowledge and wisdom tucked away somewhere in his lazy intellect. And certainly there were plenty of precious stones among the family jewels at Mauleverer Towers.

"It's a dud, Mauly," said Sir Jimmy Vivian, looking up from his prep. "It couldn't be anything else."

Mauly, intently examining the diamond, made no reply. Astonishment was dawning in his face.

"Gad!" he ejaculated.

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened behind his big spectacles.

"What about it, Mauly?" he gasped.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Bunter contemptuously. "I'm used to jealousy and envy, as a wealthy fellow, but, really, Mauly—"

"You blitherin' handersnatch—"

"The actual fact is that my Uncle Arthur bought this tiepin for me specially as a New Year's gift."

"Look here, you howlin' ass—"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter turned away scornfully, and rolled to the door. Lord Mauleverer, strongly tempted to help him through the doorway with a lunge of his boot, refrained; it was too much trouble to kick Bunter. But if it was too much trouble for Mauly, it was not too much trouble for his study-mate. Jimmy Vivian jumped up from the table, jumped after Bunter, and let out his foot as if he had been kicking for goal!

"Yaroooh!"

Bump!

For the second time that evening William George Bunter landed in the Remove passage with a heavy concussion. The door of Study No. 12 closed on him as he rolled and roared.

"Ow! Wow! Beast! Wow!"

Gwynne of the Sixth came up the passage. He was the prefect on duty that evening.

"What are you doing out of your study in prep, Bunter? Take fifty lines!"

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! Wow! Leggo my ear! Whoop!"

With a finger and thumb on Bunter's

fat ear, Gwynne led him to Study No. 7, and rolled him in. After which, Billy Bunter contrived to devote a little of his valuable time to prep.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Red Paint!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What the dickens is Smithy up to?"

"Looking for some more trouble!" grunted Johnny Bull.

It was in break the following morning. It was rather a misty morning, and visibility was not good in the Greyfriars quad. The Famous Five were discussing the weather, and the prospects of the football match that afternoon as they strolled in the quad. And they were quite near the Remove Form Room windows before they observed the Bounder. Vernon-Smith was in the act of clambering out of the window.

The chums of the Remove stopped and stared at him.

Why a fellow should enter the Form-room in break, and leave it by way of the window, was rather a mystery.

There was a hard, dogged expression on Smithy's face—a sufficient indication that he had been "up" to something. There was also a smear of red paint on his sleeve, and another on his hand, as the juniors observed. Catching sight of them in the quad below the windows, the Bounder gave a start, and scowled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's that game, Smithy?" roared Bob.

Smithy gave him a savage look. "Don't yell, you fathead! Do you want to bring all Greyfriars here?" he snarled.

"Why not?" asked Bob.

"Oh, don't be a fool!"

"If a beak came along he might want to know what Smithy had been doing with red paint in the Form-room," remarked Johnny Bull dryly.

The Bounder started again. "What do you mean, you ass?" he snapped. And he dropped from the broad, stone sill of the window to the ground. "Who's been doing anythin' with red paint?"

"You have, to judge by the smears on you."

"Oh gad!" Smithy noticed the smears for the first time. "Thanks for the tip! I shall have to get that cleaned off."

Harry Wharton looked hard at him.

"What have you been up to, Smithy?" he asked quietly.

"Nothin' that need worry you," sneered the Bounder.

And he walked quickly away, evidently anxious to get rid of the traces of red paint.

Wharton's brow darkened.

"Smithy's the man to ask for it, and no mistake!" remarked Nugent. "He had a flogging yesterday; but he's not satisfied. What the dickens has he been doing with red paint in the Form-room? The Head takes us in next lesson, and if there's a rag—"

"The howling ass!" muttered Wharton. "Skinner once put gum on Quelch's chair, and his gown stuck to it. Has that silly fathead been putting paint on the chair for the Head to sit in?"

"My hat! There'll be a row if he has," said Bob Cherry, with a whistle. "If the jolly old Beak sits in red paint he will be waxy. Smithy's an ass! It's rotten bad form to rag the Head!"

"Lot Smithy cares for that," growled the captain of the Remove. He stood looking up at the window. "I've a jolly good mind—"

"Look out! There's a jolly old prefect!" murmured Bob; and Wharton glanced round to see Wingate and Gwynne on the path by the Form-room windows. "Smithy only got clear in time," added Bob, with a grin.

It had been in Wharton's mind to climb in at the Form-room window, and ascertain what Smithy had been "up" to. That, however, was impossible, with prefects in the offing. He walked on with his friends; but his brow was clouded and dark.

"Ragging" the Head was quite outside the limit. Other masters were ragged sometimes, but nobody ever dreamed of ragging the chief. Smithy it seemed, had thought of it. Causing Quelch to sit down in gum, or introducing rats into Monsieur Charpentier's desk, might be more or less funny, but rags on the Head were "taboo." It was one of the things that were "not done."

Moreover, the consequences were certain to be extremely serious. If the culprit was discovered, it might mean expulsion for him. If he was not discovered, it meant trouble for the whole Form, while a rigid investigation went on. Smithy cared nothing for that.

It was scarcely possible to doubt that Smithy's surreptitious visit to the Form-room had some connection with the fact that the Head was taking the Remove in third school which followed break.

Wharton turned his step towards the House door.

"Barging in?" asked Bob dubiously.

"I'm going to see what that reckless ass has been up to," said Harry. "If he's put paint for the Head to sit in, there's time to get it cleared off before the bell goes. Goodness knows what he's done; but whatever it is, it's better undone, I fancy!"

"Not much doubt about that," grinned Bob. "May save Smithy from the long jump. If he goes again he won't be allowed to come back as he was before. Let's look in, anyhow."

The Famous Five went into the House. Four of them waited at the corner of the Form-room passage, while Wharton went along to the door of the Remove-room to look in and ascertain what the Bounder's game had been there.

It was still five or six minutes to the end of break, so there was time to act. When the bell rang the Remove would collect at that door and wait for their headmaster, it being the rule that fellows waited to be let into their Form-room by the master taking them. Sometimes that rule was disregarded when the Form-room door was left unlocked, but in dealing with the Head all the juniors were extremely careful not to disregard rules. There was nobody, however, on the spot yet—nobody was likely to come in till the bell went.

The door of the Remove-room stood ajar a few inches. Harry Wharton pushed it open and stepped in.

What happened next came rather like an earthquake.

Plop! came something on the head of the captain of the Remove. Something sticky and smelly swamped all over him.

He staggered, with a suffocated yell.

"Urrrgh!"

He hardly knew what had happened for the moment. Then, as he wildly dabbed streaming red paint from his eyes and nose and mouth, he knew!

It was a booby-trap!

A large flat cardboard box had been perched on the top of the thick oak door, with one side resting on the lintel over the doorway. As soon as the door was pushed open it naturally fell—on the head of the person entering.

That even the reckless Bounder would have ventured to lay such a trap for the headmaster had never occurred to Wharton—he could never have dreamed of such a thing.

But evidently the Bounder had. And Wharton had got it!

There was no doubt that he had got it. He streamed with oozy red paint! Paint smothered him. It covered his head and his face and his ears, it streamed down his clothes, it oozed down his neck. Half-suffocated by streaming, oozing paint, Wharton staggered and gasped and gurgled wildly.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yelled Bob Cherry, from the corner, as a crimson figure staggered out of the door. "What the thump—"

"Wharton—" yelled Nugent.

"Great pip!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"The g-great pipfulness is terrific!" stammered the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The four raced up the passage. They stared at Wharton in amazement and dismay. He was hardly recognisable.

"Urrgh! Groogh! Oooch! Wooogh!" came in a wild splutter from under the thick coat of red paint. "Urrrrgh!"

On the floor lay a sticky cardboard box and a pool of red paint! Paint ran in sticky streams down the other side of the oak door. But Wharton had got most of it. He was of the paint, painty! And he tottered and gurgled and gasped, while his comrades gazed at him in dismay and horror.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Wharton!

HARRY WHARTON dabbed wildly at paint. He clutched and grabbed at it. It smothered him. He could hardly breathe.

The smell of so much paint at close quarters was quite overpowering. He rubbed it from his eyelids, he gouged it from his ears, he ejected it from his mouth, he sneezed it from his nose. He seemed to live and move and have his being in a universe of paint!

"Good gad!" gasped Johnny Bull. "And that idiot, that chump, that blithering fathead, meant that for the Head!"

There was no doubt about it! That was why the Bounder had been in the Form-room—why he had left by the window. After fixing-up the booby-trap he could not of course, leave by the door. The Famous Five had guessed that he had played some trick for the Head's behoof. But never had they dreamed of anything like this! What would have been the result had Dr. Locke received that swamping of paint was unnerving to think of.

Perhaps it was fortunate that Wharton had got it instead. At the moment, however, he was not feeling fortunate—he was feeling horrid!

(Continued on next page.)

SAVE YOUR POCKET MONEY

by playing Billiards at home. You can get a WRITE
 Eley Billiard Table delivered, carriage paid, for TO-DAY
 8/- down. Balance monthly. 7 days' free trial. FOR
 WRITE FOR ART LIST FREE
 B. J. RILEY, LTD., Belmont ART
 Works, ACCRINGTON. LIST.
 or Dept. 33, ART
 147, Aldersgate Street, LIST.
 London, E.C.1.



"The dangerous lunatic!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Wharton, old man—"

"Urrrggh!"

"Rotten luck, old chap!" said Frank Nugent.

"Gurrrrggh!"

Wharton could hardly speak. He staggered away, still wildly clawing paint. What he wanted just then was steaming-hot water and soap—lots of both!

But it was not possible, of course, for a fellow streaming from head to foot with red paint to get away unobserved. Before Wharton was half-way to the much-needed bath-room, there was an amazed and buzzing crowd staring at him. Loder of the Sixth strode up to him.

"Who's that?" roared Loder. "What's all this! You young hooligan, you're leaving a trail of paint all through the House! You—"

"Urrrggh!"

"Who are you?" roared the prefect.

"Groogh! I'm Wharton! Ooooggh!"

"What have you done this for? Are you mad?"

"You silly ass!" spluttered Wharton, forgetting for the moment the respect due to a Sixth Form prefect. "Do you think I did it on purpose?"

"Look here—"

"What—what—what is this?" It was the Head's voice, and Loder of the Sixth stepped back as the headmaster rustled up. Dr. Locke gazed at the paint-smothered junior in amazement and wrath. "Who—who is it?"

"Wharton of the Remove, sir!" said Loder.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from somewhere.

"Wharton! Is that you, Wharton?" gasped the Head.

"Groogh! Yes, sir! Wurrgh!"

"What has happened? Some accident—"

"Yes, sir!" At that moment Wharton was feeling like giving the Bounder such a thrashing as would have turned him into a hospital case. But he did not think of giving him away to the Head. "Some—some paint fell on me, sir."

"You are in a shocking state! You are leaving a trail of paint on the floor. You—"

"I—I can't help it, sir! Urrrggh!"

"No doubt—no doubt!" said the Head kindly. "But this can scarcely have been an accident! It must have been intentional." Probably the Head, in the far-off days when he had been a school-boy, had heard of booby-traps! "Who did this, Wharton?"

"I—I didn't see him with the paint, sir," stammered Wharton—an answer which rather combined the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. He could not give the Bounder away, and certainly he had not seen Smithy with the paint.

"Looks as if the kid had walked into a booby-trap sir!" said Loder, suppressing a grin. There were unsuppressed grins on all sides. Wharton's aspect struck many of the observers as funny!

"Yes, yes, no doubt! Where did this happen, Wharton?"

"At the door of the Form-room, sir."

There was no concealing that circumstance, as a pool of paint remained there in evidence.

"Bless my soul! Why were you going into the Form-room in break, Wharton?"

"I—I—I was—was going in, sir—"

"Is it possible," exclaimed the Head, "that this—this—hem—booby-trap was adjusted at the door of your Form-room, Wharton?"

"Y-e-e-e-s, sir!"

"Upon my word! I have never heard

of such an outrage! Why, it might have fallen upon me had you not chanced to enter the Form-room!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, aghast at the idea. Fortunately, it did not occur to the majestic Head that it had been intended to fall upon him.

"Urrrggh! C-a-a-can I go and—and wash, sir?"

"Yes, certainly! But investigation must be made into this! You are not aware who laid this dastardly trap, Wharton?"

"I didn't see him at it, sir."

"No, probably not—probably not—or you would never have fallen into the trap! But you are somewhat to blame, Wharton—you should not enter the Form-room in break without asking leave, and doubtless some mischievous boy knew of your intention—that must be it! This should be a warning to you, Wharton, not to neglect to observe even slight and apparently trivial rules. I trust you see that?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Quite, sir!" gasped Wharton.

The Head had no suspicion that it was on his majestic account that Wharton had entered the Form-room—and the junior was not likely to tell him.

"Go and clean off that—that paint as quickly as you can, Wharton! You are in a shocking state!"

"Urrgh! Yes, sir! Gurrggh!"

Wharton trailed away, leaving red and sticky traces as he went. Trotter, the

his hair was sticky. Such a coating of paint had to be given time to wear off. He gave Herbert Vernon-Smith one look as he went to his place. That look was expressive.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. If he had not feared the Head's wrath he was not likely to fear Wharton's. When the Head dismissed the Remove after third school the Bounder lounged away with his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Sold!

"I SAY, Fishy!"

"Mosey in!" said Fisher T. Fish, quite cordially.

Billy Bunter "moseyed" into Study No. 14.

Wednesday afternoon was a half-holiday, and though it was cold, and a little misty, most of the fellows were out of doors. The Remove had a football match booked for that afternoon with a junior team from Redolyffe School, though, for the moment, as it happened, Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking of matters other than football.

Fisher T. Fish, the business man of the Remove, was certainly not thinking of Soccer. Soccer was not in his line. There was no money in Soccer. So far as Fishy could see, at Soccer a fellow simply wore out boot-leather, which cost money, and had nothing to show for it.

It is hardly necessary to mention that Fisher T. Fish was thinking about money that afternoon, for he thought about money every afternoon, and every morning, and dreamed of it at night!

Money being, from Fishy's point of view, the beginning and end of all things, Fishy regarded it as quite natural to think about it all the time.

So it was rather unusual for Fishy to extend the glad hand to Billy Bunter, a fellow who seldom or never had any money.

But he did. His bony face beamed with cordiality as the fat Owl of the Remove presented himself in the doorway of Study No. 14. It was not easy for Fishy's bony, sly, sharp features to assume an agreeable expression. But he did his best, and looked as agreeable as he could.

"Walk right in, old bean!" said Fisher T. Fish, with unaccustomed affability. "Squat down!"

Bunter rolled in, and squatted down. Evidently, Fisher T. Fish was glad to see him. The fact was that, if Bunter hadn't looked for Fishy, Fishy had been going to look for Bunter.

Fishy, as usual, was on the make!

Only a few days ago he had refused to give Bunter five shillings for his diamond pin; and now he could have kicked himself for it.

Fishy was not only ready to give five shillings, but an increase on that sum, if he could get hold of the pin.

