

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! £300 IN CASH PRIZES!

(See Page 27.)

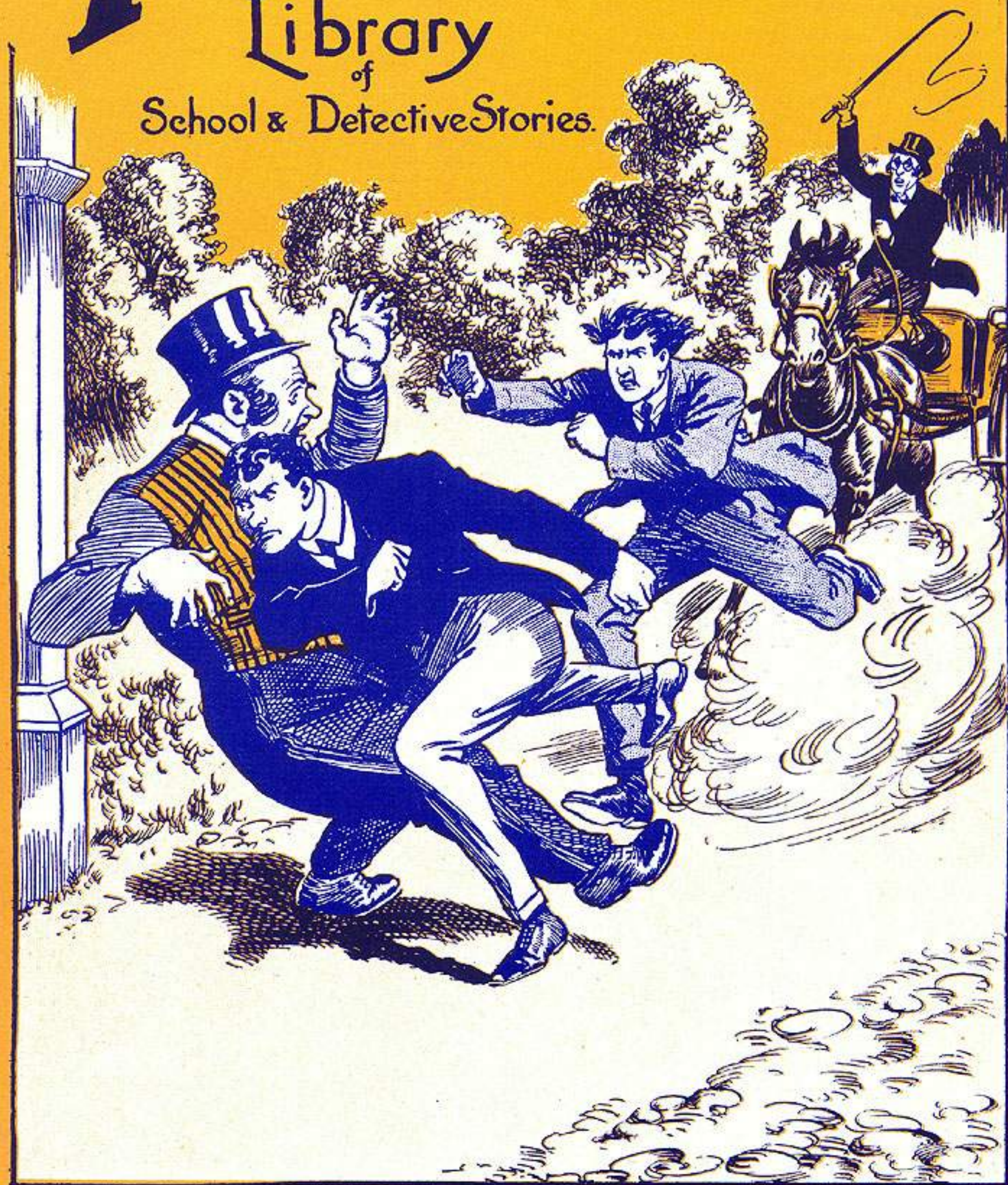
No. 807. Vol. XXIV.

Week ending July 28th, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library

of
School & Detective Stories.



COKER BEATS ALL CINDER TRACK RECORDS!

(An exciting incident from this week's sensational story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Cuckriars.)



"GALLOPING DICK!"

A NOTHER red letter day for the **MAGNET**! It was a lucky move to introduce the dashing character of Galloping Dick, the highwayman. There is no room for surprise that a spirited yarn recounting the deeds of a famous knight of the road catches on. It is bound to win. And the new series in the **MAGNET** is the real goods, the genuine vivid romance, pulsating with interest, and swinging along through scenes which give one that pleasurable sensation of excitement which is the concomitant of a thrilling situation. Of course, there is a glamour over the life of a highwayman. For one thing, he has the odds against him all the time, for another he is a fearless horseman, a dead shot, and he passes his days with grim peril as his hourly companion. It is the red badge of courage for him all the time. One false step and eclipse comes as sure as the sun dips behind the western clouds. You will appreciate every line of this rousing series.

£300 IN PRIZES!

On page 27 of this issue you will find the Record Cricket Competition. Read the details, then send your coupons—as many as you like. The prize-list is phenomenal, and the test of skill has a tremendous appeal for everybody. I need not go into the appeal such substantial awards must have. It goes without saying. We are plumb in the midst of the holiday season, and a few extra Treasury notes are sure to come in handy. Tell your chums about this grand offer. They will thank you. So shall I.

"A SPLIT IN THE CO.!"

It takes a rare lot to break some friendships. Good comrades do not permit rifts in their lutes without the most excellent reasons. But in the extremely fascinating Greyfriars yarn for next week these reasons are revealed. The author shows how these unhappy differences may occur, just as a small and apparently trivial company of clouds can gather in a clear sky and bring about a storm. The cards are laid on the table; I mean to say that there is a seemingly valid explanation for a totally unforeseen dispute, with a disagreeable dash of Coventry in it, and a host of other unpleasing circumstances which go to sever the cheery associations and links which ought to exist between good chums.

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

Well, it would not be playing the game to let the cat out of the bag. Let the feline symbol remain all secure till next Monday, when patience will be richly rewarded by a splendid and up-to-date story, full of real human sympathy and the touch of deeper things which Frank Richards can handle so adroitly when he sees fit to cast aside the cap and bells. There was a letter written—an atrocious, mean, crafty epistle, just the kind of missive which puts the fat in the fire. How cordially one dislikes the cunning rogue who is clever at this kind of business! He is usually a sly merchant. The first prize in the general opprobrium class goes to him without a single dissentient. Now Aubrey Angel comes on in this scene. I am not telling. It is just an anticipatory word. We get the fine contrasts here such as Frank Richards has the power to draw. There is keen and virile interest and motive in this coming story. It gets you. It is true to Greyfriars, and it just indicates in fearless and unerring fashion how easy it is to get off the track, to fall into some silly misapprehension.

"THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN CANDLES!"

Here we drop right into as big and as weird a mystery as our friend Ferrers Locke has ever tackled. Do you know the Essex Marshes? Have you been that way in the night—seen the winking lights far away across the rough and lumpy country? It is an experience worth having—like many another. There is a grip, an atmosphere about this powerful story which will make it remembered for long. Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake are caught in a storm on the marshes. They seek shelter in a house, and, in response to their summons, hear the uneasy shuffling of feet and the creaking of bolts, and then there is nothing—nothing but the silence of the deep night. They are on the threshold of a mystery. The story is inspired by a creepy suggestiveness of danger. You have a treat for next Monday in this fresh episode—in the startling career of the master-detective and his young assistant.

A FIRE-DRILL NUMBER?

We often get told of something or another which is super-important. For instance, Bunter fancies Greyfriars could not get along without his engaging personality. I am not going to argue the point. But certainly the **MAGNET** would be lacking a good deal minus its cheery supplement. You will find the issue ready next Monday as blithe as a poet's May morn.

Your Editor.

To laugh is to live! Read the **MAGNET**!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS!

Lever Brothers' Plan to Enable Boys to Learn Business while They Earn Money in Their Spare Time!

"Children are a nation's greatest asset," said Archbishop Dubig, of Australia, commenting upon child education.

Two great problems are ever uppermost in the minds of those responsible for the government of our country, of conscientious parents and teachers, and of leaders of juvenile organisations. One is the training of our growing boys to take their places in the business world, and the other the suitable employment of juveniles who have left school.

It is estimated that there are approximately two or three hundred thousand unemployed in England, Scotland, and Wales between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years.

Lever Brothers, Limited, whose interest in children and their welfare is universally known, have conceived the idea of enabling boys, while still at school, to learn modern business methods and earn money in their spare time, thus preparing for a business future.

In order to effect this, a Plan has been devised, known as "Lever Brothers' Sales and Vocational Guidance Plan," having, as its object, the training of boys to take their places in the nation's industrial field—not as square pegs in round holes, but as efficient and interested workers—an asset to the nation and a credit to their parents.

We understand from Mr. Arthur S. Roberts, manager of Lever Brothers' Vocational Division, that boys will first of all be required to serve a short probationary term as recruits, after which they will be admitted to Membership in the Lever League of Student Salesmen, which is embodied in the Vocational Guidance Plan.

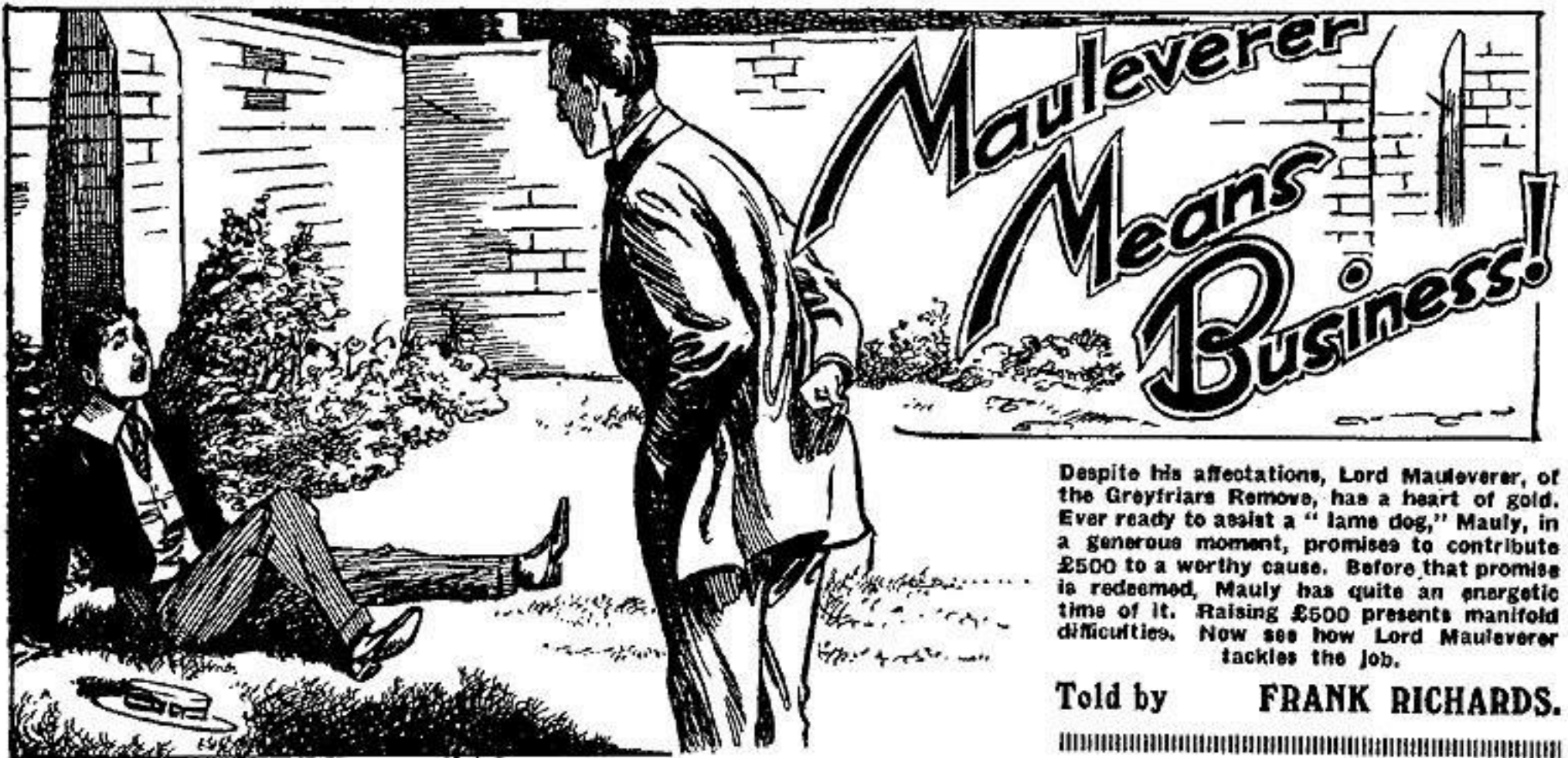
Student Salesmen will solicit orders from the housewife for high-grade soaps and other commodities manufactured by Associated Companies, and pass to the grocer. Each Member who meets the requirements of the League will receive periodical promotion, each successive step earning for him the League's Badge of Merit and an Honours Certificate.

Finally, after his attainment to the highest honour conferred by the League—that of Master Salesman—the Student Salesman is eligible to avail himself of Lever Brothers' Offer to recommend him for a post with a dependable employer.

Student Salesmen receive liberal cash commissions for their sales, together with prize-vouchers, which are exchangeable for useful and valuable prizes; and, to maintain their interest and enthusiasm in their work, competitions are arranged from time to time.

In no way is a boy's work permitted to interfere with his studies at school. On the contrary, Lever Brothers' aim is to encourage boys in their school work and to co-operate with parents and teachers, and it is with this object in view that a publication is issued periodically to the parents and teachers of all Student Salesmen, keeping them in touch with the activities of the League. Personal contact with the boys is maintained by Vocational Representatives.

Any further information that may be desired regarding the Lever League of Student Salesmen can be obtained from the Manager, Vocational Division, Lever Bros., Limited, Lever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C. 4.



Despite his affectations, Lord Mauleverer, of the Greyfriars Remove, has a heart of gold. Ever ready to assist a "lame dog," Mauly, in a generous moment, promises to contribute £500 to a worthy cause. Before that promise is redeemed, Mauly has quite an energetic time of it. Raising £500 presents manifold difficulties. Now see how Lord Mauleverer tackles the job.

Told by **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Drawn Blank!

"MAULY!"
 "Go away!"
 "I say, Mauly, old man——"
 "Oh dear!"

Lord Mauleverer's voice, as it came through the door of Study No. 12 in the Remove, sounded very tired.

The door, fortunately, was locked. Mauleverer had spotted Billy Bunter coming up the passageway from the stairs, and, with great presence of mind, he had shut his study door and locked it.

It was the only defence against Bunter. When a fellow sported his oak, even Bunter could not get at him.

Bob Cherry, in a similar case, would probably have relied upon his boot. But Mauleverer was too easy-going for that. He hated kicking even Bunter. Besides, kicking anybody required exertion, and Mauly hated exertion. It seemed simpler to lock the door and wait patiently for Bunter to go away.

But Bunter was a sticker. He did not go away. He rapped at the door, then he banged at it, then he kicked it. Then he shouted through the keyhole:

"Mauly! Mauly! Wake up, Mauly!"
 "Go away!"
 "I've come up specially to see you, Mauly."

There was a feeble chuckle in the study.

"And I've locked my door specially to stop you, old bean."

"Oh, really, Mauly——"

"Go away! There's a good pig, go away!"

"You cheeky ass——"

"Good-bye!"

"There's a letter for you, Mauly——"

"Bow-wow!"

"There is really."

"Leave it in the rack."

"But I've brought it up specially for you."

"Shove it under the door, then!"

"Oh, really, Mauly, you might let a fellow in!"

There was a sound in the study. But it was not a sound of Mauly approaching the door. It was the sound of Lord Mauleverer's tired person sinking to repose upon a luxurious sofa.

"Silly ass!" snorted Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry came along with a cricket-bat under his

arm. He gave Bunter a playful prod with the business end of the bat, and Bunter yelped.

"Ow! Beast!"

"What's the game?" inquired Bob cheerily. "What are you after poor old Mauly for? Has he had a remittance?"

"Yah!"

"Tracked him down to his giddy lair?" grinned Bob. "Mauly, old man!" Bob roared through the keyhole.

"Yaas?"

"I've got my bat here. Shall I brain Bunter for you?"

"Yaas."

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry swung up the bat in both hands, and took aim at William George Bunter. Bunter yelled and dodged away.

"You silly idiot! Keep off!"

"Come here and be brained!"

"Beast!" howled Bunter, keeping at a safe distance. Certainly he did not suppose that Bob really intended to brain him, but it was never quite safe to be too near Bob Cherry when he was in exuberant spirits, as he generally was.

"Coming, Bob?" yelled out Harry Wharton from the end of the Remove passage.

"Wait a minute while I brain Bunter."

"Beast!"

"Never mind Bunter, you fathead! Cricket's waiting."

Bob Cherry made a playful rush at Bunter, with the cricket-bat brandished. The Owl of the Remove fled up the box-room stairs. Then Bob went down the passage with his heavy tramp. Fellows in the Remove studies always knew when Bob was passing. He joined Wharton at the head of the stairs, and they went down together.

After he had disappeared Billy Bunter came cautiously back. He rapped at the door of Study No. 12.

"Mauly!"

"Oh dear! Aren't you gone yet, Bunter?" came Lord Mauleverer's plaintive voice.

"I've got your letter here, you ass!"

"Go away!"

"You chump! It's in your uncle's hand—old Brooke, you know. Ten to one there's a remittance in it, Mauly! Shall I open it for you?"

"Go away!"

"All right, I'll open it, then!" said Bunter, apparently taking Mauly's tired marmur as an answer in the affirmative.

"Go away!"

"All right, I'll open it, then!" said Bunter, apparently taking Mauly's tired marmur as an answer in the affirmative.

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"All right, I'll open it, then!" said Bunter, apparently taking Mauly's tired marmur as an answer in the affirmative.

A fat thumb was inserted into the envelope, and it came open.

"I've opened it for you, Mauly."

"You fat rotter!"

"Didn't you ask me to?"

"Go away!"

"There doesn't seem to be any money in it, Mauly. I say, old Brooke is growing jolly mean."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"I'll read the letter out to you if you like, Mauly."

"You cheeky porpoise!"

"Right-ho! Here goes!" said Bunter, taking that also as an answer in the affirmative.

"Dear Herbert——"

"Shut up!"

"Dear Herbert,—My medical adviser insists that I shall go to Switzerland for a month, and that no correspondence shall be forwarded. Now, my dear boy, I have often spoken to you on the subject of your carelessness and extravagance with money. This will be an opportunity for you to prove that you are able to check this fault in your character. For the period of my absence I shall expect you to keep strictly within your allowance, which will be forwarded, as usual, by Messrs. Moosey, Vine, & Moosey, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Your affectionate uncle,
 "REGINALD BROOKE."

"I say, Mauly, that's rather rotten for you!" said Bunter. "No more tips from nunky, what?"

"Go away!"

"Jolly mean of him, I call it. But you can rely on me, old fellow. I'll lend you my next postal-order when—when it comes."

There was a chuckle within.

"Blest if I can see anything to cackle at! I call that a friendly offer," said Bunter. "But, I say, Mauly, I'm rather hard up this afternoon. Could you lend a fellow half-a-crown?"

"Yaas."

"Shove it under the door, then!"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Mauly——"

"Go away!"

"Beast!"

And then Billy Bunter rolled away in search of another victim, and his weary lordship was left to repose.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 307.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Baffling Bunter I

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were playing cricket that afternoon, which was a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Billy Bunter, in search of a small loan, drifted round the cricket-pitch, but was unable to obtain any attention from the cricketers. With the selfishness that Bunter was accustomed to find in his schoolfellows, they seemed to be thinking wholly and solely of cricket, and not in the least of W. G. Bunter. Vernon-Smith, indeed, gave him quite a rough prod with a bat as a hint that his presence might with advantage be transferred elsewhere.

The Owl of the Remove drifted away to the tuckshop, where he found Skinner and Snoop, Stott and Fisher T. Fish, enjoying ginger-beer. It was a hot afternoon, and Bunter could have enjoyed ginger-beer immensely. But there was none for Bunter. Mrs. Mimble knew him too well for "tick," and Bunter couldn't pay cash, for the excellent reason that a postal-order, long expected, had not yet arrived. Skinner, requested to stand him "just one," roared with laughter, as if this was the best joke he had heard during the whole term.

Bunter drifted out of the tuckshop again in a morose mood. There was nothing doing, and he was faced by the awful prospect of having nothing to eat or to drink between dinner and tea. A prospect like this was not to be faced so long as any avenue of escape opened. Bunter rolled back to the School House, and looked for Lord Mauleverer again, as a sort of forlorn hope.

