

# FIGHTING TO THE FINISH! ADVENTURERS FOUR!

Our Grand Complete School Tale.

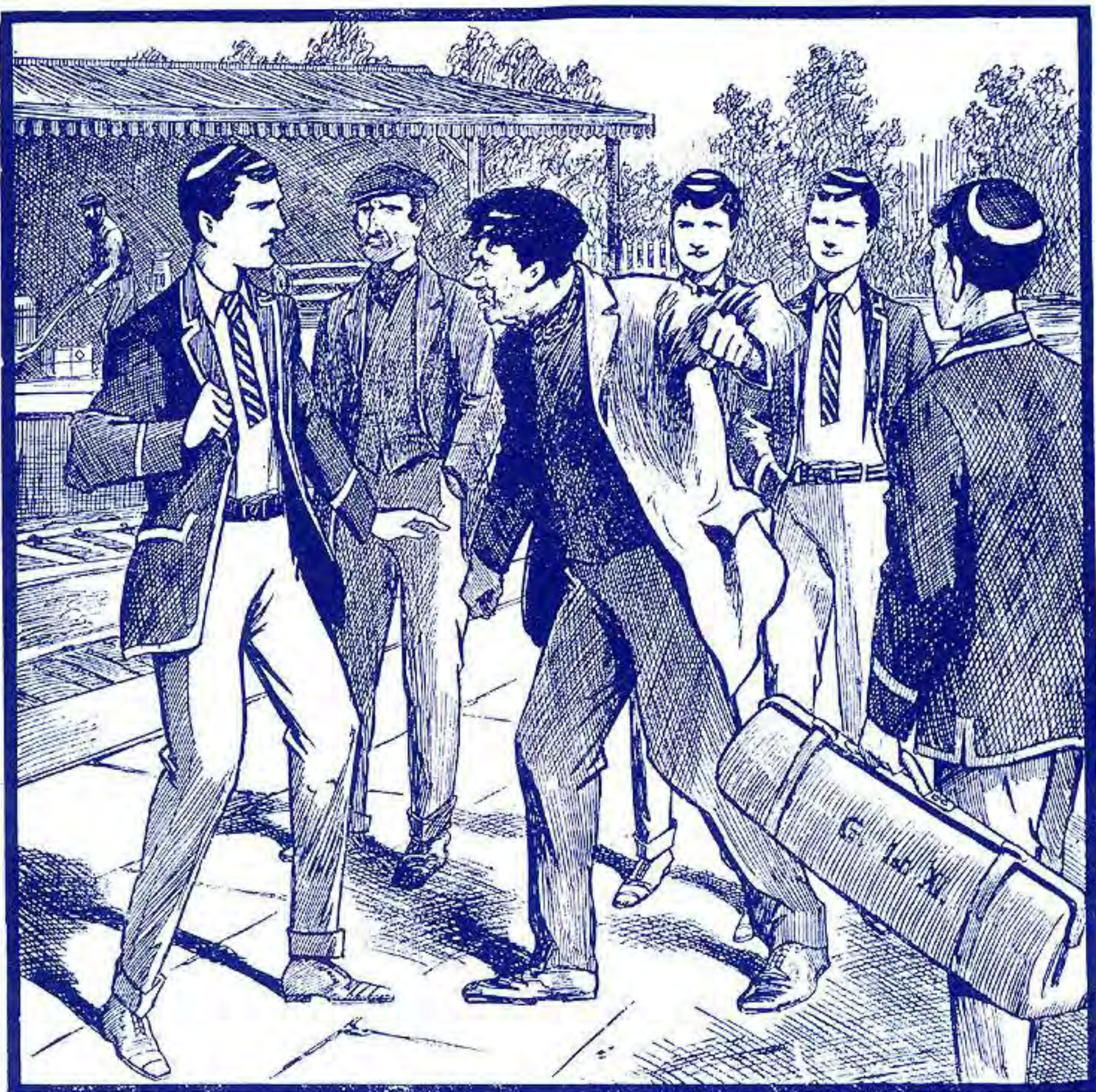
The First Instalment of a New Serial



## The Magnet 1<sup>st</sup> Library

No. 435. Vol. 10.

JUNE 10th, 1916.



## A COWARDLY CHALLENGE TO THE CAPTAIN!

(An Extraordinary Scene in the Splendid Long Complete Tale of School Life in this Issue.)



# MY READERS' PAGE

## OUR COMPANION PAPERS:

"THE BOYS' FRIEND," 1d., Every Monday. "THE GEM" LIBRARY, 1d., Every Wednesday. "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d., COMPLETE LIBRARY. "THE PENNY POPULAR," 1d., Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," Price 3d., Every Saturday.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## For Next Monday:

### "CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

By Frank Richards.

In the grand, long, complete story which appears next week, Mr. Prout, the Fifth-Form master, plays a very prominent part. On his suggestion a Greyfriars Cadet Corps is formed. Joining up is not a matter of choice for anyone. All, from the least to the greatest, must join unless he can prove a claim to exemption before a tribunal composed of Mr. Prout himself, the Commander-in-Chief, and the captains of the various Forms. The proceedings before this tribunal are screamingly funny, as are the attempts made by Billy Bunter to get easy money by a system of enlisting early and often. Still more funny are the things which happen when the Commander-in-Chief puts his corps through its first drill. But Mr. Prout's corps has no very long life. It comes to an untimely end when it collides with the great game of cricket, and leaves for the Greyfriars fellows only a humorous memory of the time when they were

### "CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

## A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Appreciative letters from members of what used to be Britain's little Army, but is now Britain's great Army, growing greater every day, reach me in ever-increasing numbers. Some of them are from men who have been introduced to my papers by their comrades; and in these cases it often happens that some of my readers have played their part by their kindness in answering appeals for copies. But every now and then comes one from quite an old reader, and these give me special pleasure, for I am glad to know that amid the fatigues of training, or in the hard and rough and perilous work of the trenches, my old friends do not forget the papers that meant so much to them in the days when they were happy schoolboys. Here are some of the extracts from one such letter. The man who wrote it is not yet at the Front, but is expecting to go any time now. He writes:

"I can remember when the 'Magnet' made its debut at a halfpenny, and how, after many insistent demands, you increased size and price. After that, I remember, a good many of your readers were still unsatisfied, and wanted you to double it again." [Those readers, or others who think like them, are, like the poor, always with us, for not a week passes but some suggestion for making the 'Magnet' much bigger and charging 2d., 3d., or even 6d. for it, comes along.—EDITOR.] "I cannot tell you how many happy hours I have spent reading the 'Magnet' and the 'Gem.' I used to prop one of them up in front of me at meal-times, and I enjoyed my food all the better. I enlisted last year, after being rejected two or three times. Before that I was working in a munition factory, and whenever we had a break in the night work I used to put in my time reading either the 'Gem' or the 'Magnet.' Down here, in camp, I am still as keen on them both as ever, though, as my allowance to my mother keeps my spending money down pretty low, I have been obliged to give up the 'Penny Popular,' of which I was also very fond."

I feel sure that there will be one among my readers who would be glad to send this fellow-enthusiast his or her copy of the "Penny Popular" every week after reading it, and if any of them will write to me and say so, I shall be pleased to give our chum's address. You need not all speak at once; but if at least one of you does not offer, I shall be rather disappointed, for I know how ready many of you are to do all that you can for the man in the King's khaki.

## CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE!

Many letters still reach me which I should like to answer, but, cannot because names and addresses of the writers are

not given, and just now we really have practically no room at all for the "Replies in Brief." That always popular feature will be resumed some day, but meanwhile I do not want to lose touch with my many friendly correspondents.



## NOTICES.

Herbert E. Webb, 5, Paisley View, Armley, Leeds, has started a small amateur magazine, and would like to hear from fellow-readers interested. Stamped and addressed envelopes, please.

R. Nairn, Castle Hill, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, would be glad to get more recruits for the Patriotic League which he and A. Hoy, of Kilmarnock, are running.

Will any boys who want to join a cricket team (age 12-13) in Portsmouth write either to V. Thomas, 2, Longs Road, Landport, or to W. Palmer, 10, Funtington Copner, Portsmouth? Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

J. Dean, 21, Sandringham Terrace, Benton, Northumberland, wants to arrange footer fixtures for next season with junior clubs, average age 13-14.

A. Brown, 1, Eskdale Street, Tyne Dock, South Shields, is authorised by his scoutmaster to raise recruits for a Boy Scout troop in his locality, and will be glad to hear from anyone who would care to join.

J. B. Lohle, 10, Old Compton Street, Soho, London, W., has started a "Magnet" and "Gem" Social League, and an amateur magazine, and would be glad to hear from readers anywhere in the United Kingdom interested. Stamped and addressed envelopes, please.

S. Thowlis and E. Higgins, 163, Cross Green Lane, East Street, Leeds, wish to start a small amateur journal, and would be glad to hear from anyone under 17 interested.

Ronald Haigh, Wood Leigh, Linthwaite, Huddersfield, will give 3d. for a copy of "Schoolboys Never Shall Be Slaves."

The "Magnet" and "Gem" Social Club, 163, Abbeyfield Road, Sheffield, would be glad to receive members from any part of the United Kingdom. Stamped and addressed envelopes, please.

J. Lee, 68, Elmhurst Mansions, Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W., wants to form a footer club for next season (age 14½-17) from among boys living in the South-Western district, and will be pleased to send particulars to anyone applying.

T. W. O'Gorman, 2151, and C. E. Stoner, 1914, No. 5 Dormitory, R.N. Barracks, Shotley, Harwich, would be glad to receive back numbers, and also to correspond with readers.

Sapper Goring and Sapper Turner, 145 Army Troops Co., Royal Engineers, B.M.F., Salonika, Greece, would both very much like to correspond with girl readers, as they get few letters.

W. H. Simpson, 8, Oakwell Terrace, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough, wants to start a Correspondence Club open to anyone in the United Kingdom. Stamped and addressed envelopes, please.

H. Hallums, 22 Mess, R.N. Barracks, Shotley, Harwich, would like to correspond with readers of about 17-18.

Arthur Harper, c.o. Messrs. James Butler, Wilks & Co., 29, Coal-Exchange, London, E.C., wants more members for the "Magnet" and "Gem" League he has formed, with the main purpose of sending parcels of the Companion Papers to the Front.

Sydney Chadwick, c.o. Mrs. A. E. Harvey, High Street, Tean, Stoke-on-Trent, wants to buy back numbers of the "Magnet" since 1911.

A. G. Fowler, 53, Kennington Road, Wollaton Road, Nottingham, would be pleased to get more members for his "Magnet" and "Gem" League, open to anyone in the United Kingdom. Postcards from those wishing to join sufficient.

Your Editor



A Complete School-  
Story Book, attrac-  
tive to all readers.

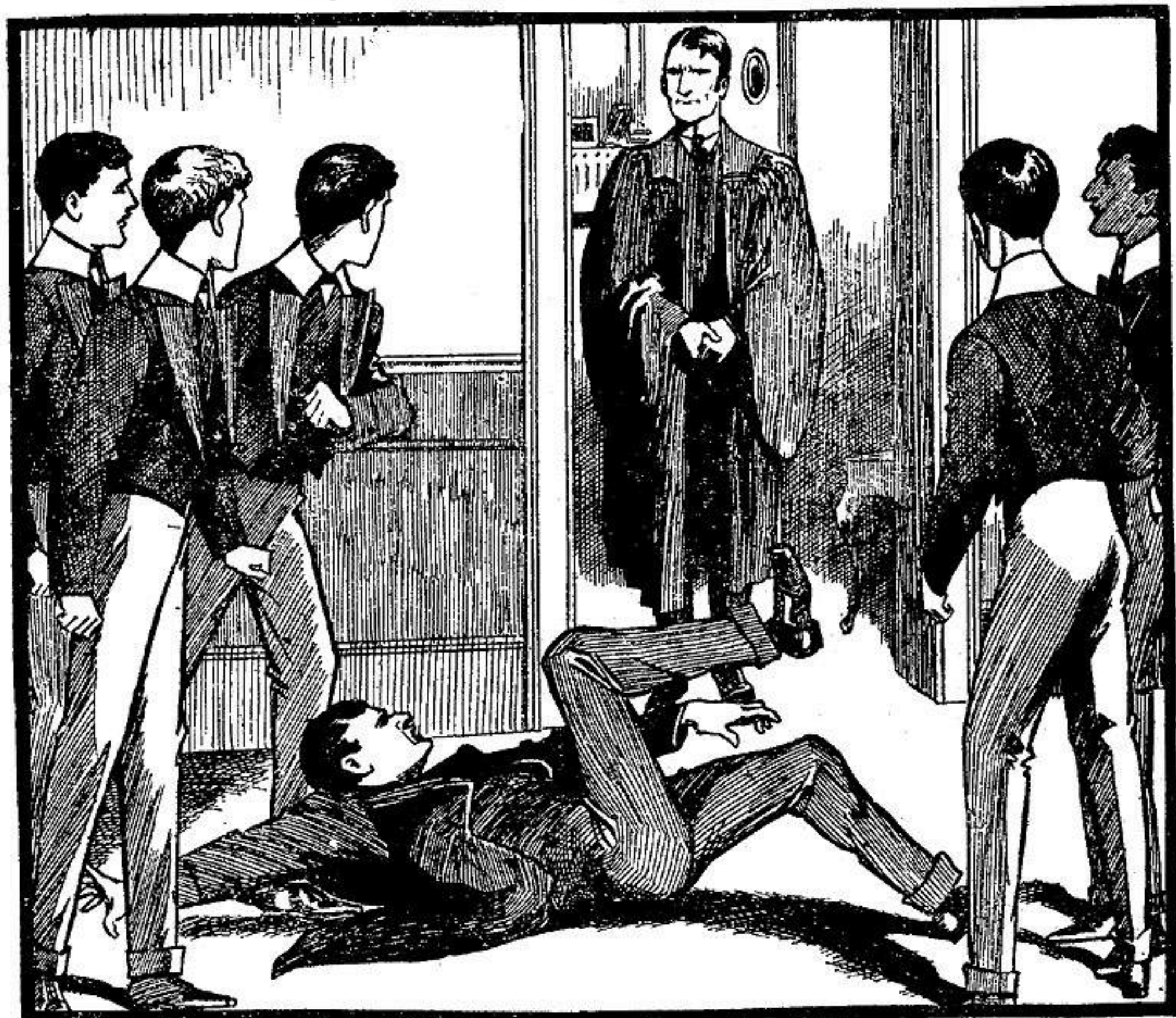


The Editor will be  
obliged if you will  
hand this book,  
when finished with,  
to a friend. . . .

# FIGHTING TO THE FINISH!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of  
Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Gerald Loder uttered a yell that rang through the passage. The next moment the study door was thrown open, and Mr. Quelch appeared on the threshold, with knitted brows and gleaming eyes. "What is this? What does this mean?" thundered the Remove-master. (See Chapter 1.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Mr. Quelch Does Not Oblige!

**B**ETTER leave the talking to me!" said Bob Cherry.  
"You'll put your foot in it," said Harry Wharton doubtfully.  
"Better leave it to me," remarked Nugent. "I'll put it nicely to Quelchy."  
"Betterfully leave it to me," suggested Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I will address the esteemed Quelchy persuasively."

"My idea is that I'd better do the talking," said Johnny Bull decidedly.

"Ahem!"

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove had halted outside Mr. Quelch's study door.

By their serious looks it could easily be seen that something of unusual importance was on the tapis.

They had been several minutes outside their Form-master's door, hesitating.

Mr. Quelch was a kind if somewhat severe master, and as



a rule his pupils did not hesitate to approach him. But the request the Famous Five were about to make was a little unusual.

In fact, it was, as Bob Cherry frankly confessed, a fearful check. But the chums of the Remove were very much in earnest. To ask their Form-master for a whole holiday, for no special reason excepting because they wanted it, was, it had to be admitted, rather "cool." They were in doubt as to how Mr. Quelch would take it, and they felt as if they were going to beard a lion in his den.

They did not seem to be in agreement, either, as to which should do the talking.

It was recognised on all hands that the matter would have to be put to Mr. Quelch very carefully and tactfully.

"Better leave it to me," said Bob. "I'll talk to Quelch like a Dutch uncle——"

"The esteemed Cherry's talkfulness is terrific——"

"Now, look here, Inky——"

"We shall have to break it gently," said Wharton. "Must manage to touch his heart somehow. It's a pity he doesn't care for cricket. If he were going over to Lantham on Wednesday himself he would understand it better."

"Yes, he's rather an ass about cricket," said Johnny Bull. "I wonder if we could get Wingate to put in a word for us?"

"Hallo!" broke in a sharp voice. "What are you cheeky fags hanging about here for?"

It was Loder of the Sixth.

He came along the passage frowning. The mere sight of the Famous Five was enough to make Loder frown. There had been many a rub between those cheeky juniors and the bully of the Sixth.

"Clear off!" he snapped.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry warmly. "We've come here to speak to our Form-master."

"More likely to play some trick!" growled Loder. "Clear off at once, I tell you! You've been hanging about this passage long enough!"

"We're not going to clear off!" said Wharton coolly.