For Fishy knew more now than he had known then.

He had been struck, as many fellows had been by the attention the Head had given to that diamond. That had not altered his belief that it was a "dud," but it had struck him, and made him think. Since then it had been talked of in the Remove that a pickpocket had tried to pinch the pin from Bunter. The fat Owl had told a dozen fellows how the man who had sold it to him had tried to get it back by snatching. That made Fishy think harder than ever. Then he had heard something still more startling. Jimmy

TO READERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE.

Readers in the Irish Free State are requested to note that when free gifts are offered with this publication, they can only be supplied when the article is of a non-dutiable character.

page, was soon hard at work cleaning up those traces, and the pool at the Form-room door. Trotter had plenty to do. But Wharton's task was far harder than Trotter's. He turned on hot water and rubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed and rubbed till his skin was as red as the paint. The bell went for third school, unheeded so far as the captain of the Remove was concerned. He was still wearily rubbing and scrubbing.

The Head, sublimely unconscious of his narrow escape from a very startling experience, took the Remove in third school. But he was conscious of a good deal of suppressed excitement in the Form.

All the fellows knew now what had happened, and many eyes turned on the Bounder, who sat scowling.

Smithy's disappointment was keen, though there was little doubt that, later on, and after cooler reflection, he would be glad enough that he had failed to bring off his reckless scheme.

Third lesson was almost at an end when Harry Wharton came in.

A good many grinning looks were cast his way.

Fellows sympathised with his ill-luck, but they saw a comic aspect to the affair, as well. Billy Bunter grinned from one fat ear to the other. Bunter knew now why Smithy had fetched that can of red paint from Friardale the previous day, and he was greatly entertained by the fact that Wharton had "got" it.

The captain of the Remove was hardly clear of paint yet, after all his rubbing and scrubbing. There were still traces of it about his neck and ears, and



Many hands pinned Vernon-Smith, and the big can of green paint was upended over him. It streamed and swamped down him. It smothered him. Wild yells and howls and gurgles came from the Bounder. But he had to have it—and he had it! “Oh! Ow! Urrgh! Grooogh! Gruggggh!” he gurgled, struggling in vain.

Vivian had said in the Rag that Mauly believed the diamond to be a real one. Fisher T. Fish was driven to the same conclusion that Mauleverer and Bunter had come to—that the man who had sold the diamond as paste had made a mistake, and handed over a real stone.

Such a mistake was extraordinary, no doubt. But, certainly, it looked like it! Fishy had a supreme contempt for Mauly, as a dog-goned member of a played-out aristocracy. But he knew that Mauleverer understood these things, and was not the fellow to give an opinion without good reason. So Fishy wanted to kick himself for missing his chance of “cinching” that diamond pin.

That was why he was glad to see Bunter. It was easy to guess why the Owl of the Remove had come; and it suited Fishy to let Bunter raise the subject. Had he looked too eager to get hold of the tiepin, Bunter would undoubtedly have put the price up.

Bunter sat down in Johnny Bull’s armchair and blinked at Fishy through his big spectacles. Both Johnny Bull and Squiff were out of the study, and Bunter and Fishy had it to themselves.

“About that pin, Fishy—” began Bunter.

“Yep! I guess I don’t mind looking at it, right hyer,” said Fishy amiably. “The fact is, I guess I can sell a paste pin—man in the Fifth might buy one. Let’s see it.”

Bunter took the pin from his pocket. He generally kept it in his study, since the Head had forbidden him to wear it. Now he had rooted it out of his desk to try once more to make a sale. Fortified by Mauleverer’s opinion on the subject, Bunter was thinking now, not of shillings, but of pounds! Pounds and pounds, in fact!

Fisher T. Fish extended an eager, bony hand, and almost grabbed the flashing, sparkling diamond.

He took it to the study window and examined it with great care.

Fishy was far from expert in such matters—or any matters, to come to that! Even in his money-making schemes he generally came a cropper. He wished now that he had a little more knowledge of precious stones.

Still, he could see that the stone looked genuine. He could see that the pin in which it was set looked like real gold. It was very different, for instance, from the kind of gold of which Bunter’s watch was manufactured.

Was it the genuine goods?

It was borne in on Fishy’s mind that it was. The Head had evidently thought so, and had been puzzled on learning that it was not so. Mauly thought so—and Mauly knew! And the man who had sold it—why was he so frantically eager to get it back again? Really, there was hardly room for a doubt in the matter.

But Fisher T. Fish was not the man to impart that opinion to the owner of the goods. With Fishy, business came first, and honesty afterwards—if honesty came in at all!

“Not a bad paste, Bunter, I guess!” he drawled.

“Oh, chuck it!” sneered Bunter. “That won’t wash now, Fishy! Mauly knows real stones when he sees them, and he says it’s real. The Head thought it was real, too. You jolly well know it is, too, Fishy!”

“I guess you don’t buy real diamonds at a bob a time from galoots on railroads,” said Fishy, shaking his bony head.

“My Uncle William—”

“Aw, oan it!” interrupted Fisher T. Fish. “What’s the use of giving me that guff, you gink?”

“Well, whether I got it for a bob or not, it’s a real stone!” snapped Bunter. “The man must have had a

real diamond among his paste, and made a mistake. But he sold it to me, all the same, and it’s mine. Man who makes mistakes like that can stand the racket—see? It’s mine! I shouldn’t wonder if it was worth twenty pounds.”

Fisher T. Fish’s narrow eyes glistened. He knew that if that big diamond was genuine it was worth a great deal more than twenty pounds.

But again Fishy kept his opinion to himself. His game was to run down goods he was going to buy, to get them cheap.

“Twenty pink rats!” said Fisher T. Fish derisively. “If it’s paste it’s worth half-a-crown. If it’s real, say a couple of pounds.”

“Diamonds are awfully valuable,” said Bunter.

“Not these days,” contradicted Fisher T. Fish. “Why, they’ve found diamond-fields in South Africa where you can pick them up by the pocketful! They only keep up the price at all by cutting down production. I’ll say that a guy who invests money in diamonds is running a big risk.”

“I’m not selling that pin for two pounds,” said Bunter. “I’d rather take it down to old Lazarus in Court-field and give him a trial.”

That was exactly what Fisher T. Fish intended to do, if he got hold of the diamond pin. But he gave a scoffing laugh.

“Fifteen bob would be about his limit,” he remarked. “Second-hand dealers don’t give much, even for the real goods. But the fact is, I fancy I could sell that pin to a man in the Fifth—a dressy man! I’ll make it two-pounds-ten, and chance it!”

“Three pounds!” said Bunter.

If Fishy offered two-pounds-ten, it was clear that he believed the diamond to be

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.



(Continued from page 13.)

real, and worth much more! Bunter could understand that!

"Guess again!" said Fishy. "I shan't get more than three pounds for it from that man in the Fifth Form, and I guess I've got to see a profit if I handle the thing at all."

"More likely you'll get five, you mean beast!" grunted Bunter. "Don't I know you?"

Fisher T. Fish suppressed a chuckle. He was not thinking of five, but at least fifty, for that diamond pin!

But even the prospect of an enormous profit could not make Fishy part with money if he could help it! He hated parting with money!

He tossed the diamond pin carelessly on the table.

"Take the thing and vamoose the ranch!" he said, with well-studied carelessness. "After you've moseyed along to see old Lazarus, I guess you'll come back and yaup for two-pounds-ten!"

Bunter extended a fat hand to the pin—and Fishy trembled inwardly! He withdrew the fat hand—and Fishy breathed again!

"Well, I tried to sell my bike to old Lazarus once!" said Bunter. "He's a skinflint! He offered me five shillings for a bike, you know! And then he said he would be losing on it!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned. Certainly he would not have offered five shillings for the miserable wreck that Bunter called a bike!

"Look here, Fishy, make it three——"

"Nunk!"

"Three quids——"

"Nope!"

"Well, what about two-fifteen?" asked Bunter desperately.

Two pounds fifteen shillings represented an enormous amount of tuck—an amount that made Bunter's mouth water to think of it. That was much more attractive than a diamond tiepin, which was useless even for purposes of swank now that he was forbidden to wear it in public.

But Fishy shook his head. Feeling that he had "got" his man, Fishy was adamant.

"Two-pounds-ten—take it or leave it!" he yapped. "And I kinder guess my time's valuable, Bunter!"

"You're a mean beast, Fishy——"

"Shut the door after you!"

"But I'll take it——"

"Done!" said Fishy.

The American junior sorted out two pound notes and a ten-shilling note. His eyes followed them as they were transferred to Bunter's pocket. He hated to part with them. It gave him a pain. It made him feel as if he was at the dentist's. But when Billy Bunter rolled out of Study No. 14 with his cash Fishy's eyes turned on the diamond pin—and he found comfort! He picked it up, took it to the window again, examined it, pored over it, and gloated over it.

"Fifty quids!" breathed Fisher T. Fish. "Perhaps sixty—seventy! I

guess I ain't taking the first offer! Nope! Wake snakes and walk chalks, I guess that this is where I smile!" And Fisher T. Fish smiled!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Brought to Book!

"YOU utter ass, Smithy!"

"Thanks!"

"Thank goodness it never came off! Thank goodness for that, at least!" said Tom Redwing fervently.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "It would have come off all right if that fool Wharton hadn't barged in," he said. "He got it—and serve him right for meddlin'!"

"There will be trouble——"

"Rats!"

Redwing compressed his lips. He was in the quad with his chum after dinner—in an anxious and angry mood. There was hardly a man in the Remove who had not told the Bounder what he thought of him for his intended trick on the Head! Even Skinner said that it was outside the limit!

Had it succeeded, it was obvious that there would have been serious trouble for the Remove! Such an outrage would have shocked and excited all Greyfriars.

The Bounder might have escaped detection—fellows who knew would not have given him away. But that would have meant that the whole Form would have been under suspicion and under the Head's frown. It might have meant detentions for the whole Remove—in fact, there was no telling what the outcome might have been.

But, apart from that consideration, it was a rotten act in itself, and condemned by all the Removites. There was a limit—and it was outside the limit.

But the condemnation he read in the looks of his Form-fellows only made the Bounder sullen and resentful. Since dinner, not a fellow had spoken to him, but he could see them in groups, speaking to one another; and he knew very well that he was the topic. Not a fellow excepting his chum, Redwing—and Redwing was as disgusted and angry as the rest.

"Wharton's not the fellow to take it quietly, I think," said Tom.

"I wish I'd seen him!" said the Bounder, with a sour grin. "He must have looked a picture! But I was keeping clear."

"If the Head had got it——"

"I wish he had!"

"Well, every man in the Remove is glad that he didn't, and they're saying that you've got to learn not to play games like that on the chief. I'm afraid it means trouble."

The Bounder's lip curled.

"It's the Redclyffe match this afternoon," he said. "They won't rag a man they want to kick goals for them!"

"You may count too much on that!" said Tom.

"Oh rats!"

"It was a rotten thing, Smithy——"

"If that's all you've got to say, you might bestow your conversation on somebody else!" sneered the Bounder. "I've no use for pi-jaw!"

"Very well!" said Tom quietly, and he walked away to the House, leaving the Bounder alone.

Herbert Vernon-Smith drove his hands deep into his pockets, and tramped under the leafless elms. He was in a bitter, savage, resentful mood. At the bottom of his heart, perhaps, he was not sorry that his reckless jape had

failed. Even Smithy realised that it had been rather "thick." But as the matter stood he had scored a failure, and got the whole Form down on him—for no result!

And, headstrong and arrogant as he was, hard and unyielding, the Bounder liked to be popular. He liked to be admired, to be in the limelight. Half his reckless escapades were due to a desire to make fellows look at him in the quad and tell one another that Smithy was a devil of a fellow!

But he had gone too far this time, and nobody was likely to admire an act which even Skinner regarded as disgraceful.

He glanced round, and smiled a bitter, sneering smile as a number of Remove fellows came towards him under the elms. The Famous Five were there, but they were not alone. Squiff and Tom Brown, Peter Todd and Dutton, Hazeldene and Bolsover major and Dupont, Kipps and Monty Newland, Lord Mauleverer and Wibley, and six or seven other fellows were with them. It was, in fact, the principal part of the Form that came towards the mocking, sneering Bounder, with grim expressions on their faces.

He swung round and faced them, his hands in his pockets, his look cool and mocking! If it was going to be a ragging, the Bounder was not the fellow to cut and run! He had, at least, the courage of his misdeeds; and never lacked the nerve to face the music!

"Hardly time to change yet, is it?" drawled the Bounder, affecting to misunderstand. "The Redclyffe men won't be along yet awhile."

"Never mind the Redclyffe men!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got something else to see to before the football."

"You're goin' to settle up?" asked the Bounder.

"Settle up? What do you mean?"

"You owe me five bob."

"I owe you nothing that I know of!" snapped the captain of the Remove.

"For the paint——"

"The paint?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes; I had five bob's worth! You bagged it—I can see traces of it sticking in your hair now! If you bag a fellow's paint——"

Some of the grim faces melted into a grin.

"This is not an esteemed time to be funny, my worthy and execrable fat-headed Smithy!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Who's bein' funny?" yawned the Bounder. "I think Wharton ought to pay for my paint, after bagging it without my leave. I've got to get a fresh lot for the Head now!"

"So you're thinking of trying on that game again, are you, Vernon Smith?" asked the captain of the Remove very quietly.

The Bounder was not, as a matter of fact, thinking of anything of the kind, but not for worlds would the arrogant fellow have admitted it.

He nodded coolly.

"Why not?" he answered. "I don't see givin' up a jape because a meddlin' ass barges in and spoils it."

"Well, no Remove man is going to rag the Head, or try to, and get away with it!" said Harry. "There's a limit, though you don't seem to understand it. You're going to be made to understand, Vernon-Smith!"

"Yaas, that's the idea!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "Sorry, an' all that, but you've got to have it, Smithy! There's a jolly old limit, you know!"

"Have you woke up specially to tell me so, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Now—" said Harry.
 "Gloves on or off?" asked the Bounder. "If you're feelin' sore about the paint, I'm ready to make you feel more sore!"
 "It's not going to be a fight."
 "Why not? Cold feet?" asked Smithy.
 Wharton's eyes gleamed.
 "If you want a scrap, you can say so to-morrow!" he answered. "At present it's not a personal matter, but a Form matter. Because I got the paint, and feel sore about it, I'm standing down, and leaving the matter in Mauly's hands. I'm backing him up, that's all."
 "Oh! That's why Mauly woke up, is it?" asked Smithy. "Well, if it's a

ragging, get on with it! I warn you that I shall hit out, and some of you will have fancy faces to show the Redclyffe men when they come over!"
 "Are you going to whop the lot of us?" asked Bolsover major sarcastically.
 "I'll try!" said the Bounder coolly.
 "Oh, that's enough gas!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "You're leader, Mauly! Give the word!"
 "Yaas. Get hold of him first!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm goin' to make the punishment fit the crime—see? Collar the rank outsider!"
 Vernon-Smith's eyes gleamed, and his hands flew up, clenched and as hard as iron. He had said that he would hit out, and he kept his word. There was

a rush of the Removites, and the Bounder stood up to it, gamely and savagely, hitting hard and hitting often. But the rush overwhelmed him, all the same, and, struggling, panting, and with blazing eyes, the Bounder of Greyfriars was grasped on all sides and swept off his feet.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Making the Punishment Fit the Crime!