Even Mauly, generally rolling in money, was likely to be hard up for a month, after that letter from his guardian. Mauly, never having known the need of money, spent it right royally, and it was fairly certain that, without additional supplies over his allowance, he would soon be in the unhappy state known as "stony." Evidently, if Bunter was to get anything from Mauly, it had to be got before the stony state supervened. This afternoon probably was his last chance. After that, one of Bunter's horns of plenty would have run dry. Spurred on by this reflection, and spurred on still more by the sinking feeling which naturally followed a dinner only large enough for three, Billy Bunter rolled in quest of Lord Mauleverer in a determined mood. If that ass Mauly was still locked in his study—

But he wasn't. By an unhappy coincidence—unhappy for Mauly—his lordship was ambling out for a gentle walk in the quad just as Bunter arrived at the House. Mauly believed in taking exercise. He was going to walk right round the quad. After that, he felt he would have earned a rest until teatime.

"I say, Mauly—"

Visions of a gentle stroll departed from Mauleverer as Bunter bore down on him. His lordship broke into unusual and rapid motion, and headed for the gates.

"Mauly, old chap—"

Lord Mauleverer accelerated.

After him went Billy Bunter, his little fat legs going like machinery—on his highest gear, so to speak.

"Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer reached the gates. Gosling, the porter, touched his hat. Mauly paused a second.

"Do me a favour, Gosling?"

"Cert'nly, my lord."

"Kill Bunter, will you?"

Lord Mauleverer passed out of gates,

leaving Gosling blinking. He would have done anything to oblige a lord who was also a millionaire—almost anything. But he really couldn't do that.

"Mauly!" roared Bunter as he rolled out in pursuit.

Bunter was getting out of breath. But Lord Mauleverer was his last chance, and he could not allow his last chance to disappear.

His lordship did not turn his head.

"Mauly, I've got your letter here, you know—the one I read to you."

Apparently Lord Mauleverer did not want his letter just then. He walked on swiftly.

Thud, thud, thud! came Bunter's pleading feet in pursuit. The Owl of the Remove was running now.

At the hill in Friardale Lane Bunter's breath gave out. From the top of the rise Lord Mauleverer glanced back and grinned. Bunter had come to a standstill, and was pumping in breath and shaking a fat fist.

With a gentle smile of satisfaction, Lord Mauleverer sauntered on at a leisurely pace.

"Beast!" groaned Bunter.

He was thirstier than ever after that hot run in the sunshine, even more thirsty than hungry. There was a rumble on the dusty road as the carrier's cart came along. A minute later Bunter was hanging on behind the cart.

Lord Mauleverer, sauntering peacefully under shady trees by the lane, stepped on the grass beside the road as the cart rumbled past him. A fat figure dropped from behind the cart and joined Mauly.

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated his lordship.

Bunter nodded and smiled.

"You didn't hear me calling you, old chap," he said.

"Oh dear!"

"I came after you to give you your letter, you know."

"Oh, thanks!"

Lord Mauleverer took the letter.

"Going on to the village?" asked Bunter. "I am."

"Then I'm not! I mean to say, no."

"Which way are you going?"

"Any way you aren't."

Billy Bunter decided to take this remark as a joke.

"He, he, he!"

Lord Mauleverer moved on dismally. Mauly excelled in polished politeness, and he felt that it was a handicap. Any other fellow at Greyfriars would have kicked Bunter. Lord Mauleverer still nourished a hope of shaking him off without kicking him.

"Nice afternoon for a stroll, Mauly."

"Yaas."

"What about dropping in at Uncle Clegg's?"

"Do."

"You come?"

"No."

"Well, lend me half-a-crown, old chap."

"Can't!"

"Now, look here, Mauly, as an old pal—"

"You read my letter," said Lord Mauleverer. "I've got to be careful with money. I'm cutting down expenses. You among them."

"Look here, you cheeky beast—"

"Good-bye!"

"Don't walk so fast, you rotter!"

Lord Mauleverer grinned and walked faster. He turned into Redclyffe Lane, and walked faster still; but Bunter cut off the corner of a field, and rejoined him. His hapless lordship seemed doomed to be haunted by Bunter that

afternoon, and on a hot afternoon Bunter was a thing that no fellow could stand, in Mauly's opinion. He broke into a sudden run, and vanished round another corner.

Running, especially in hot weather, was not in Mauly's line at all. It was a final desperate resource. Round the corner the lane was bordered by the wall of a garden surrounding a bungalow. It was a high wall; but, as it happened, a tree grew close to it, and Mauly, without stopping to think—had he stopped to think he would never have been capable of the exertion—grasped the tree and drew himself up into it. Beyond the high wall was a trim garden, untenanted. Reckless of all considerations but Bunter, Mauleverer dropped into the garden.

A minute later pounding footsteps had passed the outside of the high garden wall. They died away in the distance.

Lord Mauleverer grinned. Bunter had passed, unsuspecting. He might try back, perhaps; and for that reason, also because he was feeling completely exhausted by his efforts, Lord Mauleverer sat down in the grass, with his back to the garden wall, and rested.

The bungalow, a good distance away, was almost hidden by trees. The place had a deserted air. Mauleverer hoped that there was nobody at home; or, alternatively, as the lawyers say, that if somebody was at home, that somebody wouldn't mind him taking a rest in the garden. He was too fatigued, after his terrific exertions, to give the matter much thought. He just sat and rested, and smiled a little as he heard a distant voice howl:

"Mauly! I say, Mauly!"

The voice died away, and a gentle smile of happiness overspread Lord Mauleverer's face as he went to sleep.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Unpleasant for Mauly!

"POOR fellow!"

A compassionate voice aroused Lord Mauleverer from his nap.

He opened sleepy eyes, and

blinked wearily.

A man was standing before him, looking down at him with a kindly expression of pity. He was a man of about forty, a rather handsome man, with round, brown eyes in which there lurked a peculiar light. He was dressed in ordinary, rather shabby clothes, but there was something in his look that betrayed the soldier of other times.

"Hallo!" said Lord Mauleverer, rather guiltily. He rose to his feet, and blinked at the stranger.

"I am truly sorry for you," said the gentleman, in a pleasant voice. "So young, too."

"Eh?"

"When did it come on?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Are you likely to explode, do you think?"

This question was asked in a tone of solicitude. Lord Mauleverer stared blankly at the brown-eyed man. It required quite a shock to shake Lord Mauleverer out of his urbane equanimity. But he had received it now.

"Explode!" he repeated faintly.

"Yes. Perhaps I should warn you," said the gentleman thoughtfully, "that I, myself, may go off at any moment."

Lord Mauleverer felt a queer feeling down his spine. He cast a hopeless glance at the high brick wall. Outside, the tree had helped him up. Inside

Don't miss next Monday's grand story—

there was no tree. He was shut up in a high-walled garden with a lunatic, and there seemed nobody else at hand.

Maully was no coward; but he had a horrid feeling all over him just then. There was something extremely alarming in lunacy at close quarters.

"Seeing you here," resumed the gentleman pleasantly, "I naturally supposed that you were in the same boat. Catch on?"

"Ah! Oh, yes!"

"And you are not?"

"Oh, nunno!"

"That's good!" said the gentleman, in a tone of satisfaction. "It is, of course, very unpleasant to be in such a state. One's best friends might be blown to pieces at any moment."

"Oh, gad!"

"Don't go," said the brown-eyed man, as Lord Mauleverer made a movement. "I see so few people now, that it is a pleasure to talk to someone. I am not allowed to go out of this garden. It is a painful restriction; but one must, of course, think of the public. A sudden explosion—you understand, would—"

"I—I understand!" faltered the unhappy Mauleverer.

"My name is Henry Harrington." The gentleman paused.

"Mine's Mauleverer."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Mauleverer," said Mr. Harrington, with a bow. "Pray do not think of going yet. Let us sit down on this seat, and I will tell you about it, if you are interested."

"Oh, yaas! Very!"

Earlier in the afternoon it had seemed to Lord Mauleverer that anything was better than the society of William George Bunter. He now realised that even Bunter would have been preferable to Mr. Harrington.

He sat down on the extreme end of the garden seat. But Mr. Harrington, evidently in a confidential mood, moved up close.

But for the peculiar dancing light in his eyes, and his amazing conversation, no one would have dreamed that the man was not in his right senses. Mauleverer felt a deep compassion for him, and hoped sincerely that he didn't have violent fits.

"It was the shells that did it," said Maully's new acquaintance. "They used to come over so often, you know. Sometimes I felt that my nervous system would not stand it any longer. You see, I was rather old for soldiering. And I was always sensitive. It was rather a drastic change from concert-halls to battlefields—what?"

"I—I suppose so," said Maully.

"But of course, a man must do what he can," said Mr. Harrington pleasantly. "My trouble, however, was peculiar. I became gradually charged with explosive, till it reached such a point that a mere touch might have caused me to explode like a shell. A rare case, I think."

"Very rare, I should say!" gasped Mauleverer.

"It is an odd thing, but I never can remember how it finished out there," said Mr. Harrington. "There seems to be a kind of blank. I was in hospital for some time, before I came home to my dear wife. She nursed me with the greatest devotion. It was a blow to me when her doctor ordered her into a nursing-home. But I guessed the reason. It was to place her out of the reach of the explosion when it came."

Lord Mauleverer's tender heart had a

throb of pity. He could imagine the poor woman, worn down with watching and nursing, until she had broken down under the strain.

"Harry!"

A voice called from the direction of the house.

The seat was half-hidden by lilac-bushes, and Mauleverer could not see who called. Mr. Harrington rose at once.

"I am sorry I must leave you, my young friend," he said regretfully. "I suppose the doctor has come. I will not shake hands with you; it might cause a catastrophe which we should both regret."

With a polite bow, Mr. Harrington disappeared through the lilacs, as the voice from the house called again.

"Oh, gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

He sat nonplussed.

Deep as was his compassion for the unhappy man, he could not help feeling glad that he was gone. He realised, too, that in the circumstances, his presence in the garden would cause annoyance, if it was discovered. But he could not venture out from behind the lilacs; someone was moving in the garden. He could only hope that he would remain unobserved until he had an opportunity of making his escape.

Footsteps approached the lilacs at last, and a murmur of voices. Through an opening, Lord Mauleverer recognised Dr. Pillbury, of Friardale. The doctor was pacing the garden-path slowly, in conversation with a buxom, but rather hard-featured woman.

"Just as usual, sir," she was saying, as they came into the range of Mauleverer's hearing.

"You are never nervous?"

"Oh no, sir! I can manage him well enough, and it never lasts long."

The doctor coughed.

"A sad case, Mrs. Biddulph."

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause, and Mauleverer hoped they had passed on. But they had stopped.

"I don't know what's going to be done, sir," said the housekeeper. "I've managed as well as possible. But the rent is only paid up to the end of this month, and there's very little in hand. I've done my best. It's kind of you, sir, to attend him without expecting to be paid. But they're not all like that. The landlord will want his rent; or—"

The doctor sighed.

"If one were only a rich man, Mrs. Biddulph."

"The right folks isn't," said Mrs. Biddulph.

"I must see what can be done," said Dr. Pillbury, rubbing his hands together nervously. "If I could only take him in—but—the children; and, of course, it's impossible. He requires constant care, too. Of course, there are national institutions—"

"Poor Mr. Harrington!" said the housekeeper.

"A few hundred pounds!" murmured the doctor. "But a poor country doctor might as well wish for a few millions, I suppose. Well, well, we must see."

He drew a bunch of lilac towards him



A cart rumbled past Lord Mauleverer, and from the tailboard dropped a fat figure. "Oh, gad, Bunter!" ejaculated his lordship. "Which way are you going, Maully?" inquired Bunter. "Any way you aren't, old chap!" (See Chapter 2.)

—“A Split in the Co.!” Right on the wicket!

to smell it, and in doing so caught sight of Lord Mauleverer on the seat.

"Bless my soul!" Dr. Pillbury was the school doctor at Greyfriars, and knew most of the fellows by sight. "Mauleverer, what are you doing here?"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Maully's Way!

LORD MAULEVERER jumped up, his face crimson. Dr. Pillbury was eyeing him sternly.

"I—J—!" stammered his lordship, in confusion. Mrs. Biddulph gave him a grim, disapproving look.

"How did you get here?"

"I—I dropped over the wall," confessed Maully. "It—it was to get away from a bothering chap—"

"You are trespassing here."

"I—I know, sir! Meant no harm."

"You are a young donkey, Mauleverer. I have a great mind to report this to your headmaster!" said Dr. Pillbury sternly. "I shall see you off the premises at once. Come with me."

"Yes, sir," said Mauleverer meekly.

He followed the stout medical gentleman. Mrs. Biddulph—still grim and disapproving—produced a key and unlocked a high gate. Lord Mauleverer promptly placed himself outside it.

"I am very sorry, madam," he began. "I hope you will excuse— Oh gad!"

Slam!

The gate closed in Lord Mauleverer's face, almost on his noble nose. He backed away quickly with his apology cut in half, as it were.

Lord Mauleverer found himself in a path that led to the lane. He walked along to the lane, but there he lingered. As he expected, Dr. Pillbury came away from the house soon afterwards.

The little doctor frowned as he sighted Mauleverer again.

"You still here!" he snapped.

"I was waiting to see you, doctor."

"Nonsense!"

Dr. Pillbury walked on sharply towards the village. Lord Mauleverer, not to be rebuffed, walked by his side.

"I really must speak to you, sir," said Mauleverer. "I'm sorry I butted into that show as I did—only not sorry really—"

"What do you mean?"

"Because I want to help, sir."

"Eh?"

Dr. Pillbury blinked at the schoolboy earl. Mauleverer coloured under his gaze.

"You see, sir, I saw the chap. He told me his name was Harrington—"

"Oh! You saw him?"

"Yaas. He's quite potty, isn't he?"

"Potty," said Dr. Pillbury, in a tone of grave rebuke, "is not the name of any complaint I have become acquainted with during the course of my practice as a medical man."

"I—I mean, a—a bit loose in the tiles—"

"What?"

"Gone in the crumpet, I mean!" gasped Mauleverer.

"Boy!"

"Well, I—I thought—"

"Mr. Harrington," said the doctor, "is one of the numerous sufferers from the war. What he is suffering from now is the result of severe shell-shock."

"I—I hope he'll recover some time, sir."

"It is possible."

"I—I never meant to listen, of course, sir," said Mauleverer. "But where I was I couldn't help hearing what you said to the nurse, or whatever she is—"

"You ought not to have been there!"

"I know. But there I was," said Lord Mauleverer. "You said that a few hundred pounds—"

"That is no business of yours!" snapped the doctor angrily.

"Excuse me, sir, it is!" said Lord Mauleverer firmly. "You see, I've got more hundreds of quids than I want, and I'm goin' to shell out a few to see that chap through."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"You see, sir," said Mauleverer, "I shall be a giddy millionaire when I'm of age. My guardian lets me have all I want now. That poor chap is up against it, and he told me his wife's in a nursing-home. If a few hundred pounds would see them through, I'm going to hand it out. See?"

"Bless my soul!" said Dr. Pillbury, standing still, and blinking at Lord Mauleverer.

"I mean it, sir! I'm goin' straight back to write to my guardian and ask him for it. You're the man's friend, and you can handle the money and see him through."

"Your guardian is not likely to consent to a schoolboy giving away hundreds of pounds," said Dr. Pillbury dryly.

"Oh, you don't know him, sir! He's a jolly old sportsman," said Lord Mauleverer confidently. "I shall tell him the circs—"

"The what?"

"The circumstances. I mean, and he will shell out like a shot. I know him, you see. I give you my word, sir, that

in a week's time at the furthest, the quids will be on the spot. What's the sum?"

"Five hundred pounds would be ample," said Dr. Pillbury, staring at Lord Mauleverer. "Half that sum would relieve Harry's poor wife of all anxiety till her illness is over. But it is impossible, boy—quite impossible! Your kind impulse does you credit; but it is quite out of the question!"

"Rot! I—I mean, it's all plain-sailin', doctor. You'll handle the money for them if I get it, won't you?"

"If!" said Dr. Pillbury grimly.

"That settles it, sir! It's a go!"

And Lord Mauleverer raised his straw hat to Dr. Pillbury, and walked off towards Greyfriars. The good little doctor stood staring after him for several minutes blankly.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last.

He walked away to the village, with a thoughtful brow, but he was looking relieved. Amazing as Lord Mauleverer's proposition was—unusual, at least—his earnestness had impressed the medical gentleman.

Lord Mauleverer looked in very cheery spirits as he walked home to Greyfriars. When Billy Bunter, lurking near the school gates, joined him, Maully did not even desire to kick him. He was feeling obliged to Bunter. But for Bunter he would never have trespassed in the bungalow garden, and would never have learned of that curiously distressful case, which could be so easily relieved from his superabundance of cash. Lord Mauleverer was feeling pleased with himself and things generally—even with Bunter.

"I say, Maully—" murmured the Owl of the Remove.

"Well, old bean?" said Maully genially.

"What about that half-crown?" asked Bunter, much relieved by his lordship's geniality.

"Well, you've earned it, haven't you?" said Lord Mauleverer. And he felt in his pocket for half-a-crown.

His hand came in contact with a crumpled letter.

A startling change came over Lord Mauleverer's face. It was his guardian's letter in his pocket.

Up to that moment Mauleverer had completely forgotten the letter. He remembered it now.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated.

"Eh?"

"That—that letter! Oh gad! Nunky's in Switzerland by this time"—Lord Mauleverer's face was the picture of dismay—"and—and he's left no address for letters!"

"But you've got half-a-crown, haven't you?" exclaimed Bunter. That, to William George Bunter, was the important point.

"Oh, bother!"

"I say, Maully—"

"Dry up!" roared Mauleverer wrathfully. "Can't you let a chap think for a minute?"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"After all, there's the solicitors," said Mauleverer. "They're bound to play up when I explain. Moosey, Vine, & Moosey will do the trick!"

"What the thump—"

"It's all right!" said Lord Mauleverer, in relief—"right as rain!" And he walked on cheerily.

"But, I say, what about the half-crown?" yelled Bunter. "You've forgotten the half-crown!"

"By gad, so I had!" Lord Mauleverer laughed. "Here you are, old fat tulip!"

RESULT OF MAGNET Limerick Competition (No. 10).

In this competition the first prize of £1 1s. for the best line sent in has been awarded to:

ROBERT ANDERSON, 22, Salisbury Drive, New Ferry, Cheshire, whose line was:

Now to find him, Astronomers try.

Three consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. each for the next best sent in have been awarded to the following:

DAVID T. JONES, 2, David Street, Treherbert, Rhondda, Glam.

PERCY BROOKS, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2.

ALF. HOWDEN, West End, Holbeach, Lincs.

The Famous Five are at loggerheads with each other—

The half-crown was tossed into Bunter's fat paw—the reward of the long, long trail he had followed that afternoon. It had the effect of relieving Mauly of Bunter's company. As Lord Mauleverer sauntered on to the School House, Billy Bunter made a dive for the tuckshop, where he was soon consuming refreshments, liquid and solid, to the exact value of two shillings and sixpence.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wanted: £500!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came tramping into Study No. 1 in the Remove, ruddy and cheery from the cricket. Wharton and Nugent, the owners of the study, brought in parcels with them from the school shop. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh were guests to tea. There was another guest already in the study. The elegant figure of Lord Mauleverer reclined in the armchair. Mauly was a welcome guest in any study, and the Famous Five greeted him cheerily.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
 "Tea in two ticks, Mauly."
 Lord Mauleverer rose gracefully.
 "I haven't exactly come to tea, old bean," he remarked.
 "Had your tea?"
 "Oh, no."
 "Then you've come to tea," said Harry Wharton decidedly. "Sit down, Mauly."
 "That's all right! If I've come to tea—and you say I have—I'm goin' to help."
 "You're jolly well not," said Frank Nugent, with emphasis. "Just sit quiet where you won't knock anything over."
 "Yaas; but— Oh!"

Bob Cherry gave his lordship a playful lunge on the chest—somewhat in the style of a playful battering-ram—and his lordship sat down in the armchair again quite suddenly.

"Sit tight!" said Bob.
 "Oh, gad!"
 "It's all right, Mauly; we don't want any help," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You really wouldn't save much time by putting the eggs into the tea, or the mustard into the butter, or even by dropping the teapot."

"Makin' out that I'm an ass," said Lord Mauleverer plaintively.

"Well, you are, old chap," said Johnny Bull. "You can't get away from facts, you know."

"Ha ha, ha!"

"The politeness of the esteemed Johnny is terrific," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Well, I'll watch you fellows," said Lord Mauleverer, sitting quite contentedly in the armchair. "I felt bound to offer. But I really came here for some help in writin' a letter. That will do after tea, though. Puttin' off things saves a lot of worry."

"And causes a lot, sometimes," said Harry. "Do you want to catch the post with the letter?"

"Yaas."

"Important?"

"Yaas."

"Well, don't you know that the collection will be taken before we've finished tea?"

"Yaas."

