

HARMSWORTH'S UNIVERSAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. PART 1 JUST OUT!

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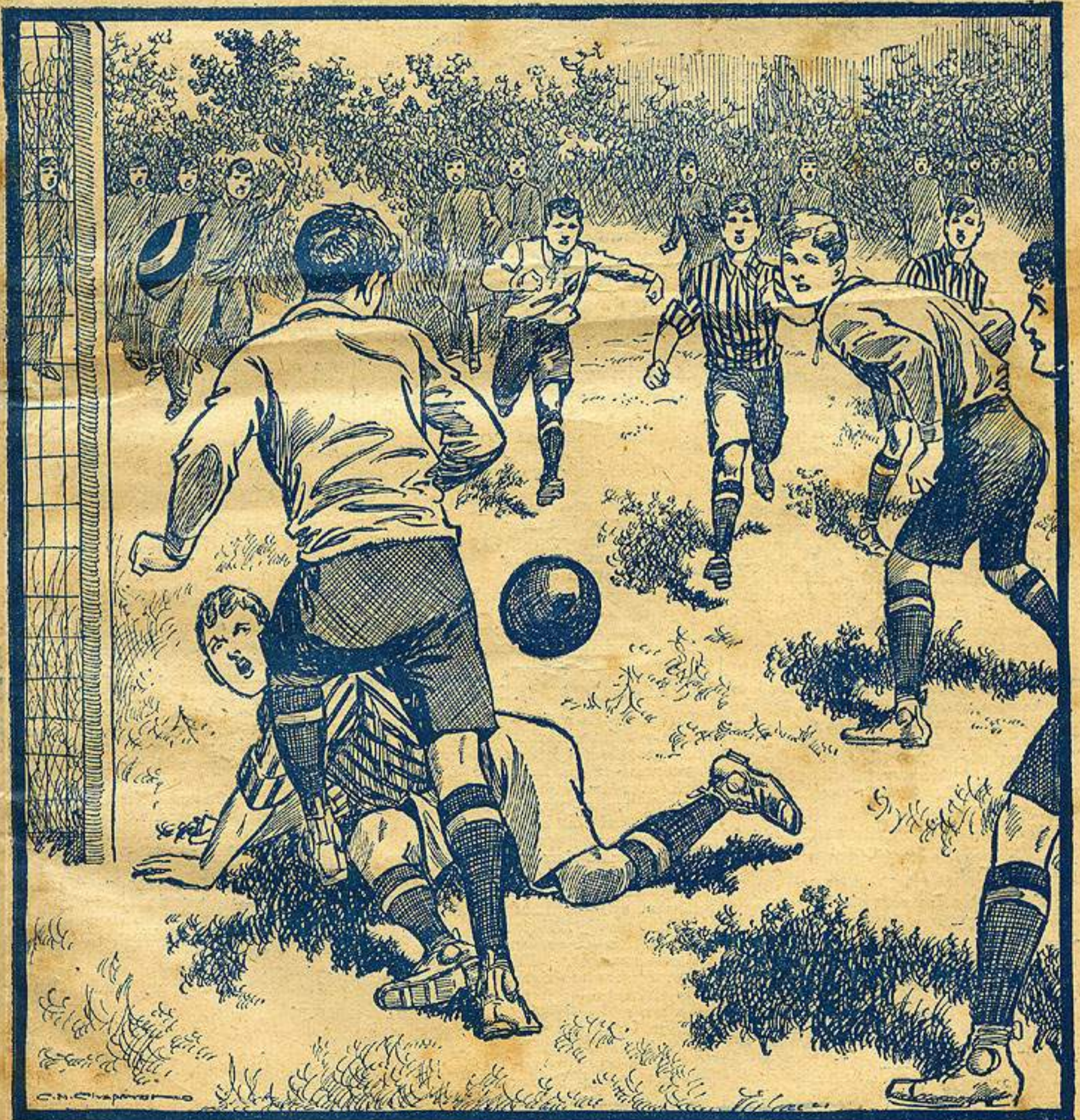
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The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

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20 PAGES.



BULSTRODE SAVES HIS SIDE!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



For Next Monday.

"PHYLLIS HOWELL'S BROTHER!"

In next Monday's issue of the *MAGNET*, Mr. Frank Richards gives us one of his best rollicking stories of Greyfriars. It deals chiefly with a fancy-dress ball given by the girls of Cliff House.

The popular Phyllis Howell figures prominently in the story, together with her brother, Archie, who provides some staggering surprises for Harry Wharton & Co.

PHYLLIS HOWELL'S BROTHER

is a remarkable character in every way, and this story will be read by all my readers with great enjoyment. Be sure that you do not miss it!

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

An amusing little article caught my attention the other day. The writer talked about the boys' stories of his youth and those current to-day. I see he was kind enough to quote some of the yarns which have appeared in my papers, and he was pleased to be facetious on the subject.

This sort of thing always causes amusement. Some dear old crony comes waddling out of the lavender of his memories and finds fault with the new. He does this not because the new is bad. Oh dear, no! Nothing of the kind; but just for the reason that it is new and not like the old-time fiction which delighted him when he was a boy. He mentions some of the big writers of the past, and says there are no masters now.

He is wrong. True, many a modern writer who numbers his readers by the hundred thousand does not see his tales in handsome volumes with gilt edges; but his work is as well done and even better inspired than much of the fiction which delighted present-day seniors when they were young.

I liked the article quite well. It was just what one might expect; but as for the writer—

He's just a dreamer of old days,
And thinks so little of the Now;
Of those whose hands are on the plough,
He gives them blame, but never praise.

In which quaint little eccentricity I shall not follow him.

SHOULD SHE WRITE?

This question came from a girl reader at Dover. Most decidedly she should if she feels she can—but as a side-line rather than a mainstay. It takes a long, long

while for an author to win his or her way to the front. I would never advise any friend of mine who has a certainty—a breadwinning certainty—to sacrifice it for the sake of what some folks are pleased to call the literary life.

There is plenty of tall talk—in a witty sense—about the cheques which litter the study of a promising young writer; but don't credit all that! It is not exactly accurate. But if anyone has a notion that can be worked out freshly and piquantly there is always a chance of winning fame—for what it is worth, which is not much—and money and motor-cars. The subject is endless. I shall return to it one of these days.

AN ENDLESS STRING.

The most endless thing I ever met was contained in the following lines, which caught my eye in an old book the other day:

"THE ENDLESS STRING."

"Now, sir, your coat is off!
And see—
Your right hand pocketed!
So let it be.
While o'er your arm
An endless string,
Some three yards round,
Hangs like a sling.
Take the string off;
But just for fun,
It must be done

Keeping your right hand in its place,
And not a smile must stir your face.
Until you find this puzzle out,
No coat shall wrap your back about."

AUSTRALIAN SCHOOLDAYS.

Can there be a story about Australia, showing what school-life is like in the great continent? This is one of the questions that I carry home in a bag to think over for the week-end. I shall certainly see what can be done in the matter. And this brings me to another consideration.

Australian readers want me to have a chat about London, and I touched on this before. They want to hear about Dr. Johnson, and St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, and Fleet Street. I shall have a go at this matter one of these days, and readers in the Old Country will, I know, forgive me if they find this very page of *Chat* filled to the brim with facts they know already—facts, that is, about modern London, and the Underground where there is not standing room, and the motor-omnibuses which skid playfully into shop-windows, and the fascinating East End with its busy markets and foreign quarters, not forgetting the splendour of the other end of London and the parks, which will soon be showing all the beauty of the spring.

A MISSING SON.

Mrs. Moran, of Green Street, Royston, Herts, asks me to give publicity to the following notice, which I gladly do:

"Tom,—Do come home, or write to me for your clothes. We are quite willing for you to stay if you are employed and happy. Dad does not know why you went away. He thinks you did not like your work. Write or wire as soon as you see this. I am so unhappy.

"Your mother,
"E. M."

A SPECIAL NOTE.

In looking through this number, I want you all to take particular note of the offer of the plate showing the ever-memorable deed of Jack Cornwell. There is very little to be done to secure one of these magnificent pictures, and those who miss the opportunity are sure to regret it afterwards. For the plate is just what every fellow will be glad to see on the wall of his room. The subject it treats is one which will be remembered as long as the British flag flies, and that is quite a considerable while! So roll up, and make sure you get a copy of the famous work!

TUCK HAMPERS.

I have seen any number of letters from readers of the "*Greyfriars Herald*" who have received Tuck Hampers. Some of these communications have been works of art—just like the Tuck Hampers. The writers have put their best pens forward, and written of many things, in order to show the intense appreciation they have felt at the receipt of the consignment of good things. I enjoyed reading these letters. They indicate the literary sense. Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean the literary sense as something which is to be immediately transformed into books, and so forth. A fellow wants to be able to express his thoughts in prose, and to be witty when chance offers, and as likely as not that will be all he requires from the literary art. Of course, everybody talks prose, only some are prosy, and some escape being that way. But I value my Tuck Hamper letters.

Your Editor



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Left in the Lurch!

"HALLO, HALLO, HALLO!
We've been waiting for you, Wharton!"

Bob Cherry, his curly hair straggling in disorder over his forehead, stood on the topmost step of the pavilion, and greeted his chum.

"The Highcliffe fellows are waiting," said Bob. "Behold the Caterpillar defying the world! He's keen to have our blood! Why, great Scott, old man, you haven't changed for the match!"

"I know," said Wharton.

He paused rather awkwardly at the foot of the steps.

"I—I—the fact is, I can't play!"

"What rot! What utter rot!"

"Unfortunately, it's a fact," said the captain of the Remove. "I've just had an urgent message calling me away; and I sha'n't be able to take part in the execution of Highcliffe."

Bob Cherry's face fell. Highcliffe had eleven good men and true in the field, and the absence of so sound a man as Wharton was a serious matter.

Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith came out of the pavilion.

"Here he is!" they exclaimed simultaneously, catching sight of Wharton.

Bob Cherry turned to his schoolfellows with a glance that was almost pathetic.

"The silly duffer says he can't play!" said Bob. "He's mumbling something about an urgent message. To my mind, the only urgent thing on the programme just now is to slaughter Highcliffe!"

"Bad news, p'raps?" said the Bounder, darting a keen glance at Harry Wharton.

"No," said Harry. "It's not that, thank goodness! But it's a thing I can't very well back out of. You fellows will rub along all right without me. If I stayed, I should be haunted all the time by the thought that I ought to have kept the appointment; and I'd be certain to

throw all my chances away. Bob, old man, would you mind acting as skipper for this afternoon?"

"All serene!" said Bob Cherry resignedly. He knew Wharton well enough by now to see that his mind was fully made up. "We shall miss you frightfully, you know!"

"Can't be helped," said Wharton. "It's not possible to be in two places at once, worse luck! Well, so-long!"

And Wharton hurried away, leaving Bob Cherry, Peter Todd, and the Bounder gazing at each other in astonishment.

"What do you make of that?" asked Peter Todd at length.

Bob Cherry's sunny face clouded over.

"I can't understand it," he said. "It isn't like Harry to walk off at the last minute, and leave the side in the lurch. Must be something jolly important that's calling him away."

"There's too much mystery about it for my liking," said Vernon-Smith. "Why couldn't he have said where he was going?"

"I s'pose we shall get an explanation from him later on," said Bob. "Meanwhile, I must bring Micky Desmond into the team as eleventh man, and hope for the best. Micky's a pretty useful man, but he doesn't touch Wharton's form by a long way."

The other members of the Remove Eleven, when they heard the news of Wharton's disappearance, were very upset, and some of them were indignant.

Wharton's actions had often been held by some Removites to be high-handed; and this was a particularly glaring case.

Had it been a less important match, his fellow-players might possibly have overlooked it; but the strong side which Highcliffe had brought over would take a good deal of beating.

"I say!" drawled the languid voice of the Caterpillar. "Has this match been postponed till next season, by any

chance? Let's get to business, dear boys. I'm just about wound up now—never felt so energetic in all my life, begad; but in about half an hour I shall be feelin' like nothin' on earth. Where's Wharton?"

"He's dead in this act," said Bob Cherry. "Not even taking a walking-on part. I don't know where he's gone, or why he's gone, but the fact remains that he has gone."

"Rough luck!" said Frank Courtenay. "It will make a difference."

"It will! All the difference in the world. But it's no use whining. We must put up the best show we can without him."

"Are you going to skipper the side?"

"I s'pose so!"

Bob Cherry spun a coin, and Courtenay guessed—correctly.

The wind was blowing pretty strongly from the east, and after a moment's hesitation, Courtenay decided to play with it in his favour for the first half.

The Remove eleven did not take the field in the best of tempers. Feeling ran high against Harry Wharton, and a good many bitter remarks were made.

Even his closest chums failed to understand Wharton's action. It was a thing that had rarely happened before.

Wharton had admitted that his sudden desertion of the side was not due to bad news. And if that were so, it must be due to pleasure of some sort. And a fellow who puts other pleasures first when he is supposed to be performing the duties of a footer captain is not likely to increase his popularity.

George Wingate, who was acting as referee that afternoon, noted that the junior captain was missing.

"What's happened to Wharton, Cherry?" he asked.

"Oh, he's not playing this afternoon," replied Bob lamely.

Wingate frowned. He guessed that there was something more behind Cherry's words, but he said nothing.

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With a glance round, to see that the teams were in their places, he sounded his whistle, and the game commenced.

The Remove forward-line swept down the field, with Micky Desmond at centre, and the half-back line was reached without a hitch. Vernon-Smith, on the right wing, dribbled the ball neatly round the opposing left-half, and then centred.

It was beautifully placed, and in the ordinary course of events, if Wharton had been playing, would have been trapped and swung out again to the left wing; but, to the dismay of the spectators and players alike, Micky Desmond did not come up to the occasion. He faltered for a second, and that second gave Courtenay at centre-half an opportunity.

"Look out, Micky!"

The warning cry from Bob Cherry came too late.

Courtenay shouldered Desmond off the ball, and brought his left foot into play.

The ball soared aloft, and the Caterpillar, running along the touch-line, with a burst of energy that surprised himself and his schoolfellows, took a first-time shot for goal.

"Played, Highcliffe!"

"Buck up, Remove!"

The spectators witnessed Johnny Bull's attempt to head off the approaching ball, saw him miss it, and the next moment would have seen it in the net. But there was still Bulstrode in goal to be reckoned with.

With his eye on the ball, Bulstrode timed his leap to a nicety, and his outstretched fingers closed on the travelling sphere with a snap.