"**B**AG him!"
 "Scrag him!"
 "Got him!"
 "Oh, my eye!"
 "Ow! My nose!"

(Continued on next page.)



Strange things are always happening on the footer field—incidents which cause a great deal of comment when the game is over. "Linesman" is here to settle these arguments. Address your queries to him, c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE NATURAL GAME ALWAYS PAYS!

WHO will win the F.A. Cup? That is a question we always begin to discuss enthusiastically as soon as the early games have been worked off. Experience proves that we are very seldom right in our summing up of the teams with the best chances of coming through. The competition is such a gamble, really, that we are just as likely to name the winners by putting down the first club we think of than by any amount of logical reasoning concerning the strong and weak points of a side.

It cannot even be said that any particular style of play is the most likely to see a team through the Cup competition successfully. The trophy has been won, in the past by all sorts of teams; by teams which were better in defence than attack; by teams which relied almost entirely on their rearguard to pull them through; by teams playing hustle and bustle football; and by teams playing the scientific stuff really well. The way to win the Cup, really, is to play a natural game, play it well—and get the necessary bit of luck.

There are some teams, of course, who usually make a good show in the Cup competition, and others, equally good as footballers, who fail year after year. Aston Villa and Blackburn Rovers have each won the trophy six times. Yet there are other teams which have been struggling for years and years without a single success to their credit.

You may be surprised to learn, for instance, that such fine teams as Sunderland, Birmingham, Derby County, Liverpool, and Middlesbrough have not yet come through the knock-out competition successfully.

However, while there is life there is hope. Up to the season of 1923 Bolton Wanderers had no Cup Final success to their name. In fact, just prior to that date—when answering a correspondent who wanted to know if the Wanderers had ever won the Cup, I replied: "No, Bolton Wanderers have never won the Cup, and they never will!" That shows to what a state of despair I had arrived

so far as the Wanderers were concerned. But, of course, time proved me to be hopelessly wrong. Between 1923 and 1929 this club without a previous Cup success carried off the trophy three times. So it may be the turn of one of the clubs which has not yet triumphed to do so this season.

A GREAT FIND!

I HAVE mentioned Sunderland—one-time dubbed as "the team of all the talents"—among the sides still looking for their first Cup success. This season Sunderland have shown wonderful form, and they have many fine players on their side. Their centre-forward, Bob Gurney, has been much in the football news during this season, and one of my northern readers asks me what I think of him. My view is that Gurney, properly supported, is one of the game's really good centre-forwards.

His entry into first-class football was really due to a tragedy. At Bishop Auckland, which is the birthplace of Gurney, two men were killed while doing an electrical job. With a view to something being done for the benefit of their dependents, a football match was played with the teams selected from local clubs.

One of the young fellows chosen to play in that charity match was Gurney, and he played so well that the Sunderland manager, who happened to witness the game, signed him on forthwith.

He has proved to be a great find. In playing for Sunderland, Gurney has realised an ambition which he and his father shared; that the boy should play for the club nearest his home.

I sometimes wonder if the young footballers who receive expert tuition from star men ever think how really lucky they are? This thought came to me the other day when I happened to be on the Preston North End ground during the week, and noticed some half-dozen lads being put through their paces by Bob Kelly. Everybody knows Kelly, of course—the player who has been in first-class football for twenty years, and who has been recognised as a star all that time.

Not long ago Kelly was given the job of coaching half a dozen of the younger members on the Preston North End staff, and I saw him at work. Before the coaching started one of the Preston directors emphasised to the young players how fortunate they were. He put a point of view which is often overlooked; reminded them that in most professions a boy—or his parents—had to pay for expert tuition, but the football clubs gave their young players the benefit of expert advice while paying them wages at the same time.

There was another point made by this director of Preston, too. He told the lads that while Kelly would do his best to bring them on in the game, Kelly himself, or any other expert, could not do everything himself; that it was up to the lads to make the most of their coaching. I pass on this idea to any of my young football friends who are lucky enough to get expert advice.

It is up to them to make a big effort to get the full value out of their coaching.

FAULTY PLACING OF THE FEET!

IN my postbag this week there are two letters from MAGNET readers touching on the same question. They both happen to be forwards, and they are both worried because of the number of times they send the ball over the bar instead of underneath it. This is the sort of football blunder which is not confined to young and inexperienced players. Time after time, in every first-class match, the ball goes bang over the bar, and a scoring chance is thus lost. Some of the chances which are missed in this way are very easy ones, and the onlookers groan when the ball sails high through the air.

There are excuses for some of these failures, of course. Often a player has to shoot in a desperate hurry; to trust to luck, as it were. But I feel that much of the "over the bar" shooting is due to faulty placing of the feet, and I am now passing on a tip to my young forward friends which may come in useful.

It is to keep the other leg nearer to the ball.

Let me explain. Suppose a player is taking a shot with the right foot. If the left foot—that is, the one supporting the body of the "shooter"—is some distance behind, then the right foot must be fully extended. Hence the tendency for that foot to get under the ball. If, on the other hand, the left leg is only a few inches—not more than twelve—from the ball when the right foot is used for kicking, that right foot is much more likely to keep the ball low. Try it!

"LINESMAN."

"Got the rotter!"

The Bounder, still struggling savagely, was held in a dozen pairs of hands. Lord Mauleverer looked on, with placid calm. It was not easy to ruffle the serenity of his lazy lordship, and Mauly was quite unruffled now.

"Got him, Mauly!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Wow! My eye!" Holding the Bounder with one hand, Bob dabbed a damaged eye with the other. "Don't go to sleep yet, Mauly! Waiting for orders, you know!"

"Yaas! Carry him to Gosling's woodshed!"

"What on earth for?" asked Nugent.

"Because I say so, dear man! Ain't I givin' orders?"

"Oh, all right! Come on, you fellows!"

With the Bounder still struggling and resisting fiercely, the crowd of Removites surged away to the rather secluded spot where Gosling's woodshed stood. Why Lord Mauleverer selected that especial spot the juniors did not know; but it had been agreed that Mauly should take the lead, and he took it.

"Open the door, some of you!" said Lord Mauleverer, when they arrived at their destination.

"Why can't you open it, fathead?" demanded Wibley.

"Eh—I've got my hands in my pockets!" answered Lord Mauleverer innocently.

"You silly ass!"

Wibley opened the woodshed door.

"What next, O king?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Carry him in!"

The Bounder was carried in, fiercely resisting every step. But in he went, and the Removites crowded in with him, and the door was closed.

Lord Mauleverer glanced round the woodshed. On one side faggots were stacked; on another there were shelves where Gosling kept various things, such as tools and cans of paint. Mauly fixed his eyes on a large can marked "Green Paint."

He pointed to it with a slim forefinger.

"Take that down!" he said.

"Can't you lift it down?" asked Bolsover major.

"I'm givin' orders, old bean! You fellows are carryin' them out!" said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "Lift it down, and don't jaw!"

Bolsover lifted down the can of paint. It was large and heavy, and evidently nearly full.

"Get the lid off!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"I don't want paint on my fingers!" remarked Bolsover.

"Neither do I, dear man! Go it!"

"Rats!"

"Oh, I'll get it off!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm not afraid of soiling my lily-white fingers! Here you are, Mauly!"

Bob Cherry prised off the lid of the paint-can.

"Good!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Lots of paint! Mop it over Smithy!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You dare!" yelled the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm makin' the punishment fit the crime, dear man!" Lord Mauleverer explained patiently. "You fixed up a booby-trap crammed with paint for the Head! Wharton got it! It was rough luck on him! Well, the big idea is to make you tired of paint!"

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

"Good egg!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"Couldn't be better! You've asked for this, Smithy!"

"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the giddy gander!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Mauly, old man, you're a genius!"

"Yaas! Go it!"

"Let go, you rotters!" yelled Vernon-Smith, struggling frantically as Bob Cherry lifted the can of green paint.

"My esteemed and ridiculous Smithy, whoever is saucy to the goose must be saucy to the gander, as the English proverb remarks."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stand steady, Smithy!" grinned Bob. "The stuff's for you—I don't want to get it over the other fellows!"

"Yaas! Keep still, Smithy, there's a good chap!" urged Mauleverer.

Herbert Vernon-Smith did not stand steady or keep still as requested. He

struggled and fought like a madman to escape the paint.

But there was no escape for Smithy! Many hands pinned him, and the big can of green paint was upended over him. It streamed and swamped down him. It smothered him.

Harry Wharton had looked redder than a Red Indian after getting in the booby-trap, but the Bounder's state was worse. He was greener than grass.

Wild yells and howls and gurgles came from the Bounder. But he had to have it—and he had it!

Some of the other fellows got splashes and daubs. That could not be helped. But the Bounder got nearly all the paint—and there were three or four pounds of it!

"Oh! Ow! Urrgh! Grooogh! Gruggggh!" gurgled Smithy. If he had not been sorry before for dabbling in paint, there was no doubt that he was sorry now.

"My hat! It's a bit scented here!" gasped Wibley. "I'm leaving him to it!"

"The scentfulness of the esteemed paint is terrific!"

"Come on!"

The juniors crowded out of the woodshed. The Bounder sat there, drenched with paint, smothered with paint, recking with paint. He was left to make the best of it.

Long after the Removites had departed, Smithy was still there, frantically scraping off paint. Under the green paint, his face was crimson. He was still busy, gasping, gurgling, scraping, when Tom Redwing looked into the woodshed.

Redwing stared blankly.

"Oh gum! Is that Smithy?" he gasped.

"You silly ass! Oooogh! Yes!" panted Vernon-Smith. "Oh, I'll make them pay for this! I'll make them sit up! Grooogh! Look at me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Redwing looked—and burst into a laugh! Really, a fellow who was green as grass was liable to cause laughter. But the Bounder did not feel like laughing. He gave Redwing a painty glare.

"You cackling dummy!" he roared.

"Sorry!" gasped Redwing. "But you—"

"You chortling chump!"

"Well, you look rather funny, old man—quite as funny as Wharton in the red paint—"

"You sniggering idiot!"

"Look here! You'd better get into the changing-room! You can get hot water and soap there!" grinned Redwing. "The sooner you get that off, the better. You've got to change, anyhow, for footer."

"I'm not goin' to play footer, you fool! They can play Redclyffe without me after this!" howled the Bounder.

"You'll be wanted—"

"Let them want!"

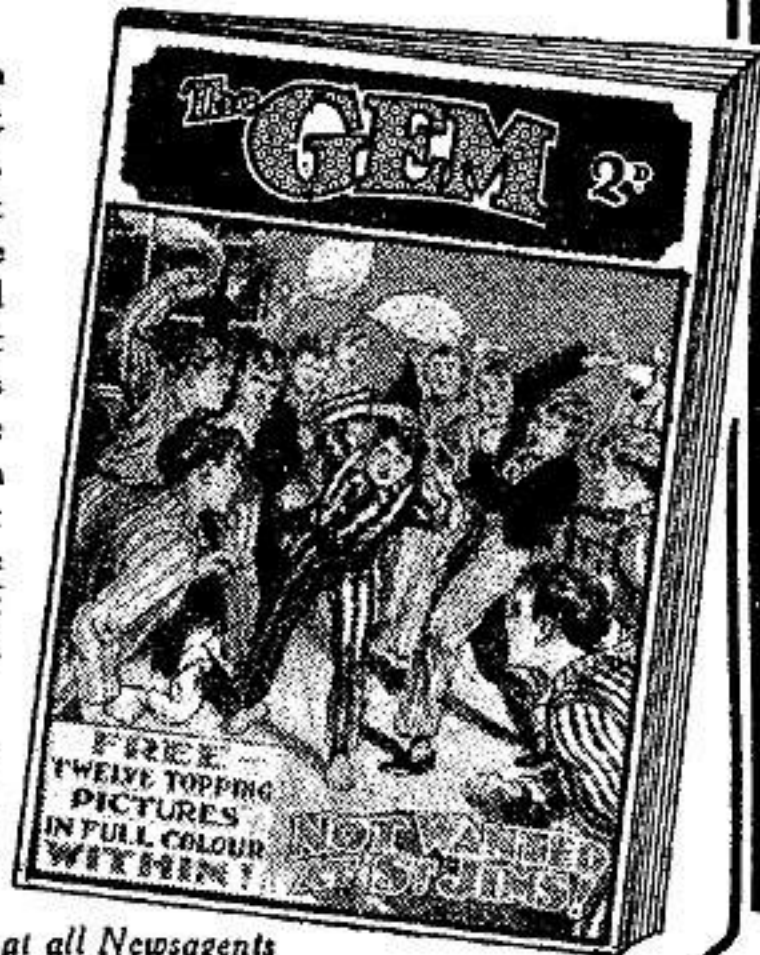
"Well, come and get cleaned, anyhow!"

The Bounder, breathing rage and paint, followed his chum from the woodshed. Fortunately, he was able to dodge into the changing-room unobserved, or his extraordinary state would certainly have drawn general attention. That, certainly, the Bounder did not want.

Wharton had had a troublesome task with paint that morning. Smithy had a much more troublesome one. He gasped with rage as he cleaned, and cleaned, and cleaned, at the clinging paint. It was likely to be a long time before Smithy planned another jape with paint in it! Undoubtedly, Mauly's idea was a good one, of making the punishment fit the crime!

Running the Gauntlet

JOE FRAYNE, a waif from the underworld, gets a hot time from the lags at St. Jim's! But Joe's stout heart and undaunted courage stand him in good stead when he finds himself not wanted, the outcast of his Form-fellows. Read the ripping long complete yarn of Joe's first adventures at St. Jim's. It appears in the grand Free Gift number of The GEM. Now on sale.



GEM

2d. On Sale at all Newsagents



"Hullo, what's this game?" asked Skinner, entering the tuckshop with Snoop and Stott to see Bunter pressing the good things on the Famous Five. Bunter looked round. "My treat!" he said. "Have some tarts, you men!" Skinner blinked in amazement. "It's the genuine goods!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It seems that Bunter's postal order has come at last!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

"Riches Take Unto Themselves Wings!"

I SAY, you fellows!"
 "Bow-wow!"
 "But, I say——"
 "Scat!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking about footer, and Bunter, as usual, was superfluous. The team from Redclyffe was shortly due, and it was a matter that required some thought. For, after the ragging in the woodshed, it was fairly certain that Vernon-Smith's back would be up, to a truly terrific extent. That ought to have made no difference in footer; but in the Bunder's case it was very likely to make a big difference. In his rage and resentment, it was more likely than not that Smithy would turn the football match down, and the captain of the Remove would have to play another man.