"Fathead! I'll help you with the letter while the other chaps get tea ready. We can have a corner of the table," said Wharton. "Now, then, what is it? Dear uncle, I'm in want of a fifty-pound note by return of post—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



Lord Mauleverer jumped up, his face crimson. Dr. Pillbury eyed him sternly. "You are trespassing here," said the medico. "I—I know, sir!" stammered Mauly. "Meant no harm. I—I dropped over the wall, sir!" (See Chapter 4.)

"Nunno," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'd better explain. No. You read this letter. It'll save the trouble of talkin'. Read it out aloud, in case I've forgotten what's in it. See?"

Wharton read out the letter from Sir Reginald Brooke. The Famous Five all grinned; they could not help that. They sympathised with Mauly; but they could not help grinning at the idea of that extravagant youth being on short allowance for a whole month.

"Horrid hard lines," said Bob, with a chuckle. "You'll have to borrow money from Fisher T. Fish, Mauly. He lends fellows bobs at threepence a week interest."

"Bunter's already offered to lend me his next postal-order," said Lord Mauleverer, with a smile.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it's not a letter to your uncle you want to write, as you don't know his address at present," said Wharton. "You've got another uncle—Braithwait. Are you turning to him as a second string?"

"Can't! He's in Egypt," groaned Lord Mauleverer. "They've been diggin' up things in Egypt, I believe—Tooty-somethin' or other—and Sir Harry is interested in it for some reason I don't know and can't guess. Anyhow, he's there. Must be frightfully hot."

Wharton dipped a pen in the ink.

"Well, what's the game?" he asked.

"I'll write to anybody you like."

"You're a good chap, Wharton," said Mauleverer earnestly. "You'd hardly imagine what a fag it is to write a letter.

But this is rather a special job, too. Nunky bein' away, I've got to tackle the solicitors. But I feel sure they'll jib a bit when I ask them for five hundred pounds in a lump. Sort of feel they will, you know."

"Five hundred what!" roared Bob Cherry, looking round from the frying-pan, into which he was breaking eggs.

"Pounds," said Lord Mauleverer innocently.

"You want five hundred pounds?" asked Harry Wharton blankly.

"Yaas."

"Buying a motor-car to keep in the bike-shed?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No. I'm not buyin' anythin'."

"Standing a big spread in the Rag?" asked Nugent. "You could do that on less than five hundred quid—considerably less."

"Nunno. It's to give away."

"Give away!" shrieked the Famous Five.

"Yaas."

"You're thinking of giving away five hundred pounds?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yaas."

"Then you'd better think again," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "It's quite certain that your uncle's lawyer won't hand you five hundred pounds to give away."

"You can put your shirt on that!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Well, it's my own money, you know, when I come of age," said Lord Mauleverer.

"That's why you can't handle it till you come of age—so that you can't chuck

—owing to a complete misunderstanding!

it away, you ass. My hat! It looks to me that if you get hold of your money at twenty-one, you'll be as hard up as Bunter at twenty-two," said the captain of the Remove.

"Can't! Lots of it is entailed," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "I daresay the rest will go. Why shouldn't it? I've read somewhere that it's patriotic to put money in circulation. Anyhow, I've got to have that five hundred; but I want to word the letter carefully, so as not to give the legal gent too much of a shock. Suppose we tell him that it's for a patriotic purpose? That ought to touch his heart."

"Solicitors don't have hearts, fathead."

YOU SIMPLY MUST READ

"Oh, gad! Suppose we tell him it's to help a lame dog over a stile?"

"He would be more likely to suggest drowning the dog," grinned Bob Cherry.

Lord Mauleverer looked worried and distressed.

"Well, you see, I've got to have the tin," he said. "That's the point we've got to start from. How would you word it, Wharton? You're an awfully clever chap. How would you get five hundred pounds off a lawyer?"

"The only way is to wait for him when he's going to the bank, and knock him on the head, I imagine."

"Oh, great Scott! I can't do that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't recommend that method," said the captain of the Remove, laughing. "But I fancy there isn't any other. Still, we might try telling him what you want the money for. Sir Reginald Brooke may have left him instructions to let you have anything that you actually need."

"But I can't tell him what it's for. I'm keepin' that dark."

"Oh, my hat!"

"But I've promised it," said Lord Mauleverer. "Surely that ought to be good enough. He wouldn't expect me to break a promise, would he?"

"He wouldn't expect you to keep it, if you've been idiot enough to promise somebody five hundred pounds," said Wharton. "You won't get five shillings out of Moosey, Vine & Moosey on those lines."

"Not five farthings, I imagine," grinned Johnny Bull.

"The forthcomfulness of the cash is not probable," remarked Hurree Singh, shaking his dusky head.

Lord Mauleverer gave a groan.

"Fancy a chap not bein' able to handle his own money when he wants it bad!" he said.

"Jolly good thing for you, I should say, if you go around promising people five hundred pounds at a time."

"It's a very special case, you know. I don't do it every day," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha! I suppose not. But can't you tell us the circumstances?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Well, I can't mention names. A chap

is up against it, awfully bad. I've weighed in to see him through. Forgot all about nunky bein' away, at the moment," said Lord Mauleverer ruefully. "But a promise is a promise. Besides, I want to do it, promise or no promise. It's up to me, as I've got the dibs. See?"

"But you haven't got the dibs."

"Nunky would see me through like a shot, if he were at home. I'm quite sure of that. Anyhow, those dashed lawyers have got to shell out. Write the letter, old chap, and put the best face on it you can."

Wharton gnawed the handle of his pen. He was quite well acquainted with Mauleverer's easy-going ways, and the way in which he was plundered by unscrupulous persons. Lord Mauleverer was rich; but it was quite certain that, if he had not had unusual resources behind him, he would soon have been the poorest fellow at Greyfriars. He hated saying "No" so much, and found it so much easier to say "Yes," that it was not at all uncommon for him to be victimised. But, so far as Wharton could see, somebody was "milking" the millionaire to an unusual tune this time, or attempting to do so. Without knowing the circumstances, Wharton certainly would not have approved of parting with such a sum of money—had Mauly been able to do so.

But it was fairly certain that Mauly wouldn't be able to do so. Messrs. Moosey, Vine & Moosey were extremely unlikely to hand out the sum at his request. If the lawyers were satisfied, however, it was not for Wharton to criticise, so he decided that he would do his best for Mauly in the way of letter-writing.

"The eggs are done!" suddenly announced Bob Cherry.

GALLOPING DICK! A magnificent series of complete stories featuring the stirring adventures of an old-time highwayman. By the world-famous author DAVID GOODWIN.

"Keep 'em warm," said Harry. "We've got to catch the post with this letter, or Mauly won't get his five hundred pounds to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Harry Wharton concentrated his attention upon the composition of that exceedingly difficult letter. Orpheus, with his lute, drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek; but it was much more difficult for a letter from Study No. 1 in the Remove to draw five hundred pounds from a canny firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The captain of the Remove resolved to do his best—but he did not feel hopeful.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Sad Case!

LORD MAULEVERER leaned back in the armchair and reposed while Wharton was busy with pen and ink. He had greater faith in Wharton's powers of composition than in his own; and he needed rest, too, after his uncommon exertions that afternoon. He was content to watch—Mauly always was content to watch anything. He preferred cricket to football, because it was so much more comfortable to watch it from a recumbent position in the grass.

"Well, how's this?" asked Wharton, at last.

IN NEXT MONDAY'S "MAGNET"

"Read it out, old bean."

The juniors all listened with interest as the captain of the Remove read the letter out:

"Dear Sir,—I hear from my uncle and guardian, Sir Reginald Brooke, that his medical adviser has ordered him to Switzerland, and that no correspondence is to be forwarded. In these circumstances, I am addressing you. I am in need of the sum of £500 for a very special purpose. I am assured that my uncle would let me have the money if he were here, and I take full responsibility if you will be kind enough to advance this sum.—Thanking you in anticipation, yours truly,

"MAULEVERER."

"Splendid!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. "Begad! How do you do these things, Wharton? You ought to be able to get a job in an office, by gad!"

"Well, that's the best I can do," said Harry. "It's no good expecting the money, old chap."

"Oh, rot! They're bound to send it," said Lord Mauleverer. "If they don't, I'll ask nunky, when he comes home, to sack the lot, and get some new solicitors."

"More likely to sack them if they do!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Bow-wow! Put it in an envelope, Wharton, if you've got one. Let's catch the post with it."

"You've got to write it out first, ass. My fist won't do."

"Sure?" asked his lordship.

"Fathead!"

"Wouldn't it do if I just signed it?"

"Just about as good, I dare say—but you've got to write it, all the same. Here's the pen. Sit up!"

Lord Mauleverer suppressed a groan and sat up. But the memory of the shell-shocked man at the bungalow bucked him, and he made the necessary effort. Wharton's composition was copied out, word for word, duly signed and sealed, and Bob Cherry ran down to the letter-box with it.

"Caught the collection?" asked Lord Mauleverer, when Bob came back, in about a minute and a half.

"Yes."

"Oh, good! That's off my mind, then," said Lord Mauleverer, in relief. "They ought to get it in the morning."

Aubrey Angel figures prominently next Monday—

If they catch the return post, when shall I get their answer, Wharton?"

"Next morning."

"Well, after all, that would be soon enough. Might have telegraphed, though," said Lord Mauleverer. "I never thought of that. Still, perhaps they wouldn't have sent the money in answer to a telegram."

"The perhapsfulness is terrific!"

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Wharton!" said his lordship gratefully. "If ever I can do anythin' for you, just mention it. Somethin' I can do sittin' down, if possible. Sorry I've been keepin' you fellows waitin' for your tea!"

"That's all right!" said Bob Cherry. "We've had the entertainment for nothing!"

"The entertainment?" repeated Lord Mauleverer.

"Yes. You're as good as a comic film, you know, if you only knew it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Anyhow, I'm jolly glad it will be off my mind now."

And his lordship devoted himself to eggs and ham and tea. Conversation in Study No. 1 turned on cricket—a subject extremely interesting to Harry Wharton & Co. at that season of the year. On that subject his lordship did not enthuse; and after tea he took his leave, leaving cricket "jaw" still going strong in Study No. 1.

In the Remove passage, as he ambled away to No. 12, he came on William George Bunter.

"I say, Mauly——"

Lord Mauleverer sighed deeply.

"Go away, Bunter!" he said appealingly.

"Oh, really, Mauly——"

"Let a chap off!" urged his lordship. "I'm tryin' to get through the term without kicking you, Bunter—tryin' hard!"

"You cheeky ass!" roared Bunter. "No—don't go! I'm not going to borrow anything, Mauly! I only wanted to mention to you——"

"Don't!"

"A sad case——"

"Mention it to somebody else, dear man."

"A sad case of a poor chap in want of a meal!" said Bunter, blinking at Mauly through his big spectacles. "A couple of bob would see him through. It's up to you, Mauly!"

"Gammon!"

"I'm not asking you to trust me with the money," said Bunter, with dignity. "You can come down to the tuckshop and see him eat the meal."

"Honest injun?" asked Mauly.

"You can see it with your own eyes!" Mauly sighed again. He felt hardly equal to a walk to the tuckshop, but the thought of a poor fellow not having a meal was horrid.

"Well, come on!" he said.

"Good old Mauly!"

The Owl of the Remove trotted away with his lordship, winking at Skinner as he went. Skinner chuckled.

On arriving in the tuckshop, Lord Mauleverer looked round. He saw no sign of that touching object of charity.

"Where's the starvin' bloke, Bunter?" he asked.

"You order the grub, and I'll trot him in."

"Yaas. What shall I order?"

"Plate of ham," said Bunter thoughtfully. "Good lot of it, too. Pickles. And cake, and some jam-tarts, and ginger-beer."

That order was likely to come to more than the two shillings Billy Bunter had mentioned—as Mauleverer found when he paid Mrs. Mible for the supply. The feed was placed on a little table; and Billy Bunter sat down to it. Mauleverer stared at him.

"Here, hold on!" he exclaimed. "That's not for you, Bunter! You told me there was a poor fellow in want of a meal——"

"So there is."

"Well, then, where is he?"

"Here!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"I'm the fellow!" explained Bunter, with his mouth full.

Lord Mauleverer stared at him blankly. There was a howl of laughter from the juniors in the tuckshop.

"Well, by gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer, at last. "I've been had!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've a jolly good mind——" began Lord Mauleverer wrathfully.

"I say, this ham is prime, Mauly!" said Bunter. "Have some! My treat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer drifted out of the tuckshop. His wrath was never more than momentary; and he smiled as he went. And Billy Bunter, with a beatific grin on his fat face, travelled through the ample meal in the tuckshop, and then rolled away to Study No. 7 in the Remove, to see what Peter Todd had got for tea.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Cash!

THE next letter that arrived at Greyfriars for Lord Mauleverer had a typed address and quite an official look. Billy Bunter, nosing over the rack, passed it contemptuously. Bunter was not expecting remittances to arrive for Mauleverer now, and so his lordship's correspondence had no special interest for William George. Sometimes letters for Lord Mauleverer would be overlooked for a day or two by his lordship, who dreaded the trouble of reading them, and still more the task of replying to them—a task he frequently left undone.

But on this occasion Mauly was prompt in claiming his letter. He wanted to know what Moosey, Vine, & Moosey had to say; and he was slightly surprised to find that the letter was not registered. He consoled himself with the reflection that so considerable a sum would naturally be sent by cheque. He carried off the letter without misgivings as to its contents.

It was in the break of morning classes on Friday that Mauly found his letter; Moosey, Vine, & Moosey had not been slow in response to his appeal. He took it out into the sunny quadrangle to read, and sat down on a bench under the old elms.

There, ten minutes later, Harry Wharton found him, with an expression of amazement fastened on his noble features.

"Anything up?" asked Harry.

"Lots!"



"Vat price are you asking?" inquired Mr. Lazarus. "Five hundred pounds," replied Lord Mauleverer. Mr. Lazarus nearly collapsed. "Vat?" he said faintly. "But zese pieces of furniture did not cost a quarter of that!" (See Chapter 8.)

—likewise the Slacker of the Remove—Lord Mauleverer!

"Oh!" Wharton noticed the letter in his lordship's hand. "An answer from the lawyer johnnies?"

"Yaas. Read it, old chap!"

Harry Wharton read the letter. As he had not had the remotest expectation that Moosey, Vine, & Moosey would accede to his lordship's remarkable request, he was not so surprised by it as Mauleverer undoubtedly was. It ran:

"We are honoured by your lordship's communication, and in reply beg to state that we are not empowered by Sir Reginald Brooke to advance your lordship any sum in excess of your lordship's regular allowance, which will be forwarded on the usual date. We regret therefore that we are unable to accede to your lordship's request for the sum of £500 (five hundred pounds).

"We are, my lord,

"Your lordship's obedient servants.

"Moosey, Vine, & Moosey."

"What do you make of that, Wharton?" asked Lord Mauleverer, blinking at the captain of the Remove.

"It's a jolly long-winded way of saying 'no,' old nut!" said Wharton, smiling. "What the thump did you expect?"

"Five hundred pounds," said Mauly innocently.

"Nothing doing, old fellow!"

Lord Mauleverer knitted his brows.

"You think they mean that?" he asked.

"I do."

"You don't think another letter would make them play up?"

"Not in the least."

"You're jolly good at letter-writing, Wharton. You don't think that if you pitched it to them again, in your best style, it would make them shell out?"

"I'm sure not, old chap!"

"Oh gad!" said Mauly. "Then what's a fellow goin' to do?"

"Without!" suggested Harry, with a smile.

"That's rot, you know. If it were for myself, I could do without all right. But, you see, it's for somebody else," said his lordship, with a deeply worried look. "Can't understand those people! They've got no end of money, and they won't squeeze out a paltry five hundred pounds when a fellow wants it badly. I'd borrow it, but I suppose there's nobody in the Lower Fourth could lend me five hundred pounds."

Wharton chuckled.

"Half-a-crown would be nearer the mark in the Lower Fourth," he observed.

"Isn't it fearfully annoyin' that old Brooke has gone to Switzerland just at this time!" groaned Mauleverer. "He might have come along to say good-bye. Then I could have touched him for it. I say, Wharton, you're an awfully clever chap. Where would you get five hundred pounds if you needed it awfully badly—couldn't do without it, in fact?"

"I'm afraid I should have to do without it, Mauly!" said Harry, laughing.

"But a fellow can't do without somethin' he actually wants."

"Lots of fellows have to."

"Somethin' wrong somewhere," said Lord Mauleverer, shaking his head. "I'm surprised at these Moosey people—shocked at them, by gad! Fancy a fellow takin' all the frightful trouble of writin' a letter because he's hard up for money, and then not gettin' the money? It's a wicked waste of energy—not to mention the stamp. Dash it all,

I'm beginnin' to see how Bunter feels when a fellow won't cash his postal-order for him! Do you think the Head would be very waxy if I went to a moneylender?"

"Oh, my hat! You'd get the boot, you ass! Besides, moneylenders want security—you're under age."

"Oh, rotten! What's goin' to be done, then?"

"I give that up, Mauly!"

The bell rang, and the Removites had to return to the Form-room. Lord Mauleverer went in with a gloomy and puckered brow.

Poor Mauly had been so accustomed to having all the money he wanted that a shortage of cash came as a real shock to him. When his ample allowance ran short, a letter to his uncle always brought forth fruit, as it were, sometimes accompanied by a little lecture on extravagance. Mauly did not mind the lecture—he was a good-natured fellow, and believed in giving uncles their head. And the cash, after all, was the chief consideration. But now, for once, there was no cash!

No cash!

It was a serious situation. Certainly there were plenty of people in existence who had had the same experience. Lord Mauleverer was quite well aware that there were lots of people who hadn't a ten-pound note to spare. He thought it very hard lines on them. But it seemed harder, somehow, now that it had come home to himself. He had never thought much about money, or valued it very highly. Sticking to it tightly was a thing he had never dreamed of.

Moosey, Vine, & Moosey had given him a shock. Even if they weren't empowered by his guardian to advance him some of his own money, they had plenty of money of their own that they could have advanced, had they chosen. They hadn't chosen! Mauly was shocked and

grieved by this example of close-fistedness.

He gave Mr. Quelch hardly any attention during third lesson. He was given fifty lines, but he did not heed. What did lines matter to him, when he had promised Dr. Pillbury five hundred pounds to provide for his shell-shocked patient, and couldn't keep his promise?

That was a horrid thought. He had to keep his promise—he must keep it. Somehow or other that promise had to be kept, though the skies fell.

At dinner Lord Mauleverer hardly ate. He was too worried to care for food; and he did not even notice when the playful Skinner spilt salt upon his pudding.

After dinner he mooched in the quad by himself, a prey to deep and anxious thought. And then suddenly an idea flashed into his mind, and he looked round for Fisher T. Fish.

Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, was not to be seen out of doors, so Mauly went up to Study No. 14 in the Remove passage. That study belonged to Johnny Bull and Squiff and Fisher T. Fish; and he found Fishy there. Fishy, who was not "gone," as he would have expressed it, on open air or exercise, was seated at the table, deep in arithmetical calculations, which always occupied a large portion of Fishy's leisure. He was now happy in calculating exactly how much he had spent during the whole period of his stay at Greyfriars, and he flattered himself that he was working it out to the last cent. Bad debts formed a very, very small item in Fishy's expenditure. Generally, when he expended a cent, he was able to get the value of two cents for it—a reflection that made him feel happy and amiable. He did not want to be interrupted in this pleasant occupation; but he bestowed an agreeable nod upon Lord Mauleverer. Like every true republican, Fishy dearly loved a lord.

"Wade in, old man," said Fishy.

Lord Mauleverer waded in.

"I guess you don't know how much you've spent since you've been at this yer school!" Fishy remarked.

"Good heavens, no!"

"Nope! You wouldn't! But I guess, sir, that I can figger it out to the last Continental red cent," said Fisher T. Fish impressively. "You wasn't raised in Noo Yark! I was. That's the difference!"

"I'm hard up!" said Lord Mauleverer.

The genial expression froze on Fisher T. Fish's sharp countenance.

"Good-bye!" he said.

"But—"

"I'm busy!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled faintly.

"I've heard that you lend money at interest, Fishy, like jolly old Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice,'" he said.

Fishy was interested again.

"Sure!" he said.

"Good! I want to borrow some money."

"Interest at the rate of threepence a week on a bob," said Fisher T. Fish, with a business-like air.

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer agreed so easily that Fishy could have kicked himself for not saying fourpence.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Five hundred pounds."

Fisher T. Fish almost fell off his chair.

"Wha-a-a-at?" he managed to articulate.

"Five hundred pounds."

LOOK!

£10 in Cash Awards!

RESULT OF LANCASHIRE

PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION!

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

JOHN JONES,
466, Higginshaw Lane,
Oldham, Lancs.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided between the following four competitors whose solutions contained one error each:

J. M. Godfrey, 2, Guy St., Leamington Spa.
Alice Pace, 73, Grove Street, Leek, Staffs.
John Budd, Gellygron Road, Pontardawe, Swansea.

Mrs. J. R. Wight, 11, Inchaffray Street, Perth.

Thirty-one competitors, with two errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prizewinners can be obtained on application at this office.

SOLUTION.