"Well saved!"

"Played, Bulstrode!"

The Highcliffe forward line rushed the goal-mouth, but Bulstrode, dodging in and out like a wizard, escaped them all. With a lusty kick he sent the ball out to the left wing, and once more the Remove team swept down towards their opponents' citadel.

But the Highcliffe backs proved too much for them, and their rush was stayed.

Most of the play for the remainder of that half was confined to the centre of the field, but the Highcliffe team broke away several times, and Bulstrode in goal had his hands full. But he proved himself everything that a goalkeeper should be.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Eulstrode's Star Turn!

I T wanted two minutes to the interval when Courtenay, with the ball at his feet, headed for the Remove goal.

Bob Cherry ran to intercept him, but Courtenay was in form that afternoon, and he made rings round the burly Remove.

"Stop him, Johnny!" sang out Penfold.

Johnny Bull, with a grim countenance, determined to "stop him," but for once in a way he found himself at fault. Courtenay sent him staggering with a charge.

He could hear the panting breath of Mark Linley, who sprinted over to avert the catastrophe, close behind him, and he increased his speed. There was only the goalkeeper to beat. Courtenay knew that Linley would never reach him in time.

There was a hush from the spectators gathered round the touch-line. Would Bulstrode save the situation, they asked themselves.

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The question was very soon answered.

George Bulstrode watched the oncoming forward like a cat watches a mouse. Then, with a spring that would have done credit to a tiger, he plunged full at Courtenay's feet.

Crash!

The pair of them bumped to the ground, and the ball changed its direction sufficient enough for Mark Linley to clear.

Then the spectators let themselves loose. They had witnessed a magnificent "save," and the British schoolboy is never slow to applaud.

"Bravo!"

"Well played, sir!"

"Good old Bulstrode!"

Frank Courtenay ruefully scrambled to his feet, and Bulstrode, blushing with pleasure, walked back to the net.

Pheep!

George Wingate, watch in hand, blew for half-time. Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Mark Linley grabbed hold of Bulstrode, and clapped him on the back.

"Ow—chuckit, you asses!" grinned Bulstrode, as Bob's hand smote him.

"You're a giddy marvel!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Keep it up, and we'll just scrape home," said Nugent. "The blessed team's fallen to pieces without Wharton."

"I'll do my best," replied Bulstrode, wrenching himself free.

And the Remove eleven fell to refreshing themselves with lemons, and discussing their mode of attack for the next half.

Pheep!

"There goes the whistle, you chaps!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

"Keep the flag flying in goal!" grinned Nugent.

"Right-ho!" answered Bulstrode.

And the next two minutes both elevens were going it hammer and tongs in the centre of the field. But the Remove team could do nothing right. Without Harry Wharton they seemed like sheep without a shepherd, and their bitterness against their absent skipper increased as the minutes flew by.

"Play up, my sons!" grunted Bob Cherry, during a lull in the game.

The Caterpillar grinned at the perspiring Bob.

"I'm not one of the braggin' sort," he said, "but I really think we've got you dished this time! If it wasn't for that chap in goal the score would have been about five—nil!"

Bob Cherry vouchsafed no reply to that.

Vernon-Smith was running along the touch-line with the ball at his feet. He glanced towards the centre of the field, but Micky Desmond was conspicuous by his absence.

"Pass!" yelled someone from the crowd.

But Vernon-Smith swiftly decided to try an individual effort. If he passed there would be no one to receive it—not of his own side.

The backs closed in on him, but he eluded them like an eel, and, steadying himself for a second, took aim.

Smack!

The ball went hard and fast for the corner of the goal with all the beef that Vernon-Smith could muster behind it.

The Highcliffe custodian was just a fraction of a second too late, and it beat him all ends up.

"Goal!"

"Well played, Smithy!"

"Remove—Remove!"

Bob Cherry danced a jig in the ex-

uberance of his spirits, but Wingate called him to order. There was still five or ten minutes of play.

The Highcliffe eleven, with grim faces, lined up, and play was resumed—play that was confined to the Remove's half of the field. Bulstrode was "bombed" with shots from right and left, but he treated them all alike. He was a Foulkes and Steve Bloomer rolled into one. Ground shots, corner shots, high and low, all received the same fate.

Pheep!

"Hurrah! Remove!"

The whistle blew for full time, and the players crowded round Bulstrode.

"Well played!"

"Jolly well played, old man!"

Not for many a long day had George Bulstrode found himself so completely in the limelight. His name was in everybody's mouth. There was a general stampede on the pitch, and the next moment he found himself whirled up in many hands, and borne off in triumph to the pavilion.

Even the Highcliffe fellows, beaten as they were, cheered him.

Bob Cherry and his chums, after praising Bulstrode to the extent they considered he deserved, stood aside. They felt this adulation was going a bit too far. Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Bolsover were making a little tin god of Bulstrode. They could not be lavish enough in their praises.

Few fellows know how to meet disaster when it comes; even fewer know how to meet triumph. They suddenly find themselves famous—the applauded of their peers, and the inevitable happens. Their heads are turned. Thus it came about that, within half-an-hour of the finish of the match, Bulstrode was convinced that there was only one fellow in the Remove of any importance—and that fellow was George Bulstrode.

THE THIRD CHAPTER

Voices of the Past!

F LUSHED with his success, and feeling that it was good to be alive, Bulstrode drew a chair up to the table in his study, with the intention of starting his prep.

But somehow he could not settle down. His thoughts were full of the Highcliffe match in general, and his own display in particular.

Bulstrode knew, in his heart, that his performance had been due to good luck more than anything else. He had struck his best form, and had pulled the Remove out of the rut.

He had made a great impression. There could be no shadow of doubt about that. All the fellows were talking about him. Some of them were comparing him with Wharton, to the latter's disadvantage.

Who was Wharton, anyway? What right had he to walk off and leave the side in the lurch? It was like his cheek, Bulstrode reflected.

And then his mind went back to the good old days—bad old days they had been really, so far as the welfare of the Remove was concerned. But Bulstrode had enjoyed them. He had done pretty much as he liked, and many fellows, taking their cue from him, had played the wild ass without let or hindrance from their skipper.

And then Wharton had come along, and the captaincy of the Remove had changed hands. Bulstrode had fallen from his high estate. He dropped his bullying habits; he settled down and



There was a dreadful clucking noise, a fluttering of feathers, and then Billy Bunter took a complete somersault over the handlebars. "Yaroooop!" he roared, hitting the roadway with a terrific impact. (See Chapter 4.)

became a decent member of society.

But now the thought of what he had been forced to give up haunted him. The applause he had received an hour or two since had unsettled his balance.

He had half made up his mind to try and win back something of his old standing, when the study door opened and Skinner came in.

"Hallo, old chap!" said the cad of the Remove. "Taking things easy?"

Bulstrode nodded.

"Has Wharton come back yet?" he asked.

"No. He'll get a warm reception when he does come in. And serve him jolly well right! I knew he was a pretty high-handed sort of beast, but I didn't think he'd go so far as that. My hat! Suppose the colonel of a battalion calmly walked off just before a scrap with the enemy? The whole thing's unheard of!"

"It was rather thick," agreed Bulstrode.

"Rather thick? Why, the whole giddy Form's up in arms about it! Unless Wharton can give us a jolly good explanation his life won't be worth living!"

Bulstrode looked curiously at Skinner. "You think everybody's fed-up with Wharton?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it!"

"The fellows won't start howling for a new skipper, will they?"

"That's just what I reckon they will

do!" said the crafty Skinner. "And that's where you come in, old man!"

"Me?" said Bulstrode, with a start.

He had expected Skinner to say what he did, and yet he was surprised, somehow, and very agreeably surprised, too.

"Your play this afternoon," Skinner went on, "fairly astonished the natives. Everybody's talking about you; everybody's saying what a shame it is that you have been shoved into a back seat!"

Bulstrode flushed with pleasure. If that was the spirit of the Remove, it was a golden opportunity for him to try to win back his old position.

Skinner saw that he had got home, and grinned.

Apart from his natural love of making mischief, it was very much in Skinner's interests that Harry Wharton should be deprived of the captaincy. Wharton had always been a thorn in the side of the cads of the Remove. Bulstrode, on the other hand, would be a very easy-going skipper.

Bulstrode's eyes gleamed. He caught Skinner by the shoulders.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "If Wharton gets fairly in the soup over this bizney, and I make a fight for the captaincy, can I rely on you to back me up?"

"All the time, old sport! And not only me, but Bolsover and Snoop and Stott, and at least half a dozen others. We're keen on having you to rule the roost once more. Don't be backward

in coming forward! You've got three-parts of the Form behind you; and I shouldn't be surprised if Wharton's pals rally round, too. They must be sick and tired of him, after what's happened this afternoon."

"Good enough!" said Bulstrode. "I'm going all out. But it—it's a tough job, you know."

"Rats! It's as easy as falling off a form. You've only got to make another big hit, and keep yourself well in the limelight, and you'll arrive, as Fishy would say. You'll work the fellows up to such a pitch that they'll clamour for an election. And then you'll romp home, my son; simply make rings round our absent friend!"

"That's a go, then!" said Bulstrode. "I'll take it on right away!"

Yet even as he spoke he had an uncomfortable feeling that he had been led away too much by Skinner's eloquence, and also that it was hardly playing the game to take advantage of Wharton's passing unpopularity by challenging his position.

And then the past leapt again into Bulstrode's mind, giving the final impetus to his resolve.

Yes, he would strike while the iron was hot! He would fight to get back to his old footing!

After all, Wharton had had a long innings. It was time somebody else took

a hand—somebody who could be trusted not to run away at a critical moment.

Skinner thumped Bulstrode on the back, and walked out of the study chuckling. He had sown the seeds of trouble in the Remove, and he was satisfied. But Bulstrode would not have been best pleased had he heard Skinner's summing-up of him.

"What a blithering, soft-headed idiot!" said Skinner. "I twisted him round my little finger, and he swallowed everything I said to him! And that's the cheerful sort of specimen that's going to skipper the Remove! My hat! They ought to mark it 'Fragile, with care!' I must tell the other fellows about this, and if it doesn't tickle 'em to know how easily I fooled that silly duffer, then I'm a Dutchman!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER!

Not a Ladies' Man.

"WHAT'S in the wind, I wonder?"

William George Bunter, of the Remove, was following out the only form of employment at which he showed any marked ability—that of minding other people's business.

The fat junior watched Harry Wharton wheel his machine out of the bicycle-shed and depart in a great hurry out of gates.

"My hat!" muttered Bunter. "He's missing the Highcliffe match!"

The Owl of the Remove knew that Wharton would never miss a footer-match unless there were some very powerful counter-attraction. And, this being the case, he meant to find out what the powerful counter-attraction was on this occasion.

"I shall have to buck up!" muttered Bunter.

There was certainly no time to be lost if he wished to keep Harry Wharton in view. The captain of the Remove was already scorching at top-speed down the road.

Bunter cast hungry eyes around him for a bike.

With a grunt of satisfaction he noted that there was one standing against the door of the shed. In a twinkling the fat junior had mounted it.

Whose bike it was Bunter didn't know, and he cared less. Beyond the fact that one of the handle-grips was

missing, it was a very serviceable machine, and responded gamely to Billy Bunter's furious pedalling.

Wharton had gone in the direction of Friardale, and Bunter headed that way, too. He was cycling blindly, with no thought save to keep his quarry in sight, and in his mad career he bowled over Gosling, the porter, who was approaching along the road, and sent him sprawling.

Gosling struggled to his feet, breathing threatenings and slaughter.

"My heye! The young warmint! Ridin' in a manner wot's a danger to the public! I'll report 'im! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

But Billy Bunter was out of earshot. He was disappearing down the first steep hill, and he scorned to use the brakes, with disastrous results to a number of chickens at the bottom.

There was a dreadful clucking noise, a fluttering of feathers, and then Billy Bunter took a complete somersault over the handlebars.

"Yaroooop!"

Bunter hit the roadway with a terrific impact, and when he finally managed to struggle into a sitting posture he found that he had lost his cap and his spectacles.

The fowl which had been responsible for the catastrophe was nursing itself in the hedge.

"Ow! I'm punctured!" groaned Billy Bunter.

So was the bike. But Bunter determined to continue his quest, even though it meant riding on the rims.

Harry Wharton was still visible several hundred yards ahead. The next moment Billy Bunter was speeding after him like a whirlwind.

"It's Cliff House he's going to!" muttered the fat junior. "I'd stake any money on it."

Bunter was right. Harry Wharton disappeared through the gateway of Cliff House, blissfully unaware of the fact that the Owl was in hot pursuit.

Bunter left his borrowed bicycle in the hedge, and walked stealthily up the path.

He could hardly dare to enter the building, since he had no excuse to offer for his presence; so he lay low in the shrubbery outside the class-room window and waited.

For some time nothing happened. Then the murrain of voices came to

Bunter's ear, and, rising to his feet, he peered through the open window of the class-room.

Phyllis Howell was at one of the desks, unfolding a large drawing, and Harry Wharton had seated himself beside her. They were talking very earnestly, but Bunter failed to hear what was said.

"Wonder what the little game is?" he muttered.

And then he bobbed down in a hurry, for Wharton had happened to glance in his direction.

Bunter's vigil outside the window soon began to grow monotonous.

He could gain no inkling of what was going on inside the class-room; nor did he venture to take another peep through the window until he heard the rattle of crockery.

Marjorie Hazeldene had come into the room with a laden tray.

"Tea for three," Bunter heard her say. "How's the work progressing, Harry?"

And then, before Wharton could reply, Billy Bunter betrayed his presence by a loud sneeze.

"Atishoo!"

The captain of the Remove sprang to the window.

"My only hat!" he exclaimed. "Bunter!"

Billy Bunter's countenance turned a sickly yellow.

"Gug-gug-good-afternoon, Wharton, old chap!" he said, with a feeble attempt at affability.

"You spying fat toad! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I guess I've as much right to come over here as you—more, in fact! The girls are always glad to see an old pal. I—I say, that's an awfully ripping cake! I'm sure Phyllis wouldn't mind if you cut me a few slices. I've had nothing to eat since—since dinner-time. Hi! Whatter doing!"

Wharton was clambering out of the window. Billy Bunter backed away in alarm.

"You—you're not going to start playing the giddy ox in front of the girls?" stammered Bunter, aghast.

Wharton was through the window almost before Billy Bunter could finish speaking, and the fat junior promptly fled. In his wild agitation he ran blindly, and cannoned against one of the stone pillars of the gateway.