There were plenty of men available and keen to play; but the trouble was that Smithy was one of the best men in the eleven, and the best men were wanted to play Fane & Co. of Redclyffe. It was quite possible that if the Bunder stood out, it might make all the difference between victory and defeat. Which was a serious matter to the Remove footballers—though nobody regretted having given the scapegrace of Greyfriars a much-needed lesson.

Billy Bunter blinked at them loftily and reproachfully through his big spectacles. Bunter was not thinking of footer. He had, in fact, forgotten that there was a football match that afternoon. Bunter, with the dazzling sum of two pounds ten shillings in his pocket, was thinking of matters much more important than Soccer.

"I say, you fellows, look here!" persisted Bunter. "You men make out that

I barge in at other fellows' feeds, and never stand a feed!"

"Not much making out about it!" growled Johnny Bull. "You do!"

"Oh, really, Bull——"
 "The bargefulness is generally terrific!"

"Well, it's my treat now!" said Bunter loftily. "Come along with me to the tuckshop, and ask for what you like!"

"Eh?"
 "What?"

"I mean it!" said Bunter. Harry Wharton laughed.

"We don't want a blow-out just before a football match, old fat man," he said, "and, anyhow, we can't afford your treats! Money's tight."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Why, you silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"Do you think I want you to pay?"
 "Eh? Don't you?"

"No!" roared Bunter.

"Don't say your postal order's come!" implored Bob Cherry. "Anything but that!"

"As a matter of fact it has!" said Bunter.

"Ye gods!"
 "I told you fellows that I was expecting a postal order——"

"You did!" chuckled Nugent.

"Lots of times!"
 "Hundreds of times!" grinned Bob.

"Millions of times!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Well, it's come!" said Bunter.

"Gammon!"
 "Look here!" Billy Bunter jerked three currency notes from his pocket, and held them up for inspection.

"What about that?"

The Famous Five gazed at that unwanted supply of cash! There were two notes for a pound each, and one for ten shillings! Seldom, in the history of

Greyfriars, had Billy Bunter been seen in such funds before.

"My only hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Do my aged eyes deceive me?"

"Are things what they seem, or is visions about, as the johnny says in the poem!" chuckled Nugent.

"Are they real?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Real?" yelled Bunter.

"I mean, did you buy them for a bob in a train, like your jolly old diamond pin?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Beast!" roared Bunter. "Of course they're real!"

"Well, if they're real, whose are they?"

"Mine!" shrieked Bunter.

"Mauly must be an ass, then, to lend you as much as that!"

"Mauly never lent them to me, you beast! They're mine! I told you I was expecting a postal order!" hooted Bunter. He gave the chums of the Remove a glare of scorn through his big spectacles. "You rotters! Making out that a chap never stands a feed, and then when I ask you——"

"Well, this is so sudden, as Angelina said to George!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"But if it's honest Injun——"

"Beast!" snorted Bunter.

"Couldn't help being surprised, old fat man——"

"Yah!"

"If you mean it, old fat bean, we'll come!" said Harry Wharton soothingly. It seemed that, for once, the Owl of the Remove did mean business, and the Famous Five felt a touch of compunction. Certainly it was the first time in their experience that Billy Bunter had offered to stand treat with the cash in hand to pay for the same. Still, this time it looked like "honest Injun."

"We don't want a feed as we're going

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

to play footer; but we'll join you in a lemonade and a bun."

"Come on, then!" said Bunter.

And the Famous Five came on.

They walked into the school shop with the Owl of the Remove, and Billy Bunter issued orders royally. But Mrs. Mimble gave him a far from grateful glance over her counter.

"Master Bunter, I have already told you, many times, that I cannot give you credit," she said.

Snort from Bunter!

"Who's asking for credit?" he demanded.

"Wha-a-at! I supposed——"

"Look there!"

Bunter slammed two pound notes and a ten-shilling note on the counter. Mrs. Mimble gazed at them as if they had been the ghosts of two pound notes and a ten-shilling note!

"Dear me!" she said.

"I told you yesterday that I was expecting a postal order!" said Bunter severely. "You refused to give me credit, Mrs. Mimble! Well, it's come!"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mimble again. She could not remember how many times she had refused Bunter credit on the strength of an expected postal order.

"Now, please serve me and my friends!" said Bunter, with dignity.

And, having seen the colour of his money, so to speak, the good dame lost no time in serving Bunter and his friends.

Bunter, in funds, was rather a new Bunter! He pressed the best, and plenty of it, on his friends—not forgetting himself, meanwhile!

But the Famous Five did not want to fill up with tarts and eclairs and other sticky and indigestible things just before playing Soccer. They accepted the treat out of consideration for Bunter's feelings; but they were very moderate. Bunter was far from moderate. In a very few minutes he was jammy and sticky and shiny—and still going strong.

"Hallo, what's this game?" asked Skinner, coming in with Snoop and Stott.

Bunter blinked round.

"My treat!" he said. "Have some tarts, you men?"

Skinner blinked at him.

"It's the genuine goods!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It seems that Bunter's postal order has come at last!"

"Pan me!" ejaculated Skinner.

"Look here, Skinner, you cheeky beast, if you don't want any tarts——"

"I jolly well do!" said Skinner promptly. "Gratters, old bean! It's time that postal order came! Did it grow whiskers in the post?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner & Co. joined in. Other fellows came into the tuckshop, and Bunter generously asked them to join in tarts and ginger-pop and other good things, meeting with few refusals. News was not long in spreading that there was a treat going in the school shop—with the much more amazing news that Billy Bunter was in funds and standing it.

"Bunter's postal order come!" ejaculated Peter Todd, as he came in with Dutton. "Who's japing?"

"Oh, really, Peter——"

"Honest Injun!" chuckled Bob. "Bunter's rolling in it!"

"Well, my hat!"

"You never believed that I was really expecting a postal order, Peter!" said Bunter accusingly.

"Admitted!" said Toddy cheerfully. "I never did!"

"Well, it's come!" said Bunter scornfully.

"Wonders will never cease!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

"Beast—I mean, tuck in, old chap! Another time, perhaps, you'll be willing to lend a fellow half-a-crown when he tells you he's expecting a postal order! Pass over some more of those tarts, Mrs. Mimble, please—and some cakes—and ginger-pop—and those eclairs—and——"

"My hat! The fat old bean's going it!" said Skinner, who was eating as fast as he could. "Pile in, you men! Now's your chance—the chance of a lifetime!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Plenty of fellows were piling in. Good things were handed out galore. It was quite a novel and exhilarating experience to Billy Bunter to be standing a spread on this scale. Possibly he hoped that it would improve his credit in the Remove, and make it easier to extract little loans when he was short of cash again—as he was likely soon to be at this rate! Certainly he was very glad to demonstrate to unbelieving fellows that his celebrated postal order had come at last!

Mrs. Mimble, however, was keeping an account with a stump of pencil on a sheet of wrapping-paper. Suddenly she announced:

HIP, HIP, HOORAY!

Next Saturday's a Red-Letter Day.

A Bar of

WALTERS' CREAMY TOFFEE

presented FREE to Every Reader of the

MAGNET

Order Your Copy NOW!

"That will be exactly two pounds ten shillings, Master Bunter!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Many hands make light work."

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away." Bunter's £2 10s. was gone!

"Thanks, old fat bean!" said Harry Wharton; and he left the tuckshop with the Co.

As they walked across the quad, the Famous Five came on Fisher T. Fish coming away from the House in coat and hat. Fishy, evidently, was going out, and, equally evidently, he was in high feather. His bony face was beaming.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, giving him a smack on a bony shoulder. "Enjoying life, old bony bean?"

"Ow! Don't crack a man's back!" grunted Fisher T. Fish. "Yep! I guess I'm on to a good thing! Just a few!"

"Come into a fortune like Bunter?"

"Bunter!" Fishy grinned. "Yep! I guess two-pound-ten would be a fortune to that gink!"

"Did you know his postal order had come?" grinned Nugent.

"Postal order nothing! I gave him two-pound-ten for his diamond pin!" snorted Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared. They knew now the source of Billy Bunter's sudden

wealth. That celebrated postal order had not, after all, arrived! He had, at long last, sold his diamond pin!

"But you haven't really given Bunter two pounds ten for a paste pin he bought for a shilling?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish winked.

"I guess the guy that sold Bunter that pin made a mistake!" he said. "I guess it's the goods—the real goods! I surely guess that I'm going to get fifty pounds for that pin!"

"You bony, blithering, swindling worm!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You mean to say that you've diddled Bunter out of that pin because he didn't know its value?"

"Aw, come off!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Business is business, I reckon! I guess I got no time to worry any about lamo ducks! Nope!"

And Fisher T. Fish walked down to the gates, leaving the Famous Five staring.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

"Play Up!"

HERBERT VERNON - SMITH scowled as the Remove footballers came into the changing-room.

The paint was gone at last; the Bounder was no longer green as grass. To judge by his look, however, the Bounder's temper was not improved. His eyes glittered at the Famous Five.

Bob Cherry gave him a cheery grin. "Getting ready, Smithy?" he asked amicably.

"No!" grunted the Bounder.

"The Redclyffe men may be here any minute——"

"What do I care?"

"The carefulness ought to be terrific, my esteemed Smithy!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Wharton fixed his eyes on the Bounder with a grim look.

"You've had a ragging, Vernon-Smith!" he said. "You asked for it, and you got it! That's over. Now, you're down to play for the Remove. You're expected to play up when you're wanted."

"Blessed are those who don't expect!" said the Bounder sourly. "They don't get disappointed, you know!"

"Does that mean that you're standing out?"

"It means just that!"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"Very well!" he said. "It's no good telling you you're a rotter—you know that! Stand out, and be blowed!"

"Look here, we want Smithy!" said Bob uneasily.

"Nugent will take his place."

"Yes; but——"

"I can play Soccer, more or less, Bob!" remarked Frank, with a faint touch of sarcasm.

"Franky, old bean, you're my pal, but I'm not going to tell you that you can play Soccer like Smithy!" said Bob Cherry. "I'd like to, but I can't stretch it to that extent!"

"You silly ass!"

"H'm! Look here, Smithy——"

"Rats!" said Smithy, continuing to comb paint out of his hair. "You should have thought of all that before you played the goat in the woodshed!"

"That's got nothing to do with footer!"

"Hasn't it? I think it has!" sneered the Bounder.

"Then you're a rotter," roared Bob, red with anger, "and I've a jolly good mind to bung your head in that basin of water!"

"You can try it on, if you like!"

"By gum, I—"

Bob Cherry made a stride towards the Bounder. Wharton caught him by the shoulder.

"Chuok it, Bob! No time for ragging now!"

"That rotter——" breathed Bob.

"Oh, let him rip!" said the captain of the Remove contemptuously.

Bob Cherry grunted, but he assented. The Remove men changed for footer, some of them giving the Bounder dark looks. Frank Nugent changed with the rest, but with a rather clouded face. He was keen enough to play—keen as mustard; but, like a loyal man, he was thinking of the side more than of himself. He was quite a good man at the game, but he did not flatter himself that he was in the same street with Smithy. And though Wharton, as his chum, was glad to play him, he had a fairly clear idea of his chum's feelings on the subject as football captain.

When the other fellows went out of the changing-room, Frank Nugent lingered behind.

He looked at the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith was standing by the window, staring out at the fellows going down to Little Side, with a gloomy and glum expression on his face.

For a full minute Frank stood there, hesitating.

He wanted to play—he longed to figure in a fixture like that with Redclyffe School. He even nourished a hope that, with luck, he might bring off one of those brilliant shots that would make the fellows roar "Nugent! Nugent!" as they roared "Good old Bounder!" But—

"Smithy!" said Frank, very quietly.

The Bounder started and turned from the window. He was not aware till that moment that Nugent had stayed.

"Oh! You!" he said. He gave an ugly sneer. "You look a pretty figure in footer rig, Nugent—much prettier than I do! Let's hope that a pretty fellow will turn out useful as well as ornamental!"

Nugent flushed crimson.

"That's like you, Smithy!" he said.

"And it's like you to barge into a game you can't play!" sneered the Bounder. "What use will you be against those beefy men from Redclyffe?"

"A fellow can only do his best," said Frank. "And at least, I'm willing to do that!"

Smithy shrugged his shoulders. Then his expression changed.

"Sorry!" he said. "Go in and win, old man! It's a big chance for you; you may pull it off and keep the place in the team. Best of luck!"

Nugent laughed.

"You're a queer fish, Smithy," he said. "But I've stopped behind to speak to you. I'm keen to play, and you know it! But——"

"But what?"

"Look here, Smithy, be a sport!" said Nugent. "There's still time, and I'll stand down if you'll line up."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I mean it!" said Nugent. "Say the word, Smithy! You'll be sorry afterwards for doing a rotten thing; you always are in the long run!"

"You'll chuck up a chance like this?"

"Yes, yes! Say the word, old man."

Vernon-Smith looked at him long and hard, and stood silent. But the hard, sullen look was gone from his face. He spoke at last.

"If you mean it, Nugent——"

"I've said so."

"You're a better chap than I am," said the Bounder. "But that's no

Get this Super ALBUM, Boys!

—HOLDS ALL FOUR GIFT ALBUMS—



A cover for the whole collection of Albums of Coloured Pictures given with RANGER, MAGNET, MODERN BOY and GEM.

This fine Album Cover has been specially designed and made for those lucky readers who are collecting the wonderful sets of coloured pictures given in our companion papers, as well as those we give. It's made to hold 1, 2, 3 or 4 of the Free Albums, complete with all the pictures, and it enables you to keep together the whole of this marvellous series of coloured pictures, bound in an appropriately handsome cover that you'll be proud to show your friends. You can get it for 2d. only, post free (or 3d. abroad). Seize your opportunity and post the coupon to-day, or you may be too late.

Here you see the Album Cover, which is made in a stout and serviceable material. You can obtain it for 2d. post free (or 3d. overs-seas, including Irish Free State).

FILL IN AND POST THIS COUPON NOW!

Name

Address

**PIN TWO
1d. STAMPS
HERE**

Fill in the coupon in Block Letters and post to:
"MAGNET"
Special Album Offer,
The Amalgamated Press,
Ltd.,
Bear Alley,
Farringdon St.,
London, E.C.4.

news. Look here, I'm jolly glad that rotten trick on the Head never came off. I was sorry afterwards, though I wouldn't say so. I've heard that Quelch is coming back to-morrow, and I'm going to try to make a fresh start. I'll take you at your word."

"Good man!" said Frank; and if he felt a pang of disappointment he drove it away from him. "Get into your things! I'll change back."

Nugent changed back very quickly and ran out. He joined the Remove footballers on Little Side and received a general stare.

"What the thump does this mean?" asked Harry Wharton. "Why aren't you in footer rig, Frank?"

"Smithy's playing," said Nugent briefly.

"Oh!"

"Good man!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "The old Bounder's bark is always worse than his bite. He's not the fellow to let us down. Oh, good!"

Frank smiled—a rather wry smile.

"Sorry, old bean," added Bob remorsefully. "But—but you know——"

"I know," said Nugent quietly. The Bounder, in football rig, came

speeding down to the field as the Redclyffe men arrived. He gave Wharton a rather doubtful and defiant look. But the captain of the Remove gave him a cheery nod.