"We've a right to come to Mr. Quelch's study if we like. Go and eat coke!"

Loder was a prefect, and he had his ashplant under his arm. He took a grip on it, and came threateningly towards the juniors.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood their ground.

Loder had no motive whatever for interfering with them, excepting his dislike and his propensity to bullying. The five juniors drew together.

"You'd better keep that ashplant away," said Johnny Bull. "Prefect or not, you'll get bumped, I warn you!"

Loder grinned. He did not think that even the five most independent members of the Remove would venture to bump a prefect outside the door of their Form-master's study.

But he was mistaken. The ashplant swished through the air, and came down on Johnny Bull's shoulders.

Johnny Bull gave a roar, and rushed at Loder. His chums backed him up without stopping to think.

In a twinkling the prefect was struggling in the grasp of five pairs of hands. But he struggled in vain. The ashplant went flying, and the bully of the Sixth came down on the floor with a tremendous bump.

Gerald Loder uttered a yell that rang through the passage.

The next moment the study door was thrown open, and Mr. Quelch appeared on the threshold, with knitted brows and gleaming eyes.

"What is this? What does this mean?" thundered the Remove-master.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Loder, what are you doing on the floor? Have you no sense, sir, of the dignity that should pertain to a member of the Sixth Form?"

"Yaroooh!"

Loder sat up dazedly.

"Loder, I am surprised—astounded——"

"It's those young beasts!" roared Loder. "They bumped me over!"

"Wharton! Cherry! Is it possible that you have laid hands on a prefect?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"You—you see, sir——"

"We—we——"

"Loder went for us for nothing, sir," said Wharton resolutely.

"I told them to clear off, sir!" gasped Loder, scrambling to his feet. "They refused to obey me!"

"Wharton, you know very well——"

"We have a right to come and speak to our Form-master, sir," said Nugent. "You told us yourself, sir, to come to you at any time we—ahem!—needed advice or counsel."

"That is quite true," said Mr. Quelch, relaxing a little. "If you came for that purpose, that alters the case."

"They were up to some trick, sir!" panted Loder.

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"I really do not see why you should conclude anything of the sort, Loder," said Mr. Quelch calmly. "You appear to me to have been very hasty."

Loder spluttered.

"Oh, very well, sir," he gasped—"very well!"

And Loder strode away down the passage, feeling that he had not scored, after all, over his old foes of the Remove. Mr. Quelch looked at the juniors.

"You came here to consult me and ask my advice?" he said. "You may step into my study."

"Thank you, sir!"

The Famous Five followed the Remove-master into the study. They were looking rather pink. The interview, in which Mr. Quelch was to have been handled with extra tact, had opened unfortunately.

"You may speak," said Mr. Quelch. "You spoke of asking my advice and counsel, Nugent. What is the matter?"

Nugent coughed. He had considered it tactful to mention that at the moment. But, as a matter of absolute fact, it was not exactly advice and counsel the chums of the Remove were in search of. It was a whole holiday.

"You may speak freely," said Mr. Quelch, somewhat impatiently. "I trust you have not been getting yourselves into some difficulty?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Well, then, what is the matter? My time is valuable."

"The—the fact is, sir——" began Wharton.

"The factfulness, esteemed sahib, is——"

"You see, sir——"

"Kindly do not all speak at once," said Mr. Quelch. "You may speak, Wharton. Now, tell me concisely what you wish to ask my advice about."

"Ahem! The—the fact is, sir, you may have heard that the Greyfriars First Eleven is going over to Lantham on Wednesday——"

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"I had not heard so, Wharton."

"It's—it's a fact, sir. Old Wingate's cousin, Captain Wingate of the Loamshire Light Infantry, is playing the First Eleven with a khaki team, sir. The First have been hard at practice for a week——"

"Well, well, what is all this leading to, Wharton?"

"It's a whole day match, sir, and chaps who go over have the whole day off lessons. Wednesday's only half as a rule——"

"Do you mean that Wingate is putting you juniors into the First Eleven, and that you wish to be excused lessons for the day for that reason?"

The juniors could not help smiling. The captain of Greyfriars was not likely to put five Remove juniors into the First Eleven. The great and mighty First was picked from the mightiest men in the Sixth Form, with a sprinkling of the best men in the Fifth.

But Mr. Quelch was not well up in cricket matters. His question showed that.

"Nunno, sir; not exactly," Wharton stammered. "We're not in the First—ahem!—no. We'd like to be, and Wingate might do worse, if he only knew, but—but we're not. We—we should like to go over and see the match, sir."

"The likefulness is terrific, esteemed sahib."

"It's a very special match, sir," said Johnny Bull eagerly, before Mr. Quelch could speak. "The biggest thing the Greyfriars First have ever taken on. The khaki team is topping—you must have heard of the Loamshire Cricket Eleven, sir—one of the best Army elevens going."

"I have not——"

"It's only because Wingate's cousin is skipper of the Loamshire team that old Wingate's been able to book the match," said Wharton. "Such a thing won't occur again, sir, especially as the Loamshire men will be going to the Front soon. They're at the end of their training now. We—we'd give anything to see the match."

"And work like niggers afterwards, sir," said Frank Nugent. "It—it would really buck us up no end for work, sir——"

"So terrifically magnanimous, sahib——"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Do not deafen me in this manner."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Not for a moment, sir——"

"But if you'd give us leave, sir——"

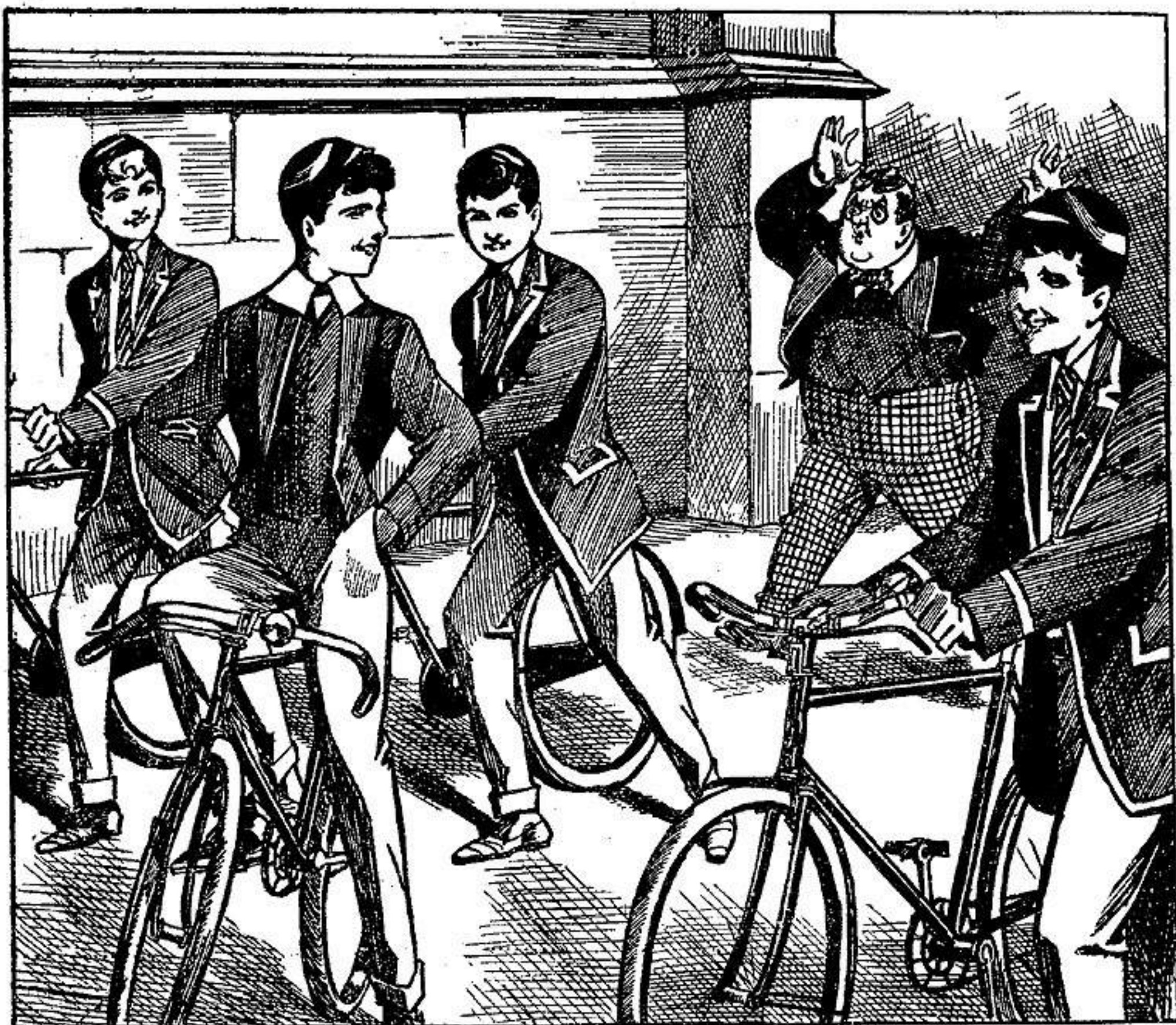
"The thankfulness would be terrific, sir!"

"You may go," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sir!"

"I have never heard of such nonsense!" said the Remove master severely. "Cricket-matches are played here constantly, yet you ask me to excuse you lessons in order to





"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter panted after the wheelers. "I—I say, don't hurry! I—I'll come with you, if you'll ask Quelch, and if one of you will take me behind on his machine, and—and if you'll see about a decent lunch at Lantham." "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 10.)

see a cricket-match. I do not entertain the idea for one moment. I regard the request as an impertinence."

"Oh!"

"As you came here for such an absurd reason, Loder was quite right in sending you away. You will, therefore, take a hundred lines each for impertinence to Loder. You may go!"

Mr. Quelch's tone was final. The chums of the Remove exchanged a dismal glance and quitted the study. Mr. Quelch gave an impatient sniff, and sat down at the table again. And the Famous Five went their way dolorously.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Loder in Luck!

"WELL, what luck?"

Vernon-Smith of the Remove asked the question as the Famous Five came down to the cricket-ground. And a number of Remove fellows, grinning at the sight of the five glum faces, echoed the question.

"Rotten!" growled Wharton.

"The rottenfulness is terrific. The esteemed Quelch does not understand cricketful matters."

"Only a hundred lines each!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

"Nothing to cackle at!" grunted Bob.

"I say, you fellows, you were assess to go!" remarked Billy Bunter. "I told you so, you know! He, he, he!"

"Oh, shut up, tubby!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter.

"Well, it was N.G., of course," remarked Squiff. "Quelch doesn't understand what a tremendous match it's going to be. Besides, if you'd got leave for Wednesday, half the school would have asked leave, too."

"And Quelch couldn't have refused the rest," said Tom Brown. "It's rotten that we can't go!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wingate's in great form!" exclaimed Bob. "Look at that!"

"Bravo, Wingate!"

All eyes were turned on the pitch on Big Side. Wingate of the Sixth was at the wicket, and he was making the fur fly.

Ever since Wingate had fixed up that match with the khaki eleven at Lantham he had been keeping the senior team of Greyfriars well up to its work. And there was no doubt that the Greyfriars First was in great form. George Wingate himself was a tower of strength at the wicket, and North and Courtney were powerful batsmen, and Valence was a top-hole bowler. The rest of the team were first-rate. Wingate had high hopes of pulling off a victory on Wednesday, though he knew that the match was a big one for a school eleven, however strong.

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



The Loamshire khaki eleven was, of course, older and bigger, and they had made a name in the cricket world. Wingate had been lucky in securing the fixture, and in the nature of things Greyfriars would only expect to look forward to a first-class match and a licking.

The Head of Greyfriars had willingly granted a whole day's holiday for the members of the First Eleven. But the fellows who would have liked to see the match from start to finish were disappointed. Lantham was a good distance away from Greyfriars, and the match was to begin early. In the afternoon it would be possible for keen followers of the team to get over to Lantham to see the wind-up of the match, but that was all.

The juniors looked on keenly at the senior practice. Although their own matches were nearer to their hearts, they took a great interest and a great pride in the fortunes of the mighty First.

Greyfriars First had already brought credit on the old school that season; and even if the Loamshire match proved a defeat, it was certain to be a glorious one. Greyfriars would not be walked over, at all events. Indeed, some of the more sanguine spirits considered that it was quite on the cards that Wingate & Co. might pull off a narrow victory.

"They're in topping form," remarked Wharton. "Loamshire will get a tussle on Wednesday. It's too rotten that we can't go!"

"We can go bikefully in the afternoon," said Hurree Singh.

"But we want to see the whole thing!"

"The wantfulness is terrific, but there is nothing doing," remarked the nabob sorrowfully.

"Nothing but lines!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Look at that beast Loder!" growled Bob Cherry. "Grinning like a demon in a pantomime! He doesn't think we have any chance." Bob was referring to the First Eleven as "we."

Harry Wharton glanced at Loder. The bully of the Sixth was looking on at the practice.

He was smiling as he looked. Loder was not in the team; his form was not quite up to what was required, and he was a very uncertain player.

He turned to Coker of the Fifth, and the juniors heard his remark:

"Not much chance of a win for them!"

Coker shook his head. His chum Potter was in the First Eleven, but Horace Coker had no more chance of getting into it than of getting to the moon. Hence Coker's opinion of the First Eleven's chances was a very poor one.

"No chance at all, Loder," agreed Coker. "We couldn't expect to beat the Loamshire men, anyway. And Wingate's left out jolly good players."

Loder grinned.

"I asked him whether he was going to put me in," pursued Coker warmly. "I asked him for a plain answer. And he said he'd see me hanged first!"

"Well, that was a plain answer!" chuckled Loder, and he strolled away towards the gates.

Coker snorted. Apparently he was not satisfied with the plain answer the captain of Greyfriars had given him.

Loder of the Sixth passed out into the road, and walked away down the lane towards the village of Friardale.

About half-way to the village he crossed the stile and struck off across the fields.

He glanced round quickly as he reached the old spinney, and then plunged among the trees. Anyone observing Loder's hasty glance would have guessed that he had a fear of being observed.

The prefect stopped under the trees, and glanced at his watch. Then he lighted a cigarette, and waited.

In about ten minutes a man came through the trees—a fat man with a bowler hat cocked on one side of his head, and a big, black cigar in his mouth. He nodded familiarly to Loder.

It was Mr. Banks, the bookmaker, quite a well-known character in the district. If Loder's acquaintance with him had been known at Greyfriars, the "blade" of the Sixth would have been booked for very serious trouble. But there was a side of Gerald Loder's life that was not known to others than his own set.

"Evenin'!" said Mr. Banks cheerily. "What can I do for you this time, Master Loder?"

Loder removed his cigarette.

"Not gee-gees this time," he said. "You've put money a good many times on the Greyfriars First Eleven. Mr. Banks."

Mr. Banks nodded.

"It's a good team," he said. "I picked up something on them in their match with Lantham Ramblers, in the footer."

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"Feel inclined to back them on Wednesday?"

Mr. Banks' eyes narrowed, and he looked at Loder with a very peculiar expression.

"That's the khaki match," he remarked.

"You've heard of it, I see."

"There's been a lot of talk about it," said Mr. Banks. "They're playing the Loamshire Regiment Eleven. There'll be a crowd at Lantham to see it."

"You'll be there, I suppose?"

Mr. Banks chuckled—a fat chuckle.

"Yes, I shall have business there," he said. "With racing nearly knocked on the head owing to the war, a man must do something on cricket—wot?"

"I suppose you're backing the khaki eleven?" said Loder, eyeing him.

"Oh, I'm a sportsman!" said Mr. Banks affably. "Of course, I don't know nothin' about cricket—not much, anyway. I've 'ad good luck backin' your school team, and I might stick to 'em."

Loder's eyes gleamed.

Hardly a fellow at Greyfriars had any hope of seeing Wingate & Co. win the match. It would be a good match, a well-fought match; but a winning match it could hardly be. Even Wingate's hopes were slight. Loder was perfectly convinced that the Greyfriars First had no more chance against Loamshire than the Remove Eleven would have had.

But it did not suit him to state that to Mr. Banks. If the bookmaker, in his ignorance of cricket matters, chose to back the wrong horse, that was Mr. Banks' own business. On a question of horseflesh, Mr. Banks' knowledge was deep and profound; but his opinion of cricket form was, in Loder's opinion, to be despised.

"Well, I dare say you're right," said Loder, with an appearance of great frankness. "The school may pull it off."

"You backing your school?" asked Mr. Banks.

"No; I rather feel inclined to back the khaki team."

"Anythin' wrong with your men?"

"No; they're top-hole. But I have a fancy for Loamshire."

"I seed the School Eleven at practice on Saturday," said Mr. Banks. "I rather said to myself, 'That's the team for my money!'"

"Then it's a go," said Loder. "What will you put on the school to win?"

"Well, I dunno as I want to back them agin a man's team like Loamshire, come to think of it," said Mr. Banks. "Still, I'll give you evens."

"Even money on Greyfriars?"

"Yes. It's a big risk for me, but I'm a sport."