"Ow! My napper!" groaned Bunter. "It's busted, I believe!"

"Well, that's all right," said Wharton, pulling up short in his pursuit. "You've got the consolation of knowing that it's impossible for any brains to fall out!"

"Yow! Beast! Traitor! Why ain't you playing footer?" hooted Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The musical laughter of the Cliff House girls floated out on the crisp air. Even Bunter, thick-skinned though he was, hadn't the heart to face them after his undignified retreat.

Bunter tenderly rubbed his head, upon which a pronounced bump was forming, and, recovering the bicycle from the hedge, rode away, bitterly conscious of the fact that his trip to Cliff House had ended in failure.

But it was not a complete failure. There was one tit-bit of information which Bunter was in a position to give to the Remove, and it was bound to cause a big stir.

The captain of the Remove footer eleven had deserted an important match to be pampered and petted by the girls

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Bulstrode looked hard at one of the rocks which jutted above the surface about two hundred yards from the shore. He distinctly detected the fluttering of a white handkerchief, and realised help was needed. (See Chapter 6.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Strained Relations!

BILLY BUNTER rolled along the Remove passage, and paused outside the door of Study No. 1.

He applied his ear to the key-hole for a moment, and then walked boldly in.

Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh were playing chess at the table. Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull were doing nothing in particular.

Like Bulstrode, Wharton's chums had found it impossible to concentrate on their prep that evening. They were waiting for their leader's return. They wanted him to explain the why and wherefore of his absence. Until that explanation was given, a cloud would hang over the study.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Billy Bunter stood blinking on the threshold. "There's no grab going begging, and this isn't a money-lending establishment. Ergo"—Bob's store of Latin was rather limited, and he hugged the word tight—"ergo, you can sheer off!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I was going to tell you fellows something that would interest you—something about Wharton."

Johnny Bull, who was in the act of hurling a cushion at the fat junior, dropped it suddenly, and started up.

"Eh? What's that about Wharton?"

"I happen to know where he went to this afternoon," said Bunter.

"You happen to know a good many things that don't concern you, you spying porpoise!" growled Nugent.

"Of course," said Bunter, backing away, "I'd much sooner keep the information to myself. If you weren't such an ill-mannered beast, Nugent, I might have told you. As it is—"

Bob Cherry sprang forward, and gripped the Owl of the Remove by the collar as if he were about to hold up a huge, fat rabbit for inspection.

"Out with it—sharp!" he exclaimed. "What rotten cock-and-bull yarn have you invented about Wharton?"

"Ow! Leggo, Cherry, you rotter! It isn't a cock-and-bull yarn. I happened to be passing Cliff House on my bike—"

"Your bike!" howled Johnny Bull. "You haven't got one!"

"Ahem! Well, it—it was one I borrowed—a beastly old boneshaker, with one of the handle-grips missing."

"You—you—" spluttered Johnny Bull. "That bike was mine! D'you mean to say you've had the confounded cheek to bone my bike?"

"Oh crumbs! I—I—"

"Order, please!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll leave the slaughter till afterwards. When you happened to be passing Cliff House on Johnny Bull's bike, you worm, what did you happen to see?"

"Yow! D-d-don't shake me so, Bob Cherry! You'll knock my gug-gug-glasses off, and then you'll have to p-p-pay for them! I saw Wharton going

in at the gates of Cliff House. He—he went over there to have tea with the girls. He didn't care a fig for the match. Girls first, footer afterwards!"

"You horrible, fat toad!" said Bob Cherry, in disgust. "You make me feel ill!"

"Ow, ow, ow! Wharrer shaking me like that for, you beast?"

"Oh, scalp him!" growled Johnny Bull. "Bury him—flay him alive—any old thing, so long as he's out of the way!"

There was a general movement towards Billy Bunter. Hurree Singh, who had contributed no word to the conversation, but whose dark eyes were flashing with resentment at the insinuation made against Harry Wharton, seized the fat junior's wrist in a grip of iron.

Frank Nugent took possession of the other wrist; Bob Cherry retained his grip on Bunter's collar, and Johnny Bull brought up the rear. Then the Owl of the Remove was marched out into the passage, and sent reeling against the opposite wall. He collapsed with a shriek of wild anguish.

It was at that moment that Harry Wharton came along.

The captain of the Remove glanced inquiringly at his chums.

"How did the game go?" he asked.

"We won—thanks to Bulstrode," said Nugent.

"Good! So sorry I couldn't give you a hand!"

Without glancing at the squirming Bunter, Wharton passed on into the study, and threw himself into the arm-chair. He was looking tired and used-up.

"We've just given Bunter the order of the boot," said Bob Cherry. "He had the rotten cheek to come to us with a yarn that you'd gone over to Cliff House to tea."

Wharton laughed. "Is that so? Well, Bunter was right for once."

"What!" Wharton's chums gaped at him open-mouthed.

"You mean to say that it was true?" gasped Nugent.

"Yes." There was a painful silence in the study.

"Is that all?" said Johnny Bull at length. "You let the footer take care of itself, and just buzzed over to Cliff House to enjoy yourself?"

"I had an urgent message from one of the girls," said Harry. "I couldn't very well disappoint her."

"You might have waited until after the match."

"I didn't choose to. Look here. What's the use of making a storm in a teacup about it? You fellows know that I wouldn't miss a match except for a rattling good reason. I was sent for in a hurry by one of the Cliff House girls—and I went. I needn't give you further details. That's good enough, isn't it?"

"Well—yes," said Bob Cherry. All the same, Study No. 1 lacked its usual cheery atmosphere that evening.

The other fellows felt that Wharton had kept something back. He had not told them that which they, as his closest chums, had a right to know.

Harry Wharton seemed to consider the subject closed. He did not refer to it again.

But he little guessed, as he settled down to his prep, that his absence from the school that afternoon had done much to undermine his position, and that the cads of the Remove were already at their dirty work.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

By Luck and Pluck!

HAVING made up his mind that he was going to attain supremacy in the Remove, Bulstrode cudgelled his brains for the best means of carrying out the campaign.

For this purpose he took a solitary stroll along the seashore after lessons next day.

It was a heavy afternoon, and at any moment a storm might be expected to burst. An ominous rumble sounded in the distance. It might have been thunder. But Bulstrode was too deep in thought to worry about that.

"I mustn't let the grass grow under my feet," he said to himself. "The fellows are keen on me just now. They seem to have gone crazy over my show yesterday; but it won't last. In a week's time, the giddy applause will have died down; in a fortnight that merry goalkeeping exhibition will be clean forgotten. I must follow it up with something else."

There was another match due to take place shortly against Redclyffe. But Bulstrode wanted to do something stirring before that.

No, it was no use relying on the Redclyffe match. He must try and make good in other directions. And he had

the chance of his lifetime now, for Harry Wharton's popularity had never been at such a low ebb. His immediate circle of chums still stood by him, and that was about all. The rest of the fellows were inclined to credit Bunter's version of the affair, namely, that Wharton had gone over to Cliff House with the sole object of having tea there, and leaving the footer to take its chance without him. On the whole, it was an ideal time for Bulstrode to thrust himself forward.

Heavy drops of rain began to descend. Bulstrode looked at the lowering sky, and suddenly realised that he was caught in a storm which threatened to be of more than ordinary violence.

The tide was just starting to come in, and the waves were seething and choppy, breaking on the beach in a fierce foam.

Looking out to sea, Bulstrode first became aware that something was wrong.

of twenty minutes the rock would be totally submerged.

He set his teeth and waved encouragement to the fellow who was signalling with the handkerchief. Then he glanced up and down the foreshore in the hope of sighting a boatman.

But not a soul was to be seen. Bulstrode realised, with a sudden quickening of the heart, that it was up to him—and him alone—to save the situation.

To put forth on such a sea seemed sheer madness. Yet it had to be done. There was no time to go to Pegg and get the lifeboat manned. But there was a rowing-boat moored a few yards from where he stood.

As he sprang into the boat, Bulstrode shivered a little in spite of himself.

One boat had already come to grief in the storm. What if a similar fate should befall this one?

But Bulstrode knew that if he stopped to weigh matters in the balance like this his courage would fail him. So, without giving himself the opportunity for further thought, he pulled vigorously at the oars, rowing as hard as he could towards the rock.

A faint cheer came to his ears, mingled with the roar and splash of the wind and waves.

The fellows on the rock had seen him coming!

It was grim and exhausting work, but Bulstrode stuck doggedly to his guns.

Looking over his shoulder as he drew closer to the rock, he was able to discern the white faces of Dicky Nugent, Gatty, and Myers.

Bulstrode was about to hail them; then he thought it would be wiser to save his breath.

The rock was nearly submerged now. By the time Bulstrode drew level with it Dicky Nugent was actually in the water. He clutched at the stern of the boat, and Gatty and Myers clambered in. Then they hauled Dicky in after them.

It was a critical moment. The storm had risen to such a pitch that the boat was a mere plaything in its grip. It seemed to the panting and perspiring Bulstrode that it must inevitably capsize soon.

"Hand over the oars, Bulstrode!" shouted Gatty. "You're done up! You can't possibly—"

The rest of the fag's sentence was drowned in the roar of the storm.

Bulstrode would not give in. With a strength which surprised even himself, he pulled on the oars, and the three fags almost forgot their fear in their admiration for the fellow who had rescued them.

The next few moments were like a nightmare. Giant waves caught the little craft in their stride, dashing it into the next ridge of waves like an eggshell.

Once Myers fairly screamed in terror. His nerves were in rags.

But Bulstrode kept on. His pluck was indomitable.

The boat was swamped, and its human freight drenched to the skin.

Bulstrode braced himself for the final effort. The shore was very near now. It was only a matter of sticking it out.

And then, after what seemed an age, the boat grated upon the shifting sand, and the four Greyfriars fellows scrambled out.

Dicky Nugent drew a long, long breath of relief.

"Saved!" he panted. "I—I say, Bulstrode, old man, we—we sha'n't forget this in a hurry!"

But Bulstrode heard not and heeded not. The gruelling rescue work had taken a heavy toll of his energies, and he reeled and fell in utter exhaustion.

No. 45.—LAWRENCE LASCELLES.



Mathematical master; fine amateur boxer, and a good fellow. Was persecuted by some of the juniors because he did not join up early in the war; turned out that he had an invalid sister to maintain. Joined up when Dr. Locke took charge of the sister, and won distinction in France.

"My hat!" he exclaimed, pulling up short. "Surely—"

He looked hard at one of the rocks which jutted above the surface about two hundred yards from the shore. It looked to him as if the rock had three human forms clinging to it.

"Dash it all, I'm dreaming!" muttered Bulstrode. "It can't possibly be anybody. And yet— By Jove! I swear I saw something move!"

The next instant his fears were confirmed. He distinctly detected the fluttering of a white handkerchief.

In a twinkling it dawned upon Bulstrode what had happened.

Three fellows—probably fags—had been out in a rowing-boat, and the storm had overtaken them.

Either the boat had capsized or she had run foul of the rock, and the crew had taken refuge there.

Three lives were in danger—in grave danger; for the tide was coming in apace, and the storm was increasing in fury.

Bulstrode calculated that in a matter

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

None but the Brave Deserve the Fair!

BULSTRODE lay still for a long while. He had taxed his strength to the uttermost. Very few fellows in the Remove—and the Removites were a hardy set—could have done what he had done.

Dicky Nugent and Gatty and Myers worked untiringly to bring him round, and after a time they were successful.

Bulstrode looked up with a faint grin. "Jove, my head's splitting!" he said. "Still, we're all serene now—what?"

"Yes, rather!" said Dicky Nugent. "I say, you're too groggy to walk!"

"Rats!"

The rescuer struggled to his feet and tottered for a few yards, then reeled unsteadily.

"Told you so," said Dicky cheerfully. "If you people will insist on doing these sort of things, and rowing till your arms are almost out of their sockets, you must expect to feel groggy."

"We'll give you a hand as far as Pegg," said Patty. "We all want a change of togs and something hot to drink."

The three fags assisted Bulstrode along the shore-path.

Now that the danger was over, Dicky Nugent and his chums were their old selves again. They had almost forgotten that terrible period of tension on the rock and the heartbreaking journey to the shore. But they took care not to forget that, but for Bulstrode, they would all have been food for fishes.

The Removite was still very pale and shaken; but the kindly attentions he received in one of the fishermen's cottages soon bucked him up again.

The little party sat wrapped in blankets by a roaring fire whilst their clothes dried; and dusk was descending when they set out for Greyfriars.

Great anxiety had been felt concerning the fate of the three fags.

It was known that they had intended going out in a rowing-boat, and everyone knew that the trio were not, to say the least of it, very careful.

Wingate of the Sixth was the first to encounter them and their rescuer.

The captain of Greyfriars gave an exclamation of relief.

"Thank goodness it's all right!" he said. "We've been no end worried about you. Silly young asses to take risks in a storm like this!"

"We did run into a bit of risk," said Dicky. "Old Bulstrode knew Greyfriars couldn't get along without us, so he came after us in a rowing-boat, and got us out of a nasty mess!"

"Bulstrode saved your lives?"

"Well, that's what we call it," replied Gatty.

"And jolly nearly lost his own in doing it!" said Dicky Nugent.

Wingate held out his hand to the Remove junior. He said nothing. It was one of those rare moments when mere speech is unnecessary.

But later on, when the Remove got to know about Bulstrode's heroism, there were scenes of wild enthusiasm.

Skinner & Co. in particular made much of Bulstrode. They thumped his back, they wrung his hands, they called him a jolly good fellow and a real white man. And they added, with still greater vehemence, that he thoroughly deserved to skipper the Remove after that.

Of course, Bulstrode ought to have taken this storm of applause quietly and cleared off to his study, letting it die down. But human vanity is a curious thing, and George Bulstrode had his share of it.

He had set out that afternoon to devise ways and means of winning the captaincy, hoping that something would turn up which would give him a chance to distinguish himself. His wish had been fulfilled and he was fully aware now that he was the most-talked-of fellow in the Remove.

Wharton's popularity was on the wane. He had failed to satisfy his schoolfellows as to why he had deserted the cloven at a critical moment; and even some of his staunchest supporters outside his own immediate circle—fellows like Dick Penfold and Rake and Ogilvy—were beginning to lose faith in him.

Bulstrode's ambition seemed already within his grasp.