The Lancashire County Cricket Club originated in 1864, although the county had played numerous matches before that. The Red Rose county has reached the top of the Championship ladder six times. At the present period it is one of the best teams in the country, and includes such famous players as John Sharp, Makepeace, Parkin, etc.

Will the Famous Five become united again?—

"Couldn't do with less?" asked Fisher T. Fish, with deep sarcasm.

"Yaas; I could do with two-fifty to go on with, and the other two-fifty later."

"Come off!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Eh?"

"Can it."

"Can it?" repeated Lord Mauleverer helplessly. "Can what? Is there a verb 'to can'?"

"Gee-whiz!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Where were you raised? Look here, Mauly, I can oblige you up to a quid."

"A—a—a quid?"

"Yep! Up to thirty bob, if it's very special."

"But I want five hundred pounds," said Lord Mauleverer innocently.

"Oh, give a miss to chewing the rag!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Go to bed and dream again!"

And the Transatlantic junior turned to his calculations again. There was a penny, expended three terms before, for which Fishy could not fully account. On the track of that elusive penny Fishy did not want to be interrupted by so unpractical a person as Lord Mauleverer, unless there was business doing.

Lord Mauleverer blinked at him dismally, and drifted out of the study.

Fisher T. Fish, obviously, could not meet the deficit. Where was the five hundred pounds to come from? It had to come from somewhere—but where? It was a problem that there was nothing in Euclid to equal, and Lord Mauleverer tried to grapple with it, and was reduced to the lowest state of spirits.



THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not a Trade!

"BLESS my soul!"

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, made that remark as he stood at the door of the School House. Looking out into the sunny quadrangle after lessons, Mr. Quelch became aware of a peculiar figure approaching him. It was that of a gentleman whose nose was his most prominent feature—a really impressive feature. The gentleman had an oily complexion, and an oily smile.

He wore a long overcoat, warm as the afternoon was, and the sun glinted upon an ancient top-hat, which had evidently seen better days, and seen the last of them, probably, before the war. As a compensation, however, for the general shabbiness of the old gentleman's attire, a large number of samples of jewellery glittered and flashed on various parts of him.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch, a second time.

He recognised the old gentleman. It was Mr. Lazarus, of Courtfield—a keen business gentleman, who dealt in almost every article under the sun in his shop at Courtfield. He would sell a second-hand watch, or bike, or overcoat, or cricket bat, and purchase the same—not at the same figure. He would hire out a caravan, or a bicycle, or a dress-suit. But his chief "line" was the purchase and sale of secondhand clothes and furniture—in that "line" he lived, and moved, and had his being. As he came up to the School House steps Mr. Lazarus swept off his ancient top-hat in polite salute to the Remove master.

"Good-afternoon!" he said affably.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Lazarus!" said the astonished Form master.

"Nize vezers we are getting now, Mr. Quelch."

"How much money have you undertaken to give away, Mauleverer?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch sharply. "Five hundred pounds, sir. I could do with two-fifty now and two-fifty later, if you would oblige me."

"WHAT?" bellowed the Form master. (See Chapter 10.)

"Nice—what? Oh, weather! Yes. Certainly! May I ask, Mr. Lazarus, why you have called?"

"Yeth, certainly!" said Mr. Lazarus. "I call to see his lordship, who wishes to sell some sings."

"Lord Mauleverer?" There was only one lord at Greyfriars.

"Yeth, that is so."

"Bless my soul!"

"No objection, I hope, sir?"

"N-n-no—since you are here," said Mr. Quelch, very much taken aback. "It—it is certainly very irregular! I—I shall speak to Lord Mauleverer about this. But—but since you are here—"

"Shank you, Mr. Quelch!"

Mr. Lazarus passed into the house, leaving the Remove master looking very scandalised.

He stood in the hall and looked about him, with his amiable, oily smile, and all the fellows in the office looked at him with interest. He was rather an uncommon sort of visitor for Greyfriars.

"Lazarus, by Jove!" said Coker of the Fifth. "I say, how much for these trousers?"

There was a chuckle from Potter and Greene of the Fifth; it was their duty to chuckle when the great Coker was humorous. It was their duty, and they did!

Mr. Lazarus smiled blandly at Coker.

"Nozzings, my dear sir," he answered.

"I am verry shorry, but I buy only shentlemen's clothes."

At which Potter and Greene chuckled still more.

"This way, Mr. Lazarus!" said Lord

Mauleverer, looking over the banisters. Mr. Lazarus mounted the big staircase.

"My hat!" said Coker of the Fifth. "That was cheeky, you fellows!"

This had dawned on Coker's powerful brain at last.

"Go hon!" murmured Potter.

By that time Mr. Lazarus had disappeared upstairs. Lord Mauleverer conducted him to the Remove passage amid surprised looks from other Removites.

Mr. Lazarus saluted his acquaintances in the passage with polished though rather oily urbanity.

He was shown into Lord Mauleverer's study, and Mauly's studymate, Vivian, after a blank stare at Mr. Lazarus, vacated the premises, leaving his lordship alone with the visitor.

"Sit down, Mr. Lazarus, please!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Mauly's manners were rather more polished than those of Coker of the Fifth; and he had a well-bred boy's respect for age, though inwardly Mauly could not help regarding Mr. Lazarus as "rather a corker."

"Shank you, my lord!" said Mr. Lazarus.

He sat down, and laid his ancient hat on the table, where it reflected the sunshine from the window.

"It's very good of you to come so promptly," said Mauly.

"Piziness," said Mr. Lazarus—"piziness, sir! I comes as soon as I can get away from the shop. Always happy to oblige a shentleman! You have some old clothes you vishes to sell, isn't it?"

—Find the answer in our next Greyfriars yarn!

Ladies and shentleman's cast-off apparel bought at the best prices."

"Clobber, by gad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I hadn't thought of that! That's a second string to the bow. Fact is, Mr. Lazarus, I'm sellin' out."

"Your lordship is leadi' school?"

"Oh, no! Not at all! I'm hard up!" explained Lord Mauleverer. "Short of money, you know," he added in elucidation.

"Zose sings will happen!" said Mr. Lazarus sympathetically.

"All the stuff in this study belongs to me," said Lord Mauleverer, with a wave of the hand at his expensive furnishings. "I believe it cost a lot of money—how much, I don't know. Will you buy the lot?"

"My cootness!" said Mr. Lazarus.

He glanced round the room. Lord Mauleverer's surroundings were sybaritic, and undoubtedly they had cost a great deal of money. Wealthy and affectionate uncles and aunts had contributed costly articles, and Mauleverer had a way of buying anything that took his fancy, regardless of price. Mr. Lazarus' black eyes glittered as he looked round him.

"But you have a master's permission to sell these sings?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! Fellows can always sell their things, if they like. That's all right."

"But what will your lordship do wizout furniture?"

"That's all right, too. You see, the school provides table and chair, and a square of something—I forget what it's called—that goes on the floor. Linoleum, that's it. I've had them stacked into the box-room to get them out of the way; but I can yank them out again. Vivian won't mind—he's a trump. I want to sell this lot to raise the wind, you know."

"Vat price are you asking?"

"Five hundred pounds."

Mr. Lazarus gazed at Lord Mauleverer like a man in a dream. Expensive as Lord Mauleverer's goods were, certainly they had not cost five hundred pounds. And although Mr. Lazarus, of Courtfield, did an extensive business, it was improbable that he had such a sum in ready cash to handle at a moment's notice. For some minutes there was silence in the study—Lord Mauleverer waiting for the dealer's reply, and Mr. Lazarus wondering dazedly what kind of an ass he had to deal with. He was not accustomed to meeting persons like Mauly in the way of business.

"Five hundred pounds!" he breathed at last.

"Just that," assented Mauleverer. "You see, that's exactly the sum I'm in need of."

"Oh! Zat is why you ask him?"

"That's it."

"My cootness!" said Mr. Lazarus.

"If you hand me that sum it will save me no end of bother," said Lord Mauleverer, by way of an added inducement.

"But zese sings did not cost so much as that?" gasped Mr. Lazarus.

"No, I hardly think so," said Lord Mauleverer thoughtfully. "Let's see, I know that rug was ten guineas, because nunky gave me a special lecture about it when he came, and that fixed it on my mind. Aunt Gloriana gave me the book-case. I believe it's worth a lot of money. Those crinkly things show that it's something or other—I forget what—very special. The sofa was sixteen guineas. I remember that, too, because the people kept on dunnin' me for it, though I told

them I hadn't any money left. There's lots of other things, and they all cost somethin'. But it couldn't have run to five hundred pounds—couldn't possibly, I should think."

"But—but—" gasped Mr. Lazarus, still feeling like a man in a dream—"when you sell sings second-hand you do not get same price as new."

"By gad! Don't you?"

"Never."

"That's a bit awkward, isn't it," said Lord Mauleverer, puckering his noble brows in thought, and looking at the dazed Mr. Lazarus. "But perhaps you could stretch a point for once? You see, I've got to have five hundred pounds quick, and if you don't hand it to me for this furniture, what's a fellow to do?"

"My cootness!" said Mr. Lazarus once more. He seemed unable to say anything else in reply to Mauleverer's question.

"There's my clobber, too," said Mauly brightly. "Lots of clothes, you know. I can do with one suit of Etons, and I can borrow one of Wharton's toppers when I want one—I know he's got two. I'll throw in all the rest, along with the sticks—what?"

"My cootness," said Mr. Lazarus. "I makes you an offer, if you like."

"That's good! Go ahead!"

"For all these sings I giff you twenty pound."

"Eh?"

"Twenty pound."

"But I want five hundred," said Lord Mauleverer in a tone of patient explanation, as if he were speaking to a child.

Mr. Lazarus shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"If you should get five hundred pound for these sings you make a profit on the sale," he said.

"Yaas. That's what I want to do."

"Oh, my cootness!" murmured Mr. Lazarus. "But I should lose money on the transaction, Lord Mauleverer."

"Yaas, I suppose you would," said Lord Mauleverer, eyeing him thoughtfully. "The question is—can you afford it?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"If you couldn't afford to lose money on it, of course, I couldn't expect you to. But if you could—"

"Oh, my cootness!"

Mr. Lazarus rose to his feet. He began to feel that there would be no business done here.

"I say, this is rather rotten," said Lord Mauleverer in dismay. "You're quite sure you couldn't spring five hundred pounds, with the clobber thrown in?"

"Quite sure, my lord!" grinned Mr. Lazarus. "But I gives a pound for a shoot of clothes in good condition."

"A—a—a pound! Oh, my hat! I jolly well wish I could buy a suit of clothes for a pound or ten pounds," said Lord Mauleverer. "There's somethin' wrong somewhere. Nothin' doin', then?"

"I'm afraid not, my lord."

"You couldn't go to two-fifty, and let me have the other two-fifty afterwards, when your profits come in from somewhere?" asked Lord Mauleverer anxiously.

"Oh, my cootness! No."

Lord Mauleverer rubbed his wrinkled, troubled brow.

"It's horrid awkward," he said. "I'm sorry I've wasted your time, Mr. Lazarus. It was very kind of you to call. You must let me pay your taxi fare from Courtfield."

"But I take no taxi from Courtfield,

my lord," said Mr. Lazarus, who was an honest old gentleman. "I valks."

"But it's over two miles!" said Lord Mauleverer in amazement. "My hat! Dash it all, you can't walk back! Hang on here while I go down and telephone for a taxi."

"Oh, my cootness! I valks back as I came, my lord," said Mr. Lazarus. "I will not put you to expense. I am very glad to have seen your lordship. Always at your lordship's service."

And Mr. Lazarus backed out of the study and departed. Lord Mauleverer was left in a dismal frame of mind. All his resources were failing him one after another, after all the deep thought he had given to the matter. Billy Bunter grinned into the study a few minutes later.

"You're wanted, Mauly."

"Go away, Bunter!"

"Yah! Mr. Quelch wants you in his study!"

"Oh dear!"

Then suddenly Lord Mauleverer's troubled face brightened.

"Quelchy! By gad! I'll get it from Quelchy!"

And with a greatly relieved mind at that happy thought, Lord Mauleverer made his way quite cheerfully to his Form master's study.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Coker to the Rescue!

"HELP!"

Coker of the Fifth gave quite a jump.

Horace James Coker was walking along the lane meditatively, and did not notice particularly where he was going. He had food for thought—much food. For the cricket season was going strong at Greyfriars, and Wingate of the Sixth, for inexplicable reasons, barred Coker from the first eleven. This, in spite of the fact that Coker was the best cricketer inside Greyfriars—or outside—in Coker's opinion, at least.

Thinking over what had better be done in these irritating circumstances, Horace Coker strolled along, absently rapping with his walking-cane as he went at the high wall of a garden that bordered the lane.

Then suddenly over that high wall came the call that made Coker of the Fifth jump:

"Help!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Coker.

Coker of the Fifth had his faults. He played cricket in a way that might have made the angels weep. He never regarded as possible or reasonable the existence of more than one opinion on any subject—that one opinion being Horace Coker's. But Coker was a good fellow in the main, and the very last chap to let a cry for help pass unheeded.

He halted, and looked at the high wall. The rapping of his stick on the bricks as he sauntered by had apparently reached ears within, and drawn that call for help from somebody who was shut up in the garden. Coker was ready to help him whoever he was. A tree grew close to the wall, the tree that had served Lord Mauleverer's turn on another occasion, and Coker clambered up and looked over the wall.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed.

A man stood looking up from the garden, a rather handsome man, with

(Continued on page 17.)

£300—for readers—£300—for cricket enthusiasts—£300!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 135.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week ending July 28th, 1923.

A Farmer's Diary!



Being extracts from the Diary of Farmer Haycrop, of Five Elms Farm, Friardale.

MONDAY.

Saw a smartly-dressed young gent from Greyfriars strolling through my corn. I shouted to him that he was trespassing, and that all trespassers would be persecuted. "Sorry, begad!" he said. "I was takin' a short-cut, dear man." "You've done wanton damage to my corn," I shouted. "I want ample compensation." The young gent grinned. "If you mean 'compensation,' farmer," he said, "will a tenner do?" And he pulled out a wad of banknotes from his pocket. I was fair amazed. And when the young gent informed me that he was a real lord—Lord Mauleverer—you could have knocked me down with a wisp of hay! Of course, I didn't take the tenner. I said I felt very proud to think that a belted earl had condescended to tread on my corn, and I told him he could go on trampling it down to his heart's contempt!

TUESDAY.

I was returning home from the hayfield this evening, when I saw two young rascals from Greyfriars racing across the meadow on two of my ponies. One of the young villains had curly hair, and his cap was perched on the back of his head. The other was one of those Chinese Japs, with a yellow skin and a pigtail. I rushed off in pursuit with a hunting-crop, but the young rascals were too quick for me. They dismounted when they got to the end of the meadow, and then they vanished through the edge like greased lightning. I've a good mind to go and lay a complaint before their headmaster, the young varmin'ts!

WEDNESDAY.

This afternoon a fat young fellow in spectacles came rolling into the farmhouse. He says to me, says he, "I say, farmer, can I have some tea?" "You'd better axe the missus," I says. "She's in the dairy." So he goes round to the missus, and orders the biggest feed you ever heard of. "I'll have a couple of rashers," he says, "and four fried eggs. Then I'll have some bread-and-butter,

and honey, and clotted cream. If you've got a big home-made cake, ma'am, I'll eat it at one sitting. And I want a pot of tea big enough to drown a cat in." The missus bustled about and got the meal

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

PERSONALLY, I have never nursed the ambition to plough and sow, and to reap and mow, and to be a farmer's boy-oy-oy-oy!

I was born and bred in the heart of Hampshire, and I'm fairly fond of country life; but I shouldn't care to bury myself on a farm for the rest of my existence. Not that I'm afraid of hard work—and farming is jolly hard graft, believe me—but the loneliness of the life would pall on me.

However, that is only my point of view. Every fellow to his choice. I cannot deny that there is a certain fascination about farming. It's a happy, healthy life to those with the right temperament for it.

The Remove fellows view farming from various angles. Some are keen, and some are not. Some would love to follow the plough, and to work waist-deep amid the golden corn. Others would find it a beastly bore.

Lord Mauleverer would make a poor farmer. He would spend his time dozing and dreaming on the top of a hayrick; and the crops could go to rack and ruin, for all his lordship cared! Neither can we imagine the portly Bunter making an ideal farmer, though the fat junior declares he is fully qualified for the work.

The subject of farming is sufficiently interesting to warrant a special number; and you will find plenty of fun and sparkle, action and liveliness, in this issue. I won't shout from the housetops, as Bunter does, that it is the best number we have had since last week. It obviously is!

ready, and this fat chap sat down and tucked in as if he was never going to stop. Then, when he thought my back was turned, he tried to sneak away. I called him back, and told him he had eaten six shillings' worth of food. "That's all right, old chap," he says, in soothing tones. "I'll pay you when my postal-order comes. I'm expecting it by the next mail." I know he was telling one of them fib-rications, so I laid into him with my hunting-crop. He won't come to our farmhouse for tea again in a hurry!

THURSDAY.

Them Greyfriars kids is a dratted nuisance. Caught six of them raiding my orchard this evening. They got away with their pockets bulging with fruit, and I went after them like an express train. But my internal engine ain't so strong as it used to be, and I was soon puffed out and forced to abandon the chase. Never mind! I'll go up to Greyfriars to-morrow, and identify the young rascals.

FRIDAY.

I went up to the school, and the headmaster paraded all the boys for my inspection. I tried to pick out the six young rips who had raided my orchard, but it was no go. In their Eton clothes they all looked as alike as peas. I couldn't tell one from another. But I spotted the one with a pigtail, and the curly-headed one, who had ridden my ponies the other day, and I reported them to the headmaster. "Cherry and Wun Lung, says he sternly, "you will take fifty lines!" I don't know whether he meant clothes-lines or fishing-lines. Anyway, it seemed a mighty soft punishment.

SATURDAY.

I got a letter by the morning post, enclosing a postal order for five shillings. There was also a note, which said:

"Herewith P.O. in payment for fruit we raided from your orchard on Thursday.—THE SECRET SIX."

Those Greyfriars kids ain't such bad sorts, after all. They've got a sense of honour, and it seems that they only looted my orchard for a lark, so I'll forgive 'em!

SUNDAY.

Believing in the old saying that Sunday is a day of rest, I sought the shelter of a shady tree and determined to indulge in a quiet hour's nap. But, alas and alack! as them poets say, I was rudely disturbed by a crowd of cheeky kids—Ighelisse imps, they was—tickling my nose with a straw. I promptly ups and teaches 'em better manners, the rascals. What a life!

A special Fire-Drill Supplement next Monday!

Are You Fond of Farming?



This question has been put to various "Somebodies" and "Nobodies" at Greyfriars School. See what they say on the subject.

BOB CHERRY:

I can't help thinking that farming is a wee bit tame—unless you get chased round a meadow by a mad bull, or wake up in the night and find all your hayricks on fire! But to follow a plough for hours on end, or to dig up rows and rows of turnips, would bore me stiff. If my pater were to offer me "three acres and a cow" to-morrow, with a few chickens and ducks thrown in, and tell me to set up in business as a farmer, I should politely decline.

BILLY BUNTER:

Fond of farming? I should jolly well think so! Look at the ripping grub you get at farmhouses. Clotted eggs and new-laid cream, and plenty of milk and hunney. Oh, what a life! A farmer duzzent have to do any ruff work. He employs laborers to do that. All he has to do is to sit in the farmhouse and stuff himself. Such a life would suit me down to the ground. As soon as I can raise sufficient capital—about seven-and-sixpence—I shall buy some piggs, sheep, gotes, cows, books, and other kinds of poultry, and start a farm of my own. Of course, being of noble berth, I should be a gentleman-farmer—not a common or garden one. My miner Sammy will have to do all the donkey work, bekwase he's a young ass! He'll have to shear the fields and plough the sheep, and milk the corn and thresh the cows. (Afraid

I've got it a bit mixed, but Wharton's only given me five minnits to answer the queschun, bekwase he's waiting to go to press.)

DICK PENFOLD:

I really don't see any harm in working on a country farm. You see, the life is full of charm, and free from panic and alarm. And when the weather's nice and warm, and all the bees begin to swarm, it must be simply grand each day to revel in the new-mown hay—to hear the merry ploughshares rattle—to milk the cows and feed the cattle. But here at Greyfriars I must stay, and in the Form-room swot all day, with Quelchy giving me detention, for slackness and for inattention. I dare not smile my sweetest smiles, and live the life of Farmer Giles!

MR. PROUT:

Only one side of a farmer's life appeals to me. I refer to the delights of rabbit-shooting, wild-duck-shooting and so forth. Sometimes I happen to miss my aim, and then the duck isn't the only thing that's wild! Generally speaking, however, no rabbit or duck stands a chance against my deadly marksmanship, provided the range is not more than six yards. A certain MAGNET reader, who won a Limerick prize a few weeks ago, stated that "trigger-nometry" puzzles me.

Let me assure him that I can shoot the head off a pin at six paces. "Trigger-nometry" never puzzled me yet, and it never will!