"You are!" agreed Loder, his eyes dancing. "What figure will you go to? I'm game for something better than a fiver."

"Rolling in money—what?" smiled Mr. Banks.

"Not exactly. But I can raise enough to back my fancy, if I like. What do you say to fifty?"

Mr. Banks opened his eyes wide. He knew Loder for a reckless young blackguard; but he had not expected him to plunge like this, even on a supposed certainty.

"Well, I don't like to say no to a gent like you, Master Loder," said the bookmaker, with an appearance of hesitation. "Fifty pound is a big sum. Skuse me, but if you lose fifty to me—You savvy?"

"I can pay up if I lose," said Loder haughtily. "I can raise twenty-five if I make an effort, and I'll put that in Cobb's hands as stakeholder. I'll give my I O U for the rest."

"Good enough," said the bookmaker. "I'll do the same, Master Loder, and chance it. I can't say fairer than that."

"Done!" said Loder.

"Come along to the Cross Keys now, and see Cobb, and get it settled," said Mr. Banks.

Loder laughed.

"I've not got the money with me. I'll see you to-morrow, and settle that. But it's a go."

"It's a go," agreed Mr. Banks.

When Loder left the spinney, he walked back to Greyfriars as if he were walking on air. It was the biggest coup he had ever dreamed of pulling off. Fifty pounds in a lump was worth while. It was worth the trouble of scraping together half the amount to place in Mr. Cobb's hands as stakes. Loder could borrow or raise that amount somehow—it would only be temporary, for the khaki eleven was absolutely certain to win the match. Indeed, if Mr. Banks would have booked bets wholly on credit, Loder would willingly have staked a hundred pounds against his own school.

Curiously enough, Mr. Banks seemed very satisfied, too, as he walked homeward to the Cross Keys. To judge by his expression, Mr. Banks had a fixed opinion that Greyfriars First had a chance—at least, in the khaki match.



## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### To Go or Not To Go!

"IT'S got to be done!"

"The gotfulness is terrific."

"But how?"

"To go or not to go—that is the question," declared Bob Cherry, in Shakespearean style.

Harry Wharton knitted his brows in thought.

"We've simply got to manage it somehow," he said.

"We're not going to miss such a ripping match if we can help it."

"Whether 'tis nobler of the Remove to suffer

Absurd restrictions imposed by a Form-master

Or to take their hook in spite of Quelchy's orders,

And eke buzz off to Lantham—"

"Oh, cheese it, Bob!" said Johnny Bull, as the cheerful Bob ran on with that parody of Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy.

"We've got to work it somehow. What about telling Quelchy to go and eat coke, and going all the same?"

"Ahem!"

"The ahemfulness is—"

"Terrific," said Bob, with a chuckle. "We must think of something better than that. What price Wingate?"

The chums of the Remove were holding council in No. 1 Study. It was really a serious matter. Tuesday had come round, and on Wednesday, the following day, the Greyfriars First were going to Lantham to play the khaki team.

All Greyfriars would gladly have gone. All Greyfriars wanted to go. Though Wingate & Co. were booked for a defeat, it would be a glorious defeat that would outshine many victories. There was only one difficulty in the way—Wednesday was a half-holiday, not a whole one. The Head had granted a whole holiday to the First Eleven. But the Head did not see any reason whatever for granting a whole holiday to the whole school, which was natural enough from the Head's point of view.

The Famous Five had requested leave from their Form-master, with a hundred lines each as a result. The lines had been written—the lines did not matter much. What mattered was that they hadn't obtained leave.

Other fellows, of course, were just as keen to go. But leave could not be granted to one and not to another. Coker of the Fifth had asked his Form-master for leave, and he had been refused. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth had earnestly begged it of Mr. Capper, and Mr. Capper had seen no reason to grant the request.

The masters, in fact, did not think for one moment that the general desire to see the khaki match from start to finish was a good reason for rescinding lessons for a whole day.

Doubtless they were right from their point of view. Even the juniors admitted that they really came to school for lessons, and not especially to see cricket matches.

But it was a disappointment all the same. Most of the fellows gave up the idea, and contented themselves with the prospect of biking over after morning lessons, and seeing the finish of the match.

But the Famous Five were well known as stickers, and they had not given up hope yet. Hence the council of war in No. 1 Study.

"What price Wingate?" repeated Bob Cherry, pursuing his idea. "Suppose we ask old Wingate to put in a word for us? We can pile it on about wanting to see his cousin in khaki, you know. We do want to, you know."

"But Wingate couldn't put in a word for us and not for the others. He'd know that he would be swamped if he got leave for us."

Squiff looked into the study. There was a bright expression upon the cheery face of Sampson Quincy Ifley Field of New South Wales. He looked like a fellow in possession of a bright idea.

"Jawing it over?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry ruefully. "But we haven't thought of a wheeze yet. But we've got to go somehow. That's the only point we've settled."

Squiff grinned.

"I've settled that point, too. But I've got an idea—Wingate—"

"Wingate couldn't get us leave without doing the same for the rest."

"He could under special circumstances," said Squiff.

"But there ain't any special circumstances," said Johnny Bull.

"That's where my idea comes in. Look how it is—Wingate's eleven is going over, and taking three reserves. That's the lot. Well, suppose something happened—railway accident, or something. Well, in that case Wingate would want some extra reserves on the spot. Suppose we put it to him that, being some of the best cricketers at Greyfriars, we should be useful there in case of accidents. What do you think of the idea?"

"Rotten!" said the Famous Five, with one voice.

"Look here—" began Squiff warmly.

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Wingate's taking three reserves. If they all melted into thin air, do you think he would play Remove chaps against Loamshire, you ass?"

"He might do worse."

"So he might," agreed Wharton. "But he can't see that. My idea is that a few Remove chaps would—ahem!—strengthen the team—"

"Hear, hear!" said the whole company heartily.

"But a Sixth-Form chap can't see that. The Sixth are prejudiced. You can propose it to Wingate if you like. Look out for his boots!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm going to!" said Squiff resolutely. "It's a chance, anyway. After all, we're good cricketers. I'm a top-hole batsman."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!"

"Well, I am, you know; so are you, Wharton, and Bob, too."

"Hear, hear!"

"And Inky is a ripping bowler—simply ripping!"

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific!"

"We should be jolly valuable if—if anything happened to the reserves—if a Zeppelin bomb or something dropped on them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's go and put it to Wingate," urged Squiff. "He can't say more than 'No.'"

"Oh, all serene! It's N.G., of course."

Squiff led the way to Wingate's study, in the Sixth-Form passage. The Famous Five followed him, without the slightest expectation of convincing Wingate that they would be of any use on the Lantham ground in case of accidents—by Zeppelin bombs or otherwise.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, as they came downstairs. "Here's a giddy visitor! Shall we give him a cheer? He's in khaki."

"Shurrup, you ass!"

A tall, handsome young man had come into the School House. He was in khaki, and the juniors could see that his rank was that of a captain. He glanced towards the juniors, and spoke to Wharton.

"Perhaps you can tell me where to find my cousin—Wingate of the Sixth?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Wharton. "You are—excuse me—Captain Wingate?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Captain of the Loamshire team?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Jolly glad to see you at Greyfriars, sir!"

"Thank you," said the captain, smiling.

"This way, sir," said Wharton.

And he led the handsome captain in khaki to Wingate's study. He tapped at the door, and opened it.

"Your cousin, Wingate."

The captain of Greyfriars jumped up.

"Hallo, Bert!"

"Hallo, George!"

Wharton rejoined his chums in the passage. He was greatly impressed. Wingate of the Sixth was always a great man in the eyes of the juniors, but he seemed greater than ever after having addressed an Army captain with "Hallo, Bert!"

"Better put off our visit for a bit," murmured Bob.

"Ha, ha! Yes, I think so."

Squiff uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Got it!"

"Eh? What have you got?"

"The wheeze—the wheeze, my son. We'll ask the captain to put in a word for us."

"Fathead! We don't even know him!"

"He looks a good-natured chap," argued Squiff. "I like his chivvy. Then he ought to be flattered at our wanting to bike all the way to Lantham to see his team play. We'll ask him, anyway."

"Awful cheek!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Well, we've got lots of cheek in New South Wales," said Squiff. "I've brought a good allowance home with me."

"You have!" agreed his chums.

"I'm going to ask him, and you chaps can back me up."

The Famous Five looked at one another. But they nodded. There was a ghost of a chance, at all events; and it was so supremely important for the chums of the Remove to get a whole holiday on the morrow that they could not afford to neglect even a ghost of a chance.

# ANSWERS

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Quite a Different Prospect!

"JOLLY glad to see you, Bert! Where did you drop from?"

Captain Wingate smiled, as he sat in Wingate's armchair and stretched out his long legs.

"I had to come over to Courtfield on recruiting matters," he said. "So I thought I'd give you a look-in and get some tea."

"Good idea!" said Wingate.

The captain of Greyfriars opened the study door and called:

"Fag!"

There was a rush of feet in the passage.

Harry Wharton & Co. were on the spot in a twinkling. The Remove were not really bound to fag for the Sixth; but any junior in the school regarded it as a high honour to fag for Wingate. Tubb of the Third, rushing up from a different direction, was grasped by Johnny Bull and rushed away again, much to his indignation and astonishment.

"Yes, Wingate!" gasped the Co. breathlessly. "Here we are!"

"The herefulness is terrific, august Wingate!"

"Where's my fag?" asked Wingate.

"Ahem! Won't we do?" asked Harry Wharton.

"But you don't fag."

"Yes, we do—for you," said Bob Cherry. "I—I say, Nugent's a splendid cook, and I'm ripping at—at fetching things."

"Better call Tubb."

"Tubb's calling to Johnny Bull round the corner," said Squiff. "He—he can't come for a moment—he can't really."

Just then the voice of Tubb of the Third was heard from round the corner:

"Lemme go, Bull, you beast! Lemme go, or I'll kick your shins!"

Wingate laughed.

"Well, you can tell Tubb it doesn't matter, if you like," he said. "I want somebody to get tea here, quick and good. Change this at the tuckshop."

"Right you are, Wingate!"

And the self-constituted fags rushed off to do the shopping. Wingate turned back into the study. He cleared books and papers off the table, and sat down. Frank Nugent came in to lay the cloth and put the kettle on the fire. Wingate and his cousin sat by the window on the 'Close, out of the way of the preparations. From the window a part of the cricket-field could be seen, where some of the Sixth were still at practice.

"We're looking forward to the match to-morrow," remarked the Greyfriars captain. "We're going to give you a tussle."

"And beat us," said Captain Wingate, smiling.

"Well, I hope so, but I don't really think so," said Wingate frankly. "I've seen your team play, you know. Then, you've beaten some country clubs, so there really doesn't seem much chance for a school eleven. But Greyfriars First is in topping form, and we're going to put up a fight. To be quite candid, nobody here quite expects to win; but it's going to be a struggle."

"It may be a win for you, all the same," said the captain. "There's been some changes since you saw my team play the week before last, George. Orders for the Front, you know."

"Changes in your team!" exclaimed Wingate.

"That's it. Last Saturday the orders came down, and it knocked our eleven into a cocked hat!" said the captain, a little ruefully. "Ten of the best had to go."

"My hat!"

"I'm staying at Lantham, training the 'cruties,' you know. I've made up another eleven of sorts. But it isn't a patch on the real eleven. So if your team is in anything like form you've got the chance of your lives."

"My hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

Wingate and his cousin looked round at that ejaculation, and Nugent turned crimson, and hurried to jam the kettle harder on the fire to cover his confusion.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Bert," said Wingate, sincerely enough. "I was expecting a terrific scrap to-morrow."

"Oh, there'll be a scrap!" said the captain, laughing. "You won't walk over us. As a matter of fact, I'm glad the first fixture since the changes in the team is a schoolboy match. If we were meeting a county club they would strafe us, and no mistake! But from what I remember of your form here, you'll knock my scratch team into a cocked hat!"

"We shall try to, anyway," said Wingate. "I'm sorry; but I suppose the trenches come before cricket fixtures—what?"

"Yes, a little!" laughed the captain.

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Wharton, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Singh came into the study loaded with parcels. They proceeded to get tea for the captain of the school and his visitor. They expended the greatest care upon it, too. Captain Wingate and the captain of Greyfriars chatted on cricket and Army matters, careless of the presence of the juniors. The captain in khaki was evidently a little put out by the scattering of his cricket team, though he took it lightly. And Wingate, though it opened up a prospect of victory instead of defeat, was not pleased; he would have preferred to meet Loamshire in full strength. But the juniors, who were apprised by the talk of the new state of affairs, smiled cheerfully, and made up their minds more firmly than ever that they must see the match—and see Greyfriars beat Loamshire Light Infantry.

"Ready, Wingate!" said Wharton at last.

"Right-ho! You can clear."

The juniors "cleared," and Wingate and his guest sat down to tea. Outside the study, Harry Wharton & Co. smiled at one another gleefully.

"So we're jolly well going to beat Loamshire after all," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Looks like it. What luck!"

"We simply must see it. Fancy Greyfriars licking Loamshire!"

"Hallo! What's that?" asked Vernon-Smith, joining them in the passage. "What's put it into your heads that Greyfriars is going to beat Loamshire? It's impossible!"

"It's pretty nearly a cert," said Bob Cherry, and he explained.

The Bounder whistled.

"Well, that's a change, and no mistake," he said. "Jolly glad I turned over a giddy new leaf, and chucked betting."

"Eh! Why?"

"Because I met Banks, the bookie, this afternoon," grinned the Bounder. "He offered me two to one on Greyfriars for the match. I thought he was dotty. I'd have taken him on like a shot, only—I don't do it now. He offered me two to one in ponies, and I thought he must be off his rocker. I can see it now. He's had information from Lantham, and he knows Greyfriars is going to win, the deep rotter!"

And the Bounder chuckled. His reformation had saved him a "pony," for had he still been a betting fellow he would certainly have jumped at the offer of the astute Mr. Banks.

In a very short time the news Captain Wingate had brought was known far and wide. And most of the Greyfriars fellows rejoiced at the prospect of a win for the First Eleven.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Pleasant News for Loder!

GERALD LODER was in his study, seated at his table, conning over a little book with weird-looking figures entered on the pages, when Carne of the Sixth came in. Loder was looking particularly cheerful.

All was going well for the sporting blade of the Sixth; so far as he knew, at all events.

He had raised the half of the considerable sum he had wagered with Mr. Banks on the khaki match. It had not been easy to raise twenty-five pounds; but the certainty of a handsome win had spurred on Loder, and he had done it. An urgent letter home had raised a "fiver"; though, needless to state, Loder had not acquainted his people with the reason for which he required that fiver so urgently. Mr. Lazarus, of Courtfield, had taken charge of certain articles of jewellery belonging to Loder, making a loan of eight pounds in exchange, with a little ticket thrown in. Then Loder had sold two or three things among the Sixth, raising another couple of pounds thereby. Five pounds had been borrowed in the school, ten shillings or a pound at a time, from various fellows he knew. That, with five pounds he already had in hand, made up the twenty-five.

The twenty-five pounds, with Loder's I O U for a similar amount, had been placed in the hands of Mr. Cobb, at the Cross Keys, as stakeholder. Mr. Banks had placed a similar amount and a similar I O U in the same hands.

Mr. Cobb was not a gentleman of high character, but he could be trusted in little matters of that kind. That was his business.

How he was to meet the I O U for twenty-five pounds if he lost the bet Loder did not stop to consider. He could not lose it; he would not have made the bet if there had been any possibility of losing it.

Greyfriars First could no more beat Loamshire than they could have beaten M.C.C., or I Zingari, or Yorkshire County Cricket Club. Loder's money was quite safe.





Heedless of the tramp's cudgel, Squiff leaped at him, and bore him backwards to the ground. There was a crash as the tramp landed on his back, with Squiff sprawling over him. "Got him, sir!" sang out Squiff. "Run for it, sir!" (See Chapter 8.)

The sportsman of the Sixth was rejoicing. He only wondered why Mr. Banks, so astute in racing matters, had shown himself so complete an ignoramus in cricket matters. If Mr. Banks knew anything about cricket, he certainly wouldn't back Greyfriars First against Loamshire. Loder had no scruple in taking advantage of his ignorance. That was all in the "game."

"Fifty blessed quids!" Loder was muttering, as Carne of the Sixth came in. "My hat! It's the biggest coup of my life. I wish I'd had the tin to make it a hundred; but that cad Banks won't bet on tick. I—I suppose I couldn't pay if I lost a hundred, and he won't take it on on the understanding that I must win." Loder chuckled at the idea. "Still, fifty of the best—fifty of the best—Hullo, Carne!"

Carne looked at him curiously.

"You seem to be chippy this afternoon," he remarked.

Loder laughed cheerily.

"I'm on a good thing," he said.

"That's why you borrowed a quid of me on Monday?"

"Yes."

"You might put a pal on to it, if it's such a jolly good thing," said Carne. "What is it—something at New-market?"

"No fear. I'm giving the gee-gees a rest. This is something a bit better than gee-gees."

"What the dickens, then—"

"The Loamshire match," explained Loder. "I don't want

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to keep a pal out of it, either. Banks is still in Friardale, if you want to see him."