He would strike while the iron was hot. He would tackle Wharton on some pretext or other, and challenge him to fight. Then, when the captain of the Remove bit the dust, and Bulstrode stood over him, flushed and triumphant, the spoils would be won.

well planned indeed, old chap. How much did you pay those fags for sitting out on the rock till you went and fetched 'em?"

Bulstrode was frankly taken aback. He felt for the moment like hitting Skinner. Then he remembered that the cad of the Remove was an ally which he could ill afford to lose.

"So you think it was a put-up job, Skinney?" he said, at length. "Well, it wasn't! It was jolly stiff work while it lasted, I can tell you. Still, I admit I was lucky to have the chance of bringing off a coup like this."

"And what's the next move in the merry game?"

"I'm challenging Wharton to fight." "Topping!" said Skinner. "I should leave it till after the Redclyffe match if I were you."

"Perhaps I will," said Bulstrode. "And when you're skipper, we shall go back to the good old days—what?"

"I sha'n't promise," said Bulstrode. But his eyes were sparkling all the same. And next morning, fully an hour before rising-bell, he was in the gym, hammering with fast and furious blows at a harmless punching-ball.

No. 46.—MICHAEL DESMOND.



Real Irish. Full of fun and mirth. No duffer at anything. Shares Study No. 6 in the Remove with Morgan, Wibley, and Rake, and gets on well with them all. Has always been a great chum of Morgan, Wibley and Rake having joined them more recently.

When he came to think it over, however, Bulstrode realised that to lick Harry Wharton was a long way from being an easy matter. Other fellows had tried and failed. For Harry Wharton was like whipcord and steel, and had no end of pluck.

"Still, I can but try," muttered Bulstrode. "The luck's been with me so far, and I don't see why it should suddenly come to a full stop. And when I've knocked spots off Wharton I shall have done the needful. Skipper of the Remove once again. My hat! Won't it be simply great—"

"Penny for 'em!" said Skinner, breaking in upon Bulstrode's thoughts. Bulstrode grinned.

"I'm feeling particularly chirpy just now," he said. "Everything's going without a hitch."

Skinner nodded. "That was an awfully cute dodge of yours this afternoon," he said.

"What d'you mean?"

"Why, that life-saving stunt! Very

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Last Straw!

STUDY No. 1 still lay under a cloud. There were no violent upheavals, no scraps, and no fierce quarrels; but there was something worse than all of these—an ominous, chilling silence.

And all this arose from the mysterious behaviour of Harry Wharton.

The captain of the Remove seemed to have lost interest in the doings of his Form.

In the evenings Wharton would disappear on his bicycle, saying nothing to his chums.

The rest of the Famous Five were very patient about it all, but there came a time when their patience gave out.

"Look here, old man," said Bob Cherry, intercepting the captain of the Remove, as the latter was pushing his machine down to the gates. "Why are you deserting us in our old age? All the fellows are talking about it."

"Let 'em talk!" said Wharton shortly.

"That's all very well. But you're king of the castle, and it's up to you not to go wandering off when you're wanted. The footer match the other day—"

"Still harping on that Highcliffe affair, Bob?" said Wharton. "Cut it short, for goodness' sake! That's past history now. And the Remove won, so what the merry dickens is there to grouse about?"

Bob Cherry shuffled uneasily. "You—you're not in trouble of any sort?" he asked.

"Great Scott, no!"

"There's nobody in the village pestering you, or anything of that sort?"

"Not likely!"

"Then why do you buzz off every day like this?"

"I go over to Cliff House."

"Is that all?"

Wharton nodded. "Then I think," said Bob Cherry, flushing, "that you should give Cliff House a miss for a bit, and do a bit more for Greyfriars."

"Thanks!"

Wharton threw back his head with that air of defiance which exasperated at times even his best chums.

"I sha'n't consult anybody else about

my movements. I'm playing quite square, and you're a silly ass, Bob, for thinking otherwise!"

And with that, Harry Wharton mounted his machine and rode away, leaving Bob Cherry standing in the old gateway with tightened lips, and the usual sunny smile missing from his countenance.

Matters were nearing a crisis in the Remove; and the crisis came on the day of the Redclyffe match.

It was an away match; and when the Remove team assembled before walking down to the station there was no sign of Harry Wharton.

No one had dreamed that the captain of the Remove would play truant on this occasion. Everybody had expected him to put up a good show, to make amends for his former absence.

There was only one available train to Redclyffe; and Wharton wasn't on it!

The players were bitterly annoyed. "What do you make of it, Smithy?" asked Peter Todd.

"Well," said Toddy, "in my opinion, Wharton's playing it rather low down. We must show him that this sort of thing can't go on."

"Anyone know where he's gone?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Cliff House," said Bob Cherry. "It's a sort of home away from home with him just now."

There was a long silence in the railway-carriage.

Cliff House was certainly a very attractive place, and contained some very attractive people; but that was no reason why a fellow should deliberately cut an important match.

The Remove fared badly that afternoon. True, Bulstrode did his best, but he was not up to the form he had displayed in the match with Highcliffe. The result was that Redclyffe won by a margin of two goals.

Ten baffled and furious footballers trooped up to Greyfriars in the gathering dusk.

Several groups of Removites hung about in the Close, eager for news. They got it—and it wasn't given very politely, either.

The storm, which had been growing in fury, burst when Harry Wharton came in.

"You've let the side down again!" said Bolsover major, with brutal directness. "The sooner we get a new skipper the better, in my opinion!"

Bolsover major's opinion was not an isolated one. The crowd were fed up with Wharton. A good many of his intimate chums were holding aloof from him at this crisis.

Harry Wharton faced the threatening crowd with perfect composure, though there were storm-signals on his brow. It was evident that he wasn't going to take the situation lying down.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" demanded Peter Todd.

"I've been over to Cliff House."

"We all know that. You'd better arrange to have your letters addressed there, and all that sort of thing, and only come here now and again, just to see that Greyfriars is still standing!" retorted Peter bitterly. "What we want to know is, why did you go over to Cliff House when you knew you were wanted at Redclyffe?"

"Why I went to Cliff House doesn't concern any of you," said Wharton. "Matter of fact, I didn't intend going over at all, but I got an urgent message just before the match, and—"

"These urgent messages always seem

to arrive at jolly inconvenient times!" sneered Skinner.

Wharton advanced a pace, with his fists clenched, and Skinner promptly sought shelter behind Bulstrode.

Bulstrode thought it time to put in his oar.

"I reckon a chap who goes running after girls when he ought to be keeping his end up on the footer-field," he said, with painful directness, "is a rotten, low-down cad!"

Smack!

Wharton's right hander took Bulstrode squarely between the eyes, and he went down in a heap.

Bulstrode had asked for it. But Wharton's action had not been like him. He might have smacked Bulstrode's face. He might have said: "Put your hands up!" But it was going too far to strike a knock-down blow.

An ominous hush fell upon the watching crowd; then Bulstrode picked himself up, smiling grimly.

"After that," he said, "there's nothing for it but to fight!"

"And if Bulstrode wins he bags the captaincy!" threw in Skinner.

Wharton put his hands in his pockets.

"I don't choose to fight!" he said contemptuously. "Bulstrode insulted me, and I knocked him down. That ends it!"

"Ends it!" hooted Bulstrode. "Why, my hat, I'll wipe up the ground with you! I'll—"

But Harry Wharton, to the blank astonishment of all, turned on his heel and walked away.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Wingate Chips In!

THE Remove could not settle down to their normal routine, after what had happened.

They had plenty of excuse for running riot. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back; and in refusing to fight Bulstrode Harry Wharton had applied the last straw.

Bob Cherry, loyal always to Wharton when trouble arose, made a last desperate attempt to bring his chum to reason.

"You'll have to fight Bulstrode!" he said, when he was alone with his leader in Study No. 1.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall have to do nothing I don't choose to do!" he said.

"But why won't you fight him?"

"He's not worth it. When I want to take part in a beastly hole-and-corner scrap I'll let you know!"

"But don't you see what he's driving at? He's out to win the captaincy."

"Hope it keeps fine for him, that's all!"

Wharton seemed inscrutable as a sphinx. He was in one of his most unyielding moods. Bob Cherry clearly saw that if they continued to talk on these lines they would quarrel.

A rupture in the Remove was bad enough; an open rupture among the Famous Five would be infinitely worse. Bob decided that, for the moment at any rate, it would be wiser to let Wharton have his way.

"Have you brought him round?" asked Frank Nugent, when Bob came out into the Close.

Bob shook his head.

"Ho's not to be argued with. Stub-

born as an old mule! And he's not going to fight Bulstrode."

"I say! That's too bad! Fellows will start calling him a funk—"

"Not the fellows who really count," said Bob. "They know he's not that. But I admit the situation's pretty rotten. He's cut two footer-matches for the sake of going over to Cliff House."

"That place seems to have fairly fascinated him," said Nugent. "You—you don't think he goes over there because—"

"He's spoony on one of the girls?" laughed Bob. "No; we know Wharton better than that. He likes Marjorie and Clara, and Phyllis Howell and the Tasmanian girl, and he's awfully good pals with all four; but there's nothing beyond that. At least—no, there's nothing, though, of course, Marjorie comes first with him!"

"Then why—"

"That's where you've got me beaten," said Bob. "I can't for the life of me understand why he should go over there day after day. But he told me, honour bright, that he went over for a jolly good reason, and I believe him. He's doing somebody a good turn, I expect, and his silly old modesty won't let him say what it is."

"All the same, I hope he pulls himself together now," said Nugent. "Bulstrode's stealing a march on him. And there'll be the very dickens to pay if Bulstrode ever becomes skipper. He's not a bad chap, in his way; but he's no good as a leader. The whole Form will go to pieces! I—"

Nugent paused.

The sound of tramping feet came to the ears of the two juniors. They turned in surprise, to see a mighty procession, headed by all the black sheep of the Remove, marching through the Close.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's all this?"

The foremost members of the procession carried banners; and the inscriptions they bore spoke for themselves.

DOWN WITH FUNKS AND
TRAITORS!

WE'RE FED-UP WITH
WHARTON!

THREE CHEERS FOR
BULSTRODE!

LET'S HAVE A SKIPPER WE
CAN TRUST!

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent stood amazed as the procession swung past.

"Tack yourselves on at the rear if you're backing up Bulstrode!" sang out Bolsover major.

"You—you cheeky ass!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Is this Fred Karno's army?"

"We're going to make Wharton accept Bulstrode's challenge!" shouted Bolsover.

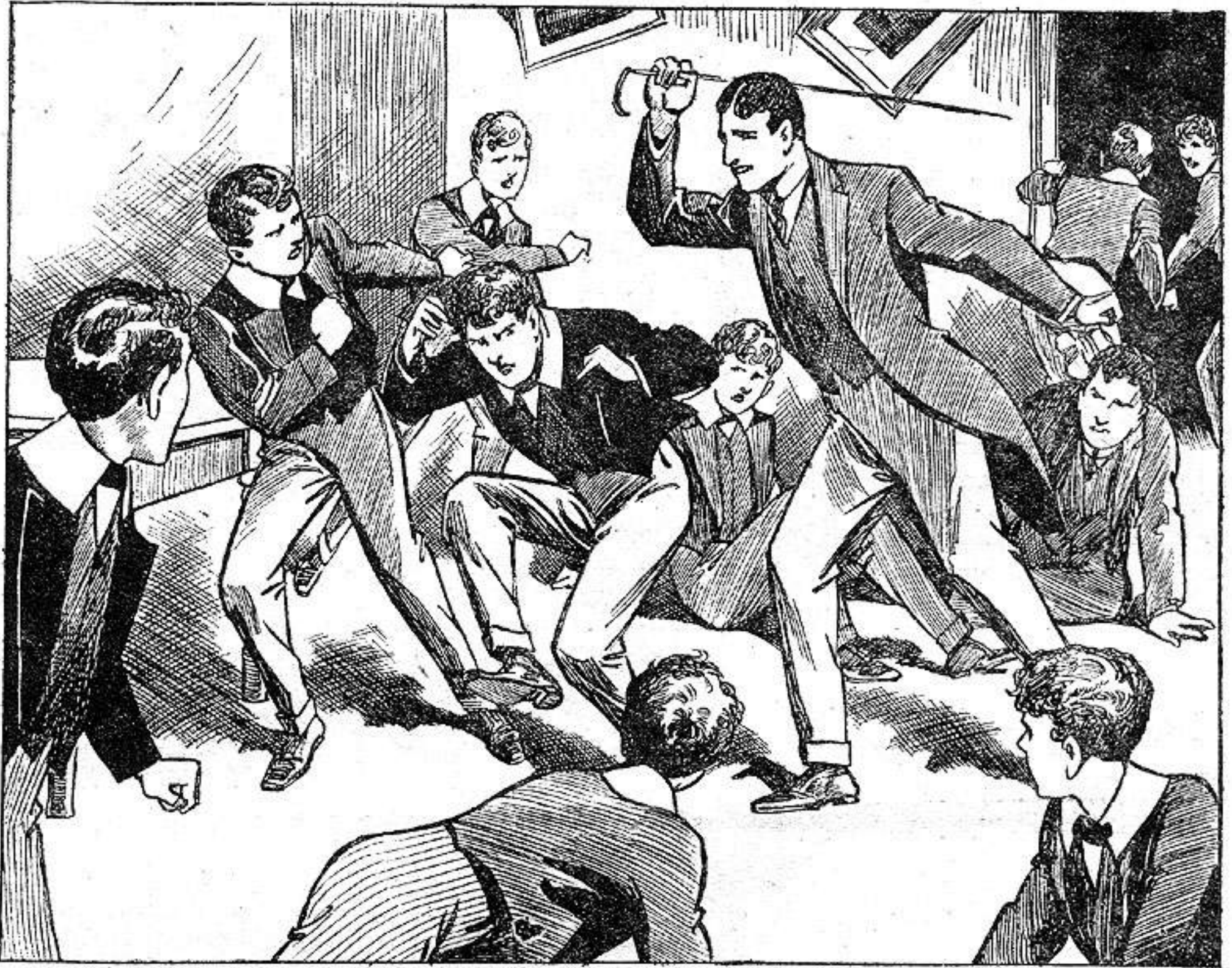
Bob Cherry turned to his chum.

"This is where we come in!" he said. "These champion idiots will be wrecking the study, and playing all sorts of silly games. We must hop round and defend the garrison."

There was wisdom in Bob Cherry's words.

Barely had the two juniors dashed into Study No. 1, and locked the door in order to hold a council of war, when the bombardment began.