DICKY NUGENT:

The life of a farmer would soot me down to the ground, bekwase i happen to be very fond of dum animals, such as hoorses, cows, Billy Gotes, Nannie Gotes, geese, dux, and seterer. Nothing would give me greater plezzure than to feed the piggs, sheer the lams, and milk the cows. I am a farmer by instinkt and inclinashun, and i hope my pater will buy me a nice little farm in the country one of these days. I will now tell you my eggesperiences when i worked on a farm during the summer vack—(Dicky's "eggesperiences" have been held over for two years!—Ed.)

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Wot I says is this here—every man to his perfession, that's wot I says. For the last fifty years I've made a special study of gate-keeping, sweeping up leaves, and carrying trunks and portmanters. It wouldn't be no use to put me on a farm. I'd start shearing the cows and milking the sheep! And when I planted what I thought was turnips, spring onions would come up! Every man to his trade. Let the cobbler stick to his last, and let the lodge-keeper stick to his lodge, not go galliwanting about on a farm, where he would be neither use nor ornament. I hope as how the young gents wot reads Master Wharton's paper will fully grasp my meaning.

WUN LUNG:

Me no likee workee on farm. Little Wun Lung likee something more exciting. Me velly muchee rather become tightrope-walker, or sword-swallower, than a farmer. How do you milkee cows? Me no savvy. How do you threshee corn? Me no savvy. How do you growee butter and eggs? Again me no savvy. Me no likee to ploughee and sowee, to reapee and mowee, and to be a farmer's boy. Handsome Harry Wharton might likee it, but little Chinee give it a missee!

NOTES AND VIEWS!

By BOB CHERRY.

I HAVE been trotting round with a notebook and pencil, asking various people their views on farming. First of all I went to the tuckshop, and conversed with Dame Mimble over a glass of foaming ginger-pop. "No, Master Cherry," said she, after I had asked her if she would like to go in for farming. "I shouldn't care to till the soil; I'd rather stay here with my greasy hands and soil the till!" Quite a merry jest for an old-fashioned dame!

In the Close I bumped into that son of the sea, Tom Redwing. "I say, Redwing, would you care to be a farmer?" I asked him. "No fear!" was the prompt reply. "I'd rather become a sailer, and plough the mighty deep!" What a harrow-ing joke!

I next met the gentle and guileless Alonzo Todd. "I should like to be a farmer, my dear Cherry," he said, in answer to my question, "but I haven't the nerve. I am terrified of bulls. I once heard of a bull who tossed a man of sixteen stone into the air as if he had been a cricket-ball!" I told Alonzo that he was probably referring to an elephant, but he stuck it out that it was a bull. "Then there are the horses," he added. "I am mortally afraid of being pelted by horses." "Pelted by horses!" I echoed in astonishment. "Horses can't pelt people, you duffer!" "Oh, yes, they can," replied Alonzo innocently. "I've heard that horses 'shy'!"

I staggered away from Alonzo in a state of collapse.

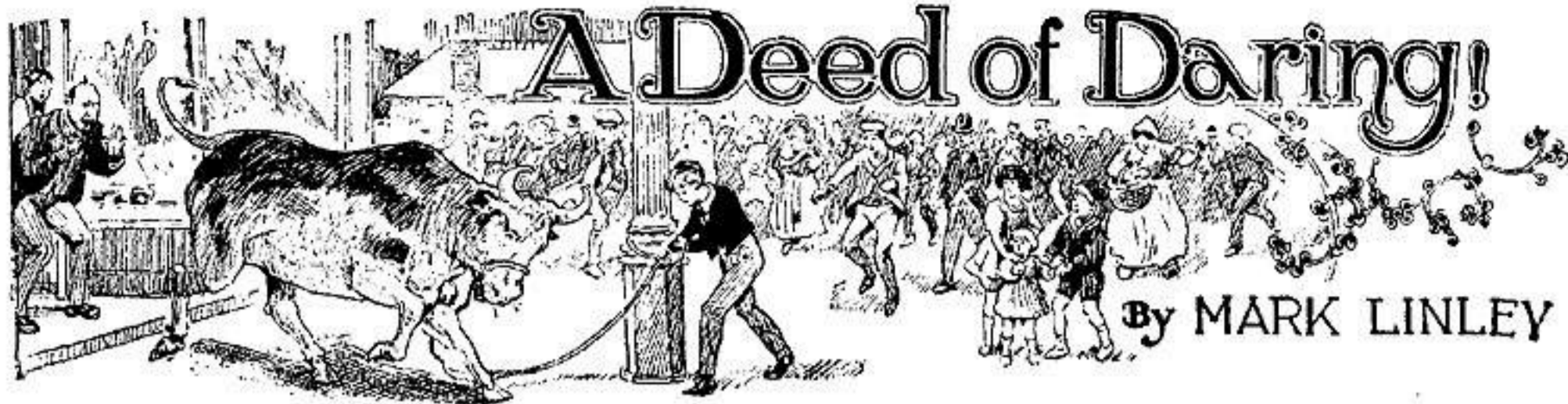
Strolling across the quad I bumped into Bulstrode, who had just come in from a game of cricket. "Hallo, old scout!" I said cheerfully. "How do you fancy your chance as a farmer?" Bulstrode snorted before he made reply. "Don't know about farming," he said slowly, "but I've had a great deal to do with 'ducks' lately. Ought to get on

well as a farmer," he added brightly. To which I murmured: "Don't be a silly goose!" and walked away.

Mention of the word "goose" reminds me of some of the absurdities of our English language. The plural of "goose" is "geese," yet the plural of "noose" is not "neese"! Then, again, take the word "mouse." The plural is "mice," not "mouses." And yet, if you were purchasing property, you wouldn't say you were going to buy a row of hicc! And a girl who possessed some smart blouses wouldn't say that she had some lovely blice! Ours is a nice lingo, ours is!

Screwing up my courage I determined to ask our respected Head's opinion on farming. Accordingly I timidly knocked at his study door and was cordially invited to enter. "It's all very well, my boy, for some people," he said gravely, in answer to my query, "but, personally, farming has no attractions for me. It must indeed be a very trying life with so fickle a master as the Clerk of the Weather."

The Chums of Greyfriars at their best—next week!



"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
Bob Cherry halted abruptly as he turned into Courtfield High Street.

A scene of the wildest commotion was in progress. People were rushing wildly to and fro, uttering panic-stricken shouts. The usually sleepy old High Street was in an uproar.

For a moment Bob Cherry failed to see the cause of the disturbance. And then, beyond the throng of scurrying people, he caught sight of a bull, which came charging down the street. It may not have been a mad bull, but it was certainly an angry one. A farmer had been taking the beast to market, and it had somehow broken away. The farmer, a stoutish man, was waddling in pursuit of it, bellowing lustily.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "There's been some damage! And there will be a lot more unless somebody captures that brute!"

Even as Bob spoke the bull lowered his head and charged full tilt at a perambulator which stood on the pavement. Fortunately, the pram was unoccupied. It turned a complete somersault, and its hood was badly gored.

The frenzied animal next rushed at a shop-window. His horns crashed through the glass, and there were loud cries of alarm from those inside the shop. For a moment it seemed to be raining glass.

The bull drew back, dazed a little by the concussion. Then, like Alexander of old, he looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

There were several little children in the street, and Bob Cherry looked troubled. He remembered to have read of a bull breaking loose in Canterbury, not many miles away. It had caused many casualties, and Bob was afraid that the same thing might happen here.

Snorting fiercely, the bull continued on its errand of destruction. There was a rope round its neck, and a goodly length trailed along behind it.

"If I can only grab hold of that rope I'll—" reflected Bob Cherry.

The next moment his opportunity came. He drew back into a doorway as the bull came charging past him. Then he sprang out in a twinkling and pounced upon the trailing rope.

It was a moment of supreme danger for the Greyfriars junior. The bull, curious to know what was checking his speed, turned his head. And he gave a savage bellow on catching sight of Bob Cherry.

Bob sprang towards the nearest lamp-post, and tied the end of the stout rope to it. He had only a few seconds at his disposal, but he managed to make a secure knot, and the bull was safely tethered.

Bob's plucky action brought him a round of applause. People were clapping their hands and shouting "Bravo, youngster!"

The bull, baffled and furious, was making frantic efforts to break away.

The stout farmer, panting and perspiring, came hurrying on the scene. He was accompanied by a couple of farm-hands with stout sticks.

"Much obliged to you, kid!" said the farmer, addressing Bob Cherry. "We'll soon manage the brute now. He gave me the slip before, but he won't do it again. I'm glad nobody's been hurt; but there would have been a good many casualties if you hadn't acted so promptly. You're a Greyfriars lad, I see. What's your name?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I think you ought to be recommended to the proper authorities for a medal."

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry. "It's nothing to make a song about!"

And he hurried off down the street, without having satisfied the farmer as to his identity.

But if Bob imagined that the incident of the bull was closed he was very much mistaken.

Greyfriars was in a flutter of excitement that evening. In the "Stop Press" column of the evening paper the following paragraph appeared:

BULL RUNS AMOK IN COURTFIELD.

Scenes of panic were occasioned in Courtfield High Street this afternoon, when a bull belonging to Farmer Kimber broke away whilst being taken to market and charged pell mell down the street, causing considerable damage to property. A Greyfriars boy, who refused to give his name, promptly secured the animal, and, at grave risk to himself, tethered it to a lamp-post. The identity of the plucky boy remains a mystery.

Skinner of the Remove came into the junior Common-room with the paper.

CAN YOU WORK THIS OUT?

A spy was caught writing a cipher message. When approached, he hastily put away his watch. The cipher he was writing necessitated a key. Nothing was found in the watch, yet it contained the key of the cipher. What could it have been?

The "Detective Magazine" is offering £250 in prizes for the solution of this little problem and eleven others equally fascinating. See the announcement in the number now on sale, price 7d.

and recited the paragraph to a crowd of fellows.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Wonder who the giddy hero is?"

"I wonder!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I say, yoth fellows, I suppose I shall have to come forward," said Billy Bunter. "It's an awful bore. If a fellow chooses to be modest about his bravery, why do they persist in trying to find out who he is? I hate getting into the limelight!"

The juniors stared at Billy Bunter. Like the prophet of old, they were amazed with a great amazement.

"You!" gasped Johnny Bull. "You're not trying to tell us it was you who rounded up the bull?"

Bunter nodded.

"I might as well explain how it was done," he said, with an air of resignation. "I shall get no peace till I do. Taking my life in my hands—"

"You mean the rope, surely?" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter frowned at the interrupter. "Taking my life—and the rope—into my hands," he went on, "I tethered the mad beast to a gate!"

"But the paper says it was a lamp-post," said Skinner. "I suppose you were too short-sighted to see which it was?"

"Yes, of course. It was either a gate or a lamp-post—or it might have been a pillar-box. You can't expect a fellow to remember all the details of that thrilling moment. The bull gored me rather badly in the ribs, but I stuck it out gamely, until I had made a tight knot. Then, with tears in his eyes, Farmer Jones rushed up to me—"

"Then it must have been another bull you captured, Bunt," said Peter Todd. "The one mentioned in the paper was Farmer Kimber's."

"Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter claimed to have tied the bull up in knots; and now he was tying himself up in knots. The fellows saw clearly enough that he was "telling the tale," and they bumped him with great vigour on the floor of the Common-room.

That same evening Farmer Kimber arrived at the school. He picked Bob Cherry out from a crowd; and Bob was publicly thanked by the Head for his daring deed. Moreover, Bob's plucky action was brought to the notice of the Royal Humane Society, from which he will doubtless receive a medal in due course.

But although Billy Bunter had failed in his attempt to gather in the honours, he succeeded in getting that which was even more acceptable—a thumping good feed. For the feast of the year took place in the Rag that night—and Bob Cherry was the guest of honour.

THE END.

Look out for our grand number on Fire-Drill!



A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

(A special effort from the scratchy pen of our tame porpoise.—ED.)

WIN every single event, William," said my pater, "and you shall have a check for fifty pounds, a wireless set, a grammarphone, and a touring car de lucks."

"Oh, how ripping!" I eggsclaimed joyfully.

The seen was the Greyfriars Cricket Ground. The grate sports tornymment was about to kommence, and I had entered for every single event.

I made a hansom figger in my tight-fitting vest and running shorts. Lots of fellows sneered at me, of corse, and walked past me with their noses in the air, but they were only jellus of my personal appearanse, which was being much admired by the members of the fare secks who were prezzant.

Mr. Larry Lascelles was master of the serremonies, so to speak.

"We will take the 100 yards first," he said.

About a duzzen of us lined up for this event. A confident smile spread over my feechers as I towed the line. I glanced at my fellow-runners, and saw that I had the beating of the whole jolly lot of them.

The pistle went off, and so did we.

I covered the 100 yards in about 4½ seconds. (The previous world's record was about 9 seconds.)

A mity roar of applaws greeted me as I brested the tapo. Then I looked round, and saw the rest of the runners coming along. Bob Cherry was hobbling like a lame duck, and Harry Wharton was making a noise like a football that had been sat on by me. The others were in various stages of eggshastion and distress. Toddy looked as if he needed a bathchair, and Smithy would have found a pear of crutches very useful.

The second event was the quarter-mile. Without going into a lot of detales, I will kontent myself with saying that I won in holler fashion.

Then came the mile, and once again W. G. B. romped home an easy winner. In fact, Mr. Lascelles had to ask me not to run so fast, bekawse the sight of me flashing along made him feel dizzy!

My pater was in a dreadful stew by this time. You see, I had won three races right off the real. What I'm telling you is not false. The poor old "pop," as Fishy would call him, had visions of handing over a check for fifty pounds, a wireless set, a grammarphone, and a touring car de lucks.

I won the high jump with ease, skimming the bar at a height of about twenty feet. In fact, I soared so high that some of the fellows suspected that I had a pear of wings attached to me, underneath my clothing; and Wharton and Cherry searched me, but they could find nothing.

My effort in the long jump took me from one side of the cricket ground to the other. Nobody else could approach this feat, so I won the event "on my head," as the saying goes.

My pater was in a terribul funk by

this time. I had won five events outright, and it looked as if I was going to sweep the board.

In the sack race I fairly bounced along, and finished an easy first. And in the race where we had to carry lighted candles—why, nobody could hold a candle to me!

"Bunter's prancing off with all the honners," said Bob Cherry, with a groan. "We shall have to pull up our sox, and do something desprit!"

"Here, here!" said Wharton. "The egg-and-spoon race comes next. I'm bound to win that!"

"Smithy stands a good chance, too," said Bob Cherry. "He carries a beautiful egg."

But neither Wharton, Smithy, nor Bob Cherry was in the same street with W. G. B., the champion of champions. Ballancing my egg skilfully on the spoon, I went dashing down the course like a house on fire. I finished miles in front of Wharton, who staggered in a bad second.

The last event of all was throwing the cricket-ball. My pater's hart was in his mouth as I picked up the round red ball, and prepared to sling it to the distant horrizon. If I won this last event, I should have swept the board, and the next day you would see me touring around on my wireless set, and listening-in with my touring car de lucks.

"Hear goes!" I muttered. And I hurled the cricket-ball through the air with all my mite.

Crash!

I shot up in bed with a violent start. A slipper, well-aimed by that beast Cherry, had come sailing through the air, and caught me a frightful conk on the cranium.

That's the worst of eating rabbit-pie overnight. It makes you dream and snore, like I did; and your awakening is rood!

I'm not a champion of champions after all. But one of these fine days—well, just you weight and sea!

DON'T FORGET

The Sensational Series
of Highwayman Stories

Entitled:

"Gallopig Dick"

Starts in Next Monday's

"MAGNET."

Order Your Copy NOW!

The day to remember—Monday—MAGNET day!

I'll never be a Farmer Giles;
I'd rather sit and slack,
Than tour the countryside for miles
Upon a gee-gee's back.
I hear that farmers have to work
In manner most alarming;
If that's the case, I'll always shirk
The simple joys of farming!

To milk the cows would make me sob;
I'd overturn the bucket!
I've watched the land girl at the job,
And wondered how she stuck it.
Said she: "I simply love the land!
The life is simply charming!"
But I could never understand
Why girls delight in farming.

To rise at half-past four a.m.
Would jolly nearly kill me!
Poor farmers! How I pity them!
Their eyes are dull and filmy.
They've hardly spent six hours in bed,
Their sight it's surely harming?
And early rising makes me dread
The very thought of farming!

One day, last summer holidays,
I did not join the shirkers,
But tried to help in various ways,
The local harvest workers.
The busy farmer turned to me,
And, with a smile disarming,
"You're far too lazy, sir," said he,
"To be of use at farming!"

I'd simply hate to cut the corn,
And hear the sheep-bells tinkle;
In spite of all my schoolmates' scorn,
I'll be a Rip van Winkle,
And doze and dream from morn till
night,
For such a life is charming;
But I shall never take delight
In such a game as farming!

Mauleverer Means Business!

(Continued from page 12.)

brown eyes that glittered curiously. There was something in his bearing that indicated the former soldier.

"Did you call?" asked Coker, staring down at him from the wall.

"Yes. I heard you passing." The man approached nearer, and whispered up to Coker. "For goodness' sake get me out of this! I've been a prisoner here for I don't know how long."

"A prisoner!" ejaculated Coker. "Kidnapped?"

"I was brought here ill, and now they keep me a prisoner."

"But who—who does?"

"Germans."

"Germans!" almost yelled Coker.

The man nodded mysteriously.

"Yes. A gang of them. One of them passes himself off as a village doctor. Another is in the house yonder, disguised as a woman housekeeper. I am a prisoner. I have been a prisoner ever since I left the Army. Nobody knows."

"I—I suppose not!" gasped Coker. "You really mean to say that you're shut up here by a gang of blessed Huns?"

"Yes, yes, yes." The man's manner was earnest, excited, his eyes blazing with excitement. "Help me out of this, and take me to the nearest police-station."

"I'll jolly well do that!" said Coker. "Blest if I ever heard of such a thing! A rotten shame!"

"Quick! A bomb may be thrown if I am seen escaping."

"Good heavens! Here, take my fist!"

Coker laid his broad chest on the wall, and reached down his hands to the man below. Mr. Henry Harrington grasped them, and with great activity pulled himself up. The strain on Coker was great. But he was a hefty fellow, and Coker would have stood more than that to help an old soldier who was being persecuted by revengeful Huns. It did not occur to Coker, in the excitement of the moment, to doubt the man's story. The man was obviously honest and in deep earnest. That the poor fellow's brain was unbinged was a suspicion that did not enter Coker's mind—yet.

The escaping man got a grasp on the wall and dropped over into the lane. Coker dropped beside him, panting from his efforts.

"Well out of that!" he gasped. "Now let's get off to Friardale. This way. The sooner you get to the police the better."

"Yes, yes, yes. This must be reported," said Mr. Harrington breathlessly. "But what a wonderful escape! I fell quite heavily into the road, you noticed that?"

"Not hurt, I hope."

"Not at all. But how extraordinary that I did not explode."

Coker jumped.

"Wha-a-at?"

"I should have mentioned, perhaps, that I am so charged with high explosive that a touch may make me go off," said Mr. Harrington.

Horace Coker staggered back against the high brick wall.

"It was kind of you to help me out," said Mr. Harrington. "Very kind, indeed! I have often called to persons passing, but they have never helped me. Of course, they may have feared to be

blown up if I should explode at an awkward moment. It is a trying life."

"Oh, goodness gracious!" gasped Coker.

He realised the facts now. He moved along the wall to get a little farther away from the rescued man. The poor gentleman seemed very polite and good-tempered, in spite of his unhappy delusion. But with lunatics, Coker realised, you never could tell. He understood now that the "Germans" were merely figments of the poor fellow's fevered fancy, and Coker wondered un- easily what might happen should the man take him, Coker, for a German!

"Let us lose no time, my young friend," said Mr. Harrington. "Take me to the police at once! I require protection."

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Coker. "I—I say, I'll help you up the wall again. You'd better go back."

"Impossible! Take me to the police-station."

"No, no!" urged Coker. "Get back into the garden! Here, come round to the gate and I'll knock! You—you really mustn't wander about, you know. It—it ain't safe."

Mr. Harrington's polite manner vanished. He stared grimly and suspiciously at Coker.

"You are a German!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"No, I'm not!" gasped Coker. "Nothing of the sort! I'm a white man. Oh, great Scott! Keep off!"

What the poor gentleman was going to do Coker didn't know. But as Mr. Harrington came quickly closer to him Coker didn't stop to inquire. He dashed away down the lane at a run.

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Harrington.

His footsteps pounded in pursuit.

"Oh dear!" gasped Coker. And he put it on.

Coker had always declared that he could win the "mile" for the school against all comers. Nobody had ever believed him. But certainly his claim would have been substantiated if the Greyfriars fellows could have seen him now. Coker fairly flew.

After him came Mr. Harrington at an amazing pace for a gentleman of his age.

Probably he did not intend to do Coker any harm. But in the circumstances it was natural that Coker should not linger to ascertain the fact.