"You've backed Greyfriars?"

"Ha, ha! No jolly fear!"

"My hat!" said Carne. "Don't tell me you've put your money on the khaki team?"

"Of course I have! Why, even Wingate doesn't think he can beat Loamshire!" said Loder. "The Greyfriars First hasn't an earthly. It fairly knocked me when I found that Banks was willing to back Greyfriars to the tune of a couple of ponies. But I jumped at it with both feet, you can bet!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Carne, aghast. "How much have you put on Loamshire?"

"Fifty."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"At evens," said Loder cheerily. "I stand to win fifty to-morrow. It's as safe as the Bank of England, of course. Greyfriars haven't a look in." His lip curled as he caught the expression on Carne's face. "You think it's not quite the thing to bet against a fellow's own side? That's all rot! I'm betting on the winning team."

"I wasn't thinking anything of the kind," said Carne grimly. "I was thinking that you've come the biggest mucker you ever did come."

"What rot! I tell you, it's a cert! And if you like to bike down and catch Banks before he leaves, you can follow



my lead, and bag a fiver to-morrow—if you've got the money to put up."

"Thanks!" said Carne drily. "I'll keep my money in my trousers-pocket. I can see you haven't heard the news."

"What news?" said Loder snappishly.

"About Loamshire."

"Nothing happened to the Loamshire Eleven, I suppose?"

"I should jolly well say so. Wingate's cousin has come to call on him; they're in the quad now," said Carne. "Captain Wingate's brought news with him; rather startling news, too. The fags heard them talking it over in the study, I think; it's all over the school now. I asked Wingate whether it's correct, and he says that it is."

"What's the news?" snapped Loder. "Don't be so thundering long-winded! Is anything wrong with the khaki eleven?"

"Everything, I should say. Orders for the Front came down last week—"

"What!"

"The whole eleven, excepting Captain Wingate, were in the draft for Flanders. They're gone."

Loder staggered.

"Gone!" he repeated faintly.

"Yes."

"Then—then there isn't a Loamshire Eleven at all?"

"Oh, yes, there is! There's a new eleven, of course. There always is a Loamshire Light Infantry Eleven. The captain's made ten changes in the team, that's all."

"Good heavens!"

Loder sank helplessly into his chair.

It was a contingency he had never even dreamed of. From the beginning of the cricket season, Loamshire L.I. had had a great reputation in cricket. As players were called away for duties in Flanders, they had been, of course, replaced, but the general high level of the eleven had been kept up. But the wiping-out of the whole eleven in this manner had never occurred before; though, of course, it might have occurred at any moment.

"But—but I suppose there's pretty good material for the new eleven!" gasped Loder, at last. "Loamshire were always a good cricketing regiment."

Carne shook his head.

"The new eleven's drawn from raw recruits," he said. "I heard the captain talking it over with Wingate on the cricket-ground. The captain's awfully keen to keep up the regiment's cricketing reputation, and he's hunted high and low for good men to replace the chaps who have gone. He's got a team of sorts together; and thinks they'll turn out good stuff in time. But just now—"

"You mean they've got no chance?"

"Next to none. The captain's watching the Sixth at practice now, and I heard him tell Wingate he wished he had a few of our fellows to put a backbone into his new eleven."

Loder's face was white now.

"That—that villain Banks must have known, when he made his bet with me!" he gasped.

"Of course he jolly well knew!" grinned Carne. "He was taking you in, old man. I'd cry off if I were you."

"I can't cry off. I've put up twenty-five quids in hard cash, and my I O U for the rest. Banks wouldn't book a big bet like that on the nod."

Carne whistled.

"Then you're done in," he said. "Better make up your mind to it. Banks will give you time to pay on the I O U. He's decent in that way; excepting when he's very hard pushed."

"Time to pay on my I O U!" groaned Loder. "That isn't what I want. I want to win the fifty!"

Carne shrugged his shoulders.

"Why, I'm simply ruined if Loamshire lose!" panted Loder. "Where do you think I got that twenty-five from? I've borrowed right and left; I've pawned some of my things in Courtfield; I've squeezed in money from every source. If it goes, what's to happen? And—and the twenty-five on my I O U—I couldn't possibly raise that this term—I shall have Banks dunning and threatening me—oh, crumbs!"

"Well, you've put your foot in it, and no mistake!" said Carne.

Loder sprang up, clenching his fists.

"Oh, the hound—the rotter! He knew all the time, and I never suspected. I—I thought he was a dashed fool in cricket matters."

"He must have thought you were a dashed fool, I should say," remarked Carne, with a grin.

Loder ground his teeth.

"Loamshire must win!" he hissed. "They must! Greyfriars must lose—do you hear, Carne? I'm ruined if Greyfriars win."

"Then you'll be ruined, old son, for Greyfriars are going to win."

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"They can't! They sha'n't!" Loder's eyes were gleaming almost feverishly. "Look here, Carne, I'm desperate. Greyfriars have got to lose."

"Shush! Don't let anybody hear you say that!"

"They've got to lose," said Loder, lowering his voice. "Look here, Carne, you can help me; I've stood by you often enough. Halves, if you help me."

Carne shook his head.

"I can't, Loder. I'd do anything I could; but it can't be done. You must be potty to think of it."

Loder made a fierce gesture.

"I tell you I can't afford to lose fifty quid. I—I've got to think it out. But I can tell you one thing, Carne, Greyfriars are going to lose."

Carne only shrugged his shoulders. He sympathised with his fellow-blackguard; but his belief was that Greyfriars were going to win, and that anything Gerald Loder said or did could not make any difference to that.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Nothing Doing!

"N OW!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"H'm!"

"Strike the giddy iron while it's hot!"

"Ahem!"

Captain Wingate was on the cricket-ground with the captain of Greyfriars. George Wingate was showing him round the school after tea, and they had paused on Big Side to look on at the cricket. The gentleman in khaki was apparently interested in Greyfriars cricket, for he looked on for quite a long time while he chatted with his cousin.

Many glances were cast towards the handsome captain in khaki, and many fellows envied Wingate having such a relation to show round Greyfriars. Captain Wingate was only a few years older than the Sixth-Former, but he had "put in" a year at the Front, and gained his captaincy there. It was known, too, that he had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle, and had had two months in hospital; though now he was as fit as a fiddle again. He was a relation to be proud of, and Wingate was not unconscious of it, as he stood on Big Side with the handsome captain.

Harry Wharton & Co. were hovering near at hand. Squiff's idea was to be carried out. But the juniors felt a little natural hesitation. Captain Wingate was a perfect stranger to them. The Remove fellows were not generally "backward in coming forward," certainly. But to ask a stranger to chip in on their behalf seemed quite the limit in "cheek."

And it was a little doubtful how George Wingate would take it. The juniors hoped that Wingate would sheer off, and give them a chance to speak to the Army man alone. And, as if in unconscious assent to their wish, Wingate left his cousin for a few minutes, and walked across to the pavilion to speak to Walker.

It was the chance at last; but the heroes of the Remove still hesitated. They had agreed that it was up to Wharton, as captain of the Remove. But Harry Wharton was afflicted with an unusual diffidence.

"The strikefulness of the esteemed iron should be during its hotfulness," Hurree Singh remarked. "And a stitch in time goes longest to the well, my esteemed Wharton."

"Go it, Harry!"

"It's such a blessed cheek!" gasped Wharton.

"Leave it to me!" said Squiff. "I've got cheek enough. Dash it all, think of what that chap's faced out in Flanders, and buck up."

"Ahem!"

"Well, I'm going," said Squiff. "You chaps back me up."

And the Australian junior marched up to the captain and raised his straw hat. Captain Wingate gave him a pleasant nod.

"Jolly glad to see you here, sir, if you'll excuse me saying so," said Squiff, by way of a beginning.

"You are very kind to say so, my young friend," replied the captain, with a great gravity which gave Squiff a suspicion that even a captain in the Army was not above pulling a fellow's leg.

"Ripping weather for cricket, sir," said Squiff hastily.

"Topping!" assented the man in khaki.

"I hope it will be like this to-morrow, sir."

"So do I."

"Buck up, Squiff," said Bob Cherry, in a stage whisper.

"Wingate will be back in a minute!"

"Shurrup, you ass!" murmured Nugent.

Bob's whisper had been intended only for Squiff's ears, but it reached the captain's; and the Loamshire man looked astonished.

"The—the fact is, sir," said Squiff, "I—I wanted to speak to you—if you'll excuse my awful cheek—"



"Not at all," said the captain politely.

"Wingate's coming, Squiff—"

"Shut up, you ass!"

"Well, you see—"

"We want to see the match to-morrow, sir," gasped Squiff, plunging into business. "Our Form-master doesn't see it; but—but—but we want to go all the same."

Captain Wingate laughed good-humouredly.

"I quite sympathise with you," he said. "When I was at school, I remember I wanted to do a lot of things the masters didn't see."

"Perhaps you sometimes found a really nice, good-natured chap to put in a word for you sometimes, sir," Squiff suggested.

"I don't know that I did," said the captain.

"Well, sir; I know it's an awful cheek—"

"What is?"

"What I—I'm going to ask—"

"Then you'd better not ask it," suggested the captain amicably.

"Ahem! You—you see, you're our last chance," said Squiff desperately. "Quelch—"

"Who is Quelch?"

"I—I mean, Mr. Quelch, our Form-master. He'd do anything for a man in khaki, sir. You see, he's too old to go himself, and he thinks that khaki ought to come first, second, and third, and all the time."

"A very proper spirit," said the captain, laughing heartily. "Your Form-master appears to be a gentleman of great judgment."

"Yes, exactly," said Squiff, again with a suspicion that the good-humoured officer was pulling his leg. "So if you—you asked him a little favour, sir—"

"Eh?"

"If you asked him to do you a—a favour—"

"But I do not want your Form-master to do me a favour, that I am aware of," said the captain, with a puzzled look.

"But—but we do, sir," explained Squiff.

"Oh! You do!"

"That's it, sir. If you asked Quelch to let us have a run to-morrow, I'm sure he'd jump at it, to oblige you," blurted out Squiff. "I know it's a frightful cheek to ask you."

"I quite agree with you," said the captain, smiling. "In fact, it is what I should call an extraordinary nerve."

"Oh!"

The captain laughed.

"My dear boy, I'm afraid I can't ask favours of a man I don't know, for schoolboys I don't know," he said. "I'm sorry, but there you are."

"Well, you could know us, if you like, sir," said Squiff eagerly. "I'm Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, of New South Wales. I've got an uncle in your line, sir—ahem!—I mean my uncle's in the Australian Contingent—Anzacs, sir. This chap is Wharton, captain of our Form—"

"Dry up, you ass!" murmured Wharton.

"The chap with the feet is Bob Cherry—"

"Why, you fathead—" began Bob.

"The chap with the Day-and-Martin complexion is Holy Lampot, a prince of the Indian Empire—"

"My esteemed fatheaded Squiff—"

"Hallo!" said Wingate, rejoining his cousin, and looking very curiously at the Removites.

"This young gentleman is introducing his friends to me," said the captain gravely. "I am delighted to make their acquaintance."

The juniors blinked at Wingate. Wingate made a gesture, and they retreated, with Squiff's list of introductions unfinished.

"Nothing doing!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"The gamefulness is up," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, dolorously. "We shall have to break the august bounds to-morrowfully."

There was evidently nothing doing. It had been the ghost of a chance, that was all. Coming to think of it, the juniors realised that the captain's statement was correct—that he couldn't very well call upon a gentleman he didn't know and ask for leave for half a dozen juniors he did not know, for no better reason than that an extremely cool youth had asked him to do so.

A little later Captain Wingate left Greyfriars, Wingate walking with him to the station.

Harry Wharton & Co. hung about the gates waiting for Wingate to come in.

When the big Sixth-Former came back alone they gathered round him to try the last, last chance.

"About to-morrow, Wingate—" said Squiff.

"Hallo! What about to-morrow?" asked Wingate, stopping.

"Mr. Quelch doesn't seem to see any reason why we should go over to Lantham in the morning."

"I don't, either," said Wingate grimly.

"Ahem! But we want to go."

"So does all Greyfriars, I dare say."

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ONE  
PENNY.

"Well, never mind them," said Squiff hastily. "We're rather special, in a way. We—we were thinking that—that if you got hung up for players somehow, you might like to fall back on us."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm a really brilliant batsman, you know, and Inky can bowl. You never know what may happen. Suppose a Zeppelin bomb falls on your train—"

"I'll chance it," said Wingate, and he walked on to the House.

"Game's up," said Bob Cherry dismally. "If cool cheek could do it, Squiff, you'd be an easy winner. But it won't."

Sampson Quincy Ifley Field grunted.

"We've got to think of something else," he declared.

And Squiff continued to cudgel his brains for a scheme. But the Co.'s general opinion was that there was nothing doing.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Rogues in Council!

"COME in!" called out Wingate cheerily.

Loder of the Sixth entered his study.

Wingate nodded pleasantly. He was not on the best of terms with Loder, but he was always pleasant. It was getting late, and Wingate was thinking of bed when the prefect tapped at his door.

"I've dropped in to speak about the match to-morrow," said Loder. "Of course, you're fully decided on the eleven you're going to take over to Lantham."

"Yes, rather; a week ago or more."

"I've been thinking whether you might give me a chance. I've played a good many times for the First, you know."

"I turned that over in my mind, Loder. But—you'll excuse me—I think I've made up about the best team I could."

"You've got five of the Fifth Form in it."

"Yes—Blundell, Bland, Potter, Fitzgerald, and Smith major," said Wingate, with a nod. "All good, don't you think?"

"Good enough," said Loder. "But I must say I think I'm rather an improvement on a Fifth-Former."

Wingate shook his head.

"I'm sorry I don't see it, Loder. But this is rather a sudden idea, isn't it? You haven't shown any desire to play in the match up till now, the very last moment."

"I was waiting to be asked," said Loder.

"Well, I'm sorry. It can't be done."

"There's Potter of the Fifth. I'm a better bat than he is, anyway."

"I dare say you're as good, but you're not nearly so good in the field," said Wingate. "You cracked up in the last match I played you in, Loder. If I were a suspicious chap, I should have put it down to smoking."

Loder flushed.

"Mind, I'm not saying so," said Wingate. "But you cracked up rottenly. I can't risk anything of the kind in this match."

"It turns out that Loamshire aren't in the form we supposed," said Loder. "I don't see that you'd be risking much."

"But I don't want to risk anything."

"You've got some of the Sixth in the team that aren't up to my form," said Loder sullenly.

"Oh, come, old chap! Look at the list!" said Wingate good-humouredly. "Here they are. Myself, North, Courtney, Walker, Carne, and Hilton. There isn't much to choose between you and Carne, I admit. I really put Carne in because he was keen about it, and you didn't seem to be. If Carne liked to hand you over his place, I shouldn't raise any objection, as far as that goes."

"I don't want to shift my pal out, of course."

"No, naturally. But the rest are above your form, Loder."

"I don't think so."

"Well, I do," said Wingate; "and after all, I'm cricket captain, Loder."

"Oh, all right! Good-night!"

"Good-night, Loder!"

The prefect quitted the study, looking so disappointed that Wingate's heart smote him a little. He was glad to see Loder keen about cricket, and sorry he could not give him a place in the team. But he could not, and there was an end of it.

Gerald Loder returned to his own study. Carne of the Sixth was waiting for him there, and he looked curiously at the prefect as he came in. Loder closed the door and gritted his teeth.

"N.G.?" asked Carne.

NEXT  
MONDAY—

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"I'm sorry, sir! It was all spoof—the man wasn't a footpad at all!" mumbled Squiff.  
 "I—I gave him five bob to play that game, sir!" "You—you what!" gasped Mr. Quelch. (See Chapter 9.)

"Yes."

"I was afraid it would be. It's rather late in the day to get keen about the match, you know. And, dash it all, Loder, if you shoved yourself into the team at the last moment, and scored duck's eggs for Greyfriars, it would look suspicious."

"I don't see that. I'd have chanced it, anyway. But Wingate isn't taking any." Loder flung himself into a chair, and lighted a cigarette moodily. "But I'm not beaten yet. I can depend on you, Carne?"

Carne flushed a little.

"I've told you so," he said. "I don't like doing it, but—but I'm sticking to you, as you've got yourself in such a frightful fix."

"It's halves if I get the fifty."

"That's understood, of course."

"That leaves Wingate a man short for the match," said Loder. "You'll get a duck's egg in each innings, and you'll run out any man you can."

"I—I suppose so," said Carne uncomfortably.

"What about Walker? He's a pal of ours, and he's in the eleven."

Carne shook his head decidedly.

"Not a whisper to Walker! I tell you it's no good, Loder. Ten to one he'd not only refuse to have anything to do with it, but he'd go straight to Wingate and give the whole show away."

"I suppose we can't risk it. He's not game for it," said Loder bitterly. "He was always rather chicken-hearted. If I could get into the team that would make two men short for Wingate. That might work it."

"It might," said Carne doubtfully. "But the fact is, Loder, there's going to be something very like a walk-over to-morrow. I don't believe even that would make much difference to Greyfriars winning."