"They're out for scalps!" said Bob Cherry. "They mean to have somebody's blood—yours, Harry, for preference. Johnny and Inky are here. Good! We



Into the wild scene of strife and disorder stepped Wingate of the Sixth, cutting at the combatants with his cane. "Stop this!" roared the captain of Greyfriars. "Have you all gone potty?" (See Chapter 9.)

shall be able to make some sort of a stand!"

"What are they making all this silly fuss about?" asked Wharton, rising to his feet.

"They want you to fight Bulstrode."

Wharton's jaw set squarely. He stood with his back to the wall and waited.

Thump, thump!

The crowd in the passage were clamouring for admittance.

"Wharton!"

"Come out, you cad!"

"Come and face your man!"

"Bulstrode's ready to knock spots off you!"

Harry Wharton returned no reply.

"They seem to have got their silly backs up," muttered Johnny Bull. "Hark at 'em! Storming and raving like a madhouse let loose!"

The attacking party began to batter the door with pokers. No door could have withstood such treatment. In a matter of moments it was simply swept off its hinges.

And then the fun began.

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, had slipped into the background; but Bolsover major and Ogilvy and half a dozen others were well to the fore, and, swarming into the study, they hit out left and right.

The Famous Five lined up shoulder to shoulder, and resisted fiercely. Wharton, in particular, dispelled any impression that he might be a funk. One of his

blows took Bolsover major between the eyes, and the burly Removite bit the carpet.

The fight was furious. Joy of battle gripped the juniors, and made them blind. Attackers and attacked hit out with all the vigour at their command; and the bad blood which had been accumulating in the Remove for days past gave itself full vent.

Fortune swayed from one side to the other. Now the Famous Five would seem to have the upper hand; now the attacking party would appear to be carrying all before them.

The study furniture suffered a good deal, and confusion reigned supreme.

Into this wild scene of strife and disorder stepped Wingate of the Sixth, cutting at the combatants with his cane.

"Stop it!" roared the captain of Greyfriars. "Have you all gone potty?"

For a time Wingate's voice was drowned in the uproar. But at length, after wreaking great execution with his cane, he managed to compel order.

"Now," said Wingate, breathing hard, "I want to know what this is all about! Wharton—"

"Better ask the others!" panted Wharton, with a flourish of his hand. "They seem to be bursting with grievances."

Bolsover major picked himself up gingerly. He had been badly damaged by Wharton's crashing fist.

"We demand fair play!" he said. "And the only way to get it is to make Bulstrode skipper of the Remove."

"What's wrong with Wharton?" asked Wingate.

"Everything!" snarled Bolsover. "He doesn't care a tuppenny rap about the Form these days. He's cut two matches, and he's knocked Bulstrode down, and then refused to fight it out. We're fed up with Wharton!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Right up to the hilt!" said Sidney James Snoop, from a safe distance.

Wingate frowned.

"I don't see how hooliganism of this sort is going to mend matters," he said. "If you want a fresh skipper, can't you get the thing done decently and in order? You can't force a fellow to fight if he doesn't choose to. Look here, Wharton, I mean to get this business settled once and for all. Is it your intention to resign from your position?"

"It certainly is not!" said Wharton hotly.

His collar and tie were streaming loose, and his hands still tightly clenched.

"Then we must arrange an election," said Wingate. "It's the only way. Tomorrow night, in the Common-room, the Form will decide the question. Meanwhile, this brawling has got to stop. If there's any more rowdyism, I shall place the matter in the hands of Mr. Quelch."

And with that Wingate strode away, leaving the combatants to sort themselves out, and to retire to their studies to discuss the forthcoming election.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Result!

"NOW that the strife is o'er, and the battle won—at least, it would have been won if old Wingate hadn't barged in—we'll have tea," said Bob Cherry. "By Jove! That was a pretty fierce scrap while it lasted!"

"I've got some charming souvenirs of it, too!" groaned Nugent. "Look at my face!"

"It's no worse than usual," said Bob cheerfully. "Shove the kettle on, Inky, while I have a dash at tidying up the study!"

Harry Wharton adjusted his collar and tie, and began to brush himself down.

"How do I look?" he asked.

"All nohow!" said Johnny Bull. "Your right eye's going to be black by bed-time."

"That's rotten! I've got to go out."

"Eh?"

Johnny Bull, who was in the act of laying the table, nearly let the teapot slip from his grasp.

"I'm going over to Cliff House," said Wharton.

"My hat!"

That Wharton should want to visit Cliff House at a time like this, when the captaincy of the Remove swayed in the balance, was astounding.

"You'll have tea first?" interposed Bob Cherry, who saw that Johnny Bull was about to say something more emphatic than polite.

"No, thanks! I must cut along now. I'm due there already. Collar-stud's wounded and missing, but that can't be helped."

At the door Harry Wharton paused.

"I take it you fellows are backing me up over this latest affair?" he said.

"All along the line!" said Nugent.

"Good! See you later."

When Wharton had gone, there was a long silence in Study No. 1. Tea was not a very cheerful meal.

Wharton's chums marvelled at their own patience with him. He was certainly behaving in a most exasperating manner.

On the very eve of the election, when he ought to be making a fight to retain his position, he calmly walked off!

There was great rejoicing in the enemy's camp that evening. They felt that the end was near—that within twenty-four hours the captaincy would be in the hands of Bulstrode, and Wharton would be out of the picture.

The Remove had split up into three distinct groups. First came the band of fellows who had resolved to remain loyal to Wharton at all hazards; secondly, there were Bulstrode's supporters, whose numbers were already considerable; and lastly, there were a dozen fellows who had decided not to register a vote at all. They were not eager for Wharton to remain captain; neither were they anxious that Bulstrode should fill the position.

When the day of the election dawned, the odds seemed heavily in favour of Bulstrode. Wharton's followers realised very clearly what they were up against.

When afternoon classes were over on election-day Harry Wharton again cycled over to Cliff House. He returned about an hour before the election was due to take place, and Vernon-Smith came in shortly afterwards, wearing a curious smile.

"Been taking the air?" asked Peter Todd, when the Bounder came in.

"Yes. I've been on a short amateur detective stunt. Tell you all about it

later. Meanwhile, I'm putting up as a candidate for this comic election."

"You!" gasped Peter.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, it's queer, that's all. And it's jolly sudden, Smithy!"

The Bounder grinned.

"I shall stand as good a chance as anybody," he said confidently. "Lots of fellows who aren't exactly keen on either Wharton or Bulstrode will give me their vote. You, for instance!"

"Mum-mum-me!" stuttered Peter.

"Yes. Instead of remaining neutral, as you intended, you can register a vote for yours truly. Twig? And now I must go and do a bit of canvassing for myself. I haven't very much time."

The Bounder made excellent use of the time he had. He urged his claims with great eloquence, and plenty of fellows rallied round him. Vernon-Smith had grown to be very popular, and he could be pleasant and persuasive on occasion, too.

No. 47.—PERCIVAL SPENCER PAGET.



Tubb's right-hand man. In strong contrast to his chum, who is shock-headed, he is a little dandy, but manly and plucky enough for all that. Supports Tubb through thick and thin, and is a great believer in him. They are together in everything—a real good pair.

To Bulstrode, the Bounder's sudden entry into the arena was quite exasperating.

"Why can't you keep off the grass?" he demanded, meeting the new candidate in the passage just before the election.

"Because I don't choose to!" was the Bounder's calm reply. "I've as much claim to the captaincy as anybody. I've fought for it times enough, goodness knows."

"But you're splitting the vote and spoiling my chances—"

"I can't afford to consider sentiment," said the Bounder.

"But, Smithy, it won't do! It isn't good enough! What do you want to barge in like this for?"

"Sorry to upset your cherished dreams," said the Bounder quietly; "but it's got to be done."

And he passed on into the Common-room.

Wingate and Faulkner were already there, and in due course the Removites poured in.

The excitement was intense.

Nobody could be quite certain as to what the result would be. Fellows like Bunter, for instance, who went about saying they were going to vote for a certain candidate, were just as likely, when the climax came, to vote for somebody else.

When some degree of order had been obtained, Wingate stepped down from the desk and distributed the little slips of paper.

Within five minutes they were all back in his hands again. The Removites had not taken long to make up their minds.

Bulstrode, seated with Skinner & Co. in the front row, looked almost murderous.

"The Bounder's cooked my goose for me, coming in at the last minute like this!" he growled.

"I'm not so sure," said Skinner. "I should think you'd just scrape home."

Wingate and Faulkner counted the votes, and then ran through them again. It was evidently going to be a close thing.

Finally, Wingate spoke. And it wasn't necessary for him to call the Form to order this time. There was a breathless hush in the Common-room.

"Forty fellows voted," said Wingate. "Thirteen for Wharton, thirteen for Bulstrode, and fourteen for Vernon-Smith. Vernon-Smith is therefore captain of the Remove, unless he chooses to nominate somebody else, which he is quite at liberty to do."

"And which I had reckoned on doing," said the Bounder, rising to his feet, with a smile. "Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, I feel awfully proud to find myself at the top of the list; but I don't think I can accept the job myself, though it's jolly tempting. I therefore have great pleasure in nominating Harry Wharton to continue in office as captain of the Remove."

"What?"

"Smithy, old man, you're rotting!"

"You can't mean it!"

"Cry off, you silly duffer!"

But the Bounder stood his ground.

"I do mean it," he said, with quiet emphasis. "I was never more serious in my life!"

"We won't have Wharton at any price!" roared Bolsover major.

"Afraid there's no option, dear boy. My decision is final, I understand, Wingate?"

"Absolutely!" assented the captain of Greyfriars. "If you wish Wharton to continue to be skipper there's an end of it. It might be otherwise if you had nominated someone else; but in this case I don't see how we can do other than cast in the votes polled for you with Wharton's, which puts him well on top. It's a very queer move on your part; but it's not for me to chip in. Wharton, then, is to remain Form captain, and those who don't like it can do the other thing. But there's to be an end to all this scrapping and squabbling. If I hear any more of it I shall come down heavy. That's all!"

And Wingate marched out of the Common-room with Faulkner, leaving the Remove humming like a hive of bees, and wondering whether it was the new moon or the excitement of the election which had deprived Vernon-Smith of his senses.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Explains!

"BEATEN!" muttered Bulstrode. "And all through the Bounder's confounded interference!"

If only Vernon-Smith had stood aside Bulstrode would have won. There could be no question about that.

Several fellows who had been going to vote for him had changed their minds when the Bounder came on the scene.

It was a moment of bitter mortification for Bulstrode.

He turned to Skinner & Co. for the sympathy which he felt certain would be forthcoming from that quarter.

The cads of the Remove, however, had no further use for Bulstrode. They were but fair-weather pals at best. Now that their dreams of a slack time were dispersed, they promptly gave Bulstrode the cold shoulder.

The magnificent exhibition in goal and the gallant rescue of the three fags from a watery grave counted for nothing now. And Bulstrode began to ask himself whether he would not have been wiser to fling away ambition at the outset.

His feelings towards the Bounder were anything but amiable.

He wouldn't have minded so much if Vernon-Smith had collared the captaincy for himself. But to hand it back tamely to Wharton!

Surely the Bounder must be stark, staring mad!

Other people thought so, too. In fact, the moment the door closed behind Wingate and Faulkner, the Remove turned upon the Bounder as one man for his explanation.

"What d'you mean by it, fathead?"

"Explain yourself, you burbling champ, or we'll jolly well bump you!"

"You wouldn't dare," smiled the Bounder. "You heard what old Wingate said."

"Blow old Wingate!"

The attitude of the crowd was decidedly hostile. The Bounder wasn't funky; but he saw that unless he spoke out now he would not get a chance to explain.

He leapt upon a form.

"Order, please!" he rapped out. "You'll all think I did a dashed silly trick just now. You thought I was trying to be funny. Well, I wasn't. I'd mapped it all out beforehand, and I feel jolly pleased with myself."

"You won't be in a few minutes!" growled somebody.

"Rats! Look here! We've all done Wharton a rotten injustice. I've been on the war-path this afternoon, and I've discovered something which will be of general interest."

The Bounder paused. He had compelled the attention of his audience, and knew that they would hear him out to the end.

"Wharton has deserted us on several occasions," he went on. "You remember how he sloped off at the time of the Highcliffe match, and then again when we played Redclyffe. We couldn't understand it. We called him a traitor and a cad. Events have proved that he's neither."

Harry Wharton came forward.

"I'd prefer that you shouldn't fight my battles, Smithy," he said quietly. "It's jolly good of you not to take advantage of the result of the election, and all that; but I'd rather you didn't say any more."

"I dare say you would. That modesty of yours will let you down badly one of these days. It's not going to let you down now. Why didn't you tell the fellows why you were going to Cliff House every day? They'd have understood."

"They ought to have understood without my telling them. They might have known I wouldn't leave the side in the lurch without a jolly good reason."

"Oh, rats! They're not thought-readers. Anyway, I'm going to tell 'em now!"

The Bounder faced the impatient crowd.

"Most of you know," he said, "that Miss Phyllis Howell, at Cliff House, lost a brother early in the war—at Neuve Chapelle, I believe it was. He was a first-rate sportsman and a real good fellow—"

"That's ancient history," said Skinner. "Don't try and do the sentimental bizney, Smithy! Howell's not the only young officer who's fallen; and, anyway, it's got nothing to do with Wharton!"

"Shame!"

"Shut up, you rotten cad!"

Skinner backed away uneasily. He saw that the Bounder held all the cards, and that interruption of this sort was unwelcome.

"Carry on, Smithy!" urged several voices.

"Before Lieutenant Howell was killed," said the Bounder quietly, "he was at work on a big design for a new

No. 48.—GEORGE TUBB.



Leader of the fag tribe at Greyfriars. Quite a good sort; fond of fun, though inclined to grouse and growl at times. Has led many expeditions for the Third. Skippers a football team which he declares can beat the Remove at any time. On the one or two opportunities it has had, however, the defeat has been crushing and complete.

type of aeroplane. It was jolly hot stuff, by all accounts, and he'd practically finished it when the call came for him to go on active service. Just before he went to France he handed the design to Phyllis, and told her to keep it until the Patent Office sent for it. Well, just over a week ago they did send; but they wanted the thing in duplicate. It was a jolly big design, and very intricate; and Phyllis Howell couldn't tackle the job of making a copy on her own. So she sent for Wharton—"

"By Jove! I'm beginning to see daylight now!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"She sent for Wharton," repeated the Bounder, "and he went over to Cliff House every day, and didn't rest until the job was done. It meant cutting a footer-match or two, and getting into bad odour with the rest of the fellows; but Wharton stuck it out. The design had to be in the hands of the Patent Office by to-morrow, and he couldn't afford to slack. So he just piled in, and let the Form take care of itself for the

time being. And I reckon it was jolly decent of Wharton to put in so much time and trouble over it, when he knew he was risking his job as skipper. Of course, where the silly duffer went wrong was by not telling us at the start what the little game was. We thought he was going to Cliff House for pleasure—"

"It was pleasure," said Wharton, smiling. "I've never enjoyed a job so much in my life. But—but how did you find all this out, Smithy?"