"After them!" shouted the pursuer. "After them, boys! They're running. Shoot, you dummies! Why don't you shoot?"

Some recollection of wild days in Flanders was in the poor gentleman's excited brain.

Coker came out into the Friardale road as if he were going by steam. After him, with his thick hair blown out in the wind, came the man he had so kindly rescued.

A little stout gentleman driving in a trap jumped up at the sight of them. It was Dr. Pillbury driving to Greyfriars, and his hair almost stood on end at the sight of his patient.

"Stop!" he shouted.

Coker did not even hear. He rushed on towards the school, frantic and breath- less. Mr. Harrington may have heard, but he did not heed. He rushed on after Coker.

The alarmed doctor rattled his reins, and drove on in pursuit of the pair of them.

It was an amazing procession that arrived at the gates of the school, and Gosling, the old porter, almost fell down as he beheld it. He quite fell down as

Coker came in, for Coker was in too great a hurry to see him in the way, and he butted into Gosling like a battering- ram.

Leaving Gosling for dead, as it were, Coker raced on towards the School House. Mr. Harrington, jumping over the sprawling and gasping Gosling, raced on after him. And from all sides there arose shouts of amazement and con- sternation.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In Lieu of Five Hundred!

LORD MAULEVERER presented himself in Mr. Quelch's study with a hopeful countenance. He found the Remove master looking very severe.

"I have sent for you, Mauleverer—"

"Yaas, sir. Nothing wrong, I hope?" asked Mauly.

"Yes, Mauleverer. It is quite against the rules for you to ask Mr. Lazarus to call here to purchase goods from you."

"He hasn't purchased any, sir," said Mauleverer dismally.

"Oh! In that case I will not say any- thing more about the matter, excepting to tell you that it must not occur again," said the Remove master. "You may go, Mauleverer."

"I—I'd like to speak to you, sir."

"You may speak."

"You've sometimes said, sir, that— that you'd like the chaps in your Form to come to you in—in times of difficulty for—for advice, and so on," stammered Mauleverer.

Mr. Quelch looked quite genial.

"Certainly!" he answered. "It is my hope that every boy in my Form will regard me as a friend as well as a master!"

"You're very kind to say so, sir! I—I find myself in rather a difficult position!"

"Please tell me all about it, Maul- everer. I will do my best to help you with advice," said Mr. Quelch kindly.

"I remember once, sir, you let Nugent have some cash in advance on his allow- ance to pay for some cricket things—"

"That is the case, Mauleverer."

"If you would be so kind as to oblige me in the same way, sir—"

Lord Mauleverer diffidently.

"My dear boy, that is easily done! I am very glad to hear that you are taking up cricket seriously!"

"Oh, it isn't cricket, sir! I—I was only puttin' a case in mentionin' Nugent's bat. It—it's somethin' else—more important than cricket, sir."

"Well, well, we must see what we can do!" said Mr. Quelch, with a smile. "I hope you have not been extravagant, Mauleverer?"

"Oh, no, sir! I'm rather careful with money. I always make a week's allow- ance last a couple of days, at least."

"What?"

"It happens, sir, that my Uncle Brooke has gone to Switzerland and hasn't left his address, so I can't stick him—I mean, I can't write to him for it. But I felt that you would stand by me, sir, when I explained that I had actually promised the money."

Mr. Quelch looked serious.

"I hope you are not in debt, Maul- everer?"

"Nothin' to speak of, sir. I believe I owe my tailor somethin', but I can refer him to my uncle when he comes home. I—I'm not sure whether I paid for the new curtains in my study, but I shall soon know about that. If they're

Who wants some money? Try our simple Cricket Competition!

not paid for the bill will come in, won't it?"

Mr. Quelch looked very fixedly at Mauleverer.

"Is it a debt you have to pay, Mauleverer?"

"No, sir."

"But you say you have promised the money?"

"That's it, sir."

"I shall require to know the particulars, Mauleverer. I cannot approve of any boy giving money away recklessly. For what purpose have you promised this money?"

"It's to help a lame dog over a stile, sir."

"In what way?"

Mauleverer hesitated.

"I can't very well mention names, sir. But there's a poor chap been knocked out in the war—shell-shock and a bit off his crumpet. I thought I ought to weigh in, sir, as I've lots of oof—I mean, money."

The Remove master pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"If it is a genuine case of need, Mauleverer, I should approve; but if the sum is large, you should not act without consulting your guardian. However, I should be sorry to check a kind and generous impulse. I will hand you a pound—"

"A—a pound!" murmured Mauleverer.

"Have you promised a larger sum?"

Lord Mauleverer suppressed a groan.

"Oh, yes, sir! Rather larger!"

"Well, well, you have acted thoughtlessly," said Mr. Quelch. "But it was a kind impulse. I suppose two pounds will meet the case?"

"H'm! Hardly, sir!"

"Bless my soul! How much money have you undertaken to give away, Mauleverer?" exclaimed the Form master sharply.

"Five hundred pounds, sir."

"What!"

"I—I could do with two-fifty now and two-fifty later—" faltered Lord Mauleverer, rather alarmed by the expression on Mr. Quelch's face. He was still more alarmed by the circumstance that Mr. Quelch was reaching for his cane.

The Remove master rose to his feet.

"Mauleverer, there are some boys in my Form who have ventured to play practical jokes on me! I have endeavoured to impress upon their minds the injudiciousness of such proceedings! This is the first time that you have come to my study to 'rag,' as I believe you would call it! I trust it will also be the last! I shall endeavour to make it so! Hold out your hand!"

"But—but I'm not raggin', sir!" gasped poor Mauly.

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, gad!"

Swish!

"Wow!"

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane and fixed a grim look on Mauleverer.

"You may now go!" he said. "Try to remember, Mauleverer, that your Form master is not a proper subject for practical jokes!"

"But, sir, I—"

"Leave my study!"

"Oh dear!"

Lord Mauleverer drifted to the door. It was useless to linger, especially as it was quite evident that it would be impossible to "touch" Mr. Quelch for five hundred pounds. Another swish of the cane was the only probable result of a

further application for the required sum. Lord Mauleverer left the study, squeezing his hand in anguish, and with his last hope of raising the wind shattered.

Harry Wharton met him in the passage.

"Licked?" he asked.

"Ow! Yaas!"

"What's the trouble? Been checking Quelch?"

"Nunno! I only asked him to lend me five hundred pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, gad! It may seem funny to you, Wharton! It doesn't feel funny, though!" groaned Mauleverer, squeezing his aching palm.

"Poor old Mauly! Quelch ought to know by this time that you're a born ass, old fellow! But there's a telegram for you. The kid's waiting."

"Read it for me, old chap. I can't bother about telegrams now!"

"Fathead! Here it is! Read it!"

"Can't! You read it, or give it to the kid to take away again! I'm not botherin' about telegrams!" groaned Lord Mauleverer.

"May be somebody ill, you ass!"

"Oh! Poor old nunky! He must be a bit seedy, or his medical johnny wouldn't be scuttling him off to Switzerland! Give it to me!"

Mauleverer opened the telegram hurriedly. He looked at it, and his face cleared. Sunshine came out on the noble countenance of Lord Mauleverer.

"Hurrah!" he shouted.

"Good news?" asked Wharton.

"Top-hole! The very best! All plain sailin' now! Where's that telegram-kid?" Mauleverer plunged his hands into his pockets. "I want to give him half-a-crown! Dash it all, I haven't any half-crowns! A ten-bob note will do! You don't mind, kid?"

The youth from the post-office grinned.

"Not at all, sir!"

"Here you are, then!"

The happy youth departed richer by ten shillings. Lord Mauleverer turned a beaming face on the captain of the Remove.

"It's simply rippin' luck!" he said. "Look at it!"

Wharton looked at the telegram. It ran:

"Shall call to say good-bye before leaving England. Expect me five o'clock.—BROOKE."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"It's just on five now," he said.

"Isn't it toppin'? That sees me through!" said Lord Mauleverer, with great satisfaction. "I'll pitch it to nunky! Nunky will play up! I'll ask him to sack those lawyers— No, I won't, though! I dare say they can't help bein' silly asses, bein' lawyers, you know! But isn't it toppin'? What's that thumpin' row in the quad? Has uncle come?"

Lord Mauleverer ran to the door. It was an arrival, though not that of Sir Reginald Brooke. Just as Mauleverer looked out of the doorway, Coker of the Fifth came pounding breathlessly up the steps. The fate of Gosling was the fate of Mauleverer. Right into his lordship, with a crash, came Coker of the Fifth, and the slim junior spun away from the shock and was strewn on the floor.

"Yow-ow! Oh, great gad! Oooop!"

Coker reeled against the wall. He was breathless, spent.

"Shut the door!" he articulated.

But there was no time to shut the great door of the School House. Coker's pursuer was fairly at his heels.

"Keep him out!" gasped Coker. "He's mad! Potty! Keep him out!"

"Great Scott!"

Lord Mauleverer sat up, as Mr. Harrington, with his hair tossing and his eyes dancing, rushed into the house.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mauly Explains!

MR. QUELCH came hurriedly out of his study. From another direction came the Head, and Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. Wingate and Gwynne of the Sixth arrived. Outside the doorway half Greyfriars had gathered, in wild excitement. Coker's amazing flight across the quad, with the wild-looking gentleman at his heels, had drawn amazed attention from all quarters. There was a roar of voices.

Lord Mauleverer picked himself up breathlessly.

"Oh, gad!" he gasped. "It's the chap— How on earth did he come here? I—I say, old bean—"

"Keep him off!" groaned Coker.

"What—" began Mr. Quelch.

"What—" thundered the Head.

"Wha-at—" stuttered Mr. Prout.

Coker of the Fifth dodged away in the crowd. Lord Mauleverer caught Mr. Harrington by the sleeve.

"I say, old bean—"

"My young friend!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington, recognising him, "I am glad to see you again!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Mauleverer. "Quiet, you know! Take it easy!"

"I was looking for a German," said Mr. Harrington. "One of the Huns who have been keeping me a prisoner in a bungalow. No, I will not shake hands, my young friend; an explosion here would do considerable damage, and I must not risk it. But I am very glad to see you again."

"What does this mean, Mauleverer?" almost shouted Mr. Quelch.

"This is the—the chap, sir! I mean the gentleman I spoke to you about!

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The shell-shocked chap, sir! Goodness knows how he got away!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Keep your distance, gentlemen!" said Mr. Harrington. "Do not press round me. It is my duty to warn you that I am charged with high explosive to such an extent that a catastrophe may occur if I am touched."

"Oh, my hat!" said Wingate. "What?" said the Head dazedly. "Is—is this a practical joke, or—or what? What does the man mean?"

"He's potty!" came Coker's voice from behind.

"Bless my soul! A lunatic!" said the Head, aghast. "Then how—why—what—"

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Harrington mildly. "Only an unhappy victim, sir, of a very peculiar misfortune. I am charged from head to foot with a very powerful explosive, and in the event of my being roughly handled the explosion would be likely to wreck this whole building."

"Bless my soul!" "Poor fellow!" murmured Mr. Prout gently. "He—he must be secured, but—but gently—gently."

"Here is Dr. Pillbury!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in great relief. "Dr. Pillbury, doubtless you will be able—"

The little doctor came panting in. His plump face streamed with perspiration, and several buttons were burst off his frock coat.

"Do not be alarmed!" he gasped. "This gentleman is my patient—he is quite amenable to reason. He has never given trouble before. I cannot imagine how he escaped from the garden. Every precaution was taken. Some utterly foolish person must have aided him."

The utterly foolish person—otherwise Coker of the Fifth—slipped quietly away from the back of the crowd. Coker felt a distinct disinclination to figure in the proceedings.

"Come, come, Harry!" said the doctor, slipping his arm through his patient's.

"Careful—careful!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington. "You know what a touch may do, doctor."

"Yes, yes, I know. I will be very careful. Come away with me."

"There was a German—"

"Yes, yes; he is gone now."

"Clean gone, sir," said Lord Mauleverer gently.

"Come along, Harry."

"If you will take your friend into the visitors' room, Dr. Pillbury, I will order the car to take him away with you," suggested the Head.

The doctor looked greatly relieved.

"Thank you very much, Dr. Locke. It would be a help. Come, Harry, this way."

Dr. Pillbury led his patient into the visitors' room, and the door closed on them. The crowd broke up in a buzz of excitement.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "What an—what a very extraordinary occurrence!"

And the Head retired to give orders for the car. Lord Mauleverer looked out into the quad, anxious to see his uncle. A portly gentleman appeared in the offing; but before Mauly could go out to greet Sir Reginald Brooke, Mr. Quelch called to him:

"Mauleverer!"

"Yaas, sir!"

"Come into my study."

"Oh! Yaas, sir!"



Just as Mauleverer looked out of the doorway, Coker of the Fifth came pounding up the steps. Right into his lordship with a crash came Coker, and the slim junior was strewn on the floor. "Yow-ow-wow!" yelled Mauly. (See Chapter 10.)

Lord Mauleverer followed the Remove master into his study. Mr. Quelch fixed a very curious look upon him.

"You seem to be acquainted with that—that very unfortunate gentleman, Mauleverer?" he said.

"Yaas, sir," said Mauly. "His name's Harrington. He's a patient of Dr. Pillbury's."

"And how did you become acquainted with him, may I ask?"

Lord Mauleverer explained. The Remove master listened attentively, his eyes fixed upon the schoolboy earl's simple, serious face. He coughed once or twice when Mauleverer had finished.

"The unhappy man seems, then, to be at the end of his resources," said the Remove master slowly.

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Yaas, sir! And—and as I happened to hear about it, I—I thought I ought to butt in. So I told Dr. Pillbury I was goin' to."

"And to whom have you promised the large sum of five hundred pounds?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"The doctor's goin' to handle it, sir. He's the chap's friend, and lookin' after him without bein' paid. I suppose he's not a rich man—country doctors generally ain't rich, I believe. So if he can weigh in, I can weigh in, sir—as I've got lots of oof—I mean tin—that is to say, cash. If my uncle had been at home, it would have been perfectly simple. But the lawyer johnnies wouldn't shell out when I asked them, for some reason."

Mr. Quelch smiled. "I am not surprised that the solicitors

did not shell out, as you call it, Mauleverer."

"Aren't you, sir? I was."

"Hem! You believe, Mauleverer, that your uncle would approve of your expending so large a sum upon a stranger?"

"I'm sure of it, sir! Besides, it isn't a large sum."

"Hem! Some people, less fortunately placed than yourself, Mauleverer, would regard it as a very large sum indeed."

"Yaas. I suppose Bunter would, frinstance," agreed Lord Mauleverer reflectively. "Somethin' wrong somewhere. But I'm glad, sir, that you approve of my wheeze—I mean my idea."

"I have not said so, Mauleverer."

"As it turns out, sir, it's all right," said Lord Mauleverer brightly. "Just after you licked me—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, just after my interview with you, sir, there was a telegram from nunky—"

"From whom?"

"My uncle, sir! Says he's comin' to say good-bye before he bunks—I—I mean before he buzzes off. I saw him in the quad a minute ago, sir—so he's come. You'll see, sir, that he will play up like a little man when I put it to him," said Lord Mauleverer confidently.

"Ahem! You must not put your expectations too high, Mauleverer," said Mr. Quelch, with a very kindly look at the dandy of the Remove. "As your uncle has arrived, you may go now, my

—what's the matter with the "Boys' Friend"?

boy. If I had known all the circumstances I should not have caned you."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Mauleverer, quite pleased with his Form master's graciousness, nevertheless still feeling an ache in his palm.

Mr. Quelch's regret for the caning did not, unfortunately, make any difference to that.

"You may go, Mauleverer."

And, somewhat to Mauly's surprise, Mr. Quelch shook hands with him in dismissing him from the study. It was, unluckily, the caned hand that he shook; but Mauly did not give a sign of the painful twinge it gave him.

"Not a bad old sportsman!" murmured Lord Mauleverer as he left the study. "But, by gad, I wish he'd shake hands with a fellow before he caned him! Much more comfy that way, begad!"

And Lord Mauleverer went to look for his uncle.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Trumps!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were chatting with Sir Reginald Brooke in the hall when Lord Mauleverer came up. The old baronet's kindly eyes fell on his nephew, and he held out his hand. Mauly gave him his left.

"Fin damaged," he explained.

"My dear boy! An accident at cricket?" asked Sir Reginald, with concern.

"Nunno! Accident with a Form master."

"Oh!"

"It's jolly good of you to butt in, sir," said Mauleverer. "I'm always jolly glad to see you, and gladder than ever now. Don't go, you fellows. I want you to help me persuade nunky if he's obstinate. But I think it will be all right. I hope you're feelin' pretty well, uncle?"

"I am not at my best, Herbert," said the baronet. "That is why I am ordered to take a complete rest in Switzerland. But I could not go away for so long without saying good-bye to you; so, on second thoughts, I came down to-day. But my letter holds good, you know. I shall expect you to curb your extravagant habits, and keep within your allowance while I am away."

"I'm goin' to, sir. Easy enough if a fellow sets his mind to it," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "After this five hundred pounds—"

"What?"

"After this five hundred pounds, I sha'n't worry you for any extra tin the rest of the term," said Lord Mauleverer.

Sir Reginald Brooke's eyeglass dropped from his eye.

"Five hundred pounds!" he repeated.

"Yaas."

"Herbert! You—you are not requesting me to hand you the sum of five hundred pounds?" said Sir Reginald Brooke faintly.

"Yaas."

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned. The expression on Sir Reginald Brooke's face was, as Bob Cherry remarked later, worth five hundred quid in itself, at least.

"Perhaps I'd better explain," said Mauleverer.

"Perhaps you had!" assented his guardian, with extreme dryness of manner.

"Come into the visitors' room, uncle. No; he's there. I can tell you here," said Mauleverer. "Jolly lucky you butted in at this special moment, as it happens. You see, he's here!"

"Who is?" ejaculated the bewildered baronet.

"The johnny, you know, and the doctor, too. Both here," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "Waiting for the Head's car to take them back. I fancy the poor man might be a bit of a handful to look after in the trap, by gad!"

Sir Reginald Brooke turned to Harry Wharton.

"Perhaps you have some faint idea of what my nephew is talking about," he suggested. "If so, you might enlighten me."

"But I'm explainin', uncle," said Lord Mauleverer reproachfully. "Makin' it as clear as daylight. Just you lend me your ears, as they say in the play."

"Life's short, you know, Mauly," murmured Bob Cherry. "Cut it down."

"Yaas. You see, uncle—"

And Lord Mauleverer, for the second time that afternoon, explained how his escaping from Bunter had led to making the acquaintance of Harry Harrington.

Sir Reginald Brooke polished his eyeglass while he listened. Harry Wharton

& Co. wondered how he was going to take it. His face gave little sign.

"Got it, uncle?" asked Lord Mauleverer at last.

"I think I understand, Herbert."

"Oh, good! I'm not much of a hand at explainin' things, I know," said Lord Mauleverer ruefully. "Of course,

nothin's got to be said about it. I wouldn't even have let these fellows know, only it can't be helped now the poor man's butted in here somehow. But they won't say a word. You see, the poor chap may come right in the end, if he has proper care. Then his feelings might be hurt. Dr. Pillbury will act in the matter. He's a good man, an' will take all the trouble, like a jolly old brick. See, uncle?"

"I see."

"I don't suppose you've got five hundred pounds in your pocket, uncle?"

"No."

"But it's all right; a cheque will do."

"Oh!"

"Don't say you haven't got your cheque-book about you!"

"I do not generally travel with a cheque-book in my pocket, Herbert."

"Oh, gad!"

"Herbert, you are a young donkey!"

"Eh?"

"As your guardian, I cannot allow you to anticipate your inheritance."

"What?"

"It is utterly impossible for me to hand you five hundred pounds of your own money until you come of age."

"Good gad!"

"But," said the old gentleman, his face breaking into a smile, "I can hand out five hundred pounds of my own money, and that I shall proceed to do—to redeem your promise, Herbert; also, because I think it is my duty to do so. Now let me see the poor gentleman, and the doctor, as they are here."

And Sir Reginald was shown into the visitors' room. Lord Mauleverer rejoined the Famous Five.

"Isn't he a jolly old brick?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

"The brickfulness is terrific, my esteemed Mauly."

"Of course, I sha'n't let him lose the money," said Mauleverer. "I shall square when I come into my tin later on. He's takin' the risk of that." His lordship chuckled. "But isn't he a jolly old sportsman—what? And what did I tell you? Didn't I say he would play up?"

"He's a brick," agreed Harry Wharton. "But he's not the only brick in the family. You're a brick too, old chap!"

"Eh? What rot?"

And Lord Mauleverer walked away.

Dr. Pillbury never quite recovered from his surprise at receiving a cheque for £500 from Mauly's guardian for the benefit of his patient. And he had always a kindly eye for Mauly when he came to Greyfriars afterwards. Harry Wharton & Co. were glad that the affair had ended so happily, and they did not soon forget it, but Lord Mauleverer did. His lordship had the problem before him of keeping within his allowance for the rest of the term, and that problem taxed Mauly's faculties to the utmost, to the exclusion of all other matters, great or small.