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"Oh, it's sickening! That cad Banks has fairly taken me in!" groaned Loder, throwing away his cigarette. "But I'm going to make a fight for it. I think I shall be in the eleven, in spite of Wingate."

"I'm blessed if I see how!"

"Only the eleven and three reserves are going. As it's a whole day match, there won't be any Greyfriars fellows on the ground until the afternoon. I can go as a reserve, if I like. I was going to do that anyway. Wingate may want the reserves."

"Not likely. I dare say you can umpire."

"Oh, rot! Suppose some of the men were missing?"

"I don't see how any of his men could be missing," said Carne, with a stare. "But if they were, and Wingate had to fall back on the reserves, he'd pick Valenco or Greene before you."

"Valenco and Greene mayn't be there."

"But they're going —" Carne broke off with a whistle. "I—I say, Loder, what have you got in your head?"

Loder's face set savagely.

"I've got it in my head to win fifty quid, and to save coming a mucker," he answered. "I've got to do it, Carne. It will cost a bit of money, but it's worth it. I've been down to Courtfield—"

"What on earth for?"

"To leave my watch with old Lazarus and raise four quid," said Loder. "I've seen some fellows I know there."

Carne looked very uneasy.

"I'd rather not know any more about it, if you don't mind," he said. "I only hope you're not—not putting your foot in it too deep."

"Oh, it's safe enough! Whether it succeeds, or whether it fails, nothing can come out," said Loder. "You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid. Only—only I'd rather not have a hand in anything further. I'm standing by you pretty well as it is. I don't like doing it."

"I won't tell you anything, if you'd rather not. But the expenses come out of the fifty before we divvy up, if it works, and we get the fifty at all."

"Done!" said Carne, rising. "Good-night, old chap, and good luck!"

Carne left the study, leaving Loder with a bitter sneer on his lips. The temptation of halves in the plunder had been too much for Carne, and he had agreed to help his fellow-blackguard by giving away the match if he could. But it was evident that Loder had planned something else—something deeper and more dangerous—to make assurance double sure. And Carne did not want to know anything about it.

Loder lighted another cigarette, with a grim and moody brow. Very late that night he sat thinking over his schemes—over how he had been "dished" by the astute Mr. Banks, and how he was going to "dish" Mr. Banks in turn—if he could!

That "dishing" Mr. Banks involved treachery to his own school was a trifle to Gerald Loder, and he was not in a mood to stick at trifles.



## THE 8th CHAPTER.

## Squiff the Hero!

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch stopped, with an exclamation of alarm.

He had been to the vicarage for his usual game of chess with Mr. Lambé, and was walking home to Greyfriars in the dusk of the summer evening. As he entered the duskiest part of the lane, where the overhanging trees cast deep shadows, a burly, ragged figure suddenly loomed up in his path.

Mr. Quelch halted.

The tramp—for such he evidently was—had a big, thick cudgel in his hand, and a threatening look on his face.

"Old on, sir!"

"Kindly let me pass, my man!" said the Form-master, with great dignity, though perhaps with an inward tremor.

The Remove-master was not an athlete, and he was getting on in years. It was a lonely spot, and the ruffian's cudgel looked dangerous. It was a most awkward encounter, if the tramp meant mischief, and he looked as if he meant mischief.

"Money or yer life!" said the tramp huskily, exhaling a breath laden with the fumes of rum and tobacco, which made Mr. Quelch feel quite ill.

"Stand aside!"

The ruffian chuckled hoarsely. The slim, spare Form-master would have been helpless in his grasp, and both of them knew it.

"And over yer cash!" said the tramp. "Now, then, 'and it over, afore I dots yer on the cokernut with this 'ere!"

And the cudgel was flourished threateningly within an inch of Mr. Quelch's august nose.

The Form-master started back, clenching his hands.

"I will give you nothing," he said determinedly. "And if you dare to assault me, you ruffian, you will answer for it to the law!"

"Then 'ere goes!" roared the tramp.

"Help!" shouted Mr. Quelch, backing away as the ruffian advanced on him with brandished cudgel.

There was a swift patter of footsteps in the lane, and an active figure dashed up. Mr. Quelch recognised Sampson Quincy Iffley Field of the Remove.

Remove fellows should have been within gates at that hour, but, fortunately for the Remove-master, the Australian junior was out of gates.

Heedless of the tramp's cudgel, the junior leaped at him, and bore him backwards to the ground. There was a crash as the tramp landed on his back, with Squiff sprawling over him.

"Got him, sir!" sang out Squiff. "Run for it, sir!"

"Bless my soul! I shall certainly not run!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I will help you, my brave lad! Hold the ruffian!"

"'Ere, easy does it!" roared the tramp. "Don't you start 'ittin' me, guv'nor! You lemme go!"

Squiff rolled off the tramp, rolling in Mr. Quelch's way, as it happened. Before the Form-master could get hold of the ruffian the latter picked himself up and darted through a gap in the hedge.

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The Juniors proceeded to get tea for the captain of the school and his visitor, while the two cousins talked cricket. (See Chapter 4.)

In a twinkling he had vanished across the darkening fields.

Squiff rose to his feet, panting.

"All serene, sir?" he said breathlessly.

"My dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, "it was very brave of you to come to my help—especially as that detestable ruffian was so dangerous! You might have been severely hurt. Thank you very much, Field. You have shown very great courage!"

"Oh, no, sir; not at all, sir!" stammered Squiff, flushing scarlet.

"You have, indeed, my dear boy! You should not be out of gates at this hour, but I shall excuse you. I shall certainly excuse you. Come with me, Field!"

"Yes, sir."

The Australian junior trotted on beside Mr. Quelch, and they arrived at the gates of Greyfriars together. The gates were locked, but Mr. Quelch opened the side gate with his key, and they passed in.

Squiff walked to the School House with his Form-master, and some of the juniors eyed them curiously as they came in.

"Anything happened, Squiff?" asked Wharton, noticing that the Australian's clothes were dusty from head to foot.

He gave Squiff a very odd look as he spoke. Squiff had informed the Famous Five that he had a "wheeze," a really first-class wheeze, that couldn't fail to get the required leave on the morrow.

He had told them nothing further, but had vanished from their ken for a considerable time. They had waited for him to come in, and they were considerably astonished to see him come in with Mr. Quelch, looking as if he had been dusting the road with his clothes.



"Something has indeed happened, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch, before the blushing Squiff could speak. "Field has performed a very brave action."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Squiff.

"A very brave action indeed!" repeated Mr. Quelch, as a number of fellows gathered round. "I was stopped in the lane by a dreadful-looking ruffian, armed with a large cudgel, who attempted to rob me. I should undoubtedly have been seriously injured had not Field come to my help. He attacked the ruffian in a most courageous manner, and the man fled!"

"Good old Squiff!" said Bob Cherry heartily.

Squiff's face was burning. Never had a hero looked more confused and uncomfortable.

"Oh, I—I say, sir—" he gasped.

Mr. Quelch smiled at him benignly.

"I wish your Form-fellows to know how courageously you have acted, Field," he said. "I am proud of you!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I shall not speak of rewarding you for your courageous act," went on Mr. Quelch; "but I should like to acknowledge it in some way. I think, too, that I know of a suitable acknowledgment. Would you like to be free from lessons to-morrow, Field, in order to go to Lantham? I think you would?"

"Oh, sir! Yes, sir—rather, sir!"

"Then I shall excuse you to-morrow," said Mr. Quelch graciously.

"Thank you, sir!" stammered Squiff. "I—I— Excuse me, sir; I—I don't want to seem greedy, but—but it would be rather rotten going to Lantham on my own. If you'd let my pals come with me, sir—"

The Famous Five looked keen and anticipative.

Mr. Quelch hesitated a moment.

"Whom do you wish to take, Field?"

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, and Inky, sir—I mean, Hurree Singh."

Another pause.

"Five juniors!" said Mr. Quelch. "Well, well, I shall consent, Field. You have performed a brave and devoted action—very brave indeed—and I am glad to be able to acknowledge it. You and your friends shall take a holiday to-morrow!"

And, with a kind nod to the juniors, Mr. Quelch went to his study, and the door closed behind him.

"Hooray!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Oh, what a little bit of luck!"

"The luckfulness is terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Singh, thumping Squiff on the back. "And the thankfulness is also great!"

"Blessed if it isn't like a giddy miracle!" said Johnny Bull. "That tramp, or whoever he was, hopped along at the very best minute, and no mistake. How did you come to be out of gates, Squiff?"

"I say, you fellows—I say, Squiff, I suppose you'll be taking me!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "You forgot to mention me to Quelch, Squiff!"

"Go and eat coke!" said Squiff crossly.

"Oh, really, Squiff—as your old pal, you know!" urged Bunter. "I'll come if you'll pay my fare—I will really!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up, you fat duffer!" said Squiff; and he strode away with a moody brow.

The juniors gazed after him in astonishment.

"Well, he doesn't look very chippy for a fellow who's just got a whole holiday from Quelch!" exclaimed Bolsover major.

"Looks more as if he'd got a licking, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer, in wonder.

Squiff went up to the Remove passage looking worried and restless. Harry Wharton & Co. followed him there, and Bob Cherry gave him a clap on the shoulder that made Squiff howl.

"Cheer up, kid!"

"Yaroo! You've nearly fractured my shoulder, you ass!" roared Squiff.

"That's the way I show my appreciation of a giddy hero!" said Bob. "Come into the study and tell us all about it!"

"Oh, rats!"

"What's wrong, Squiff?" asked Harry Wharton.

Squiff groaned.

"Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't done it!"

"Wish you hadn't done it!" gasped Bob, in great astonishment. "Why, you duffer, nothing could have happened better! Haven't we got leave for Lantham now, all through you being a giddy hero?"

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"Oh, rot!"

"Three cheers for the giddy hero!"

"Shut up!" shouted Squiff furiously.

"Behold, he blusheth!" grinned Nugent. "Heroes are always modest, you know. Hooray!"

"Will you be quiet, you ass?" exclaimed Squiff, exasperated. "I—I thought it was a good wheeze, and it's cost me five bob, but—but I didn't foresee all this."

"Wheeze!" repeated Bob blankly.

"Yes, you chump! Do you think footpads come along just in time for heroic rescues in real life?" growled Squiff.

"Don't be an ass! I—I meant it for a wheeze, but—but I never thought about old Quelch calling me a hero, and—and—and I wish I hadn't done it."

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated the Famous Five together, staring at Squiff.

Squiff was crimson.

"I—I'm sorry, you fellows, but it's all off about Lantham. I—I can't stand it. I feel such a rotten humbug! I didn't foresee. You understand? It's worked all right, but—but I can't let it go on. I'm sorry you'll lose the holiday, but there's only one thing to do, dash it all!"

Squiff ran downstairs, leaving the Famous Five staring. A minute later he was tapping at Mr. Quelch's study door.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Making a Clean Breast of It!

**M**R. QUELCH was standing at the telephone with the receiver in his hand when Squiff's knock came at the door. He did not say "Come in!" but Field opened the door and went in after knocking.

The Remove-master was ringing up the exchange, and he turned his head, with a frown. But his face cleared as he saw the junior from New South Wales.

He was interrupted, and he did not like being interrupted. But he could not be angry with Field just then.

"If you please, sir—" blurted out Squiff.

"Pray wait, Field! They are giving me my number."

"Very well, sir!"

"Dear me!" murmured Mr. Quelch, at the telephone, as a murmur of voices from the exchange came to his ears. "Bless my soul!"

For this is what he heard:

"It was gathered up at the back with pink chiffon!"

Evidently the young ladies at the exchange were too busy to attend to a mere man who wanted his number.

Mr. Quelch, with a gesture of annoyance, rang again. Then a somewhat irritable voice demanded:

"Number, please?"

"Courtfield 101."

Squiff jumped. He knew the number of the police-station at Courtfield. It flashed into his mind that Mr. Quelch was going to telephone the story of the attempted robbery to Inspector Grimes. It was a natural thing for Mr. Quelch to do, but Squiff hadn't thought of that.

"I—I say, sir—" he gasped.

"My dear boy, you must wait till I have spoken to Inspector Grimes," said Mr. Quelch kindly enough.

"Oh, no, sir! Please!" gasped Squiff. "It—it's important! Don't tell the inspector about it, sir."

"Field!"

"I—I'm sorry, sir!" said Squiff, his face crimson. "I've come here to tell you, sir, I'm awfully sorry—"

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Quelch, staring at the junior's flushed and excited face. "You look feverish, Field. I trust you were not hurt, after all, in the struggle with that ruffian?"

"Oh, no, sir!" groaned Squiff. "I—I didn't really struggle with him, sir. That's what I've come to tell you. It was—was—was spoof!"

"What?"

"I'm sorry, sir! It was all spoof—the man wasn't a footpad at all!" mumbled Squiff. "I—I—I gave him five bob to play that game, sir!"

The receiver dropped from Mr. Quelch's hand.

"You—you what?" he gasped.

"That's the truth, sir!"

Mr. Quelch recovered himself. He gave Squiff a steely look, and replaced the receiver on the hook. By the time the young lady at the exchange was ready with Courtfield 101 the number was no longer required, and she was at liberty to resume discussion of the unknown article that was gathered up at the back with pink chiffon.

"You may explain yourself, Field," said Mr. Quelch coldly. Squiff hung his head miserably.

"I—I didn't think it was so—so rotten before, sir. But when you began to praise me it made me feel beastly, and then—then it was like cheating. We were so jolly anxious to go to Lantham to-morrow, sir. We'd tried every other way, and—and it was N.G.—I mean, it was no good. So—so as I knew you'd be coming home from the vicarage, I went down and saw Bill Filey, and gave him five bob to play that

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game. He wouldn't have hurt you, sir. It—it was only a lark. It was timed for me to rush up and rescue you, sir."

"You played this trick on me—your Form-master?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Ye-es, sir."

"And why?"

"I—I thought you'd be pleased, and so I could ask you to let us go to Lantham to-morrow," said Squiff, evidently bent on making a clean breast of it. "Instead of my having to ask, you offered it yourself, sir. Then—then I asked you for the others, because I'd planned that, but—but after that—"

"Well, after that?"

"Then I felt a beast, sir."

Mr. Quelch's grim face relaxed as he looked at the junior's burning face.

"Pray make yourself clear, Field," he said quietly. "You had succeeded in your deception—you had gained what you wanted. You have undone your success by coming and telling me this."

"I know that, sir."

"You understand, of course, that the holiday to-morrow is withdrawn, and that you will be severely punished for deceiving your Form-master?"

"I know that, sir."

"Then kindly explain why you have come to me. Have you changed your mind about wishing to go to Lantham?"

"No fear, sir! I—I mean, no, sir!"

"Do you desire to be reported to the Head for a flogging?"

"Oh, no! Not at all!"

"Then why have you made this confession?"

"Because—because," Squiff stammered, "I felt a beast, sir!"

"You mean, I presume, that the deception weighed on your conscience?"

"I—I suppose it was something of the sort, sir. I felt rotten! I—I couldn't let you go on thinking I'd done a jolly decent thing when I hadn't. And—and you took it all in—I mean, you believed me, and never thought it was a—a—a game, so—so I had to come and tell you."

"I am glad you did so, Field. I am willing to believe that you acted without thinking, and did not realise that your action involved deception."

"I didn't really, sir—I wouldn't!"

"If I had found this out by chance, Field, I should have been compelled to regard you as a very deceitful boy."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Squiff.

"Your confession shows me, however, that you are simply a reckless and thoughtless young rascal."

"Oh!"

"You have done wrong, but your very frank confession sets you right in my eyes," said Mr. Quelch. "As soon as you realised that your action involved deceit you very properly confessed. I shall deal with you justly, Field. Having given your friends a holiday for to-morrow, I do not feel justified in rescinding it. Wharton and the rest will go to Lantham if they choose—you may tell them so."

"Thank you, sir!" said Squiff humbly.

"As for you, I shall deal with you to-morrow," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go now."

Squiff left the study, Mr. Quelch casting a very curious glance after him.

The Famous Five were waiting for him in No. 1 Study.

"Well?" said a quintette of voices all together.

"You're all right," said Squiff. "Quelch's rather a brick. He won't take it back from you; you're to go."

"Well, that's good! But what about you?"

Squiff made a grimace.

"I'm to be dealt with to-morrow. I think it's a flogging."

"Oh, that's rotten! That spoils the whole thing," said Wharton. "But you were a thumping ass to play such a game on Quelch, Squiff!"

"It worked all right. It would have been O.K. if I hadn't given myself away. Only—only a chap can't be such a dashed spoofer," said Squiff glumly. "It would have been all right if Quelch hadn't started praising me. I couldn't stand that."

"I'm glad you owned up," said Wharton quietly. "But, dash it all, we sha'n't want that run to Lantham if you're to stay in and be flogged! Blessed if I don't wish we'd chucked the whole idea!"

"Can't be helped!" said Squiff. "I'm glad you fellows are going, anyway. Give old Wingate a cheer for me when you're there. I'm going to do my prep!"