"Good man!" he said.

The Bounder grinned.

"If you want me——"

"Of course we do!"

"The ragfulness has nothing to do with the esteemed and absurd Soccer, my estimable Smithy!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "The pleasure of beholding your ridiculous countenance on this ludicrous spot is terrific."

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Redwing, in the crowd of Greyfriars fellows gathering round the ground, waved a hand to his chum as Smithy went into the field with the Remove. Tom's face was very bright. Nugent's, perhaps, was a little glum, as he watched the Bounder playing in the place he might have had.

But that glumness cleared off very soon. Smithy, always a good man, was playing the game of his life.

In the first half the Bounder beat the Redclyffe men twice, and the crowd

roared applause. At half-time Bob Cherry gave him a thump on the back that made him stagger.

"Good old Bounder!" he chuckled.

And the Bounder chuckled, too, while he gasped. He liked popularity, and he liked the limelight. Now he was getting both in ample measure.

Redclyffe had equalised in the second half, when Wharton put the pill in and the Remove were one up again. It was towards the finish that Fane of Redclyffe dropped the ball neatly into the Greyfriars goal, beating Squiff all the way, and the score was level again.

With four minutes to go, and both sides panting after a gruelling game, it looked like a draw.

But it was not a draw.

With the call of the whistle expected every second, the Bounder got through. The Redclyffe goalie clutched at the leather and missed it by an inch. There was a terrific roar.

"Goal!"

"Smithy!"

"Good old Bounder!" yelled Frank Nugent.

The whistle went.

"Smithy! Smithy!"

Grabbed up by his comrades, the Bounder was carried off the field. Only a few hours since the same fellows had been ragging him. It was a change. And the Bounder had to realise that it was a change for the better.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Too Late!

"I SAY, Fishy—"

"Scat!"

"But I say—"

"Git!"

"Beast!" roared Billy Bunter.

Fisher T. Fish accelerated. He was starting for Courtfield to dispose there of his wonderful bargain in diamond tiepins, and he had no use for Bunter. Bunter, whose riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away, had a use for Fishy—if Fishy could be put to use.

He rolled after the transatlantic junior.

"I say, hold on a minute!" gasped Bunter. "I say, Fishy—"

Instead of holding on, Fisher T. Fish walked fast. Bunter trotted, his little fat legs going as fast as Fishy's long, thin ones. By the time Courtfield Common was in sight Bunter put on a desperate spurt and overtook Fishy. He clutched his arm.

"Look here!" he gurgled breathlessly.

"Leggo, you fat clam!" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "A bargain's a bargain, ain't it? I got no use for lame ducks. Scoot!"

"That's all right!" gasped Bunter. "I'm not asking you to call it off, you mean beast!"

"Oh! Not?" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish. "Wharrer you want, then, you gink?"

"Lend me—"

"Can it!"

"That pin was worth more than twenty, and you jolly well know it!" snorted Bunter. "Well, lend me a quid—"

"Guess again!"

"What about ten bob, then?"

"Nunk!"

And Fisher T. Fish, jerking his bony arm loose, started again. Bunter, at the end of his wind, gasped "Beast!" and gave it up.

Fisher T. Fish disappeared in the direction of the town, and Billy Bunter

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

sank down, gasping, on a wayside seat. He was breathless. Bunter was no sprinter at the best of times, and still less so after packing away a large and varied assortment of foodstuffs. He sat and gurgled.

He had succeeded at long last in selling that diamond pin. Two pounds ten shillings for a tiepin that had cost him one bob really showed a handsome profit. But the two pounds ten shillings had gone. Cash never stayed long in Bunter's pocket when he had any. That handsome little sum was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter.

It was true that even Bunter was not hungry again yet. But there was tea to be thought of. And after that brief accession of wealth he was once more in his usual stony state. The least that mean beast Fishy could have done, in Bunter's opinion, was to lend him a pound. Evidently, however, the business-man of the Remove did not see eye to eye with Bunter on that subject.

Bunter had a long rest on the wayside seat. He did not observe a small man with sandy eyebrows, in a shabby overcoat, lounging along the road, till the sandy man was very close.

Then he gave a jump.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

He recognised the man who had sold him the diamond tiepin and had later taken such lawless measures to get it back again. Bunter had forgotten him, but he had to remember him now. It was clear that the sandy man was still hanging about the vicinity of Greyfriars, looking for a chance at Bunter.

The fat Owl rose to his feet to cut. But the narrow, rat-like eyes were on him. The sandy man darted up.

"Hold on, sir!" said the sandy man very civilly. "No offence, sir. Just a word with you, Mr. Bunter!"

If Bunter could have won a foot-race he certainly would not have lingered for a word from the sandy man. After his previous experiences with that gentleman, the less he saw of him the better Bunter liked it. But as there was no escape for him the fat Owl was glad, at least, that the man was civil.

He blinked uneasily at Mr. Snigger-son.

"I—I say, I—I've got to get in to tea!" he stammered. "I—I say, I—I haven't got that pin on me, I really haven't."

The sandy man grinned faintly. If Bunter had been wearing the diamond pin the sandy man would not have wasted either words or civility on him; he would have snatched. It was because Bunter was not wearing the tiepin that the man with the sandy eyebrows was disposed to conversation.

"Well, sir, about that pin!" said the sandy man. "I dessay you're surprised at my wanting it back, but I'll own up it was more valuable than I s'posed when I sold it! You give me a bob for it, I'll go as far as a pound, if you'll let me have it back."

A couple of days ago Billy Bunter would have jumped at the offer. Now it was too late for Bunter to jump.

"Sorry—" he began, blinking very uneasily at the narrow face.

"I might make it thirty shillings, sir!"

"I've sold the pin!"

"Sold it!"

"Yes!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, it—it's no good getting waxy—it was mine—I—I say—keep your temper, you know."

It was hard for Mr. Snigger-son to keep his temper. For a moment his bony hands clenched, and his rat-like eyes burned at Bunter. For that

moment the Owl of the Remove quaked with terror.

But the sandy man calmed himself! Hammering Bunter was a solace that could be postponed till he was quite sure that the diamond pin was out of his reach. He was not sure yet.

"Then you found out it was a real diamond?" he muttered.

"A—a fellow told me so—" stammered Bunter. "I—I got two-pound-ten for it! I've spent the money!" he added hastily, lest the sandy man should think of putting in a claim on the proceeds.

"Who'd you sell it to for that much?" The sandy man was quick on the uptake. "A dealer'd give more—if he'd give anything! You never sold it to no dealer!" The sandy man had good reasons for guessing that Bunter had not sold the diamond at a jeweller's. "A fellow at your school, p'r'aps?"

"Yes!" gasped Bunter.

"You could get it back?"

"Not for the same money! He's a beast who goes in for making profits," said Bunter. "I believe he'll get four or five pounds for it, from a man in the Fifth."

"Likely he'd be wearing it?"

Even the obtuse Owl saw the drift of that question. The sandy man was prepared to hang on, watching for a chance to snatch, if there was a chance. Bunter shook his head.

"No—he's bought it to sell," he answered. "Besides, the Head won't let us wear diamond pins. He was down on me for wearing it—that's why I hadn't got it on when—hem! When I saw you look."

The sandy man compressed his thin lips. It was clear to him that the fat and fatuous fellow on the seat beside him had no knowledge of the real nature of that transaction in the holidays. He had found out that the diamond was a real stone, but not its real value, if he had sold it for so small a sum as he named, and obviously he had not guessed that it was a stolen stone. It had not even occurred to Bunter that the man in the train had pretended that the diamond was paste to have an excuse for selling it for what Bunter could give—in order to get rid of it for a time, because he feared a search by the police.

Bunter, evidently, suspected nothing of all that, but the sandy man wondered how far he could depend on the fat fellow's obtuseness. He had to take the risk; and the obtuseness in Bunter's fat face was, at least, reassuring.

"Well, this is how it is, sir," said the sandy man. "I made a mistake with that there tiepin, as you've found. I want it back, and I'd go to five pounds for it."

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter. "I wish I'd seen you yesterday."

The sandy man smiled quite genially.

"Well, sir, you get it back for me and I'll make it five pounds, and a pound over and above for your trouble," he said.

"That's all right," said Bunter. "I fancy Fishy will be glad to take five quid—that's twice what he gave! I'll try, anyhow. He's gone down to Courtfield now, but he will be back for tea, and I can see him. If you like to hand me the fiver now—"

"When can you let me know?"

"After tea," said Bunter. "Wait near the school gates in a couple of hours, and I'll nip out and tell you. I fancy it will be all right! Have the fiver with you, though—Fishy wouldn't part with it without the money."

"I'll bring the fiver all right!" said the sandy man, "and a pound note along with it, sir! And you can bring a



"Let me thee it!" said Mr. Lazarus, unable to take his eyes off the tie pin in Fisher T. Fish's hand. The American junior handed it over. "You ain't saying it's not real?" he demanded. "It's value is not leth than a hundred pounds, sir," replied Mr. Lazarus. "Wake snakes!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

friend with you to see fair play, if you like—no snatching!" He grinned. "It's on the square, sir!"

"Right-ho!" said Bunter. The fat junior was feeling quite bucked as he walked back to Greyfriars. There was another pound in store for him, if he succeeded in getting the tiepin back from Fishy—and even Fishy, surely, would part with it for twice what he had given! Bunter little dreamed what was happening to Fishy, in those very minutes! He rolled in at the school gates—with only one cloud on his horizon, the pound, if it came, would not come in time for tea! It was getting towards tea-time now, and Bunter was getting hungry.

The football match was over when he arrived; not that Bunter gave that trifling matter a thought. He rolled up to the Remove passage—and stopped at the door of Study No. 1. That study was crowded—not to say crammed. A little celebration was going on after the victory, and Study No. 1 was as full as it would hold! To Bunter's astonishment the Bounder was there—evidently an honoured guest, with a cheery grin on his face.

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

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! We won!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Eh! You won what?" asked Bunter.

"You fat, frabjous, fozling frump, have you forgotten that we played Red-olyffe this afternoon?" hooted Bob indignantly.

"Oh! No! Yes! Gratters!" said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I suppose you're asking me to tea after that splendid spread I stood you——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"What's Smithy doing here?" asked Bunter. "You were ragging him, last I heard of him. Turn him out and make room for a fellow."

"You footling fathead!" said Harry Wharton. "Smithy kicked the winning goal for us this afternoon."

"Did he? Well, I would have, if you'd asked me to play! You didn't!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Roll in, Bunter!" said the captain of the Remove, laughing. "Make room for the porpoise, you men, somehow."

And Billy Bunter rolled in, and while the other fellows discussed the Bounder's last goal, Bunter discussed the cake! Goals were all very well, to fellows keen on Soccer, but to William George Bunter, one cake was worth many goals!

"Let me thee it!" he said at last.

Fisher T. Fish handed it over. Mr. Lazarus looked at it, turned it over and over, scanned it from the north, south, east, and west, so to speak. He looked at Fishy and looked at the diamond and looked at Fishy again.

"You ain't saying it's not real?" demanded Fishy.

"No!" said Mr. Lazarus gently. "It is a real stone, sir."

"I guessed it was a cinch! And what's the figure? You buy diamonds," said Fisher T. Fish.

"I buy diamonds!" assented Mr. Lazarus. "But——"

"Buy it or not, what would you call the value, Mr. Lazarus?" asked Fisher T. Fish eagerly.

"Not leth than a hundred pounds, sir."

"Wake snakes!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

His eyes danced.

In his wildest anticipations he had hardly dared to dream of such a sum as that.

"Well, look here, what'll you give?" he asked, his voice trembling with eagerness.

"That," said Mr. Lazarus, "is another matter! I shall have to consider! Pleathe excuse me a moment."

"Any old time!" said the joyous Fish. "I guess I ain't pressed for time."

Mr. Lazarus turned to a desk and opened a bundle of papers, and appeared to give a certain paper there very particular attention. Every now and then he glanced from the paper to the diamond tiepin and back again. It was just as if he was comparing the tiepin with a written description—though that, naturally, did not occur to Fisher T. Fish.

"Pleathe excuse me while I go to the telephone!" said Mr. Lazarus.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,353.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Very Fieree for Fishy!

"MY cootness!" said Mr. Lazarus.

He stared at the diamond tiepin in the bony hand of Fisher T. Fish.

Mr. Lazarus seemed astonished. Fisher T. Fish grinned serenely.

He had been sure—and now he was doubly sure! He had not thrown away his two-pound-ten! It was coming back with more added there unto! Obviously that diamond was a real one! Whether Lord Maulverer knew or not, Mr. Lazarus, of Courtfield, knew.

"I'm selling this pin!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I ain't saying that I'm taking the first offer! But I'm selling it, I guess! You see, my headmaster won't let us wear gaudy things like this."

"My cootness!" repeated Mr. Lazarus.

"Well, what's the figure?" asked Fishy.

Mr. Lazarus' black eyes were glued on the tiepin in Fishy's hand. He seemed unable to take them off it.

"Take your time," said Fishy cheerfully.

Mr. Lazarus went into an adjoining room. Fisher T. Fish could hear the murmur of a voice on the telephone, but he could not make out what was said. Neither was he interested. He was walking about with quick, jerky steps, unable to keep still in his delight, dreaming golden dreams.

The old gentleman came back at last.

"Well, what about it?" asked Fisher T. Fish brightly.

Mr. Lazarus gave him a glance—a very peculiar glance.

"I want to show this diamond to a shentleman," he said. "He will be here in five minutes, if you will wait."

"O.K!" said Fishy carelessly. "Phoned to a man to come and see it, what?"

"Just tho!" agreed Mr. Lazarus.

"I guess I'll wait, if you want."

And Fisher T. Fish waited, humming a tune; and Mr. Lazarus waited, with a very grave and very peculiar expression on his face.

The door opened.

Fisher T. Fish looked round, expecting to see the "shentleman" who was to see the diamond before Mr. Lazarus bought it. He found himself staring at Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield police station.

Mr. Grimes gave him a glance, and then looked at Mr. Lazarus.

"Is this the boy?" he asked.

"Yeth!"

"A Greyfriars boy, I think?"

"I guess so," said Fisher T. Fish, in wonder.

"And the diamond, Mr. Lazarus—"

"Here!"

The jeweller handed the diamond tiepin over to the inspector, who examined it with minute care.

All this was so surprising and so mysterious to Fisher T. Fish that he could only gaze on open-mouthed. He had "guessed" that it was some jeweller, expert in precious stones, to whom Mr. Lazarus had telephoned. Why he desired to show the diamond tiepin to a police inspector was a great mystery.

Mr. Grimes turned to Fishy at last. The grimness of his official countenance was almost unnerving. Fisher T. Fish began to feel an inward trepidation—he hardly knew why.

"Now, Master Fish—I think your name is Fish—"

"Sure!"

"Kindly explain at once how you came into possession of a stolen diamond tiepin!" rapped Mr. Grimes.