"I tracked you this afternoon," said the Bounder calmly. "Those little jaunts of yours to Cliff House were beginning to get on my nerves. I knew there must be something behind it all, so I kept you under close observation. Rather low-down of me, I know, but I'm glad I did it. It's cleared up a vast lot of misunderstanding. On my way back from Cliff House this afternoon I had a brain-wave. I decided to put up for the captaincy, and then, if I won, hand it over to you. Next time you start doing this sort of thing don't hide your light under a bushel! Tell your uncles all about it at the beginning, and then we shall know where we stand."

Wharton put out his hand.

"Thank you, Smithy!" he said.

"You're a brick!" Some of the other fellows, satisfied with the Bounder's explanation, thought it was high time they apologised to Harry Wharton for their treatment of him during the past few days.

They came forward in a rather shame-faced group—the rest of the Famous Five, Peter Todd, Dick Rake, and several more.

Wharton waved them back.

"It's all serene!" he said. "You were silly asses to have suspected me of playing fast and loose, but no matter. It's all dead and buried now, so far as I'm concerned. I've finished copying the invention, and I shall turn out to-morrow when we play the Fifth!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Wharton!"

The majority of the Removites were convinced now that they had misjudged their skipper. And they were content for him to continue in office.

Bulstrode would have made a captain of sorts; the Bounder would have gone one better, but Harry Wharton was worth the two put together.

That was the general feeling, and for the first time in many days a state of perfect harmony prevailed that evening in Study No. 1.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Tempted, But True!

BULSTRODE of the Remove spent a very unpleasant hour in the solitude of his study.

The election was over, and so were his chances of winning the position he had angled after.

Where were his rosy dreams now—the castles in the air that he had built? Shattered, every one of them.

He had listened to the poisonous flattery of outsiders like Skinner, and had done his best to regain the position which had been dead to him so long.

And he had failed. Harry Wharton still held the reins, and would probably hold them tighter than ever.

And then a fight began in Bulstrode's breast.

What was the use of going straight? Where was the sense in rescuing people and all that sort of thing? He got praise for it, certainly, but the praise soon died away, leaving him what he was before—a nobody.

Would it not be better to have a jolly good fling—to play the blackguard, and not care a hang what happened? He would get no fame that way, but he would, at least, get notoriety. And that was better than leading an obscure life in the backwaters of the Remove.

The temptation was strong upon Bulstrode.

Supposing he played the gay dog like the Bounder had done in the days when he lived up to his nickname? Cigarettes and cards, and all that sort of thing. It was worth thinking about, he held.

And perhaps he might gain so much influence in this way that he might, in time, be able to have another smack at the captaincy. That, too, was worth thinking about.

There was still a strain of defiance and rebellion in Bulstrode's nature. He felt that he had been born to lead—not to be led. Why should he have to fall behind Wharton and his set? Why not launch out on his own and be independent of them all—free? Yes; that was it! Free!

Bulstrode paced up and down in his study with clenched hands and burning eyes.

It was his testing-time. He had to choose between right and wrong—between the easy way and the dull and often cheerless way, and for the moment the voice of the tempter was very powerful.

But presently there came other voices, as it seemed.

"Why don't you go through your school life with a straight bat?" said one of them. "I know you'll get awfully fed-up sometimes, and fellows like Skinner will sneer at you and call you Good Little Georgie and all that, but it's best in the long run; it's best, old sport!"

"Are you going to undo all the good work of several terms?" said another of the voices. "You've dropped your old bullying habits—you've put up a good game, and you've won the respect of all the fellows who matter. For goodness' sake don't go and make a prize ass of yourself by being a blade now!"

"Besides, that sort of thing's awfully feeble, and cowardly into the bargain!" said another voice. "Pull yourself together, man! Wharton's still captain of the Remove, but that's as it should be! He's the right man in the right place! You, as captain, would be a standing joke. You think you're an ideal leader, but you're not. Go and learn how to become one!"

The voices he had heard were not real, of course. They were his own conscience speaking to him. And he knew that he must heed!

There came a tap on the door of the study. Harry Wharton walked in.

"Are you turning out for the Remove against the Fifth to-morrow?" asked Harry.

Bulstrode hesitated.

He had already half decided to drop footer, and to become a slacker as well as a blade. So he simply scowled at the floor.

Harry Wharton came over and laid a hand on Bulstrode's shoulder.

"I think I know what's wrong," he said kindly. "You're feeling sore about the captaincy! You've done big things lately, and you hoped you could step into my shoes. Then the Bounder came in at the death, and spoilt your chances. That's so, isn't it?"

"Well, a fellow would feel a bit sore about that!" growled Bulstrode.

"Show them all that you can take defeat smiling!" urged Harry. "Show

them that it's not going to make any difference in the future. The Remove can't afford to let a fellow like you go to the dogs! Besides, you're not that sort!"

Bulstrode was silent.

"Don't think I'm trying to preach to you," Wharton went on. "I'm not. But I do hope you're not going to let this turn out a victory for Skinner & Co.!"

Bulstrode grinned. He felt more sure of himself now.

"I believe you're right," he said. "I've tried my hand at being a blade and a goer before, and it's not a bit worth while. Did you say we were playing the Fifth to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, and we want you," said Wharton. "Skinner was telling everybody just now that you're going to chuck games and being decent, and all that sort of thing!"

"The thing I shall chuck," said Bulstrode grimly, "is the society of Skinner!"

"Good man! And you'll turn out against the Fifth?"

"Like a shot!" said Bulstrode.



And, now that the wave of temptation had passed, he felt happier than he had done for weeks.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

All's Well!

"Of course," said Coker of the Fifth, "it'll be a clean walk-over!"

"Of course!" echoed Potter and Greone.

"The state of affairs in the Remove," Coker went on, "is simply chronic! They've been so potty over that tin-pot election of theirs that they've let the footer rip. They're shockingly out of practice, and we shall simply make rings round 'em!"

From which it will be seen that the Fifth viewed the approaching match with all possible confidence. They considered that they could lick the Remove, even when the latter were on top of their form, by a good margin. And with the Remove apparently right out of practice—well, they would simply make hay of the cheeky fags, who had been presumptuous enough to challenge them!

Unfortunately for the Fifth, however, a very different tale had to be told when the match took place.

Blundell's men got going in a rambling sort of way, and their attempt at combination was a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

Horace Coker distinguished himself—and also extinguished the hopes of his side—by putting the ball twice through his own goal.

"Good old Coker!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Try marbles in the future!"

"Brrr!" Half-time saw the score four—nil, and Blundell had quite a few things to say to his team as they adjourned to the pavilion. Exactly how they were going to make hay of the Remove with the score of four—nil was not quite clear to him.

Blundell poured forth the vials of his wrath on Coker's head.

"You dangerous lunatic!" he roared. "You've mucked up the match! You—you—"

Words failed the captain of the Fifth. Coker glared.

"I don't see what you've got to grouse about!"

"What, after you've put two shots in your own goal!" looted Hilton.

"Oh, that's all right," granted Coker. "Must give the kids a chance, you know!"

"If we don't beat them," began Blundell darkly, "there'll be a dead Coker lying around after the match!"

Snort!

"I tell you—"

What Coker was about to tell was never heard. The whistle blew, and the two teams lined up once more.

The second half was a repetition of the first. Coker was all over the field, and generally managed to be in the way when Blundell tried a shot for goal.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton was laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. Coker as a footballer was decidedly funny, and Harry's sense of humour was tickled.

Hilton was running towards the Remove goal with the ball at his feet and a determined expression on his face. Bob Cherry was about to charge him off and take possession when Coker loomed up.

"Get away, you silly ass!" roared Blundell.

But Coker heard and heeded not. With a roar like a bull, he swept down upon Hilton, and that worthy descended to mother earth with a bump that shook every bone in his body.

"Ow-yow-grough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sorry, old chap!" murmured Coker. "I—Ow-yowp!"

Hilton had scrambled to his feet, and his temper found vent on Coker's prominent nose. It was Coker's turn to meet mother earth, and in his descent he struck a convenient puddle which liberally spattered him with mud.

"You idiot—you howling ass!" bellowed Hilton.

"Why, I'll—" spluttered Coker.

"Peace, my infants," said Harry Wharton, trying to restrain his laughter. "Let's get on with the game."

And the Fifth got on with the game.

Harry Wharton was responsible for two more goals, bringing the total of six. A very creditable performance for a comic footer-match, as Frank Nugent remarked.

Pheep! The whistle sounded for full-time, and play was dropped. Horace Coker took no notice of the whistle, but dashed for the ball, and with a lumbering trot ran it up to the Remove goal-mouth, the custodian of which had departed. Coker

did not notice that fact, and, taking careful aim, kicked the ball into the net. Then it dawned upon him that the game had ceased, and he looked round inquiringly.

"Hallo, where have they all gone?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go and play hopscotch!" remarked Bob Cherry. "The game finished two minutes ago!"

"And we licked you six—nil!" grinned Mark Linley.

"Oh, it's as well to give you fags some encouragement now and again, you know," said Coker.

"And it's as well," spluttered Blundell, "for you to go and suffocate yourself!"

"Eh?"

"Buzz off! Don't stand there like a gibbering ape! I can't trust my temper."

Coker gasped.

"Well, there's gratitude for you!" he exclaimed. "After I'd done my best to save the side, too! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself!"

Biff!

Blundell's patience gave out at last. His fist found a billet in Coker's chest, and the great Horace staggered.

Headless of the open warfare in the Fifth, the Remove Eleven made merry in the pavilion. Many of them had not even kicked the ball, but they didn't mind. It had been a sheer delight to watch Coker's exhibition.

"It was better than a pantomime!" said Bob Cherry. "I wouldn't have missed it for a heap!"

Wharton laughed light-heartedly. Once again he stood high in the esteem

of his schoolfellows, with the possible exception of Skinner & Co. But they didn't count.

"We'll have an extra-special tea on the strength of this, by Jove!" said Peter Todd. "We've been saving our rations in No. 7, and even Bunter hasn't discovered where we've stored the grub. There's enough to feed a small army. Come on!"

And Peter Todd, in his exuberance of spirits, waltzed Wharton down the pavilion steps.

"Look out, you duffer!" panted Harry.

"Here's Phyllis!"

The Cliff House girl advanced with a bright smile.

"You're just in time for the festivities, Phyllis," said Bob Cherry, raising his cap. "We've just beaten the Fifth to a frazzle. At least, Wharton has!"

"Splendid!" said Phyllis.

She turned to Harry Wharton.

"I—I say, it was awfully thoughtless of me. I might have known. I've been robbing you of your footer for the last week or more. I was so eager to get that design copied that everything else went clean out of my head. Did it mean that you missed any matches?"

"Only two," laughed Wharton.

Phyllis opened her eyes and knitted her brows.

"I'm ever so sorry!" she said. "Of course you explained to the others why you couldn't play?"

"That's just what he didn't!" said Vernon-Smith. "And it jolly near cost him the captaincy. However," added the Bounder reassuringly, "it all came

out right at the finish, so there's no harm done."

Phyllis Howell swung round upon the captain of the Remove.

"Why didn't you tell them?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Well, it was nothing to make a song about," said Wharton.

"I think it was splendid of you to help! I could never have tackled a big job like that on my own. And to think that it nearly lost you your position!"

"Oh, don't, please!" said Wharton appealingly. "It's all serene now, so what matters?"

Five minutes later a very merry party sat down to tea in Study No. 7. That celebrated apartment was packed to overflowing, and even Billy Bunter was allowed to share in the revels. The Owl of the Remove declared that this was only fitting, since he had backed Wharton up through thick and thin, and had been the only fellow to stand by him through the crisis—a statement which Phyllis Howell solemnly pretended to believe.

Harry Wharton and Bulstrode shared the honours of the evening. Those two had been thrown into opposition again, as had so often happened in former days; but Bulstrode registered a mental vow that evening that it should not happen again if he could help it.

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled "Phyllis Howell's Brother." Order your copy EARLY!)



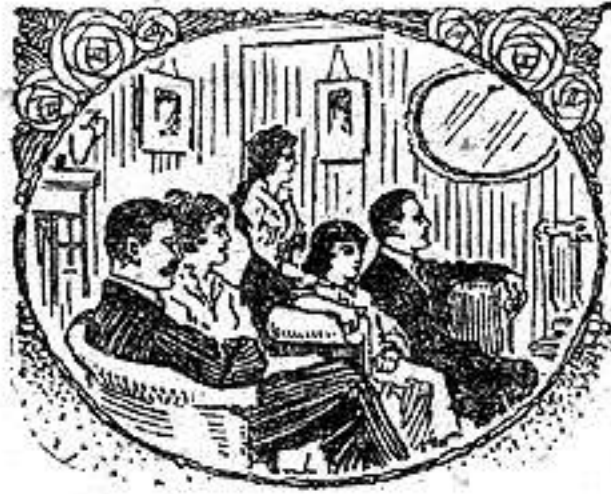
This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate with engraving is 7½ inches by 10 inches. The title of the picture is "Boy, 1st Class, JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C. The Battle of Jutland, May 31st—June 1st, 1916. From the Picture by F. O. Salisbury, painted for the Admiralty on board H.M.S. Chester." The closing date of this offer will be published in this paper in a week or so. No application will be accepted after that date.

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WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL ART PLATE :: :: ::

We reproduce here a small line drawing of a magnificent coloured plate which every reader of THE MAGNET has an equal chance of securing. All you have to do is to secure the names and addresses of SIX of your friends who are non-readers of THE MAGNET. When you have done this, write them down on a postcard and post them to the Editor of THE MAGNET, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. All postcards should be marked "Free Plate" in the top left-hand corner. Names and addresses of regular or occasional readers must on no account be sent, otherwise your application for a Plate may be rejected. Before sending in your list, make sure that the names are of non-readers.

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SAFE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.



AMUSING TRICKS WITH SIMPLE APPARATUS.