The Famous Five had reason to rejoice—the great point had been gained. But they did not rejoice. Squiff's flogging, to come in the morning, quite took the gilt off the gingerbread, as Bob Cherry put it. And, glad as they were for the holiday, the Famous Five sincerely wished that their cham had not thought of that extraordinary wheeze.



## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

## Something Like a Brick!

WINGATE & CO. turned out cheerily the following morning.

They were starting very early for Lantham; before first lessons in the Form-rooms.

The First Eleven, and three reserves, were going, and for those lucky individuals there were no lessons that day.

They started in great spirits, cheered by the unexpected prospect of victory over the Loamshire team. There was only one fellow who looked glum; and that was Gerald Loder, one of the reserves. If the other fellows noticed it, they put it down to Loder's disappointment at being left out of the eleven. Arthur Carne also seemed to be in a thoughtful mood. But everybody else was in the highest spirits.

A big crowd assembled to see the cricketers off.

Nearly every fellow in Greyfriars would gladly have followed them to Lantham. Most of the fellows of cricketing tastes intended to follow on in the afternoon, as it was fortunately a half-holiday. The Famous Five were the objects of a good deal of envy, as they had permission to start in the morning.

A loud cheer followed the cricketers as they strode away for the station with their bags.

Harry Wharton & Co. were to make the journey on wheels. It was a long ride, but the Famous Five were good cyclists, and the railway fares were a very big consideration. By taking the shortest cuts they hoped to be at Lantham at the same time as the First Eleven.

But the chums of the Remove were not in a cheery mood. Squiff's fate weighed on their minds. Squiff had got them the holiday, and he was deprived of it himself and had a flogging to expect. That was more than enough to dash the spirits of the Co.

"Blessed if I feel half-inclined to go," Wharton confessed, as they turned back from the gates after the First Eleven were gone. "I wish we could swap with Quelch—the holiday for Squiff's licking."

"Yes, rather!"

"Oh, that's all rot!" said Squiff, as cheerily as he could. "Go and get your bikes out. I hope you'll have a good time!"

"Oh, it's rotten!"

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said the nabob miserably. "The flogfulness is a painful operation."

"Well, you can't guy a giddy Form-master without paying the piper," said Squiff. "You fellows get off before it begins. After all, it ain't dear—a holiday for five at the price of a flogging for one."

"Hallo, you lucky bargoos!" said Bolsover major. "You get all the luck! And I hear it was all spoof about that heroic rescue, too!"

"I say, you fellows," chirped Billy Bunter. "As Squiff isn't going, do you think Quelch would let me go instead—if you all went and asked him?"

"Bow-wow!"

"Master Field!" Trotter the page came up. "Mr. Quelch wants you in his study!"

"Right-ho! Good-bye, you chaps!"

"We'll wait till we know what's going to happen," said Wharton uneasily. "A few minutes more or less won't matter."

Squiff nodded, and went to the Remove-master's study. It was nearly time for morning lessons, and his fate would not be long undecided.

He tapped at the door and went in.

Mr. Quelch met him with a severe frown, and the junior's face fell. Evidently it was to be a flogging.

"I have sent for you, Field," said Mr. Quelch, his eyes fixed grimly on the junior. "You are aware, of course, of the disrespectful prank you played upon me yesterday?"

"I didn't mean it to be disrespectful, sir," said Squiff, "but I suppose it was, come to think of it."

"You acted in a manly and straightforward manner in coming to me and apprising me of the true circumstances, Field. I trust you do not repent of your sincerity?"

"I'm glad I owned up, if that's what you mean, sir. I felt such a blessed humbug!"

Mr. Quelch smiled slightly.

"And you would rather take a flogging, Field, than feel a—ahem!—blessed humbug?"

"I—I don't know, sir. But I know I couldn't stand it—I'm glad it's out!"

"Quite so. I have reflected on the matter, Field. I cannot help realising that but for your own frankness I should not have known the facts, and so should not have administered punishment. Yet you certainly ought to be punished for such a prank—I think you must see that for yourself."

"I suppose you know best, sir."

"I am sure I do, Field. I think you deserve some punishment. In fact, I think that you have been punished enough."

Squiff started.

"Shakespeare tells us," added Mr. Quelch, with a smile, "that the dread of death is most in apprehension. The anticipation of a flogging, Field, is some punishment, and I think sufficient in this case. The flogging, therefore, will not take place."

Squiff brightened up.

"Thank you, sir! I—I hope you know, sir, that I never intended any disrespect—I never stopped to think about that."

"I am sure of it, Field. Now, you have been punished, I think, adequately, for your foolish prank. A master's duty, however, is to reward as well as punish. For your frankness in making your confession to me, I shall excuse you from lessons this morning, and you may accompany your friends to Lantham."

Squiff jumped.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped.

"You may go, Field," said Mr. Quelch, with a smile.

"Oh, sir! Thank you! I—I—I—" Squiff stammered helplessly. He could not express his feelings at that moment.

"I hope you will have a pleasant excursion, Field," said Mr. Quelch graciously, and the junior, still stammering, was dismissed.

Squiff came out into the quadrangle walking on air. The Famous Five gave him one look, and were relieved.

"Not a flogging?" asked Wharton.

"No jolly fear! I—I say, Quelch is a brick—a real, gilt-edged brick! I must have been a howling ass to think of playing japes on him. I—I wish a real footpad would go for him, and me there!" said Squiff breathlessly. "I mean, not exactly go for him, but give me a chance of piling in. Quelch is a brick!"

"The brickfulness is terrific. But—"

"Come and get the bikes," said Squiff.

"Dash it all, I wish you were coming, old chap!"

"Eh? I'm coming!"

"Coming!" yelled the Famous Five, with one voice.

Squiff executed a jig.

"Coming, coming, coming!" he trilled. "Didn't I tell you Quelch was a brick! Reward and punishment, you know—I'm punished by looking for a flogging all night, and rewarded by a holiday this morning. See? I don't quite see what I'm rewarded for, but you can bet I wasn't saying no. Come and get the bikes out!"

"Hooray!"

In great glee the chums of the Remove rushed away to the bicycle-shed. They rushed six bicycles out. The bikes had been carefully looked over over-night, and were in first-class condition for a long spin. With merry faces the juniors wheeled them down to the gates. The bell was ringing for lessons.

"Best of luck!" called out Mark Linley, as he went to the Form-room. "Give a cheer for me!"

"You bet!"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter panted after the wheelers. "I—I say, don't hurry! I—I'll come with you, if you'll ask Quelch, and if one of you will take me behind him on his machine, and—and if you'll see about a decent lunch at Lantham."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say!" roared Bunter. "Don't you hear me, you beasts? If you're going off without me, you rotters—I say, old chaps, I'm expecting a post order this morning, and you might cash it for me before you go—Yah! Beasts!"

The six Removites rushed the machines out, and mounted in the road. Billy Bunter rolled away to the Form-room late for lessons. And when Mr. Quelch spoke to him on the subject, Bunter's impression was quite different from Squiff's—

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he did not think that his Form-master was a brick in the least.

"Now for a jolly good spin!" exclaimed Bob Cherry cheerily. "What a stroke of luck that old Squiff came here from New South Queensland, wasn't it?"

"New South Wales, you ass!" said Squiff.

"New South any old thing," said Bob. "I'll race you bounders to Lantham. We'll race the First Eleven, anyway. We can beat those old trains. Come on!"

With a rush and a whiz the cyclists started. The morning was fresh and sunny, the sky a cloudless blue. The lanes were green and leafy; the roads in splendid condition. It was a ride any fellow might have enjoyed, and the chums of the Remove enjoyed it immensely.

The miles fairly flashed under the whizzing wheels.

And at last Bob Cherry rose on his pedals and pointed.

"Lantham!"

And the merry cyclists covered the last mile in great spirits.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Awful Luck!

"HERE comes the express!" said Loder.

Wingate & Co. were in good time for the train at Courtfield Junction.

It was necessary to be careful, for a good many trains had been taken off since the war. Exigencies of military traffic left the railway company to do the best they could for the general public, and it was not a very good best. Nobody grumbled, of course. But it was very necessary to catch that express for Lantham, as there was not another for three hours. But Wingate was not a fellow to take risks, and the Greyfriars cricketers were on the platform ten minutes or more before the train was due.

There were very few other passengers waiting for the express. But there were four decidedly rough-looking characters lounging about the platform when the cricketers came on. The Greyfriars fellows took no notice of them till Loder shoved against one of them rather roughly, and was met with a torrent of abuse. The four hooligans looked as if they had been drinking, early as it was, and after that incident they refused to let the cricketers alone. Wingate was not looking for a row on the eve of a match, and he signed to his men to give the hooligans a wide berth; but the latter apparently took this for a sign of "funk," for they followed the Greyfriars party up, and continued to jeer at them.

"Let's mop up the platform with the rotters!" exclaimed Courtney angrily. "They need a lesson, Wingate."

"Let them alone!" said Wingate tersely. "We don't want a row now!"

"Don't you want a row, young feller-me-lad?" roared one of the hooligans, a burly gentleman with a black eye and a fur cap. "Who are yer shoving of, then?"

"Keep your distance!" said Wingate sternly.

"Who are you?" demanded Fur Cap, thrusting a square jaw fairly into Wingate's face. "That's wot I arsk yer. Who are you?"

"Give him a wipe, Tadger," said one of the black-eyed gentleman's comrades.

The cricketers moved further down the platform, but Tadger & Co. followed them, evidently ripe for a row. A couple of porters came along, and the hooligans calmed down a little. Then Loder called out that the express was coming.

Wingate was glad of it. He was surprised and annoyed by the persistence of the four roughs in picking a quarrel about nothing, and he would gladly have given them a severe lesson; but not just before a cricket match. He did not want to take any black eyes or swollen noses to Lantham. Carne of the Sixth gave Loder a quick look, but Loder did not meet his eyes. Only Carne, of all the team, suspected that this was one of Loder's devices for causing trouble to the eleven. And Carne did not see yet how it could be of any use.

The train stopped in the station, and the cricketers crowded towards it. The four hooligans did the same, and persisted in shoving themselves among the Greyfriars fellows, claiming to enter first. They did not enter the express, however, but blocked the way of the cricketers. Wingate had jumped into one carriage, with half a dozen of his men, when he found that the next carriage was being blocked by Tadger & Co., and the rest of the team were vainly seeking to get in. Courtney lost his temper—which was not surprising under the circumstances—and knocked Mr. Tadger fairly flying. There was a rush at him by the other three at once, and Courtney was dragged down on the platform.

"Rescue!" shouted North, and the cricketers ran to Courtney's aid.

"Urry up, there!" yelled the porter.

Wingate jumped out of the train again.

"Buck up!" he shouted. "Get in—get in! Never mind those rotters! Get in!"

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

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ONE  
PENNY.

The guard was already raising his flag.

"Stand clear!" he shouted.

There was a slamming of doors.

"Jump in!" yelled Wingate, in almost an agony of anxiety. The cricketers made a rush for the carriages.

But Tadger & Co. were holding on grimly to four of them, and those four struggled in vain to get loose.

"Let me go!" yelled Courtney, struggling furiously. "I'm losing the train!"

Slam, slam!

Wingate was at his wits' end. Four of his men were on the platform, scuffling with the hooligans. To alight again himself was to lose the express. Potter of the Fifth jumped out again.

"Get in!" shouted Wingate. "Can't be helped! Get in!"

"But, I say—"

Slam!

The carriage-door was closed, and it was too late for Potter to get in. The express was already moving.

Wingate threw himself into his seat, gritting his teeth. The express was rolling out of the station, leaving George Potter staring after it blankly, and Courtney, Valence, Greene, and North scuffling with the hooligans.

The Greyfriars captain was not troubled about what would happen to them. They were quite capable of "mopping up" the station with the rowdies. It was the fact that they had lost the train that worried him.

It was simply a knock-down blow.

Five of the team left behind—and they could not arrive at Lantham till three hours later. That meant that they were left out of the match. Loamshire could not be asked, of course, to wait three hours.

"Well, that is rotten, Wingate!" said Loder.

Wingate almost groaned.

"What a thing to happen! Confound those tipsy brutes!"

"They'll get a good hiding, anyway," said Loder, looking from the window. "The chaps are pitching into them like thunder!"

Wingate grunted. It was small consolation.

"Who's left?" he exclaimed. "Let's see. Valence and Greene—two of the reserves; Courtney, Potter, and North—three of the team. What awful luck!"

"You'll want me to play, I suppose?" said Loder. "I'm glad I came. I'm ready, of course, if you want me, Wingate."

"Of course, I shall want you! But that makes only nine of us!" groaned Wingate. "And Courtney and North were two of the best. Two men short to play Loamshire! Oh, what ghastly luck!"

"Lucky they're in such rotten form, as we've heard!"

"May be able to pick up a man or two on the ground," suggested Blundell.

"Oh, we shall have to pick up somebody to make up the team!" said Wingate. "My cousin will find us a couple of men. But there'll be no Greyfriars men on the ground till the afternoon. We sha'n't be able to get Greyfriars men. It's rotten!"

"May get two passable players."

"Not likely! Captain Wingate's got the best he could find in his own team. We shall get a couple of duds."

"Oh, it's ghastly luck, intirely!" said Fitzgerald of the Fifth. "Just as if those rotters wanted to muck up our big match!"

"Well, they couldn't have wanted that," said Wingate. "They don't know anything about our match. Just quarrel-some beasts. I'm glad they'll get a thundering hiding. What sickening luck!"

The Greyfriars cricketers had started in high spirits, but their spirits were somewhat lowered now. To arrive on the field two men short was a crushing blow. After all the trouble Wingate had taken with his team it was "mucked up" at the last moment by a wretched chance—as he believed. Loder could not help wondering what he would have thought if he could have guessed the facts. But honest, true-hearted Wingate was not likely to guess them.

The train rushed on. Wingate was plunged into gloomy thought now. The express stopped at only one station before Lantham. When it stopped, Carne stepped out of the next carriage. Wingate caught sight of him on the platform, and jumped up.

"Carne, get in! The stop here's only two minutes! Are you dotty?"

"I've got out for some ginger-beer."

"Don't be a silly ass! Get in!" shouted Wingate, from the carriage-window. "Why, we're just starting already! In, you fathead!"

"Oh, all right!" said Carne.

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry  
Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



"Buck up!" called out Loder.

Carne made a run for the train, slipped on the platform, and rolled over on his side. The carriage-door slammed.

"Right away!"

"Carne!" shrieked Wingate.

Carne scrambled to his feet. But the train was already moving. It rushed out of the station, leaving the Sixth-Former staring after it.

Wingate threw himself into his seat, gasping:

"Oh, the idiot! The fathead! Good heavens, as if we weren't badly enough off, but that howling ass must get out and get left behind! That's the finish!"

"Thumping ass!" said Loder.

Loder's eyes were dancing. It was all he could do to repress the signs of satisfaction in his face.

Three men short!

The plans of the blackguard of the Sixth had worked like a charm. Fortune had favoured him. He had counted upon four men being left behind at Courtfield, but five had been left—that was luck! And Carne, who could not quite make up his mind to play traitor in the game itself, had settled the matter with his conscience by getting left behind, too. That was just as effective. To make up his team, Wingate had now to depend upon picking up three chance players on the Loamshire ground, and though he was sure to find volunteers, he was equally sure to find them very poor cricketers.

It was simply crushing!

Loder plunged his face into a newspaper to hide the grin of satisfaction he could not keep from his lips.

Three men short; and two of them the best players in the eleven, excepting Wingate himself.

What was the chance for Greyfriars now?

Three men short—in effect, four, for Loder was playing—and Loder's innings was not likely to be useful to his side. Duck's eggs and muffed catches and obstructing the field were all Wingate had to expect from Loder, if he had only known it.

Three men short—and a traitor in the ranks!

Matters were looking up for Gerald Loder. Whatever form the Loamshire men were in, they were bound to win that match, if they could play cricket at all. The fifty was safe—Loder was safe; and he only regretted that he had promised Carne "halves" in the plunder.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Corn in Egypt!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here we are again!"

Bob Cherry jumped off his bike outside Lantham Cricket Ground.

It was not yet ten o'clock, but a good many people were going in at the gates, many soldiers among them. The khaki match attracted a good deal of attention in Lantham and the neighbourhood.

The chums of Greyfriars put up their bicycles at the station opposite, and walked into the field, paying their sixpences at the gate. They were a merry party. A whole holiday, a sunny day, and the prospect of seeing Greyfriars First beat the famous khaki team, sufficed to render them boisterously joyous.

There was plenty of room round the ropes at that early hour, and the juniors secured front places on the green turf. The players were not to be seen yet.

"Bet you we've raced the eleven," said Squiff. "We hadn't half the distance to cover, by the short cuts, and we did put steam on, and no mistake!"

"The racefulness is terrific! The esteemed eleven are not yet here," said Hurree Singh, looking round. "There is the esteemed captain in khaki."

Captain Wingate came out of the pavilion with some of the Loamshire players. They were evidently waiting for the arrival of Greyfriars First. The captain looked very fit and handsome, but the juniors, scanning his companions, could see at a glance that they were not up to the form of the old Loamshire Regiment eleven. They did not need to see them play to see that. The captain had done his best in scratching together a new eleven among the recruits he was training. But they were certainly not a patch on the team that had kept the Loamshire colours waving.