Fisher T. Fish staggered.

"Stut-stut-stolen!" he gurgled.

"You did not know?"

The inspector eyed him suspiciously.

"Wake snakes! That dog-goned gink— Done!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Me, a guy raised in Noo Yark, where they cut their eye-teeth airly! Done by a pie-faced, dog-goned clam! Jerusalem crickets!"

"Out of consideration for Dr. Locke I shall not, if it can be avoided, take you into custody," said Mr. Grimes.

"But you must explain instantly how and where you obtained a stolen diamond!"

"Aw! You sure it's stolen?" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "You bank on it?"

"This diamond tiepin is the property of a Mr. Isaacs, a City gentleman, who was robbed of it in Surrey, on the road between Wimford and the village of Elmdale, two or three weeks ago," said Inspector Grimes. "The description has been circulated all over the country—every jeweller and pawnbroker—"

"Jumping Moses!"

"Where did you obtain it?" rapped Mr. Grimes. "If you can help us lay hands on the thief—"

"That gink Bunter!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "That dog-goned, pie-faced clam has done me out of two-pound-ten!"

"Bunter! Another Greyfriars boy?"

"Yep! I guess I'll have that two-ten back if I have to scrape it off him with a small comb!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Yep! Some! Just a few!"

Mr. Grimes looked at him very hard.

"Very well," he said. "Provisionally, I take your word, Master Fish! You will accompany me to the school, where I can see Master Bunter and question him. I have a taxi outside! Come!"

Fisher T. Fish, his golden dreams shattered, groaned aloud as he sat in the taxicab with Inspector Grimes, whirling away to Greyfriars School.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Arm of the Law!

"BUNTER!" Wingate of the Sixth looked in on the tea-party in Study No. 1 in the Remove. Bunter blinked round.

"It wasn't me, Wingate!" he said, in a hurry, as usual.

"You young ass! You're wanted in the Head's study."

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter rolled out after the prefect. Wingate led him to Dr. Locke's study and pushed him in.

"Here is Bunter, sir!"

Bunter blinked round the study in astonishment. He had expected to see the Head, but he had not expected to see Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield, or Fisher T. Fish. Both, however, were there, and Fishy, to his further surprise, gave him a look as if he could have bitten him.

"Bunter," said the Head, fixing his eyes on the amazed and alarmed Owl, "Fish states that you sold him a—er—a diamond tiepin—"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" said Bunter, relieved. "That's right, sir. You see, sir, you told me not to wear it, and being a dutiful and obedient chap, sir, I—"

"You do not deny possession of the pin?" asked Inspector Grimes.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Eh? No. Why should I?" he asked. "Everybody knows I had it."

The inspector smiled faintly.

"I have no doubt, sir, that this foolish boy, Bunter, is innocent in the matter, as I have said," he remarked. "He has been imposed upon in some extraordinary way. Master Bunter, where did you obtain the tiepin?"

Bunter paused a moment. He checked, in time, the desire to state that it was an heirloom in the Bunter family, or, alternatively, as the lawyers say, a Christmas present from his Uncle William. Even Bunter realised that it was not a paying proposition to tell fibs to a police officer!

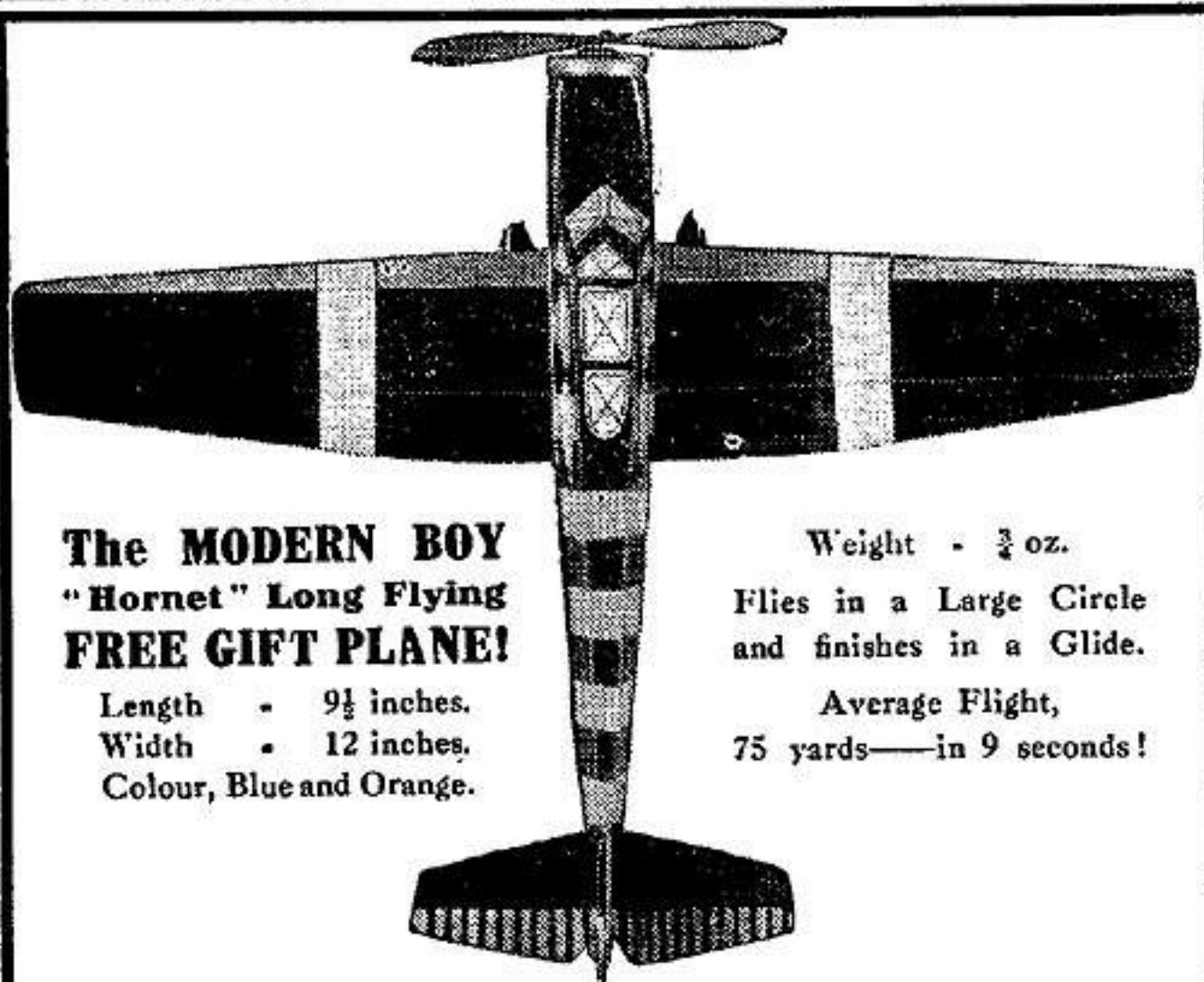
"I bought it from a man in a railway train, in the hols," he answered. "He said it was paste, and sold it to me for a bob."

"A man with a sandy complexion and narrow eyes?" asked Mr. Grimes.

"Eh? Yes. H-how do you know?" stammered Bunter.

This seemed like magic to the Owl of the Remove.

"That is the description, my boy, of the man who was arrested on suspicion of robbing Mr. Isaacs, and discharged (Continued on page 28.)



The MODERN BOY "Hornet" Long Flying FREE GIFT PLANE!

Length - 9½ inches.
Width - 12 inches.
Colour, Blue and Orange.

Weight - ¾ oz.

Flies in a Large Circle
and finishes in a Glide.

Average Flight,
75 yards—in 9 seconds!

The PERFECT FREE-GIFT MODEL PLANE AT LAST!

The Body of this LONG FLYING MODEL PLANE is GIVEN FREE with "MODERN BOY" Next Saturday. On Sale Jan. 20th, 2d, EVERY READER GETS ONE!!! MAKE SURE OF YOURS!!!

The Mechanism is Given Free the Week After!

WHEN the GREAT APES CAME!

By STUART MARTIN.



HOW THE STORY STARTED.

GERRY LAMBERT and **BILLY MURCHIE**, two young airmen, are brought down in the African jungle by an army of apes—led by Big Ling, a giant ape-man—reared to crush civilisation by a renegade called Stein. Gerry escapes, but Billy is forced to lead an expedition to England which spreads devastation in all directions. After raiding the Tower of London and stripping the armoury of every available weapon, Big Ling and his "troops" make for the New Forest, where they ambush hundreds of British soldiers. Billy, who, in company with Gerry and Commander Walsh, of the R.A.F., is hard on the trail of the enemy, is hurrying off to warn reinforcements of Big Ling's next move, when he is captured. "We'll hand him over to the beasts as a sacrifice!" says Big Ling.

(Now read on.)

Bedlam Let Loose!

A SHOUT came from the door of the abode announcing that all was ready.

Ling rapped out an order for his captive to be watched and his companions to be taken prisoners, and then stamped out into the open.

Raising his voice he sent his howl through the forest, and the beasts replied once more, hurrying towards him as he marched on.

Gaining the road, he entered one of the lorries which had been captured, and studied the chart again, before looking up and giving a direction to the ape-man who had crushed his bulk into the driving-seat.

The cavalcade moved slowly at first, then gradually gathered speed. The gorillas followed in a long string behind the vehicles, loping like wolves, with tireless ape-men bringing up the rear.

Once on the main road at the edge of the forest the motor-lorries increased speed, leaving the army behind. The village of Ringwood was reached, and the vehicles stopped. Ling roared an order and the looting began.

Shops were wrecked, doors torn from their hinges, cottages were smashed at the hands of that mad mob of monsters. The inhabitants fled at their approach, but those who stayed, or could not escape quickly enough, were killed and thrown aside like broken dolls.

The main army arrived while the looting was going on, and completed the savagery. Motorists who attempted to pass through the village were hurled, with their cars, into the woods. It was Bedlam let loose!

So it was along the route—every village being sacked and left a ruin. Then followed a long run with minor incidents, until Salisbury was reached.

Ling raised himself in his lorry and scanned his army, several thousand strong, all dusty with the seventeen miles journey from Ringwood. To these creatures seventeen miles was no great distance, and their journey had been uninterrupted owing to the fact that the soldiers of Salisbury Plain had been drafted towards Southampton and the Great West Road, thus leaving the field clear for Ling.

"Forward!" he yelled. "Men of the forest, follow me!"

Down the hill that rises from the town the army plunged. Into the town they swept. It was a day when the markets were thronged with farmers and countrymen. A sheep fair was in progress. Pandemonium seized the people, and they fled before the gorillas.

Ling's club rose and fell, and his ape-men needed no encouraging. They cleared street after street, leaving a trail of dead and dying behind them.

Traffic jammed at corners, motor-cars were left stranded by their owners, the population trampled on each other in the wild scramble to escape. And after them went the gorillas with tooth and claw.

The cathedral was sought as a refuge by many; but Ling headed his forces towards it, bowed his shoulders, and charged into the sacred building.

But Big Ling's raid was not merely for the purpose of killing. Stein had taught him well how to gain means to carry on the campaign. The banks were looted, stores were gutted. Fire broke out, and was spreading without hindrance.

As Big Ling stood there in the cathedral, amid the wreckage he had wrought, the bells of the tower struck an hour. Ling stayed his hand, listening intently. He counted the strokes of the massive clock solemnly, and his face assumed a grave look.

Then he strode to the entrance of the cathedral, shouting to his followers to come out with him.

Turning to one of his lieutenants he issued an order:

"Collect the ruler of this city and his counsellors. Bring them here and put them into this large house. Thrust others with them—those you can drive in from the streets."

The ape-man nodded, but looked round bewilderedly at the houses on every side.

"King," he said obediently, "your word is law. But where shall I find the ruler of the town?"

Ling swung round and pointed to a trembling policeman, who was endeavouring to escape from the clutches of a gorilla.

"That is one of their order-makers. He will tell. Bring him to me!"

The ape-man leaped forward and threw the gorilla off the constable, who was fighting feebly with baton in hand. Dragging him forward, he presented the dishevelled figure to Ling.

At first the policeman did not understand what was wanted of him, but when he grasped the situation he pointed to a building.

"If it is the mayor you want, he is there—"

"Is that where he lives? Is that his hut?"

"It is the town hall!" gasped the policeman.

Turning to his ape-man, Big Ling made a sign and strode off. Across the square he went, throwing aside anything that opposed him. Lifting one car after another he piled them on the pavement. A cart laden with farm produce barred his way. He broke the cart shafts across his knee, and hurled the horse bodily among his gorillas, who dived for the prey. Then into the town hall he strode, bending low to enter, his ape-man follower at his heels.

A group of men fled at his approach, but Ling merely raised his finger and his ape-man hurled himself at the men, thrusting them into a wide room.

Ling listened for a moment to the orders his lieutenant gave, nodding with satisfaction. Then he strode into another room, tearing away part of the lintel to get through. Some clerks cowered behind a counter, but Big Ling

heeded them not. His attention was drawn to a telephone on a desk. He lifted the receiver and placed it to his ear.

He was not used to telephoning, so he beckoned to a clerk, making no movement to hurt the man.

"There is a town called Marlborough," he said. "Show me how to speak into this magic."

"Marlborough, sir?" quavered the clerk. "It has been cut up. We were notified—"

"Help me to speak this magic!" Ling's face glowered fiercely at the clerk, who lifted the receiver.

"Trunks," he quavered. "Marlborough—Marlborough, please—"

The man looked up fearfully, for Ling was watching his every movement.

"They say that they have been trying to get through from Marlborough. Here—here you are!"

Big Ling thrust the man aside hurriedly, lifted the receiver, and bellowed through the mouthpiece.

"Master! Master!" faintly over the line came Stein's voice.

"Is that you, Big Ling? You are up to time. What news?"

"I have conquered the city."

"And this town is in my hands," Stein assured him. "It is laid waste, and I am alone in the telephone exchange. This place, too, will be laid waste when I have spoken to you. Remember to do the same your end."

"I will remember, Master."

"Ling, break down every telegraph-wire, and then wreck the post office—I have told you all these things already. Obey, and you will be king indeed! Listen to me. Is the enemy in sight?"

"I have conquered, Master, as I told you."

"I do not mean the city you are in now. If one telephone falls, these people raise another. They have sent war planes to fight you. Planes are concentrating—"

The voice faded and was silent.

Ling shook the instrument, but there was no more conversation. Something had happened to the "magic," and it spoke no more.

It was the first time Ling had ever used the telephone, but he had been taught well by Stein in this and other things.

He flung the receiver down and seized another of the clerks by the collar.

"Take me to your office—post office—show me the hut."

Having no other alternative, the man obeyed.

The post office was reached, and into it Ling crushed his way, sending the staff scattering in all directions. He went through the building, floor after floor, wrecking, smashing, upturning.

He had completed his work when he heard a sound that made him stand erect. The droning of planes overhead made him gnash his teeth.

He tore a window-frame from its socket, threw it into the street, and then thrust his head and shoulders outward. He saw a squadron of planes flying in battle formation.