THE TRICOLOUR GLASS.

Most of us, if not all, know that if wine is carefully poured on water it floats on the surface, but not everyone knows how to place the wine at the bottom of the glass with the water above it, and this without mixing the two liquids. For this experiment make use

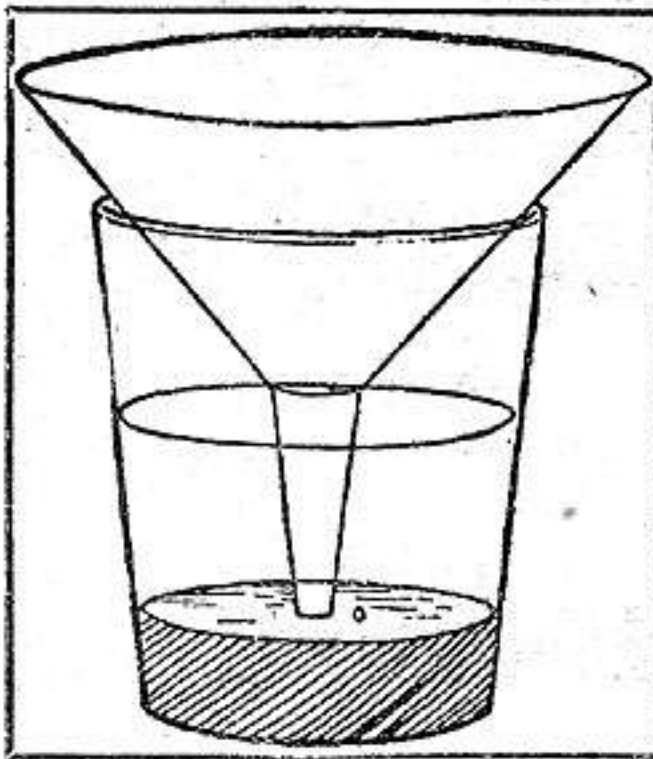


Fig. 5.—The wine at the bottom of the glass.

of the different densities of hot and cold water.

Take an ordinary glass—moistened first with hot water to prevent its cracking—and pour some boiling water into it.

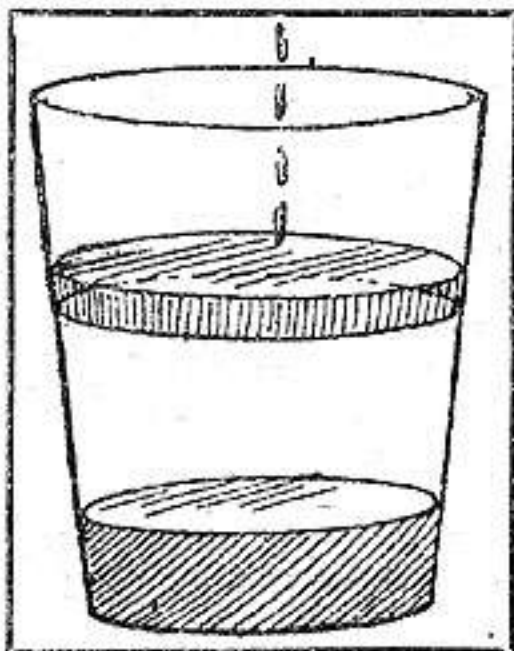


Fig. 6.—The Tricolour Glass.

Then by means of a funnel, placed almost to the bottom of the glass, pour in some wine which has previously been

cooled by ice. By working carefully you will see the wine form in a red layer at the bottom of the glass—Fig. 5.

Now gently remove the funnel, and pour on the surface a bluish liquid lighter than water—for instance, alcohol coloured with ink—Fig. 6.

You will now have a layer of blue on top, thus completing the tricolour glass, which will, by the aid of a light, project the three colours of the British and French flags on the wall. The tricolour

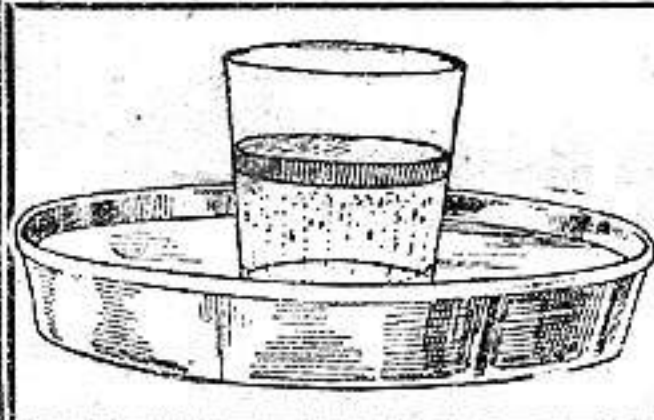


Fig. 7.—Water Rockets.

glass may also be used for illumination purposes.

To make it represent fireworks is even more entertaining.

If you allow the water in the glass to cool, by placing it in a vessel containing cold water, the wine will rise from the bottom of the glass in the form of thin threads strongly resembling rockets—Fig. 7.

The different liquids mix, and the descending columns of blue mixed with the ascending columns of red, produce a curious spectacle like that of fireworks in a glass of water.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Many of us, no doubt, have often tried to picture to ourselves a volcano in eruption, but most will confess that unless we have seen some very good pictures of an actual eruption, we are not at all certain that our self-made picture is correct.

Now to detail an experiment which gives a vivid idea of a volcano in action.

At the bottom of a large glass bowl put a flask containing red wine, or spirits of wine, in which has been dissolved a little aniline—B, Fig. 8. This flask should be closed by a cork pierced with a narrow hole. By the aid of plaster, or, simpler still, of earth or clay, fashion a

mountain around the flask, leaving at the top a hole through which the cork can just be seen. This will form the crater.

Having made your volcano, fill the bowl with water—A, Fig. 8—and you will now witness the eruption.

We know that, owing to the difference in the density of the two liquids, the water will penetrate into the flask, thus displacing the wine, which escapes in a

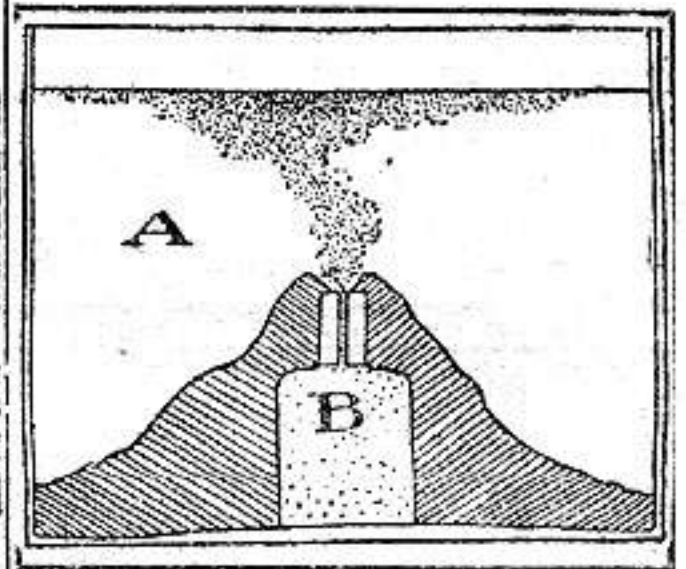


Fig. 8.—The Eruption of Vesuvius.

thin, red column. As this column nears the surface it will spread out, thus resembling a cloud of fiery smoke as seen issuing from a volcano.

Care must be taken to shake the water, in order that the streak of colour may represent in as realistic manner as

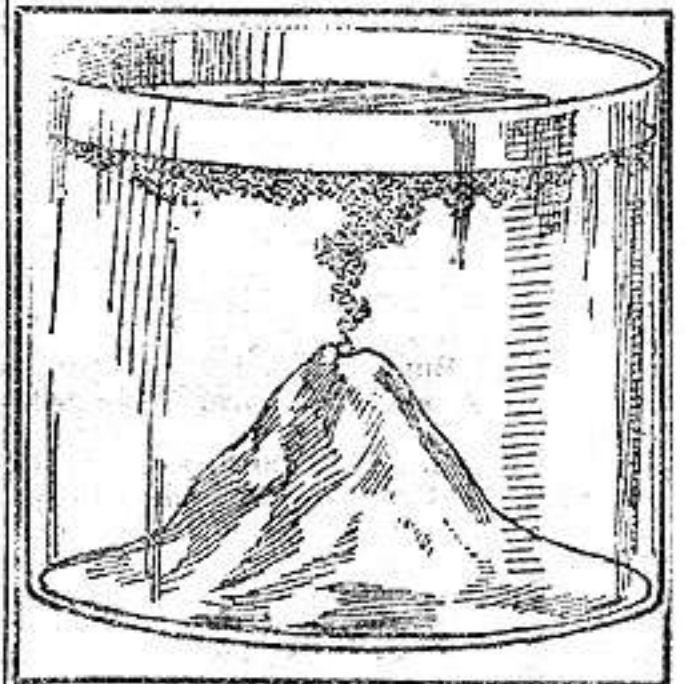


Fig. 9.—Vesuvius in Action.

possible the reddish smoke of a volcano disturbed by the wind.

In this way you will provide your friends with an almost exact reproduction of Vesuvius in action—Fig. 9.



A Stirring New Tale of the Ring.

By **PERCY LONGHURST.**

NEW READERS START HERE.

Harry Rhodes, a miner and amateur boxer, of Lexborough, a mining village, meets Joshua Martin, the manager and principal backer of Anthony Hanna—"Cast-Iron Tony"—a wonderful Scottish light-weight boxer, who had come to Lexborough to train. Harry lives with an uncle, James Rhodes, who has trained him, and who had himself been a boxer years before. He had left the Ring through some tragedy of which Joshua Martin knows the facts, much to James Rhodes' alarm.

Hanna, who is a thorough scoundrel, becomes Harry's sworn enemy.

Bertram Godfrey, a friend of Mr. Durham, the owner of the mine at which Harry worked, interests himself in Harry Rhodes.

Harry learns that James Rhodes is his father, and that he was responsible for the death of a boxer some years previously.

Harry, his father, and Bertram Godfrey go to London, where Harry defeats Jules Meunier, Parisian light-weight champion, in a private contest, which is witnessed by a Royal Prince. An attempt to kidnap the Prince afterwards is frustrated by Harry.

Hanna and Joshua Martin are present at the National Boxing Club when the return match between Harry and Jules Meunier commences.

(Now read on.)

Disqualified!

HARRY neatly side-stepped, and a half-whispered sound of approval went round the ring as his left glove, shooting over the Frenchman's arm, touched him lightly on the cheek. But in an instant Meunier had recovered himself, pivoted, and slung in a wicked right.

This time the approval rose to a definite cheer, for Harry, instead of breaking ground, ducked the blow, and, at the same time extended his left arm, jabbing his opponent in the body. But he had not been expecting the ready left glove which met his ducking head, and he took a rap just above the temple that jarred.

As he regained position the Frenchman leaped again, hitting so fast that it seemed to Harry not two, but half a dozen gloves were threatening him at the same time. But he kept his jaw out of harm's way, and, left arm extended, retreated.

Again a rush, and a whirling of gloves, a fierce rally that delighted the hardly-breathing spectators, but caused James Rhodes to groan.

"Why, oh why does the boy stand and fight?" he asked himself.

But Harry knew what he was about; for between those whirling gloves, which alighted on his arms and shoulders, doing no hurt, his own left hand, like a rapier-point, was shot in with smart effect, though seemingly causing Meunier not the slightest inconvenience.

Flushed, but cool-headed, Harry at length broke ground, but it was the

centre of the ring he gained, defeating Meunier's intention of pinning him.

After him went the Frenchman, to be met by a lead that caught him squarely in the face, but completely failed to stop him. Meunier literally hurled himself forward.

"Great fighting!" breathed more than one man.

"But it won't last," Adrien Delahaye told himself, rubbing his hands.

He spoke only too truly.

Smashing in, the French champion seemed desirous of overwhelming his adversary by sheer weight and impetus. His glove missed by inches, but his knee struck Harry's leg, and with such force that the lad staggered. Before he could recover himself, Meunier's reckless rush had swept his legs from under him, and down he went. As his right glove met the floor for the breaking of the fall, Meunier's right, swung with terrible force, alighted on the back of his head, and he dropped on his face.

From a hundred seats arose a cry of consternation that drowned a positive scream of anguish from Delahaye's seat, which instantly was vacated.

"Foul! A foul!" cried a score of voices shrilly.

"Stand away!"

The authoritative command, as the referee came forward, seemed to arouse Jules Meunier from a fierce, glazed contemplation of the fallen boxer. Mechanically he stepped back and, as the referee stopped Harry rose to his feet.

"Stand back!" rang out the referee's voice again.

And with outstretched arm he forcibly restrained the madly-excited Frenchman from leaping again to attack.

"Meunier, you are disqualified for striking your opponent when he was down!"

The fight had ended.

It had been in progress exactly ninety seconds.

A Startling Proposition.

FOR nearly half a minute a silence fell upon the hall. Not a man even moved—hardly breathed. It was as though the referee's abruptly announced decision had stupefied his hearers.

Meunier beaten! Disqualified! The fight over!

It was incredible!

Like a rock stood the tall, gaunt official, frowning, his eyes upon Meunier, whose gaze was fixed on him as though the awful meaning of the words, without yet penetrating his brain, had turned him to stone.

And then pandemonium broke loose. Never had the National Boxing Club

witnessed such a sight. Never had its walls contained such an uproar as broke forth when the full meaning of the decision became realised.

Half the men were on their feet. Three-fourths were shouting wildly, scarcely knowing what they said. Meunier's name crashed across the ring, to be met by vociferous shouts of "Rhodes! Rhodes!" A hundred stamping, gesticulating men continued to roar "Foul!" at the limit of their voices.

The face of the manager, himself not yet recovered from the shock of surprise to make an attempt to restore order, was a study.

At one corner of the ring Adrien Delahaye, chattering he knew not what, was making desperate but unavailing efforts to climb upon the platform.

Suddenly a shriek rose high above every other sound—a cry of agony mingled with the wildest despair. It was from Meunier, as he threw himself at the referee.

"Ah, no, no!" he cried madly. "Not disqualified! No, no! I did not strike! I—I—"

And then he broke off, his voice choked by a paroxysm of weeping.

He beat his gloved hands together; he dropped on one knee, begging, supplicating dumbly, pleading that the decision might be withdrawn.

It was a scene beyond all imagination.

Harry had retired to his corner, where his father at once wrapped the dressing-gown about him.