"We shall beat them," said Harry Wharton confidently.

"The beatfulness will be—"

"Terrific! Hurrah! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Wingate; and, by Jove, he looks as if he'd lost a Kitchener and found a Kaiser!"

George Wingate and his men had arrived, and the juniors, who were near the pavilion, scanned them in surprise. Wingate had left Greyfriars looking as cheery as a skylark. His rugged face was overcast now.

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"Where are the rest?" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Seven—eight— Why, there's only eight of them! Courtney's not there, or North—"

"Or Potter, or Greene—"

"Or Valence, or Carne, or Blundell! What the merry dickens—"

"My only hat!" said Johnny Bull, in dismay. "Something's happened to the team!"

"What the thunder could happen?"

"Something has—look at Wingate's face!" said Johnny Bull. "And where are the other fellows? We've seen all that have come in."

"Accidents will happenfully occur—"

"Oh, what awful luck!"

The juniors looked on in dismay. They were too distant to hear what Wingate was saying to his cousin. But they could see the grim expression on his face, and they could not mistake the number of the Greyfriars players. Something had happened to keep away the rest of the cricketers; that was only too clear.

"Anything up, George?" the captain asked, as he shook hands with the Greyfriars skipper.

"Simply sickening luck," said Wingate dolefully. "Six men left behind on the railway; we're three men short. And two of them my very best!"

"Beastly luck! Can you wait for them?"

Wingate shook his head.

"They can't get here for three hours. I hardly know whether they'd be fit, either, after a rough-and-tumble with a gang of hooligans. I'm depending on you to lend me three substitutes."

"That's easy enough, of course," said the captain. "I don't know about finding you much in the way of players, though."

Wingate made a grimace.

"I shall have to chance that. No way of getting any Greyfriars fellows here. Find me three men, and we'll do our best. After all, perhaps it makes things more even, as you've got a scratch team, too."

"Right-ho!"

Wingate was left with a moody brow. He could not feel cheerful. He knew that his team was booked for a licking, after all his happy anticipations. He started as he caught sight of a nimble figure running towards him.

"I say, Wingate; excuse me coming here," said Bob. "I know the giddy public isn't admitted into these sacred precincts—"

"Cherry!"

"That's me," said Bob cheerfully. "Is anything the matter, Wingate? We've come over to see you win, you know. You might tell a chap if anything's wrong."

Wingate stared at him.

"What are you doing away from lessons?" he exclaimed sternly.

"Leave from Quelch!" grinned Bob. "It's all right; we're not giddy truants. Mr. Quelch gave us leave to come over—honour bright!"

Wingate drew a deep, deep breath.

Bob Cherry would have felt flattered if he had known how glad the captain of Greyfriars was to see him there.

"Who's with you, Cherry?"

"Wharton, Squiff, Nugent, Bull, and Inky."

Wingate's face lighted up.

"Wharton, Field, Hurree Singh! Oh, corn in Egypt! Oh, what a stroke of luck! Oh, ripping!"

Bob stared, as well he might.

"Glad to see us?" he asked affably. "If you're so jolly glad, I'll call the chaps, and you can get us special seats in the pavilion."

"You young ass! Fetch the others here at once."

"What-ho! But what's happened, Wingate?"

"Never mind that. Fetch the others here."

"Half a tick!" said Bob, as he cut away to rejoin his companions.

Wingate turned to his men. His face was brighter now.

"Isn't that a stroke of luck?" he exclaimed.

"I don't quite see it," said Loder, who was looking alarmed. "You're not thinking of playing juniors, I suppose?"

"I jolly well am!" said Wingate emphatically. "Wharton is a bat as good as a good many seniors, and that Indian kid is a bowler any team might be proud of. That Australian kid is splendid, too; I've watched him."

"But look here, we can't play kids like that against a team like the Loamshires!" exclaimed Loder. "They'll laugh at us!"

"Let 'em laugh if they like. They can laugh, so long as we win."

"It's a jolly good idea!" exclaimed Fitzgerald heartily.

"You've got the pick of the Lower School there, as far as



cricket goes; miles ahead of any substitutes we're likely to pick up here."

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Blundell. "I've seen those kids play. Why, they played the Fifth once, and gave us a tussle! It's a real stroke of luck, their being here."

"Providence, and no mistake!" said Bland. "They're cheeky young rotters, but they're jolly useful here now, and no mistake."

Loder bit his lip hard.

"You can't play them, Wingate!" he exclaimed huskily. "It's too ridiculous—junior's against a team like the Loamshires—"

"I suppose I'm the best judge of that!" said Wingate brusquely.

Loder's eyes were almost flaming. At the very moment of success the cup was to be dashed from his lips. For well Loder knew that the best cricketers of the Remove were a reinforcement that changed the whole prospects of the eleven. They were not up to the lost players; but they were miles ahead of chance players found at Lantham; and they were quite equal, at least, to most of the new men in Captain Wingate's eleven. Hurree Singh was a simply marvellous bowler; and, at the wicket, Wharton and Squiff and Bob Cherry were mighty men. The Remove cricketers, in fact, had fallen like manna from heaven upon the worried Wingate.

But they did not fall like manna for Loder. In his mind's eye he saw his whole house of cards swept away. Instead of certain defeat for Greyfriars, there would be a tussle, at least; result uncertain till the finish, and very likely a win. Loder could have dashed his fist full in Wingate's face at that moment. But that would not have helped him.

He looked round at the other fellows for support; but it was easy to see that they were all in hearty agreement with Wingate. They all regarded the presence of Harry Wharton & Co. as a tremendous stroke of luck.

"We shall have to get clobber for them from somewhere," Wingate was saying.

"I protest against playing juniors in a First Eleven match!" exclaimed Loder, in desperation.

Wingate stared at him.

"Off your rocker?" he asked.

"I tell you it's rotten—it's fatheaded! I protest—"

"You'll be kind enough to shut up," said Wingate curtly. "This is my business, not yours. And—I'm sorry to say it—but I sha'n't want you after all, Loder!"

Loder almost staggered.

"What!" he gasped. "You—you won't want me?"

"No." Wingate shook his head decidedly. "I'm sorry, but I've got to think of the game. You only came as a reserve, you know. I'm going to put in Wharton, Cherry, Field, and Hurree Singh."

"I won't stand it! I—I—" Loder fairly gasped with rage. "Look here, Wingate, if you think you can turn me out of the team like this—"

"You're not in the team. And you're not fit," said Wingate. "You don't even look fit, and you're out of practice. I should have put you in as a last resource; but I've got better stuff now."

"Those juniors—better than I—"

"Yes. You haven't touched a bat for weeks, and I know it. Those kids slog away at cricket as if they were paid by the hour. I'm sorry, Loder, but I can't risk the match to please you."

"You're going to turn out the Sixth and play the Remove—"

"Yes, if the Sixth chuck practice and don't keep fit, and the Remove play a better game," said Wingate coolly. "I'd play a fag from the Second Form, if it would help us to win. I'm sorry, Loder, but you had your own choice about sticking to practice or not. 'Nuff said!"

Wingate turned away. Loder could not speak. He was choking. Even his last resource—treachery to the side he was playing for—was denied him now. He was not to play. Wingate little knew what he had saved himself from.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Simply Glorious!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. came up, somewhat excited. They did not know what Wingate wanted with them, and they wondered. They had noted the absence of a number of the team. Was it possible that Wingate wanted them for the match? The bare idea of that was dazzling. They had made that humorous suggestion to Wingate at Greyfriars, certainly; that he might fall back upon them in case of need. But that was only their little way, so to speak. If it had come true—

"Here we are, Wingate," said Harry. "What's on?"

"I want you to play."

"Oh, my hat!"

It was true, then!

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NEXT  
MONDAY—

"CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Wharton, Cherry, Field, and Hurree Singh," said Wingate crisply. "I hope you're in form, you young beggars."

"The formfulness is terrific!" chortled the nabob, throwing his straw hat into the air. "Hooray!"

"Hip-pip!"

Wingate smiled. There was no doubt that there was plenty of enthusiasm in his new recruits, at all events.

"The rest of my men got left behind," he explained. "I'm four short here, and I want four of you."

"Hear, hear!"

"Sure you don't want five?" asked Nugent anxiously.

"Or six?" hinted Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha! No. I've four places to fill; but you two can stay about the pavilion, if you like, and look on. Now, where are you beggars going to get some flannels and bats?"

Harry Wharton's eyes danced.

"That's all right, we'll manage that; give us a tick or two. I know a shop in Lantham where we can hire the things. About the bats—"

"Can't hire bats," said Bob Cherry. "I'm not going to beat the Loamshire Light Infantry with a hired bat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I know a ripping shop for buying a bat. We can take turns with the same bats, we're much of a size," said Bob.

"We can't very well all wear the same flannels at once, though—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can hire those. Dub up your tin—how much have you got? You'll have to lend us a quid if we're short, Wingate. We want two new bats—brand-new guinea bats."

"Two, certainly," said the Greyfriars captain, laughing.

The delighted juniors hurriedly counted over their spare cash. It was not so plentiful as they could have wished, under the circumstances; but Wingate made that all right with a loan of a pound, to which Fitzgerald added ten shillings. The juniors rushed away in great glee.

"What ripping—ripping luck!" gasped Squiff. "Lucky we came—what? Fancy those Sixth-Form duffers getting lost on a railway? Catch me getting lost on a railway at a time like this! Hurry up!"

The four rushed out into the High Street. Wingate looked for his cousin, and explained the matter to him.

"Jolly glad to hear it," said the Loamshire captain heartily. "I've found you some men, but not Graces or Haywards, old chap. Glad you won't need them. Four of your own school—what?"

"Yes—some juniors who happened to be here—"

"Juniors!" said the captain, staring.

Wingate coloured a little.

"Yes; but the best cricketers in the Lower School. They've beaten the Shell at cricket, and given the Fifth something to think about. They're the pick of the bunch, and it's real luck to find them here. You don't mind?"

"No fear; we'll have a chance, after all."

Harry Wharton & Co. soon returned with the borrowed flannels and the bright new bats. The juniors changed in the pavilion, and came out in great spirits.

Captain Wingate looked at them curiously, but he nodded approval at the sight of the sturdy, fit-looking lads. They were young, but they were evidently cricketers. He gave them a cheery word.

"So you got here after all?" he said.

"Remember us?" grinned Bob Cherry. "Yes, we've got here, sir; ready to give Loamshire Light Infantry a taste of what Loamshire's going to give the Huns."

And the captain laughed heartily.

"Keep your wickets up, that's all," said Wingate, as a last word of caution to the new recruits. "No fluff, you know; just keep the sticks up."

Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh assured him solemnly that the upfulness should be terrific.

It fell to Greyfriars to bat first, but the juniors were left for the tail of the innings. Wingate opened with Fitzgerald, and the rest of the batsmen looked on, with the khaki team in the field. The ground was pretty well surrounded now. Johnny Bull and Nugent had seats before the pavilion, and they sat there as proud as Punch—gleefully anticipating the afternoon, when a Greyfriars crowd would arrive and see Remove fellows playing in the First Eleven.

It was by no means the old Loamshire team, but there was some good cricket.

Captain Wingate did nearly half the bowling for his side, and he was a dangerous bowler. Loder stood looking on, with his hands in his pockets, and a deep line in his brow. He brightened a little when Wingate's wicket went down for four, and Fitzgerald's followed it, to the captain's bowling. The score was six down for thirty when Wharton's name was called.



"Man in! Wharton!"

"Pile 'em up, old chap!" said Bob.

And Wharton nodded, and went on the pitch.

The Loamshire men smiled at the sight of the junior, but they ceased to smile when Wharton began to deal with the bowling.

Wharton was at his very best, and it was a remarkably good best. He had knocked up fifteen before the khaki captain bowled him, and the spectators gave him a cheer.

Bob Cherry clapped him on the shoulder as he came off.

"Good egg! Good old Remove!" he chortled.

But the rest of the juniors had poorer luck. Last wicket was down for a total of fifty.

Then came the Loamshire first innings. Loder was looking cheerful now; his hopes were rising. The Loamshires could not fail to beat that score for the first innings, especially as Wingate's best bowlers were still cooling their heels at Courtfield. But Loder reckoned without Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Inky had taken only two runs for his wicket, but he was greater at taking wickets from others.

Wingate, after a moment's hesitation, put the dusky nabob on to bowl the first over.

Captain Wingate took it—or, rather, he took the first ball of it; for the very first ball curled round his bat in quite a weird manner, and the middle stump was jerked away.

"How's that?" chirruped the nabob.

"Out!" gasped Wingate. "Oh, my hat!"

And the khaki captain took out his bat with a dazed look. And when two of his men followed him in the same over he looked still more dazed, and there was a roar of cheering for the hat trick. Evidently his Highness of Bhanipur was in great form.

Wingate's face was beaming like unto a full moon; Loder's was like that of a demon in a pantomime. But nobody regarded Loder.

Loamshire were all down at lunch for fifty-two runs. The margin was small, after all. Wharton's batting and Inky's bowling had saved the game so far for the sorely-tried captain of Greyfriars.

After lunch Greyfriars batted again. Harry Wharton and Wingate were at the wickets when the first Greyfriars contingent arrived on the ground, and as soon as the new arrivals saw what was on they simply gasped.

"Wharton!" yelled Coker of the Fifth. "Wharton batting! This is a dream!"

"Wharton!" shrieked Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Wharton!" roared Vernon-Smith. "Hooray!"

Wharton did not even look round. Captain Wingate's bowling had worked havoc with the wickets, and Greyfriars were eight down for twenty. Again Loder's face had lighted up. The rise and fall of Gerald Loder's countenance during that match would have been really entertaining to an observer.

But Wingate and Wharton were "sticking it out." Runs piled up, and up till Wingate was caught out.

"Last man in!"

"Squiff!" roared the Greyfriars crowd, as the Australian junior came to the wickets.

There were a hundred Friars on the ground now, staring in amazement at the junior recruits—in amazement and delight as the game went on; for the junior from New South Wales was playing the game of his life.

The khaki bowlers did their best, but both ends were immovable. There was a roar as the second innings' score topped the hundred—110—115—118—120. Then Squiff went down to a deadly ball from the captain, and the junior batsmen retired amid thunderous cheers.

Wingate almost hugged them as they came off. Loder looked at them as if he would bite them. The two new bats had done yeoman service in youthful hands.

Loamshire batted again, but without much hope. Captain Wingate had better luck in his second innings, and piled up forty before his cousin caught him out. But Hurree Singh's deadly bowling accounted for four wickets in all, and Bob Cherry made a first-rate catch at point, and Squiff dropped a wicket from the field. Seven down for fifty—eight down for fifty-five—nine down for sixty-two! Fifty-six wanted to win, and only one wicket to do it with.

"Greyfriars wins!" chortled Coker. "But fancy those Remove kids, and Wingate might have had me for the asking—me, you know!"

There was a roar as the last Loamshire wicket went down. Sixty-six, added to fifty-two for the first innings—total, 118. And Greyfriars were 170.

"Hooray! Greyfriars wins! Hooray!"

Gerald Loder staggered away. His hopes had gone down to zero, and now they were quite knocked on the head. Loder went by himself, with a face so white that people turned in the street to look at him.

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Loder had a problem to think out on his way home—how to meet the I O U he had placed in the hands of the obliging Mr. Cobb.

The way of the transgressor was hard.

That there was a Greyfriars fellow reduced to misery and desperation by the victory of his school no one dreamed. The rest were yelling with delight.

Remove fellows in crowds surrounded the junior recruits, and thumped them on the back; and smacked them on the shoulders till they ached. They had played Loamshire; they had helped to win. All unknowingly, too, they had frustrated a dastardly scheme.

When Harry Wharton & Co. rode home to Greyfriars, taking two souvenir bats with them, they went in the midst of a delighted and uproarious crowd. The old quadrangle of Greyfriars rang with cheering when they arrived. Loder of the Sixth, shut up in his study, heard it, and ground his teeth.

Greyfriars was rejoicing, and the Remove especially were celebrating the great occasion in a worthy manner, and no one gave a thought to the blackguard of the Sixth, who had plotted so cunningly, and had been foiled at the finish.

THE END.

(Do not miss "CALLED TO THE COLOURS!" next Monday's Grand Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, by FRANK RICHARDS.)

## BRIEF REPLIES

To Readers of THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY.

"Nil Desperandum."—(1) I think Hazeldene will stick to it if he can, though there may be temporary lapses. (2) Bunter is a curious character—more fool than knave. I should not consider him as bad as Snoop, but Skinner has greater possibilities than W. G. B. (3) Pronounced much as apelt. (4) I really don't think Gussy can help it. (5) Peers of the realm seldom take their family name as a title. Lord Eastwood's family name is D'Arcy.

J. V. (Battersea).—Sorry! Cannot use your "titles" storyette. It does not read very sensibly.

"Ardent Reader" (Hampstead).—I regret that I have not photos of the three gentlemen named. We shall have another Ferrers Lord yarn—when we can get it.