Squeezing himself through the window, Ling dropped to the ground. Then his hands went up to his mouth, and his cry broke out like a siren. Twice he issued that cry, then loped towards the cathedral, clearing debris and ruins in great jumps.

His orders had been carried out. The cathedral was packed with people, and

ape-men were still thrusting others inside the doors.

The gorillas came from every part in answer to his call. They and the ape-men pressed forward until the street was a mass of hairy, brawny beasts.

Ling towered above them majestically. "The ruler of the city!" he roared.

"Bring him to me!"

He kept glancing upward, while a search was made inside the cathedral, and men shouted for the mayor.

More battle-planes had now appeared. They were over the city, and were circling, still keeping in formation.

The mayor was brought out at last, and he faced Ling.

The latter pointed upward to the planes.

"These are your fighting planes. Can you communicate with them?"

"There is a telephone to the air station—"

"I have destroyed your telephones."

A police-inspector who stood on the steps beside the door stepped forward.

"There is only one way," he said to the mayor. "We can semaphore them."

He turned towards Ling, whose eyes were upon him.

"I take it you mean to use us as hostages," he said coldly, but showing a calm that only a brave man could show.

"Do you wish us to tell the air fleet not

and the metal shirt-of-mail worn by Ling.

Right up to the tower above the entrance Big Ling swung, and there, beside the lightning-conductor, he set his victim on his feet. They had reached this dizzy height within a few minutes of leaving the ground.

The inspector steadied himself against the stonework, while Ling eyed the planes.

"Signal!" he commanded harshly.

The planes had dropped close enough for a view of the scene below, and now one of them circled lower still, almost on a level with the two figures.

The eager faces of the pilot and the gunner were plainly observed. The machine was one of Britain's newest aircraft, a flying wonder, and carried a gun capable of sending shells that could blow the entire town to bits in a few minutes.

The police inspector raised his arms and began to wave, signalling like a constable on point duty.

Ling watched him.

"I cannot make them understand," said the inspector, ceasing to wave after a while.

Ling's eyes gleamed as the plane approached. He saw the gunner sight his gun, and then a rattle of bullets burst out and peppered the spire.

The plane flew past, and then turned.

Ling unslung his club, which he had fastened by a thong to his harness. He stood up boldly, presenting a fine target to the gunner. As the plane came rushing to the attack again Ling's club left his hand like a boomerang.

Through the air it whistled, straight as any bullet. It crashed against the propeller of the machine, smashing the blades to fragments. The gunner let loose a stream of bullets, but the plane was out of control. Down it fell like a stone, past the spire on which Ling stood, to crash through the cathedral roof and lay, half-buried, in the ruin.

Ling watched it for a moment, then turned to the inspector.

"You lied!" he said. "You told them to shoot me, you told them that I was Big Ling!"

He gripped the inspector by the waist and hurled him through the air to fall amid the wreckage in the street below.

Swinging down from the spire, Big Ling sat astride the roof. Four airmen were in the fuselage of the plane, two of them dead, one injured severely, one almost unscathed. The latter was the pilot.

Groping in the wreckage, Big Ling found a bomb. Swinging it round his head, he hurled it with all his force. There was a blinding flash and a loud report as the missile found a billet on the roof of the railway station just as a train was puffing out.

Clutching another bomb, Big Ling climbed back to his spire and stood watching the other planes that circled above. He held the bomb at arm's length, threatening to drop it on the people below unless the planes moved off.

The pilots understood that grim threat. If they attacked Big Ling the cathedral and all it contained would be blown to smithereens.

In the street below, the crowds were watching the planes, anxiously wondering if the pilots would take heed of the giant ape-man's warning.

They did, apparently, for they rose higher until they were almost lost to view.

Lowering himself to the roof once more, Big Ling bent over the pilot, who was sitting up in a dazed way.

STEP IN

and

WIN A WALLET

like: James Hill, of 15/77, Nelson Street, Parade, Birmingham, who sent in the following GREY-FRIARS LIMERICK:

Said Bunter: "They're beastly suspicious.
If you enter their studies they're vicious.
But Smithy's mince pies
Tempted my hungry eyes,
And Bob Cherry's tarts were delicious!"

You supply the limerick and
I'll supply the wallet!

to drop bombs? If so, what are your terms?"

Big Ling thought for a moment before answering.

"Tell these aeroplanes," he said distinctly, "that if one bomb is dropped the town hall and all those inside it will be burned to cinders!"

He indicated the smouldering houses across the street with a wave of his hand. An ape-man was thrusting his way towards the cathedral holding high a length of blazing timber torn from a roof. Then Ling seized the inspector, flung him over his shoulder, and began to climb the walls of the cathedral with his burden.

Big Ling's Terms I

AN exclamation of horror burst from the people who saw the monster ape-man going up the face of the cathedral with lizard-like movements. A foot on a ledge here, a hand grasping a buttress there, and up the facade of Salisbury's marvellous cathedral Big Ling heaved himself. The police inspector he had lifted hung across his shoulders like a sack, his arms clutching at the garments

"If you wish to live, if you wish to save those who otherwise will die, you will signal your planes to keep away," he said grimly. "There is an instrument in the wrecked plane by which you can speak."

He hauled the pilot across the tiles, dropped him gently enough into the cockpit of the wrecked plane, and repeated his terms.

The pilot fingered the knobs.

"I am in touch with them," he replied finally. "What am I to say?"

"Tell them to keep away," ordered Big Ling. "That is all."

The pilot's hands twirled the knobs again. A voice began to talk, but it was cut short.

"Hallo, hallo!" called the pilot. "I am captured by Big Ling. Plane wrecked on roof of Salisbury Cathedral.

Big Ling's terms are that you keep away—"

The ape-man bent his head and motioned the pilot to cease.

"Hallo!" bawled Ling into the instrument. "I am King Ling. Am I speaking to the king of Britain?"

"You are speaking to Croydon," came the voice. "Do not roar or you will deafen me. If you are Ling, what do you want?"

"I am King Ling. Call off your planes for twelve hours, or my army will grind the city to dust. Tell your king I have spoken."

For some time there was silence, and Ling waited. Then at last a voice came through, but not the same voice that had spoken previously.

"Hallo. Are you really Big Ling?"

"I am King Ling! The world will be mine!"

"Are you really Big Ling?"

"I am King Ling!"

Another silence; then the voice spoke again, and this time the message was curt and sharp.

"Very well, we will call off the planes for twelve hours."

"If you do not keep your word—"

"Our word will be kept. We are notifying the planes. We rely on you to keep your word and do no more damage."

Ling listened eagerly until the voice spoke again.

"Battle planes in Salisbury district. Hallo! Hallo! General call for all planes to leave Salisbury district. Orders to follow. Reply, please."

Faintly came other voices repeating the order, voices mingling with each other.

(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address; The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

YOUR Editor calling all "Magnetites"! By now you will have received the tenth and final sheet of free coloured pictures. Hope you are pleased with them.

Now get ready to cheer! You've only got one more week to wait—and then you'll receive the first of the next series of magnificent FREE GIFTS I have arranged for you. You know what they are, of course:

FOUR BARS OF WALTERS' DELICIOUS TOFFEE!

Something worth having, eh? And this next batch of splendid free gifts starts next week. Don't forget the date, chums, and don't forget to arrange with your newsagent to reserve you a copy of the MAGNET—particularly for the next four weeks, as there is going to be a record rush for the Old Paper!

The first bar of delicious toffee—Walters' "Palm Creamy"—will be given free with next Saturday's issue of the MAGNET. Then for the three weeks following there will be presented in this order: a bar of Walters' chocolate nougat, a bar of Walters' strawberry-flavoured toffee, and a bar of Walters' toffee (banana flavour). Now that I've done my part, I want you to pass on the good news to your pals. They'll thank you for the tip, and they'll thank you even more when they buy a copy of the MAGNET and sample Walters' "Palm Creamy" toffee! This is the opportunity to do two people a good turn at the same time—your chum and your Editor.

And now, turning to my post-bag, I really think I owe some of my readers an apology. Owing to the fact that my space has been rather limited of late, I have not been able to answer as many queries as I should have liked.

A large number of readers' queries have been answered by post, but in cases where my readers did not give their full addresses and names, I have been compelled to hold over their answers. However, I am going to do my best to deal with as many as I can this week.

I would like to point out, however, that it is not possible to answer queries in this chat for several weeks after I receive them. The reason, as most of my older readers will know, is that the MAGNET goes to

press some weeks before you get it from your newsagent. As you can imagine, it takes a considerable time for your favourite paper to be written, illustrated, edited, printed, and distributed.

Now for the first query. A reader from Stoke-on-Trent, who signs himself "V. C. G.," asks me a question concerning

THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

This huge liner was torpedoed by a German submarine on May 7th, 1915, and, of nearly two thousand people aboard, no fewer than 1,195 lost their lives. The Germans were so pleased with this success that they struck a special medal to commemorate it. My Stoke reader possesses one of these medals, and he writes to ask if there is much value attached to it.

The actual value of the medal is not great, as it was an unofficial medal, and could be purchased by anyone in Germany at the time. A collector of War curios might be prepared to purchase it, but only for a few shillings at the most. The inscription on one side of the medal merely records the fact that the "Great steamer Lusitania was sunk by a good German boat," while the other side has the words "Geschäft Über Alles," which means "Business above everything."

Now for a few

RAPID-FIRE REPLIES.

How Long has The MAGNET been Published? (Harry McRandall, of Montreal, Canada): Quite a considerable time—over 26 years, in fact! And it is still going strong!

The Earliest Greysfriars Stories (George Greaves, of Sheffield): Sorry, I cannot find space to publish the entire list of MAGNET stories up to date! There have been so many that it would take up my entire chat for some weeks to make a list of them all. Many of the earliest stories have appeared again in "The Schoolboys' Own Library," in response to requests from readers who wanted them re-published.

Popular Fallacies (D. Page, of London, S.W.2): Sorry I have been unable to get a copy of the book you mention, but

will certainly look it up, if I can. Many thanks for your letter.

Not a Motoring "Fan" (J. K., of Hammersmith): There has been no demand from my readers for such a series of articles, so, of course, I shall not be publishing them. But I am always pleased to receive suggestions—and criticism—from my readers. This reply is also for "W. G.," of West Dulwich.

HERE'S something that might be new to you. Harry Lees, of Gloucester, asks me if it is true that people in India who can't read, pay to have stories told to them? Yes, it is perfectly true—but you don't get very much for your money out there.

INDIAN STORY-TELLERS

take the place of your MAGNET to the Indian boys who aren't able to read. They sit in a circle on the ground, and the people who form the circle pay a penny each to listen. It doesn't take them long to finish a story—about five minutes. Then the circle either breaks up, or else everyone pays another penny and listens to another story. At that rate, any Indian story-teller who read out a whole issue of your favourite paper would make quite a good sum!

I don't think you fellows would care much for the native Indian yarns, though. They generally deal with animals who can speak, and, in fact, bear a remarkable resemblance to our old friend Esop and his fables. Believe me, the MAGNET is a jolly sight better twopennyworth—especially when you get a bar of toffee with it!

And don't forget, the toffee is not the only good thing

IN STORE FOR YOU NEXT WEEK.

Not by a long chalk! Take Frank Richards' long complete school yarn, for instance. It is entitled:

"KIDNAPPED FROM THE AIR!"

and it's as full of good things as Walters' toffee is of sweetness—and that's saying something. You're in for a feast of fiction as well as a feast of toffee next week. In addition to the long complete Greysfriars yarn, there will also be a ripping, full-of-thrills instalment of our record-breaking serial: "When the Great Apes Came," and, of course, a side-splitting "Greysfriars Herald" supplement. Nor must I forget "Linesman's" first-rate Soccer article, and my usual "Come Into the Office" chat.

Cheerio until next week, chums! I know you'll be looking forward to that bumper Free Gift issue.

YOUR EDITOR

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1.353

Ling lifted his head and looked up. The planes were now high in the heavens. It was their pilots who were speaking, and as they spoke the machines flew away in formation and were soon vanishing from sight.

The pilot who sat beside Ling moved his hand and jerked a wire loose, while Big Ling's eyes were glued on the disappearing planes.

"Twelve hours!" he muttered. "Twelve hours!"

Turning round, Big Ling lifted the pilot from the cockpit, hoisted him on to his shoulders, and bore him down to the street, where he set him at liberty. Then he gave an order to the ape-men who stood waiting.

"Food! Give the beasts food! Keep them from killing—for twelve hours! Set these people free. King Ling gives life to his subjects."

He paused and gazed at the mayor and the authorities who hung on his words.

"I will hold you to see that none leaves the town while I am here."

Having spoken thus, he sent groups of apes to tear up the railway lines at various points, and also to block the roads by means of fallen trees. Then he posted sentries on the hills in the vicinity.

It was long past midday when he had completed his designs, and thus isolated the town.

When he returned from his inspection, his gorillas were camped in the streets devouring the food they had foraged. The market-place was indeed a shambles.

Frightened faces peered from behind curtained windows as Big Ling walked through the ranks of his apes, bearing his club which he had retrieved.

He sat down at last on the steps of the cathedral, and began to feed with his army, his eyes watching the sun dropping slowly towards the western horizon.

(There will be another ripping, full-of-thrills instalment of this powerful adventure story in next week's Free Gift Number of the MAGNET!)

Be on the SAFE SIDE, chum, and Order Next Saturday's "Magnet" NOW!

Only by doing this can you make sure of

THE FREE BAR OF WALTERS' DELICIOUS "CREEMY" TOFFEE which will be given away inside it!

The PROFITEER of the REMOVE!

(Continued from page 24.)

for lack of evidence, as the stolen pin was not found on him," said the Courtfield inspector, with a faint smile.

"Oh lor!" "Evidently this foolish boy was made use of by the thief, sir!" said Mr. Grimes. "He acted in good faith, and was guilty of nothing but folly."

"Oh, really, sir—" "If you have any idea where that man is now to be found—" added the inspector.

"I don't know where he is now," said Bunter. "But I know where he will be after tea."

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated the inspector. "He's offered me five pounds for the pin back, and I said I'd try to get it back from Fishy," explained Bunter.

"He's going to wait to see me outside the gates after tea. In—in the circumstances, I—I'd rather not see him again."

"You certainly will not do so, Bunter!" said the Head.

"Yes, sir—I mean no, sir!"

"I have finished here, sir," said Mr. Grimes, with a cheery smile. "And if Mr. Sniggerson waits near the school gates for Master Bunter, somebody will keep the appointment—though certainly not Master Bunter!"

And Inspector Grimes, in a very cheery mood, took his leave. He was very keen to keep that appointment for Bunter with the sandy man!

"You have acted very foolishly, Bunter," said Dr. Locke, when the inspector was gone. "You should be more careful with your dealings with strangers."

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly!" said Bunter. "Ca-a-can I go now, sir? I'm afraid those fellows will have finished the cake—"

"What?" "I—I mean, I—I've got some lines to do, sir."

"You may go, Bunter."