"Come on, lad; the verdict's yours!" cried James Rhodes excitedly.

"No, no!" returned Harry.

And to his father's amazement he deliberately sat down in his chair, to wait for the older man knew not what.

Presently comparative order was restored, and men resumed their seats, but still talking between themselves in lowered voices. Bowman entered the ring.

"Rhodes is the winner!" he announced. "The referee disqualifies Meunier for striking a foul blow."

And at this the Frenchman tore himself from his seconds, who had surrounded him, and with the tears streaming down his face pleaded for reconsideration.

"I had not meant a foul!" he protested wildly. "I would not. No, no! I did not see what I did!"

He relapsed into his own language, words pouring from his lips in a torrent.

To this his manager, almost beside himself, added another, in turn appealing from Bowman to the referee.

"But I can do nothing!" cried the manager. "The decision is given. It

was a clear enough foul. Everybody saw it."

"But Jules did not mean it," protested Delahaye.

"No, no, no!" Meunier added.

Bowman shrugged his shoulders.

"If I were you I'd get out of the ring," he advised.

But this neither Meunier nor Delahaye would do. Again they ran to the granite-faced referee, who listened to their frantic outpourings with a passive tolerance.

"I have given my decision. It was a fair decision. I cannot and will not alter it," he replied, as soon as he could get in a word. "It was an obvious foul. That it was intended, that Meunier was too excited to see that his opponent was down, I am willing to believe; but that does not alter the case. Rhodes is the winner!"

Sir William Berryford turned in his seat and met Lord Shorthill's half-amused gaze.

"I did not expect this," he said. "Your belief was justified."

"But not as it should have been," came the answer promptly. "I believe Rhodes would have beaten him. I have seen Rhodes before, and I feel convinced he is sorry that things have turned out so. But the Frenchman has only himself to blame."

At the back Joshua Martin and Tony Hanna looked blankly at each other. The situation was beyond them. They had no words to do justice to it. Whatever the scheme they had planned, it had become useless. And Harry Rhodes' opponent was the person responsible.

Argument and entreaty hopeless, Meunier had retreated to his corner, where he sat, head in hands, refusing to budge, deaf to all entreaties and commands. Bowman, from the ring, made a curt statement that the programme was concluded, and had retired, when befell the second dramatic event of the evening.

From his chair Harry Rhodes suddenly rose and walked to the centre of the ring. Stopping, he held up one hand.

"Gentlemen—"

The voices died away. Men about to get up from their chairs sat down again, looking curiously at Harry. Whatever purpose he had not one could conceive.

"Gentlemen"—his voice rose strongly—"may I be allowed to occupy your attention for a few moments?" he asked.

He paused, and a few seconds later a voice called:

"Go on!"

"The verdict has been given to me—"

"And so it should! It was a definite foul!" interrupted a burly hotel proprietor from one of the front seats.

"But I wish to say that I firmly be-

lieve the foul was unintentional," went on Harry. "My opponent is a good sportsman—"

"Bravo!"

"Looks like it!" shouted a sneering voice.

"Well, I think so," returned Harry, looking directly at the last speaker.

"But he was carried away by his excitement. He was far too anxious, as I know, as perhaps there are some gentlemen here who also know, to beat me to have willingly attempted a foul. And I wanted to beat him, too. But not on a foul!"

"Can't help yourself, boy!"

"I am aware of that, thank you! The verdict is mine, but it is no credit to me. At least, I shall never think so. You will agree with me, gentlemen. I came here meaning to win the verdict, if I could. So did my opponent. Our fight this evening was a trial to prove which is the better man. That is a question not yet settled, although the verdict has come to me. I shall not be satisfied until the point is definitely and fairly settled!"

"He'll fight you again!"—again the burly hotel proprietor.

"Thank you, sir! Yes, that is what I hope myself. That is what I wanted to say now—to suggest might take place."

"Good boy! I'll back you for one!"

By now the attention of the entire hall had been caught and gripped. The occupant of every seat was looking at the figure in the ring with the keenest curiosity and interest. Delahaye was staring open-mouthed. Even Meunier had aroused himself, and his eyes were fixed pitifully upon the English lad.

"What the dickens is the boy driving at?" whispered James Rhodes to Bertram Godfrey, who was again beside him.

"Goodness knows, man! Shut up and listen!"

"It is another fight, gentlemen, that I want with Jules Meunier," went on Harry, his colour rising. "The verdict means nothing to me. I want a verdict that I've earned. If I'm beaten by Meunier, then I'm willing to admit he is the better man. As it is now, I don't know. And I want to know. And the sooner I know the better. In short, gentlemen, if the club is willing, if my opponent is willing—and I'm sure he is—what better time is there than now for the deciding of the question? We came here for a fight—we have not had it. So I make the suggestion—"

Harry reached no further. The whole gathering had caught his meaning, and

the feeling was with him. Almost without exception, the men in the seats rose, cheering wildly and without ceasing until the walls rang again, and the crowd still waiting in the street speculated wonderingly upon what was taking place within to cause such an uproar.

Consternation in his face, James Rhodes rushed into the ring and grabbed Harry by the arm. Godfrey followed him.

"Boy," said the ex-boxer excitedly, "d'you know what you're doing? D'you know that the verdict's yours, and that you mean flinging it away on a risk?"

"I know this, father," replied Harry, meeting his parent's gaze steadily, "that the verdict, for what it's worth, is mine. That it carries with it the prize-money, but—"

"Yes, and all the bets will be decided by it," interjected Godfrey. "Go on, Harry!"

"But it doesn't carry with it conviction. I wanted to beat Meunier—to prove that what I'd done once I can do again. But the verdict doesn't prove that at all. I haven't beaten the Frenchman—he defeated himself. And that isn't good enough to satisfy me. Nor you, either, dad, I'm quite sure."

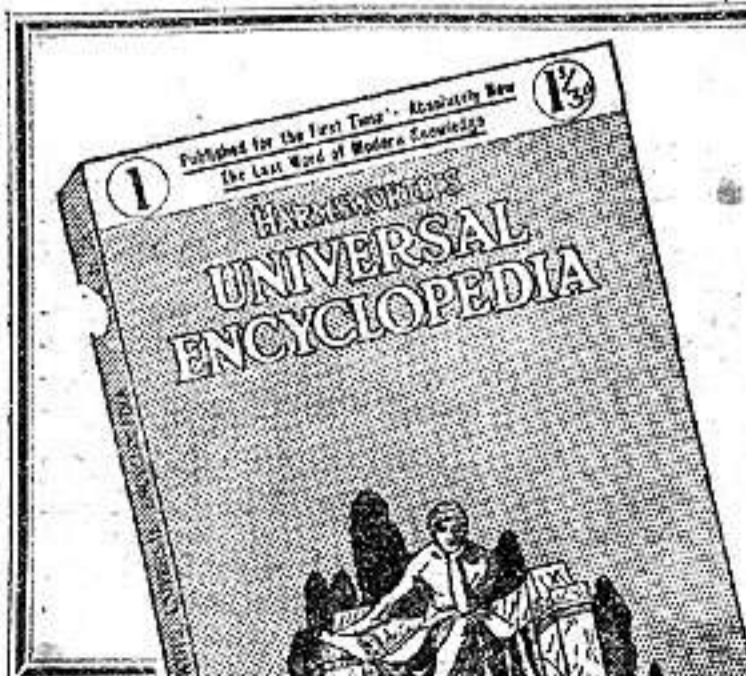
"That's the fact, Harry, and he knows it," put in Godfrey before James Rhodes could speak. "What'd you feel, James, if you were in Harry's place? My lad, this is the pluckiest and most sporting offer I've heard in all my life. And every decent sportsman here to-night will say the same. You're taking a risk—a big risk, but I for one honour you for doing it. There are people who'll say you're lucky, but, by Jove, you're one of the very few who deserve the luck. I wonder if old Bowman'll stand for it, however? After all, the decision rests with him."

"Well, I'll fight somewhere else, if it can't be here," said Harry.

But of that there was no need. Bowman was a sportsman as well as a club manager, and Harry's daring suggestion carried an appeal to him. After the disappointment caused, nothing would please the members better than the carrying of Harry's idea into effect. Indeed, the shouts and cheers, still going on, indicated the feeling of the club members.

A hasty consultation with the chairman of the club committee, one minute with Jules Meunier and his manager, and Bowman came briskly into the ring, holding up his arm for silence.

"My lords and gentlemen," he began, "you have heard the surprising, may I say the magnificently sporting proposition



PART 1.

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of the winner of to-night's contest, and I am sure it is one that you, as good sportsmen all, deeply appreciate. The club appreciates it. I appreciate it. And, as proof, I am happy to say that I shall be only too pleased for the club to be used for the purpose the winner has suggested. M. Delahaye and Jules Meunier are agreeable to the acceptance of the challenge, and, with your permission, gentlemen, after an interval of a quarter of an hour, the new contest will proceed.

"But I ought to say, gentlemen, so that no misunderstandings shall arise, that this contest is distinctly apart from the club match. That is already decided, and all wagers will be decided accordingly. The stake-money and purse will be handed over to the winner, Harry Rhodes, tomorrow, in accordance with usual custom. For what stake, if any, the second fight will take place, is a matter entirely outside the club's jurisdiction. The principals will please themselves."

And then the hall rose en masse, and began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

But whether Harry Rhodes or Mr. Bowman was intended the singers did not explain.

Barely was Harry in his dressing-room when there came a knock at the door, and, without waiting permission, Jules Meunier came excitedly into the room.

"Monsieur," he said brokenly, taking Harry's hand, "I cannot wait to thank you for the fight you propose. I believe my heart broken, but you make it whole again. The finest sportsman in England, I, Jules Meunier, say that you are. And if you win this second time, or if I win, it make no difference; Jules Meunier begs humbly that he may call you friend for all the rest of his life. I have not meant to make a foul—"

"No, of course you didn't!" Harry interrupted, cutting him short. "It was an accident—a costly one for you, but that can't be helped. And now each of us is going to do his level best to give the other a thrashing—eh? Just for love. And if we can't be friends after that I don't know who could."

In the smoking-rooms men were telling each other it was the most remarkable boxing experience of their lives. And probably it was. Such a thing had never before happened in the entire history of the Ring.

The Second Fight.

THE chairs once again filled, and for the second time Harry and the French champion went to their seats, awaiting the summons to commence.

When it did, and the boxers faced each other with raised hands, it was evident that Meunier intended the adoption of

tactics different from his earlier display. He had discovered that Harry was an opponent not to be rushed and hustled and slammed into oblivion, but one to be fought skilfully. The result was an exhibition of the finer part of the art of self-defence such as the club had not witnessed for many a long day.

Whirlwind-fighter as he usually showed himself, the Frenchman had few superiors in real boxing, and the onlookers showed their appreciation of the fistic treat by a watchfulness and closeness of attention that were a genuine compliment.

There was hard hitting in plenty, but it was hitting directed by skill, not the useless, wasteful banging about that passes for genuine work with so many of the modern performers. Leads were straight and clean, the footwork was pretty, the defensive work thorough and forcible, and there were few clinches.

"This is what I call boxing," the president of the club said to his neighbour delightedly when the men went to their corners after the second-round. "A novice, you say, this lad Rhodes is? He might rather be an instructor."

By the third round the boxers had warmed to their work, and the pace became quicker, the exchanges more severe. There was a thin red trickle at the corner of Harry's mouth, and on the white skin covering the Frenchman's ribs dull red patches showed, the effect of the severe right-hand body counters Harry had been making rare play with.

"Take care of him downstairs, Harry," James Rhodes had advised.

And Harry had acted upon the suggestion. He knew well enough that repetition of such punishment would have the effect of sending his opponent weak, and that as the weakness crept over him there was a chance of Meunier throwing discretion to the winds, abandoning his correct style of boxing, and taking chances in the endeavour to bring off a knock-out.

He believed he was ahead on points. He knew that his own physical powers hadn't weakened to any extent, for although Meunier's gloves had landed on him freely, there had been a want of real sting in his blows since his adoption of a style less unorthodox than that which he was in the habit of employing.

The fact was that Jules, although giving a display of scientific boxing that delighted the critic of the game, was not doing himself justice. He was correct, but he was not effective. The restraint was not to his liking; it did not suit his more reckless and mercurial temperament. The Gaelic warmth of blood, the dash of his nation, could find no expression in the safe, defensive system he had chosen to adopt. Such might agree with the more stolid Englishman, but not with him.

The French nature is suited to attack,

and always attack; it is not at its best when called upon to display the stubborn defensive system wherewith the Englishman makes the better display.

Meunier was doing well. There were men amongst the spectators who were assured they had never before seen him box so well; but then, Meunier's trump card was fighting. He had won all his victories by fighting, by finishing his opponents out of hand after terrifying them into inefficiency. In Harry Rhodes he was meeting one who was not to be so terrified, and in the effort to alter his style to that of his opponent Meunier was not wholly wise.

The truth of this began to be borne on him as he went to his corner for the fourth time.

"My friend, this wearies me," he confided to his manager. "I can play this English game no longer."

"But you are doing well, Jules," Delahaye assured him readily.

"Maybe, but I can do better."

And he set to work to do it. Harry found himself fighting a totally different man.

Meunier was on him with the soft quickness and power of a tiger, with blows dealt so swiftly the eye could barely follow them. It was an exhibition of attack such as took the majority of the onlookers by surprise. There were a few present who could recall having seen the great American heavy-weight, John L. Sullivan, and, watching Jules Meunier, to them flashed a recollection of that champion. Meunier—and probably there was not another boxer in the world capable of it—was giving an exhibition of the same "cat and locomotive" method of fighting such as had made John L. the terror of all his contemporaries.

If the spectators were taken by surprise, Harry Rhodes was no less so. So complete was the Frenchman's alteration, he fairly took Harry by surprise.

Retreating, with a straight left arm Harry sought to hold back Meunier. He might just as well have tried to keep back the sea with a mop. Nothing less than a stone wall could have checked that onslaught of the French champion.

And this was no wild, heedless slamming such as Harry had experienced when he and Tony Hanna fought their great battle on the lonely moor. Hanna was not in the Frenchman's class; besides, he was much lighter. The Scot was no more than a mighty hammerer, one who simply hit and hit again, paying little heed to the direction of his reckless blows.

Not so Meunier. Not only was there uncanny swiftness and tremendous power in his blows, but they were placed, not suffered to fall anywhere.

(There will be another splendid instalment of this grand boxing story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy in advance.)

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MAGNET, 14/2/30

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