THE END.

(Next Monday's long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. is a real scorcher. Make a note of the title—"A Split in the Co."—and be certain to order your copy of the MAGNET in advance.)

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By
**Owen
Conquest**

There is some underhanded influence at work on the occasion of a great sports tournament, and but for the timely intervention of Ferrers Locke—the wonder detective—British sport would have received a blow below the belt, so to speak. The manner in which the "Tiger" tackles this intricate problem will hold your interest at a high pitch.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Battle at Wimbledon.

THE great Olympic Sports Ground at Wimbledon was packed. Hardly a vacant seat could be discerned in the grand-stands. The cheaper parts immediately encircling the big oval running-track were alive with an eager throng.

It is safe to say that never in the history of any athletic meeting had such a crowd gathered as on this occasion. To find a parallel one had to take one's thoughts back to those far-distant pre-war days when the Olympic Games were held in London. For to-day England and Lovakia were battling at Wimbledon for the athletic championship of the world.

The preliminary rounds had been decided in various European capitals; and never had athletic sports received such a fillip as when the English team battled their way to the final. For days lawn-tennis, cricket, and golf had taken a back place in the newspapers. Thousands upon thousands of English folk, who had never taken much interest in running, jumping, and hammer-throwing, and so forth, had been worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. And many had found their way to Wimbledon to see the pick of the British athletes battle against the Lovakians, those blonde giants from the northland of whom they had heard so much.

So to-day Wimbledon was the Mecca for all the world and his wife. Rich and poor, famous and obscure, were foregathered there, drawn by the magnet of a handful of intensely muscular, highly trained athletes doing battle for their respective countries. There was something magnificently great about it—something to quicken the pulse and bring a sparkle to the eye.

Jack Drake, the enthusiastic young assistant of Ferrers Locke, the world-famous private sleuth, felt this perhaps more than anyone. Standing by his chief close to the running-track, he speedily roared himself hoarse over the

first three events, for in each of these was registered a British victory.

"My giddy aunt!" muttered the boy delightedly. "We've got 'em on toast, sir!"

Ferrers Locke, to whom the remark was addressed, smiled happily. But he had a wiser head on older shoulders. Well he knew that there was plenty of chance yet of the British team becoming "unstuck."

"We're doing jolly well, my boy," he responded. "But you must remember that the hundred yards, the quarter, and the half, were expected to go to our men. Throwing the javelin will go to the Lovakians, for a cert! Probably they'll win the pole-vaulting event, too. The high and long jumps are pretty open, and so is the hammer-throwing and the mile."

The caution of Ferrers Locke proved well founded. The mile race and the high and long jumps were won in succession by the Lovakians. Three events all! The excitement had become intense!

Drake marked the names of the winners on his programme with a hand that trembled slightly.

"Six events decided," he said. "Four more to go."

"Five more in all," corrected Locke. "There are eleven events altogether, you know."

"Yes; but the twenty-mile Marathon race isn't to be decided till to-morrow," said the boy. "It's a pity it couldn't have been run off to-day. Just imagine the excitement if the teams were to win five events each. Then, as a conclusion to the afternoon's programme, we should be waiting for the Marathon runners to appear on the track on their return from Windsor. What a wind-up to the show!"

"By Jove, it would be!" agreed Locke enthusiastically. "But Rasch, the winner of the high and long jumps, is also the Lovakian first string Marathon runner. He's taken on a wonderful amount as it is, but he can't be expected to be doing two or three things at once. That is why it was agreed that

the Marathon should be run off to-morrow."

The boy's eyes roved to the oval expanse of green turf inside the great running-track. There Rasch, the Lovakian marvel, was divesting himself of a sweater preparatory to taking part in the pole-vaulting event.

"He's a marvellous chap!" murmured Drake.

"More than that, my boy," said Locke. "He's an absolute athletic freak. He has proved this afternoon that he has no equal in the world as a jumper. And many experts claim that he is unrivalled as a long-distance runner. Truly, such an athlete is born but once in a century."

Meantime, Rasch, the blonde giant from the northland, the Lovakian second string, and the two British competitors, made a few practice jumps by means of the long, unwieldy-looking poles used in the vaulting event.

Looking towards the grand-stand, Drake gave a little exclamation, and nudged Locke in the ribs.

"There's Eddi Strakey, the British runner, sitting over there, sir. He's right at the end of the same row where Lord Gainbey, the president of the All-British Athletic Association, is sitting. It'll be up to Eddie to beat Rasch to-morrow, if things pan out even to-day."

"He'll have all his work cut out," commented Locke. "By the way, you see that chap, in the seedy straw hat standing just to the right of the grand-stand? He was a jolly well-known International athlete a few years back. Nowadays he drives a charabanc. I think it was in 1919 that Harry Ryland won the jumps and the pole-vaulting against the University cracks of Yale and Harvard in the States."

So, chatting between themselves, the two whiled away the interval until the pole-vaulting event started.

But, alas! in this little-known form of athletics the British hopes received another damper, for Rasch, by clearing 12 ft. 8½ ins., won the event, and incidentally beat the world's record by two inches.

"The House of the Seven Candles!"—next week's 'tec story!

Now only three events remained to be decided that day. The javelin went to Lovakia, as was expected. But excitement was again brought to the highest pitch when Britain won the hurdles by a matter of inches.

Lovakia now held the advantage with five events against the four won by Britain. Only the hammer-throwing contest remained to be decided that afternoon, and the mighty men from the distant north looked good enough to gain this event, too.

But would Britain, by a supreme effort, snatch a belated victory? That was the question which obsessed the minds of the thousands of onlookers. If only that could be done the teams would break even on the day's sport. Then to-morrow the great Marathon race would definitely decide where final victory should rest. It was the last chance.

The rival pairs prepared for the great contest of strength. Throw after throw was made amid a breathless silence, and then, as the last measurements were taken, a mighty thunder of cheering burst out. For it became known that Britain had won by inches—but she had won, and it was left for the Marathon runners to finally decide the sports supremacy of the two great nations!

Jubilant at the outcome, the crowd flooded from the ground. Laughing, talking, jostling, they surged out of the wide exits.

"Phew! Thank goodness we're outside!" panted Drake, as he and Locke emerged in the road leading to the station. "We can breathe a bit easier here. But, my hat, what an afternoon it's been! Jolly lucky thing that a sports crowd is so good-humoured, though!"

Hardly had he spoken when a savage shout arose a little to their right. A short man, wearing a tweed cap, roughly pushed aside the people near him. Then, raising a heavy walking-stick aloft, he brought it down with a thud on the head of a burly individual in a check suit.

"Take that, you welsher!" he roared. "I tell you I had a tenner on with you and—"

His final words were drowned in an angry roar from the throng about him.

Fortunately, the assaulted man had a soft felt hat on. His heavy countenance showed pasty-white among the throng as he swung round. And as the small man who had struck him again attempted to use the walking-stick he struck out feebly with both hands.

"Hi, grab hold of that maniac!" yelled Ferrers Locke.

Using his powerful shoulders, he barged his way towards the centre of the disturbance.

But companions of both parties now took up cudgels on behalf of the two principals. Harsh words were flung about, and blows were given and returned. Things were beginning to look exceedingly ugly.

And none knew better than Ferrers Locke the danger of a brawl spreading in the midst of such a crowd as surged about the contestants. But the detective gave an inward sigh of relief as he saw a burly, familiar figure in dark blue come elbowing through the throng. It was Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard. And accompanying the C.I.D. man were a couple of brawny police-constables.

Valiantly Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake gave assistance to the police in

quelling the disorder. The man who had started the trouble was handcuffed and placed under arrest. But his anger and resentment seemed entirely directed against the individual in the check coat.

"Why don't you arrest him, too?" he demanded of the men in blue. "That's Jerry Goad, the bookie—and as low-down a scoundrel as ever trod the earth! Why don't 'e pay out the money 'e owes?"

One of the two constables took down several names and addresses, including that of the bookmaker in the check suit. Then the disturber of the peace was marched away.

The incident ended, Inspector Pycroft found time to have a few words with Locke and Drake.

"A fine afternoon it's been, Mr. Locke," said the burly inspector. "If only we can pull off the Marathon to-morrow I shall be satisfied. Pity, though, betting has crept into athletic sports as well as racing and football."

"I cordially agree, my dear Pycroft," said Locke, as they drifted in the throng towards the railway-station.

The detective and Drake bade good-bye to the genial Scotland Yard man at the station and made their way by Tube to Baker Street. Having no urgent case on their hands to distract their thoughts, they were able to turn their minds to the one great topic of the day. Who would win the great Marathon race? Would it be Britain or Lovakia?

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Robbery at "Greyleas."

"HALF-PAST eleven, my boy! Time to get beneath the blankets!"

Rising from his easy-chair in his comfortable sitting-room at Baker Street, Ferrers Locke tapped the "dottle" from his pipe into the empty fireplace.

After their visit to the Wimbledon Sports Ground that afternoon the sleuth and the boy had spent a quiet evening at home.

In response to Locke's intimation of the lateness of the hour, Jack Drake closed the volume he held on his knees with a sigh. But next instant he sat bolt upright, an alert expression on his face.

"A motor-car, sir! It's drawn up outside this house, I'm sure!"

"I think you're right, my boy!" replied Locke. "Ah, there's a knock! You'd better go down and see who it is. Sing-Sing has gone to bed."

Sing-Sing was the faithful Chinese servant who generally "did for" the sleuth and his assistant.

Jack Drake hastened downstairs and opened the door. The sleuth from the sitting-room could hear voices in quick and eager conversation.

In less than a couple of minutes the youngster came bounding into the room again.

"Lord Gainbey has sent his car for you, sir!" he announced.

"Lord Gainbey! The president of the All-British Athletic Association!"

"The same! He wants you to go at once to Greyleas, his home at Harrow."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Locke. "Then

it must be something very important. You will, of course, accompany me, my boy?"

Locke scribbled a hasty note and pushed it under the bed-room door of the sleeping Sing-Sing. Then he and Drake hurried downstairs, grabbed their hats and coats, and entered the waiting motor-car. Without a word the smart, uniformed chauffeur drove rapidly off through the almost deserted streets of London.

The run out to Harrow was accomplished in record time. A tired-looking butler ushered Locke and Drake into the library of the ivy-clad mansion known as Greyleas. That grand old sportsman, Lord Gainbey, received them with an expression of heartfelt relief, and introduced them to his secretary, a thin, bespectacled gentleman named Lionel Gelding.

"I am delighted you were able to respond so promptly to my summons, Mr. Locke," said his lordship. "A most unfortunate robbery occurred in this house to-night. It was discovered by my secretary, who immediately telephoned to Scotland Yard."

"Then you were out of the house at the time, sir?" said Locke.

"Yes. I spent the evening at the club, and only returned some minutes after the discovery of the robbery. Not altogether trusting the—hum!—somewhat antiquated methods of the police, I immediately sent my chauffeur to bring you here."

Before anything more could be said the tired-looking butler appeared, to announce the arrival of the official police.

"Show them in, please, Perkins," said his lordship.

And the butler ushered in Inspector Pycroft and a sergeant.

The inspector greeted Lord Gainbey, and looked at Ferrers Locke with a "what-the-dickens-are-you-doing-here" expression.

"An unexpected pleasure to see you, Pycroft!" said Locke cheerfully. "Once more we find ourselves engaged on the same case."

"Huh!" grunted Pycroft.

Then, turning to the president of the athletic association, he said:

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain what has occurred, your lordship?"

Lord Gainbey toyed with an ivory paper-cutter on a writing-bureau.

"At eleven o'clock this evening," he said, "my secretary had occasion to go to my bedroom for a book which I had left there. He noticed that a platinum ring which I kept on a tray on my dressing-table had gone from its usual place. This aroused his suspicions. He opened the drawer of the dressing-table, where, as he knew, I had secreted the gold and silver medals which were to have been presented to the winning British and Lovakian athletes to-morrow. The presentation was to take place at Wimbledon after the Marathon race which finishes in the Sports Ground. To his dismay, he found that ten gold medals were missing."

"Ten!" put in Ferrers Locke. "There were eleven altogether?"

"Yes. A gold medal had been struck for each of the eleven events of the international athletic programme. The winner of each event was to receive one. The second in each event was to receive a silver medal. One gold medal remained in the drawer, and the silver medals had been untouched. It is most necessary to get the medals back before to-morrow



A Mystery with a capital "M"—next week!

afternoon. There's no time to get others struck."

"Which gold medal has been left?" asked Inspector Pycroft, taking a note-book from his pocket.

"The one which has been struck for the Marathon race. The other ten golden medals and my platinum finger-ring, which was my own personal property, have been stolen."

"What persons were in the house this evening?"

"Only my secretary and the butler, both of whom are of unimpeachable character, and have been in my service for years. The other members of the household had been given special permission to attend a dance, and they have not returned yet."

"When was the ring last seen on your dressing-table?"

"The butler affirms he saw it there at ten o'clock."

"Then it was between ten and eleven o'clock that the robbery took place, your lordship," said Pycroft, with a profound air. He rapidly made a note in his pocket-book. "I suppose no one outside your own household could have been aware that the medals and ring were in your bed-room?"

His lordship looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid it was general knowledge that the medals were there," he admitted rather reluctantly. "Perhaps it was very unwise of me, but in a speech at a dinner of the Athletic Association last night I mentioned jocularly that the gold and silver medals were safely in a drawer in my dressing-table. And I expressed the hope that they would find a permanent place in other British homes. The jocular wish was received with great applause, I remember."

"Certainly that was a trifle unwise, sir," commented Ferrers Locke. "Now, would you mind summoning your butler?"

Lord Gainbey touched an electric bell, and the weary butler re-appeared.

"Tell me, my man," said Locke, "did you have any callers to-night?"

"Yes, sir: one, sir. He came at about quarter past ten."

"The name?"

"Mr. Strakey, sir."

An exclamation of surprise left Lord Gainbey's lips.

"Eddie Strakey!"

The butler solemnly bent his head.

"I believe that is 'ow they refers to the gentleman, your lordship."

The old sportsman looked from the phlegmatic butler to his secretary.

"You did not mention that Strakey had called here, Gelding?" he said. "Weren't you aware of the fact?"

The secretary nervously adjusted the glasses on his aquiline nose.

"I—I was aware of the fact, sir," he admitted. "I went out for a while this evening, and returned at about half-past ten. Strakey was waiting here in the library. He said that you had personally written to him asking him to call."

"Perfectly untrue! I had no reason to send him such a summons. If I had, I should have done it through you."

"That's what I told him, sir," said the secretary. "I asked him to show me the letter he had received from you, but he said he had destroyed it. Then I told him that you wouldn't be home until very late, and he left the house."

"Extraordinary—very!" said his lordship. "Most unfortunate, too, that Eddie Strakey, our first string for the Marathon to-morrow, should be coming round here

at night, instead of being in bed getting his sleep. But why didn't you mention his visit to me before, Gelding?"

"I—I admit I should have done, sir. But Strakey, evidently believing he had been hoaxed, made me promise not to say anything about his visit to Greyleas unless you inquired whether he had come. That was all."

Inspector Pycroft gave a low grunt.

"And very fishy, too!" he said—"very fishy indeed!"

Lord Gainbey swung round as though shot, and glared at the Scotland Yard official.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You surely don't suspect Eddie Strakey of having robbed me!"

"I've no proof of who robbed you as yet, your lordship," replied Pycroft guardedly. "All I said was that it was very fishy."

"But you suspect him," insisted the old sportsman. "Why, hang it, man, Eddie Strakey is Britain's one hope in the Marathon race!"

whether he's a Marathon runner or the Prime Minister of England himself."

He made a slight pause, and said thoughtfully:

"Eddie Strakey had a sports outfitting business, didn't he?"

"Yes; but he went bankrupt."

"And he's been mighty hard up ever since, eh, your lordship? I expect those gold medals and that ring would bring in a tidy little sum of money if they were disposed of in the right quarters."

The grand old sportsman thumped his hand angrily on the mahogany writing-bureau.

"Look here!" he snapped. "I'm exceedingly sorry my secretary notified Scotland Yard before I returned. He did what he believed to be the best thing. But I'd rather lose the value of the stolen articles a hundred times, over than there should be any bungling over this case. Take my word, Eddie Strakey never stole the goods."

"It's cold, hard evidence that counts, your lordship," said Inspector Pycroft.



Even as the runners were about to start there leapt over the barrier a man clad in white running gear, and wearing the red rose emblem of Britain. Eddie Strakey had arrived in the nick of time. (See Chapter 3.)

"Can't help that, your lordship!" said Pycroft stolidly. "He may be a thundering good runner; but there's good and bad among athletes the same as among the rest of mankind. It's a very suspicious circumstance that only ten of the gold medals were stolen."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Simply this: Strakey might have thought he would have that last gold medal—the Marathon medal—anyway."

"Rot!" was Lord Gainbey's emphatic retort. "Strakey's a good-hearted, simple chap, who wouldn't rob an apple out of an orchard."

Inspector Pycroft shrugged his shoulders.

"I can quite understand your feelings in the matter, your lordship," he said. "Naturally enough, you want Strakey to turn out in the big race. But a robbery has been committed, and the police have been notified. Therefore, it's our duty to lay hands on the miscreant, no matter

"And there's no denying that Strakey had the opportunity while he was waiting in this house. No one was here save the butler, and I don't suppose he sat watching the chap."

"I never interfere with callers after showing them in, sir," drawled the sleepy butler.

"Perhaps," interposed Ferrers Locke, "it would be as well if we saw the bedroom in which the robbery was committed."

His lordship's bed-chamber proved to be a large and airy room on the first floor of the mansion. Two large French windows opened out on to a wide balcony.

Both Ferrers Locke and Inspector Pycroft carefully examined the dressing-table. The drawer in which the medals had reposed had been unlocked. No marks of any description showed to assist the investigators. More from curiosity than anything else Pycroft

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took out the gold medal, engraved in commemoration of the forthcoming Marathon, and fondled it in his brawny hands.

Replacing the medal in its case he turned to Ferrers Locke, a bland expression on his face.

"Well, Mr. Locke," he said, "nothing much to be learnt here."

Without replying the famous private sleuth crossed to the French windows.

"These are locked," he remarked. "I suppose, Perkins, they have been locked all the evening to the best of your knowledge?"

The sleepy butler came to himself with a start.

"Er—hum—yes, sir," he said hastily. "They were locked at ten o'clock I know, for I tried them."

"And they were fastened when I discovered the robbery," put in Gelding, the secretary. "My first thought was that a burglar had broken in, and I tested the windows."

"Thank you!"

Ferrers Locke took up a small key which was lying on the corner of the dressing-table, and crossing over to the French windows, opened them. Then he took his electric-torch from his pocket and stepped on to the balcony. Pycroft, fuming with impatience, came out and watched him.

"Well, are there any marks on that freshly-painted balcony railing?" asked the inspector, as Locke shone his torch along the woodwork.

Locke shook his head.

"Not a mark."

He examined the floor of the balcony, but this was of solid concrete and afforded no clue. But as he shone his light on to the outside of the white-painted French windows he gave a little grunt of satisfaction. There, clearly revealed, was a large and greasy hand-print. He indicated the discovery to the others.

"I do not think that gets us much farther, Mr. Locke," said Lord Gainbey, looking at the greasy mark through his glasses. "It was probably made by my own chauffeur. When he is not tending the car he often does odd jobs about the place. This afternoon he came up here to clear the pipe which drains the balcony. He is waiting outside. You may speak to him about the matter if you like."

"Yes, we will go down to him."

The whole party went downstairs, and emerged from the front of the house. Beside the flight of stone steps before the portals of the mansion was the motor-car, with the chauffeur in the driving-seat. He had been requested to wait by Lord Gainbey himself, so that he could drive Locke and Drake back to Baker Street at the conclusion of their investigation.

Rapidly the great private sleuth questioned the chauffeur. The man readily admitted that he had been on the balcony of Lord Gainbey's room that afternoon, and that he had worn a pair of oily gloves for the work. He did not remember rubbing his hands on or against the French windows.

"Were you wearing the pair of gloves you now have on?" demanded the detective.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly let me see them."

Rather surprised at the demand, the chauffeur held out his hands. Locke requested Jack Drake to hold his electric-torch. He himself made a careful examination of the gloves by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass.

"Thank you!" said the sleuth at the conclusion of his inspection. "I only wished to satisfy myself on one point—whether the forefinger of your left hand glove had a half-inch split in it. I have now no suspicion in my mind that you are in any way concerned with the robbery, I can assure you. Now, Lord Gainbey, I should like to go round to the side of the house."

The detective strode briskly round the building with Jack Drake, his lordship, the secretary, Inspector Pycroft, and the sergeant in tow.

The wall immediately below the balcony of Lord Gainbey's room was clad with ivy. There was not the slightest sign that anyone had climbed up it. Indeed, it was clear that no one could have performed such a feat without tearing some of the ivy roots from the wall. Moreover, there were no marks of a ladder below the balcony on the soft ground.