"Oh! Thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Hold on!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I say, sir, my two-pounds-ten! I say, I guess that fat ciam—I—I mean Bunter, sir—I guess he's got to shell out. I mean—"

"In the circumstances, Bunter, you must return Fish the sum he paid you for the tiepin, as it turns out that it was not your property."

"Oh! Certainly, sir!" said Bunter, cheerfully. "I haven't the money at the moment, sir, but I'm expecting a postal order—"

"Very well, you may go!" said the Head.

And Bunter went—and after him went Fisher T. Fish. A bony hand clutched at a fat shoulder in the passage, and Bunter dodged and fled.

There was a patter of feet on the

Remove staircase. The tea-party were finishing the cake when Billy Bunter rushed into Study No. 1.

"I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Keep that beast, Fishy, off!" gasped Bunter. "He makes out that I owe him two-pounds-ten, because it turns out that that diamond pin was pinched—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great pip!"

"Old Grimes says it belongs to a man named Isaacs—"

"Oh, my hat!" roared Harry Whar-ton. "Mr. Isaacs' diamond pin! Then how the thump—"

There was a rush of pursuing feet in the Remove passage. Fisher T. Fish's wildly excited face glared in.

"Is that fat gink here? Bunter—"

Billy Bunter dodged behind the Bouncer.

"Keep him off, Smithy!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You got to cough up two-pounds-ten!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"Your money's safe," said Bunter, behind the grinning Bouncer. "I told you I was expecting a postal order—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme gerrat him!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

But the excited Fishy was not allowed to get at Bunter. He rushed into the study, but a crowd of laughing juniors hurled him out again. The opinion of the Removites was that the profiteer of the Remove had got just about what he deserved. They hurled him forth, and a gasping Fishy limped away dismally, his only consolation being the possibility that Billy Bunter's celebrated postal order might arrive some day! To judge by his looks, Fishy did not derive much consolation from that possibility.

A sandy man who waited for Bunter as the shades of evening fell, by the gates of Greyfriars, never saw Bunter. He saw a portly gentleman, who did not part company with him again. And probably Mr. Sniggerson, as he sat beside Inspector Grimes in the taxi, reflected, too late, that honesty, after all, was the best policy.

Billy Bunter, on the whole, was fairly well satisfied with the outcome of the affair. He had, at least, bagged one tremendous feast. Fisher T. Fish was far from satisfied. Fortunately, Fisher T. Fish did not matter!

THE END.

(Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars meet with further exciting school adventures in: "KIDNAPPED FROM THE AIR!" next week's grand yarn by Frank Richards. Gee, boys, you'll enjoy it ever so much, same as you will the bar of WALTERS' "CREEMY" TOFFEE which will be given FREE with every copy of next Saturday's MAGNET!)

GEORGE GROSE & CO., 8, NEW BRIDGE ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Send for Special Games List, Post Free. "SPUR" BILLIARD TABLES. A Perfect Reproduction of a Full-size Table. Leather-covered Pockets, Rubber Cushions, Adjustable Rubber-covered Feet to ensure a Perfect Level Surface. Complete with Two Cues, Three Turned Balls guaranteed Unbreakable, Mahogany-finished Marking Board, Spirit Level, Rules, and Chalk. Send for Complete List.

Size.	Deposit.	Monthly payments.	Cash.
3 ft. 2 ins. X 1 ft. 8 ins.	5/-	4/-	18/6
3 ft. 8 ins. X 1 ft. 11 ins.	5/-	5/6	25/-
4 ft. 2 ins. X 2 ft. 2 ins.	5/-	7/-	30/-
4 ft. 8 ins. X 2 ft. 5 ins.	10/-	8/-	40/-
5 ft. 2 ins. X 2 ft. 8 ins.	10/-	10/6	48/6
6 ft. 4 ins. X 3 ft. 3 ins.	10/-	16/-	70/-

BE TALLER! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Fee £2 2s. STAMP brings FREE Particulars.—P. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH.

300 STAMPS FOR 6d. (Abroad 1/-), including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—W. A. WHITE, Dept. H, Engine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

118 "KANGAROO" PACKET FREE!!—Contains 9d. Kangaroo Australian, Inuit, Sicavig, Siam, Malaya, Soudan, Spain (Catacombs), complete sheet 100 stamps. Just send 2d., requesting approvals.—LISBURN & TOWNSEND (U.S.), LIVERPOOL.

BE TALL Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send STAMP NOW for free book.—STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

506 STAMPS FREE! CONGO, Malacca, Chill, etc (Abroad 6d. P.O.)—E. EASTICK, 22, Bankside Rd., Bournemouth.

BLUSHING, Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- COMPLETE IN 30 DAYS COURSE

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Send stamp for particulars and testimonials.—MELVIN C. STRONG, Lynwood House, PLASMARL, SWANSEA.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

TOAST-BURNING CHAMPIONSHIP
Fags' Annual Toast-Burning Championship will be decided in the Second Form Room on the third Wednesday of the New Term.
The Wingate Cup, suitably engraved, will be presented to the competitor turning out the blackest piece of toast. Time allowed: 25 sec. each side. For full particulars, apply G. TUBB, c/o "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



BUNTER'S ICE-CHAIN FROST
Safety First
Skating a Failure
After the number of times Bunter has told us about his amazing agility and all-round ability on the ice, it came as rather a shock to us to see him gingerly venturing forth last week, holding a chair in front of him as a support if he started slipping. Bunter generally explained that he hadn't brought the chair for himself, with his usual generosity, he had been thinking of others less skilled than himself who might like to borrow it—meanwhile, he was holding on to it merely to show that it was his!

Eventually, one of the lake attendants came along and told Bunter he would have to pay one shilling extra for bringing a chair on to the ice. We took it for granted for a moment that Bunter would leave it for some stray novice to pay for and go off skating on his own with his oft-described skill and speed. But he didn't even do that. He paid the bob instead!

Strangely enough, Bunter didn't seem at all anxious to get rid of it, though he had several excellent chances while we were watching him. For instance, an old gentleman who thought the chair was being held out for him and sat down in it with a grateful smile at the donor, had a rude awakening when Bunter seized his beard and jerked him away from it!

Then again, a crowd of merry skaters who imagined Bunter was offering it as a dumping place for their overcoats found, to their surprise, that their overcoats were tipped off and trampled on as quickly as Bunter could manage to do it!

One would at least have thought that when he heard an appeal for the loan of the chair from a charming young lady learner, Bunter would have regarded it as a heaven-sent chance to exercise that generosity that had made him bring it out. But he didn't; instead of parting up with the chair, he clung to it more tightly than ever!

THE NEW Greyfriars Herald

EXTRA GOOD EDITION

January 20th, 1934. EDITED BY HAJ WHARTON.

WIBLEY'S WONDERFUL WATCH
Makes Greyfriars Envious, But
Wibley has a simply wonderful watch. It was given him at Christmas by a dotting aunt, and every Greyfriars man who has met Wibley since has had to listen to a long and enthusiastic speech about it. Before we're very far into the term, every Greyfriars man will want to own a watch like Wibley's!

It's not much to look at, mind you. When Wibley showed it to us, it reminded us more of an old sardine-can than anything else. But looks don't count with this particular timekeeper. It happens to be one of those ultra-modern watches that are built for hard wear, and the chief thing that interests the owner is the number of tests that have been applied to it.

The number of tests that have been applied to Wibley's watch will surprise you! To begin with, it was placed in water for twenty-four hours. When taken out again, it was still ticking merrily!

After that, it was thrown into a pot of boiling oil, left there for a week, taken out quickly and then transferred into the middle of a block of ice. When melted out of this position, it was still going strong!

To a man who uses watches only when immersed in boiling oil or frozen into a block of ice, Wibley's watch is just the thing. To a man who is in the habit of hurrying watches out of aeroplanes on to gasometers Wibley's watch will meet his requirements in full.

English doctol no under-stand! Then Bolsover, k'chind study, shoutee, "Me die, no hopce! Yalpooh!"
Wun Lung cheel him up. Wun Lung say, "Never mind poor ol' Bolsy. You take doctol Chinese antidote; many you better, plenty say!"
Wun Lung velly up, qu' "Wun Lung velly up, Newt'at Wun Lung's club ag'at! Now you givee seelot Ch'ni antidote!"
Fefun Lung mixee plenty man plenty ink, plenty soot, plenty mustard, makee it all Chinese antidote."
Bolsover dilnkee plenty much, feel my ill, lun away, never come along, thinksee have tea, get there first. Allee glub gone!

Play good expelience that, wh' you thinkee?
Our spectool and repeated request, P. P. Prout, Esq., M.A. will contribute his expelience. Don't miss this unit's treat, chums!—(Ed.)

Looks Like It!
Atley Angel, of the Upper Fourth, who owed Paul Kenney a pound all last term, has settled the debt. He go' the cash from Peter Lee' in exchange for a col-lectio' of foreign stamps that look' suspiciously like a col-lectio' we saw in a news-agent's shop on sale for two-pence!

Af'wenty there are arm' when even an "Angel" will descend to "robbing Peter to pay Paul!"
LIKE TO LEARN?
"Join Coker's General Kn'ledge Classes! He'll teach you to talk out of the back of your neck in no time!"

Dick Penfold, a keen naturalist, is also an expert tree climber. He son, "windlammers," and would like to serve "before the mast" for the sake of the experience! As a retort to his chum's "high brow" efforts on the violin, James Hobson, of the Shell, has acquired a banjo—and replies with vigorous jazz!

MY WORST AND BEST EXPERIENCE
By Wun Lung
Poor little Chinese, like handsome county, England; but sometime he have many bad expelience, and the worst expelience is when he lose pigtail. Pigtail of Wun Lung, dear handsome leaders of the "Greyfriars Herald," was one velly long pigtail. Wun Lung expelience ever!

Best expelience, dear leaders, is when big bad man Bolsover laide Wun Lung's study for glub. Wun Lung come along, thinksee have tea, get there first. Allee glub gone!

Bolsover laughee; he say: "Me plenty hungrily, eattee Wun Lung's glub, Wun Lung eattee tea in Hall!"
Then Wun Lung laughee. Wun Lung tell Bolsover: "Plenty silly Bolsover; no eattee Wun Lung's glub, but glub for lats, got plenty poison tusido!"
Bolsover no laughee then! Bolsover holdtee tummy, yell: "Lat poison! Me die plenty quick! Sendee doctol, makee better!"
"Doctol no good!" Wun Lung reply. "Wun Lung put seelot Chinese poison in glub; Now Wun Lung cly no expelience!"

Lung's honoured and ancient father, he likee; Wun Lung's honoured and velly ancient glanfater, he likee, too!
Wun Lung's honoured and old-as-the-hills ancestors, they likee much. Wun Lung velly ploud of long, thick pigtail!
Then one time, handsome 'Lonzy Todd makee big mistake. Velly bad man tellee Todd: "You cuttee off pigtail when Wun Lung asleep; Wun Lung likee you plenty much, then!"
Handsome 'Lonzy Todd, plenty big fool, he come along, bring big scissors, choopee off pigtail. Wun Lung wakkee up; Wun Lung findee hand-some pigtail gone; Wun Lung cly plenty much, play to ancestors "Sendee back pigtail!" But honoured and handsome ancestors no sendee! Now Wun Lung cly no expelience!

Bunter makes a habit of travelling first-class on the railway. As he always intends to "stick", some body for the fare at the other end, economy is no object!
Bunter makes a habit of travelling first-class on the railway. As he always intends to "stick", some body for the fare at the other end, economy is no object!

GREAT NEWSPAPER HOAX
Skinner's Stern Condemnation
Greyfriars readers of the "Lon-don Morning Messenger" were rather surprised one day last week to read the following item on its front page:
"We are informed that, follow-ing the resignation of Dr. Locke from the headmastership of Grey-friars School, Dr. I. Smyte-Heverley has been appointed by the Governors to take charge of the school."
The new headmaster, who was educated at Borstal and Dartmoor, is a gentleman of striking appear-ance. Standing about five feet in height, he has a receding, ape-like forehead, beaming brows, heavy, drooping waxed moustache, protruding teeth, red hair, and a hawk-like nose in which he wears a gold ring.
Dr. Smyte-Heverley is well known for his somewhat eccentric style of dress. He is usually seen in public in a kilt, opera-coat, black straw hat held to his hair with hairpins, and a fur muff. In his right eye he occasionally sticks a green eyeglass, which is tied round his neck with knotted shoelaces.
Greyfriars will be proud of its new headmaster!"

Skinner shrugged.
"From what I saw of the system at the 'Morning Messenger' of-fices, it could be done quite easily," he replied. "The hoaxer, I sup-pose, would slip a typewritten manuscript of the article into the pile of stuff waiting to be set up by one of the compositors. It is almost incredible that depravity could go so far as that—but it's the only possible way I can see."
"But wouldn't it be spotted by one of the sub-editors?"
"Oh, I managed that all right—that is to say, the japer could, in passing through the sub-editor's room, neatly transfer the proof to the checked pile going back to the machines without detection!"
"Great pip!" we ejaculated.
"Oh, there's no doubt it could be done quite easily once, any-way," Skinner said, with a shake of his head. "But what interests me about it is not so much the techni-cal details of the method used as the degraded mentality of the hoaxer. What an utter rotter he must have been!"
And Skinner was still shaking his head sadly as he led our tottering reporter to the door!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
Bunter makes a habit of travelling first-class on the railway. As he always intends to "stick", some body for the fare at the other end, economy is no object!

DICKY NUGENT'S WEEKLY WISDOM
They say Wingate is a noing kind of follow, and I quite believe it.
I asked him for a late pass six times last term—and he didn't say "Yes" once!

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND IT?
Parents are impossible people!
After hearing a lecture from his pater on the need for aiming high in life, Kippis took out his air-gun and shot a hole in a window in the attic.
And his pater, far from congratulating him for carrying out his advice so quickly, deduct-ed the cost of a new window-pane from his pocket-money!

HELL SCARCELY NEED IT
Lord Maulverer tells us that his uncle has asked him to keep a diary for 1934, making in it a note of everything he does during the year. We've sent his languid lordship the back of a small envelope to enable him to do it!

TREVORS TONIC TOOTHBRUSH
The sensation of 1934! Stimulates as it scrubs! This amazing toothbrush, invented by Trevor, of the Remove, after years of patient research, gives you back the appetite you've lost through over-indulgence during the Christmas vac. Note the little feather on the end of the brush—just the thing to tickle the palate!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!
As a retort to his chum's "high brow" efforts on the violin, James Hobson, of the Shell, has acquired a banjo—and replies with vigorous jazz!

LOOKS LIKE IT!
Atley Angel, of the Upper Fourth, who owed Paul Kenney a pound all last term, has settled the debt. He go' the cash from Peter Lee' in exchange for a col-lectio' of foreign stamps that look' suspiciously like a col-lectio' we saw in a news-agent's shop on sale for two-pence!

LIKE TO LEARN?
"Join Coker's General Kn'ledge Classes! He'll teach you to talk out of the back of your neck in no time!"