Pycroft, whose patience had quite given out by this time, gave an impatient snort.

"We are wasting our time," he said. "It is no good shutting our eyes to the evidence we have collected already. I am going."

"Then good-bye, my dear Pycroft!" murmured Ferrers Locke sweetly. "But I entreat that you will do nothing drastic in this case until I have seen you again. Promise me that!"

The Scotland Yard man drew himself up importantly.

"You can trust me to use my discretion, Mr. Locke," he said. "You may rest assured upon that."

So saying, Inspector Pycroft took his leave of Lord Gainbey and the rest of the party, and marched off with the police-sergeant.

But Locke showed no disposition to leave the place. He suggested that Lord Gainbey and the secretary might like to retire, and the two gratefully accepted the suggestion. It was arranged that the chauffeur should wait until Locke was ready to return home.

Each with an electric-torch in his hand, Locke and Drake carefully went over the ground again beneath the balcony. Gradually Locke drew farther from the wall. Suddenly he gave an exclamation. Drake joined him, to find him gazing down at a small round hole in the ground. At the bottom of this depression in the soil were three triangular holes about a quarter of an inch in depth.

Going down on his knees, Ferrers Locke looked long at the curious mark in the ground. Then he took a tape measure from his pocket and measured the diameter of the depression. The hole measured exactly two and three-quarter inches across.

Slowly rising to his full height, Ferrers Locke remained in deep thought for nearly a couple of minutes. Gradually his face cleared, and a ghost of a smile flickered at the corners of his lips.

"Drake, my boy," he said, "we can now go home to bed. At least, we can when we have taken but one more measurement. Go up to Lord Gainbey's room and hold the end of this tape flush with the top of the balcony rail."

The boy entered the house and did as he had been bidden. Ferrers Locke marked the tape with his finger against the ground. The distance was exactly twelve feet. He stroked his chin thoughtfully, and made his way to the waiting motor-car.

"We can do nothing more until after daylight, my boy," he said, as Drake

joined him. Then, turning to the chauffeur, he requested the man to drive them back to Baker Street.

Once in their respective beds, the couple slept like tops until seven o'clock. Having partaken of their usual morning cold baths they met at breakfast.

There was nothing of the Greyleas mystery in the newspapers. But the case was speedily brought to the urgent attention of the two in a curiously startling way.

A large touring-car swung up before the house. From it sprang Lord Gainbey, to whom Sing-Sing immediately opened the door. Brushing the servant aside, his lordship bounded up the stairs two at a time, and burst in upon Locke and Drake as they were finishing their cups of breakfast coffee.

"Egad!" he cried, throwing his arms upwards in a gesture of despair. "Have you heard the latest? That dunder-headed, splay-footed, thick-skinned, half-baked idiot Pycroft has arrested Eddie Strakey, Britain's first string for the great Marathon race!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Great Race!

IF Lord Gainbey had hurled a bomb suddenly into the room at Baker Street he could hardly have caused greater consternation. Ferrers Locke drew himself up sharply, and a steely light glinted in his keen eyes.

Drake's fingers, clutching the cloth, upset half a cup of coffee, but the accident passed unnoticed by the others.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Locke blankly. "I wasn't prepared for that, I must admit. After my words to Pycroft, I didn't dream he'd be such a chump as to go and nab Strakey until I'd seen him again!"

Lord Gainbey brought his fist down with a thump on the tablecloth.

"Well, he has!" he thundered. "He's nobbled the one man whose presence at Wimbledon to-day is more necessary to the prestige of British sport than any other. With Strakey running in the Marathon, Britain has a chance to win the all-important eleventh event of the series against Lovakia. Without him, the race will be a walk-over for Rasch, the rival first string."

"Yes, yes, I understand!" said Locke quickly. "It is deplorable! Hang Pycroft! Why the dickens didn't he wait? Strakey will, of course, be brought before the magistrates some time this morning. It being a serious charge, he will not, in all probability, be granted bail. Tell me, can you spare that touring car and your chauffeur for a few hours?"

"Yes, as long as you like. Only, for Heaven's sake, get Eddie Strakey to Wimbledon by three o'clock!"

Ferrers Locke ushered his lordship from the room, and all three hurried downstairs. Grabbing their hats, Locke and Drake sprang into the waiting car, leaving Lord Gainbey to take the Tube back to his home.

"To the Wimbledon Sports Ground!" Ferrers Locke ordered the chauffeur. "And drive like fury!"

When, a short time later, the car drove up, and Locke and Drake entered the ground, only a few of the groundsmen were there. The detective at once sought out the head-groundsmen and handed him his card. The name of the famous sleuth had its effect, as usual. The man expressed his complete willingness to assist in anything that Locke might require.

A man in a thousand—Ferrers Locke!

"Very well," said the detective, "my request is but a humble one. I wish to see the poles which were used in the pole-jumping competition of yesterday."

Obviously surprised, the man led the way to a building, and showed the poles in question. Locke examined them carefully. At the foot of each were three small triangular pieces of wood for obtaining a firm hold on the turf. Then he took out his tape measure, and measured across the base of one of the poles. The measurement was two and three-quarter inches exactly.

Thanking the man, Locke walked off with Drake across the ground.

"By jingo," said the youngster, "I see the idea, sir! You think that Lord Gainbey's residence was entered by means of the French windows, after all. Some Johnny leapt over the balcony rail by means of a vaulting-pole."

"I'm positive of it!" said Locke decidedly. "But it was not one of the poles we have seen just now that was used for the purpose. I particularly noted the soil where I saw the circular depression below Lord Gainbey's room. The soil was of clay. But there was no clay on any of those poles."

"Then that explains how it was that the ivy was not torn from the wall," said Drake. "A fellow could leap over that balcony rail and land on the concrete balcony without making a mark other than the depression caused by the foot of the pole."

"That's so," replied Locke. "But not many fellows could do the stunt, my boy. Remember the measurement we took of the height of the balcony-rail? It was twelve feet. You could almost number on the fingers of one hand the men who could perform such a leap as that."

"Rasch, the Lovakian, cleared twelve feet eight and a half inches in the pole-jump yesterday, sir!" remarked the boy significantly.

"He did," said Locke.

He took from his pocket a piece of paper, on which he had jotted down four names.

"There's Rasch and Ranyan, of Lovakia—they both cleared over twelve feet yesterday. Pollock and Browne, of the British team, also scraped over twelve feet. This morning, just before you came down to breakfast, I telephoned through to the secretary of the All-British Athletic Association, and obtained the addresses of these four men. Our next job is to find out whether any of these men were away from their places of residence between ten and eleven last night. You shall investigate the cases of the British jumping representatives. I shall deal with the Lovakian pair."

They entered the motor-car, and drove away from the sports ground. Sighting a taxi, Ferrers Locke left his young assistant to carry on in Lord Gainbey's automobile. He himself engaged the taxicab.

"Try to be at Baker Street by one o'clock, my boy, to report," was his last remark to Drake, before they separated.

Ravan, the Lovakian, was staying at the Guerdon Hotel, in Bayswater. So it was to this address that Ferrers Locke went first. After exhaustive inquiries he was satisfied about Ravan, however. There was ample proof that the Lovakian had spent the whole evening in the smoking-room of the hotel.

This fact established, Locke set out for Conner's Family Hotel, where Rasch had booked a room. The sleuth dis-

missed the taxi at Victoria Station, and, pulling his cap well down over his eyes, strolled into the back street in which the hotel was situated.

Slouching through the hotel, he entered the billiards-room, with the intention of making a few preliminary inquiries of the billiards-marker. The marker, he felt sure, would know something of the movements of Rasch. To his surprise, he saw the very man who interested him most at that moment.

Rasch was playing a hundred up with another member of the Lovakian athletic team. And seated on a raised form, among others, were two other people whom Locke knew by sight. These were Jerry Goad, the bookmaker who had been assaulted at Wimbledon, and

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Harry Ryland, the international athlete of a few years back.

With Rasch safe in the billiards-room, Locke's task was easier than he had hoped. From the manager of the hotel—to whom he made himself known—and one or two employees of the place, he found out all he wanted to know. Rasch had not left the hotel on the previous evening. That was proved to him beyond all doubt.

The definite proof, however, took some time to obtain. It was just upon one o'clock when he reached Baker Street. Drake had arrived home a few minutes earlier. He, too, had obtained proof that the two British representatives could not possibly have been at Harrow between ten and eleven on the previous night.

"Jove, we've drawn nothing but

blanks!" muttered the sleuth, pacing the consulting-room like a caged tiger. "And time is of the utmost importance. Yet someone who was able to vault twelve feet by means of a jumping-pole committed the robbery. Unless we get that man, we shall never induce the police to release Strakey. Who the dickens is there other than the four we've visited who might be capable of leaping twelve feet?"

Although he asked the question aloud, he appeared to be addressing himself.

Drake looked up into the worried face of his chief with sudden inspiration.

"What price Harry Ryland, sir?" he asked.

Ferrers Locke stopped short in his stride.

"Harry Ryland?" he echoed.

"Yes—the chap you pointed out to me at the sports ground. He was a pole-vaulter."

"I know—I know!" said Locke. "But Ryland is past his prime. I hardly think he could top twelve feet nowadays. And yet—and yet—By Jove, it's just possible! Ryland is the driver of a charabanc nowadays. He's just the sort of fellow who might have worn an oily pair of gloves for such a job. Besides, he's mixed up with that bookie, Jerry Goad. Yes, there's a last chance here, my boy. We'll risk it!"

The sleuth took the receiver from the telephone and rang up Conner's Family Hotel. From his friend the proprietor he found out the name of the firm for which Ryland worked. The man did not know his private address. Next, Locke phoned up the charabanc company, and, giving a plausible excuse, obtained the full information he sought.

Replacing the receiver on its hook, the detective turned to Drake.

"Harry Ryland lives at No. 14, Silvers Road, Holloway," he said. "We must get along there at once. Our man is still in the billiards-room of the hotel at Victoria."

Running downstairs, they entered the motor-car which was waiting. At the best speed at which the car could travel through the crowded streets they journeyed northwards to Holloway. There was no time to be lost, and Locke commanded the chauffeur to drive right up to the door of the house in which Ryland lived.

The summons was answered by the landlady, a grubby woman of uncertain age. Locke did not stand on ceremony. Taking his card from his pocket, he thrust it into her hand.

"I am a detective," he said sternly. "I have some questions to put to you."

Thoroughly scared, the woman stood aside while Locke and Drake marched into the house. A few terse queries speedily elicited the fact that Ryland had not spent the previous evening at home. The woman denied knowledge of the time he had returned.

"Well, it is my duty to search the room occupied by Ryland," grunted Locke.

Too scared to protest, the grubby landlady pointed out Ryland's room on the first landing, and stood by while Locke examined the place. Locke fired off a few more questions as he systematically set to work.

"Do you know what a jumping-pole is, my good woman?"

"Y-yes, sir!"

"Has Harry Ryland ever had such a thing on these premises—in that shed I can see at the foot of the garden, for instance?"

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"No, he's never had none of his old poles here."

"He's mentioned pole-vaulting to you, though?"

"Yes. 'Arry makes a bit o' brass sometimes in 'is spare time giving tips to young athletes."

"How many pupils has he?"

"Only one now, sir—so I've heered 'im say. It's a young chap what lives at 'Arrow."

"At Harrow!" cried Jack Drake.

"Why, that's where—"

"Sh-sh, my boy!" whispered Locke.

"We're on the right track. I've no doubt. Ah, see these!" And from the interior of a cupboard, from among a lot of rubbish, he drew out a pair of greasy leather gloves.

The woman noted the sleuth looking at the gloves keenly.

"They're 'is old pair, sir," she volunteered. "'E's wearing his best to-day. 'E's driving a charybanc-load of sports to Wimbledon this afternoon."

"Note this, my boy," said Locke to his young assistant. "There is a split about half an inch in length on the left forefinger of the left-hand glove. And it was this identical glove which made the mark on the French windows at Greyleas. The windows themselves were opened and locked again, doubtless with a skeleton-key."

He pushed the gloves into his pocket. By this time he had examined the cupboard and every drawer in the room. Now he turned his attention to the linoleum which covered the floor. Recently made scratches showed plainly along one edge.

"Get a claw-hammer, madam, if you please," he said to the landlady.

The woman brought the article required, and Locke took up the linoleum and closely examined the wooden boarding of the floor. Then, inserting the claw of the hammer under a loose board, he prised it up. Immediately a little cry of amazement left the lips of the watching woman. For in the cavity under the board were ten golden medals and a platinum ring!

Jack Drake gave an exuberant "Whoop-ee!" and executed a swift waltz once round the room, while Locke removed the articles from their secret hiding-place.

The detective's face was triumphant, but anxious still, as he rose to his feet.

"Your lodger is a rascally thief, madam!" he informed the dumbfounded landlady. "This house will be watched by the police from now onwards until he is safe in gaol. I thank you for the assistance you have rendered me. Now, off we go. Drake, my boy—full speed for Bow Street!"

Back in the motor-car, Locke stopped only once to tell a policeman on his beat to watch the house in Silvers Road. Then the car headed swiftly for the Bow Street police-station. Arriving there, he told his story and produced the stolen articles. Inspector Pycroft was hurriedly summoned from Scotland Yard. Drake was despatched full speed to Eddie Strakey's house for running-shorts, shoes, and vest, while the formalities for the release of the athlete were gone through. Lord Gainbey was informed by telephone that the medals had been recovered, and that every effort would be made to get Strakey to the starting-point of the race in time.

But it was after half-past two before Ferrers Locke, Jack Drake, Inspector Pycroft, together with the athlete, bundled into the motor-car.

The first portion of the journey was accomplished in record time. Then the road leading to the great Wimbledon Sports Ground was congested with traffic, and the pace became slower.

A big charabanc laden with sightseers blocked the way. The chauffeur of Lord Gainbey's car vigorously sounded his hooter. The driver of the lumbering vehicle ahead half turned as the touring-car began to draw alongside. And in a flash Locke recognised the angry features of Harry Ryland!

But, as it happened, Ryland's eyes fell directly on the figure sitting next to the sleuth—Eddie Strakey. With a hoarse exclamation of surprise and dismay, he swung the steering-wheel over.

"Look out!" yelled Locke to the chauffeur, sitting immediately in front of him.

The man also turned, swung the car sharply over to the right, and avoided a collision by inches.

Next instant Pycroft did a thing which clearly showed he was determined at all costs to retrieve the first mistake he had made. Standing up in his seat, he took a flying leap from the touring-car into the charabanc. He landed among the astonished sportsmen sitting just in the rear of Ryland, the driver. And, greatly to the disgust of the passengers, who had to get out and walk, he made Ryland bring the charabanc to a standstill down the first turning, and arrested the thief then and there.

Meantime, the car containing the Marathon runner wended its way to the sports-ground. By forming a tent with coats, Locke and Drake had enabled him to change into his running-gear. Thus he was ready to take his place at the start of the big race.

But time had crept on. Now only a matter of a few minutes remained to them. Leaping out of the car, the sleuth, the boy, and the runner elbowed their way swiftly through the throng. Spectators, amazed at the sight of Strakey in their midst, fell to right and left.

Four runners were lined up at the starting-point. The third string of the British team had been ordered to be ready to run in case Strakey did not arrive.

But suddenly a stir occurred among the throng lining the running-track. Locke and Drake had reached the rails. Then a man in white running-gear and wearing the red rose emblem leaped on to the cinder track. As he did so Locke whipped the overcoat which had covered his shoulders from him. Eddie Strakey had arrived in the nick of time to run for the honour of Britain!

When the realisation of this came to the puzzled spectators a mighty roar of cheering arose. The third string of the British team retired with a look of relief. The starter's pistol cracked. They were off! The great Marathon race to Windsor and back had begun!

Having watched the four runners leave the sports-ground after one lap round the running-track, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake made their way to the officials' rooms beneath the grand-stand. There they handed over the medals and the ring to the gratified president of the Athletic Association. But Lord Gainbey was astonished beyond measure to learn that Harry Ryland, the ex-International, had been the thief.

It remained for Locke subsequently to find the jumping-pole, with which Ryland reached the balcony, in a shed

behind a house not a quarter of a mile from Greyleas. Ryland had borrowed the pole from the home of his pupil, without permission, and had taken it back under cover of darkness. But the soil on the foot of the pole corresponded exactly with that beneath Lord Gainbey's window.

"Really, it is hardly creditable!" said his lordship, after hearing Locke's explanations. "What the mischief could have come over Ryland to make him do such a thing?"

"There's no doubt upon that point, I should say, sir," said the astute detective. "In my opinion, it was as cunning a plot against Strakey as could well be imagined. Ryland sent him a note purporting to have come from you. Then, knowing Strakey was in the house, he committed the robbery. The articles were of some value, of course, but Ryland knew that with Strakey out of the way the Marathon would be won by Rasch for a cert. Doubtless, Ryland had backed the Lovakian runner very heavily with Jerry Goad."

"Yes, I'm afraid that betting has crept into athletic sports even," said Lord Gainbey sadly. "It's a pity—a great pity. Ryland will get a severe sentence for the burglary, I suppose?"

"Six months, at the very least," said Ferrers Locke dryly. And he almost added: "And serve him right!"

Going back into the grand-stand with Lord Gainbey, Locke and Drake eagerly awaited the return of the Marathon runners. The Swedish drill experts and a good military band helped to pass the time.

At last a murmur like surf breaking along a rugged shore could be heard outside the ground. Gradually it swelled in a great crescendo until the whole sports-ground was echoing to the roar of ten thousand lusty throats.

Then two little figures appeared simultaneously at the open gates. Something almost like a gasp sounded among the crowd. It was seen that one of the figures was in plain white, with a rose emblem at his breast. The other wore the green-and-white favour of Lovakia. They were Strakey and Rasch!

Once on the smooth cinder running-track, the pair seemed to gather speed. It was the last desperate efforts of two men tired almost to the point of complete breakdown after their gruelling twenty miles over the roads.

Neck and neck they ran. Half-way round, Strakey forged ahead a trifle. A fresh roar greeted the heroic effort:

"Strakey! Strakey! Strakey wins!"

But Rasch set his teeth and came again, regaining a precious yard or two. Two hundred yards from the tape, and the two were still together. Never had the spectators seen such a race.

Then, in a final Herculean effort, Eddie Strakey began to spurt.

The Lovakian tried to respond. But human nature in his case would stand the strain no more. He went stumbling forward headlong on the track, run off his legs. And Eddie Strakey went on alone to win the great Marathon race—the eleventh event on which depended the sports championship of the world!

Breathless with emotion, Jack Drake, in the grand-stand, turned to Ferrers Locke and wrung his chief by the hand. He knew more than most of the wildly cheering crowd about that great British victory!

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's ripping story, chums.)

GREAT COMPETITION FOR CRICKET LOVERS!

First Prize £100; Second Prize £50; Third Prize £30; and 120 Prizes of £1 each.

Can you forecast how the Counties are going to finish up?

WE offer the above splendid prizes to the reader who is clever enough to send us a list showing exactly in what order the seventeen first-class County Cricket Clubs will stand at the end of the season.

For your guidance we publish the order in which each of the clubs stood last year, which was as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Yorkshire. | 10. Somerset. |
| 2. Nottinghamshire. | 11. Derbyshire. |
| 3. Surrey. | 12. Warwickshire. |
| 4. Kent. | 13. Gloucestershire. |
| 5. Lancashire. | 14. Leicestershire. |
| 6. Hampshire. | 15. Northamptonshire. |
| 7. Middlesex. | 16. Glamorgan. |
| 8. Essex. | 17. Worcestershire. |
| 9. Sussex. | |

What you have to do is to fill in on the coupon on this page your forecast of the order in which the counties will finish up. To the reader who does this correctly we shall award a prize of £100, and the other prizes in the order of the correctness of the forecasts.

In the case of ties, any or all of the prizes will be added together and divided, but the full amount of £300 will be awarded.

All forecasts must be submitted on coupons taken from this journal or from one of the other publications taking part in this contest.

You may send as many coupon-forecasts as you like.

They must all be addressed to "Cricket Competition," Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, and must reach that address not later than Thursday, August 16th.

You may send in your forecasts at once if you like, but none will be considered after August 16th.

The decision of the Editor in all matters concerning this competition must be accepted as final and binding, and entries will only be admitted on that understanding.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Football Favourite," "Sports Budget," "Young Britain," "Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Boys' Friend," "Popular," "Pluck," "Union Jack," "Rocket," "Nelson Lee Library," "Boys' Cinema," and "Gem," and readers of these journals are invited to compete.

I forecast that the Counties will finish the season in this order:	
No. 1	
No. 2	
No. 3	
No. 4	
No. 5	
No. 6	
No. 7	
No. 8	
No. 9	
No. 10	
No. 11	
No. 12	
No. 13	
No. 14	
No. 15	
No. 16	
No. 17	

I enter "Cricket" Competition in accordance with the Rules as announced above, and agree to abide by the published decision.

Name

Address

M. Closing date, August 16th, 1923.

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