A. H. (Seaham Harbour).—The result of the competition you mention was duly announced, and if you had won a prize you would have received it, of course.

"A Steady and True Supporter" (Dublin).—Many thanks for your good work. The cloisters are a relic of the old days, when Greyfriars was a monastery. Have you never heard of cathedral cloisters? Skinner is hereby warned that you would put him out of date if you had anything to do with him.

G. D. S. (Scarborough).—Eleven new readers roped in since you last wrote! Good! (1) Cannot say about Russell and Esmond. (2) Don't know. (3) Hazeldene may relapse for a time, but is not likely to become an utter waster again. (4) No room for a weekly competition.

"Mag-Pop-Gem."—The "Magnet" is published as regularly as Sunday comes round, though not on that day, and if your newagent fails to get it we are not to blame.

F. J. W. (Liverpool).—The sort of stories you want are scarcely school yarns, and are not specially popular with our readers.

E. J. N. (Chudleigh).—The O.T.C. is run in connection with the big public schools, and only boys at the schools are eligible for it.

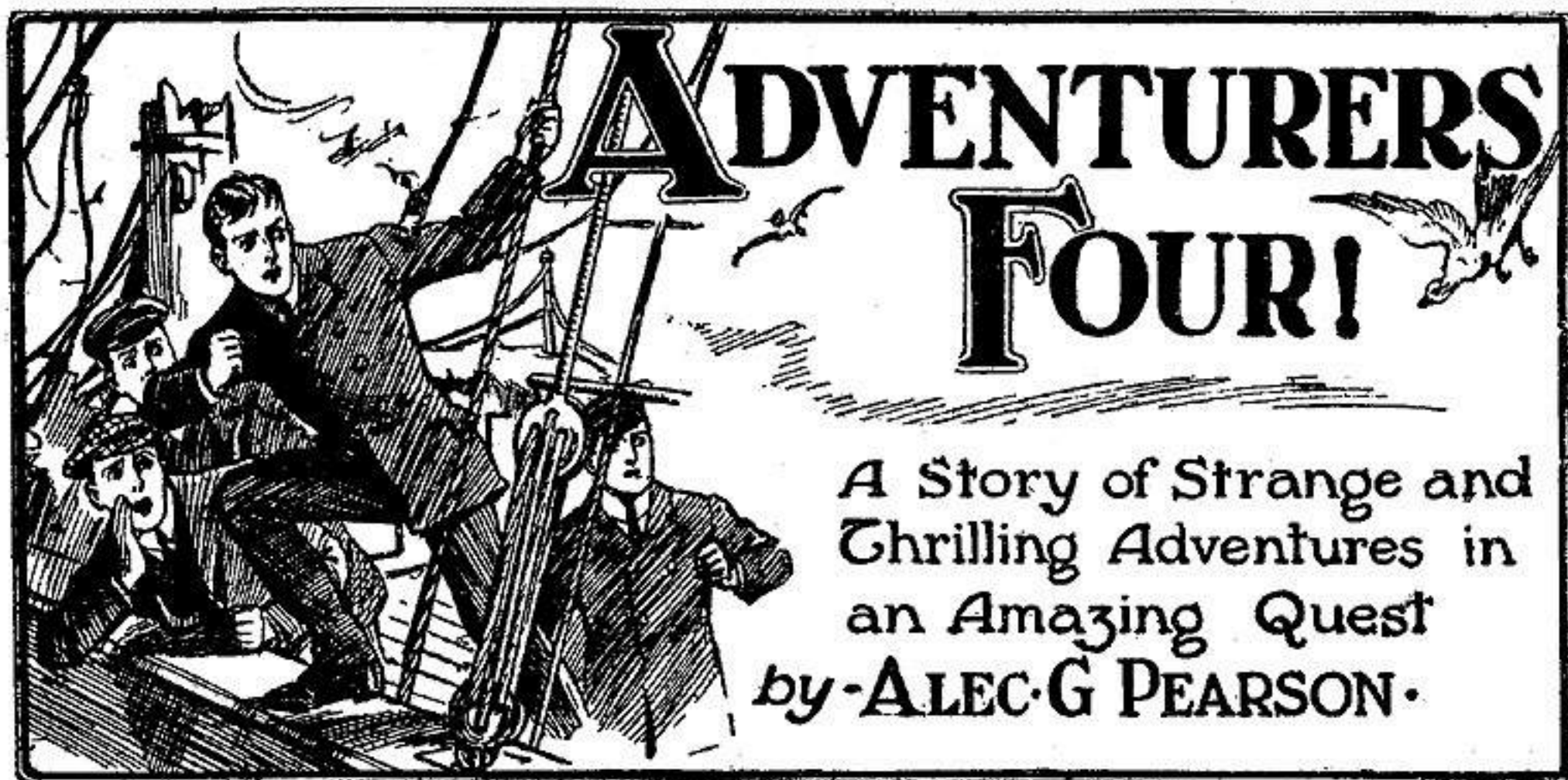
"A Jersey Reader."—Perhaps Cherry, Russell, Wharton, and Linley are the best four—you cannot have four best-boxers in the Remove. Mauleverer, if he woke up sufficiently, would beat Skinner. Coker v. Blundell—I really can't say. Do you want the whole school scrapping?

"Entering."—Yours is not a very sensible question. In the first place, the majority of stories received would not need reading right through, let alone having the words counted; in the second, if by this time we don't know 30,000 words—there or thereabouts—at sight, we deserve to be called duffers. You forget that in an editorial office there are generally two or three people who know a little about the work they are doing.

"Schoolboy" (London, E.C.).—A well-developed boy of fifteen would have a chest measurement of somewhere about thirty-two inches. Haven't measured either Cherry or Wharton, and can't get it done at present.

Readers will find a further List of Notices on Cover, page ii.





## A Story of Strange and Thrilling Adventures in an Amazing Quest by ALEC G PEARSON.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### A Startling Interruption!

"Rolling down to old Mohee, my boys,  
Rolling down to old Mohee;  
The snow-white sail,  
Before the gale,  
Rolling down to old Mohee."

The chorus of the old sea song broke on the silence of the night, and the words—to the accompaniment of a Spanish guitar—swept clear and resonant from the open French windows, across a well-kept lawn, to the broad, still reach of the river beyond.

Hal Mackenzie had "obliged" with the song, to which his comrades had joined in the chorus with a will. Bob Sigsbee, hunter, sailor, and many other things, was the guitar player. He knew nothing about music, but he could play very well by ear, which was all that was required on a festive occasion like the present.

It was just a reunion of old comrades, the famous quartette who had penetrated into the mysterious land of Shoa—Jim Holdsworth, Hal Mackenzie, Bob Sigsbee, and Pat O'Hara. By the express invitation of Mackenzie they had met at his riverside bungalow, on the upper Thames, to celebrate by a dinner the first anniversary of the destruction of the City of Flame.

Dinner was over, and Pat O'Hara had called upon Mackenzie for "a song wid a chorus, same as we used to have whin sated round a camp-fire," and Hal, who possessed a fine baritone voice, had given them the roaring old sea chanty.

"'Tis great!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Doesn't it take us back to the ould toimes, an' the big adventures? Bedad, 'tis Queen Clytemna who ought to be with us this night, and 'tis herself would loike to see us again, I wouldn't mind bettin'!"

"I wonder where she is now?" said Jim Holdsworth. "She was every inch a queen, and shared a good many of our perils. It doesn't seem a year ago since we held the palace against the rebels, on that last night in the City of Flame."

"If we cud only get back to the ould loife!" said O'Hara, with a regretful sigh that was like a sudden gust of wind. "This livin' an aisy existence in cities is making us all soft an' tinder. Well, let's drink somewan's health. But first we'll have that chorus over again. Tuhne up, Sigsbee. Now, all together:

"Rowling down to ould Mohee, me bhoys,  
Rowling down to—"

They stopped abruptly in the middle of the chorus, and Hal Mackenzie sprang to his feet. For from the direction of the river backwater, which branched off from the main stream close by, there had suddenly arisen loud outcries. Voices—men's voices—were raised in anger. One yelled something viciously in a foreign tongue, the other replied in forcible

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"CALLED TO THE COLOURS!"

English. Then there was a loud cry of pain, followed by a splash in the water.

"Come along, chaps!" cried Jim Holdsworth. "There's something exciting going on. It'd be a pity to miss it."

"I guess it wouldn't be like us if we did!" Bob Sigsbee muttered.

They raced across the lawn to the reed-fringed backwater, near the centre of which they could make out a dark figure splashing about in a struggle to keep afloat.

"Help!" he gasped out.

"There should be two in the ditch," observed Sigsbee, who was particular in details. "Where's the other?"

"Scooting off in a boat," replied Jim. "Hal and O'Hara will attend to him."

He flung off his coat and jumped into the water, which was only a little more than six feet in depth. Sigsbee followed, and they swam out to the man, who was in difficulties. Between them they got him to the bank, and helped him to the house. He was bleeding rather freely from a knife-thrust in the side, but the wound was not dangerous. In a very short space of time Jim and Sigsbee had skilfully bandaged it. They were used to that sort of work.

In the meantime, O'Hara and Mackenzie had cast loose the latter's boat, and, jumping in, started in chase of a man who was rowing away as hard as he could pull in a light skiff. But he had too good a start, and before they could overtake him he had reached the opposite bank of the river.

Here he leaped on shore, and, abandoning his skiff, darted in among the trees beyond the towpath. Hal and the Irishman followed, but already he was out of sight, and it was impossible to pick up his trail in the darkness. Either he knew his ground well, or he was exceptionally cunning in evading pursuit, for they never caught another glimpse of him.

"We may as well chuck it," said Hal, after a quarter of an hour's vain search; "the fellow has given us the slip."

"He has that, the spalpeen," agreed O'Hara. "Did ye see the face av him whin he was in the boat? It was an ugly wan. I'd know it again."

"So would I," replied Hal. "Dark-complexioned man. Looked like a Spaniard or an Italian. Let's get back."

"They returned to the bungalow, where they found Jim and Sigsbee wringing the water from such of their garments as they had taken off, while the rescued man, rigged up in some dry clothes of Hal's, was seated in an easy-chair. Except that his face was of a greyish hue, due to loss of blood, there didn't seem to be much the matter with him. Some tattoo-marks on his wrists and the backs of his hands, and the manner of his speech, seemed to point to the fact that he was a seaman.

"Thank ye, gentlemen all," he said, in a regular deep-sea voice, "for your kindness. I was nigh losing the number of my mess, for when that landshark got me between the ribs

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.



with his knife I wasn't able to make any shape at swimming. Not that I'm much of a swimmer at any time."

"You're a sailor, I think?" said Mackenzie.

"Yes, sir; name of Blyth. I've been to many parts of the world, and seen some strange things in my time, but the business that I was hoping to finish with to-night is as queer as anything I've set my hand to."

"What was the trouble you had with that other man that got you into this fix?"

"With the Chilian?"

"Oh, was that his nationality?"

"Sure enough," replied Blyth. "This is the third time I've been attacked since I landed in England a week ago. Last two times by that Chilian swab what you saw; first time by a chap what looked like a half-breed. Him I laid out, using my fists only. But the Chilian was more cunning. He seems to have been lying in wait for me behind some bushes, close to the water's edge, and when I rowed inshore, he jumped into the boat, and went for me with his knife. There was a bit of a struggle, but I was taken by surprise, and when I felt the cold steel I jumped overboard. If I hadn't, he'd have got what he was after."

"It would seem to be something of value," said Jim Holdsworth, "if three attempts have been made on your life in order to rob you of it. What makes you carry it about with you?"

"Because I've come all the way from Valparaiso to deliver it to the man it was addressed to," was the reply, "and I didn't mean to let it out of my possession till I'd handed it over to him. I'm obstinate, so to speak, and when I set out to do a thing I carry it through. That's my way." He paused, and added: "Likewise, I expect a reward for my trouble."

"If we can help you to—"

"I believe I've fetched up in the right haven," interrupted Blyth, "if this is Clytemna Bungalow."

"That is how it's named," said Hal.

"I was making for it," pursued Blyth; "but I'm taking no chances. Would you gents be good enough to tell me your names?"

They did so, for by now they were all gripped by curiosity and wonder. This seaman had come thousands of miles across the ocean, bringing with him a valuable article intended for one of their number. And desperate attempts had been made to prevent him fulfilling his trust.

Jim Holdsworth told himself that they were surely on the fringe of another adventure.

It was when Hal Mackenzie mentioned his name that the grizzled old sailor held up his hand.

"You're the one!" he exclaimed. "Harold Mackenzie, Wanderers' Club, London. That's how the thing is addressed. I went to the club, and was directed to come down here. And, by good luck, here I am. Will someone lend me a knife?"

Sigsbee handed him a clasp-knife, and with it he ripped up the lining of his waistcoat, which he had refused to have sent to the kitchen to dry. Then, from a specially-made pocket inside the lining, he drew forth a curious object.

It was an oblong piece of very hard wood, at one end of which there was fixed a silver hand, about half life size, but a perfect model. It was, indeed, a marvellous work of art. He gave the thing to Mackenzie.

"There you are, sir," he said. "I don't know what it means, or what it's worth, but if that bit of wood ain't a sort of box, with something inside it, I'm ready to eat it."

Roughly carved into the wood were the following words:

"To be delivered, complete as it is, to Harold Mackenzie, Wanderers' Club, London."

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Message.

While Jim Holdsworth and Sigsbee were changing into dry clothes, Hal, very much puzzled as to who could have sent him this queer present from South America, was trying to find out if there was any way of getting at the inside of the oblong of wood without splitting it open with an axe.

He felt convinced that Blyth was right, and that it was hollow, but the seaman had never tried to open it, and could offer no suggestions. He explained how it had come into his possession.

"I was stranded in Valparaiso," he said, "the ship I'd belonged to having been wrecked on the coast, and was walking along an old quay late one dark night, when I tripped over something. It was a dead man—a native from the mountains. He'd been stabbed. Clutched tightly in his right hand was that thing, whatever it is, I've brought home for you. Knowing how readily them Chilian police are to make

trouble, I judged it best to make myself scarce, and say nothing. As the wood and the silver hand wasn't any use to a dead man, I took it."

Jim and Sigsbee had come back into the room while Blyth was talking. The Americans laughed with grim amusement.

"I allow you've got your wits all on top of the basket," he said. "Say, cap'n"—he usually referred to Hal as the captain—"you don't seem to get the hang of that contrivance nohow. If that chunk of wood's really a box, I guess the best sort of key to open it would be a hatchet."

"I've got it!" cried Hal, at this moment. "There's a spring at the base of the thumb, and when it is pressed sharply—so—"

He was grasping the silver hand inside his own, and as he ejaculated "So!" he gripped harder. Instantly the piece of wood fell apart; yet so cleverly had it been put together that no join had been visible.

"'Tis hollow," said Pat O'Hara, to Blyth, "so you won't have to ate ut." A roll of paper dropped out on to the floor. He picked it up, and gave it to Hal. "Will that be all that's inside?" he asked. "I thought, maybe, it would be full av dimints."

"Diamonds!" growled Blyth. "I don't now where they'd find them in Chili."

Hal opened the paper, and glanced through its contents. The others waited expectantly.

"This is a rum go, if you like!" he muttered. "But it must be true. Travers is not the sort of man to exaggerate; he deals always in plain facts. Listen, boys."

But before starting to read the missive, he turned to Blyth.

"It's but right that you should hear it, too," he added; "but you must give your word not to repeat what you hear."

"I'll keep it to myself," replied the seaman. "Honour bright!"

Then Harold Mackenzie read aloud, perhaps as strange a letter as ever a man had written.

"Dear Mackenzie,"—it ran—"I know you are fond of adventure, and I've heard of some of your exploits, so for that reason I despatch this brief note to you, though it is by no means certain you will ever receive it. And even if it does reach you, I fully expect I shall be dead before that time, for the half-breeds are advancing again to the attack; and they mean to kill me. If, then, you are hungry for more adventures, come out here to within twenty miles of the giant Peak of Aconcagua, in the Southern Andes, and make your way to the Tower of the Golden Star. In that tower you will learn a secret—as I have done—which would astound the world if made known. But you will take your life in your hands, though you will meet such adventures as even you have never encountered, nor perhaps even dreamt of. I can write no more, for the breeds have lighted the Scarlet Fire, and that means a fight to a finish. I wonder what my fate will be? If I am only wounded, I may be held afterwards as a prisoner. The breeds are close to the tower now, and I am ready. Good luck! Perhaps good-bye!

"MARTIN TRAVERS."

There was a brief and pregnant silence when Hal had finished reading the letter. It was broken by Pat O'Hara.

"Holies!" he exclaimed. "Just the wan man against—how many? 'Tis a pity we couldn't be there to help him. Faith, 'twould be a great foight then!"

"What sort of a chap is your friend Travers?" Jim asked his chum. "He must be a good-plucked 'un, and as cool as they're made, too, I should think."

"He's all that," replied Hal: "yet, in many ways, a queer sort of fellow. He's a confirmed rover, and a man of remarkable daring. He has been nicknamed Silent Travers, and as it fits him you can guess there are times when he's not a very sociable companion."

"Well, his letter sounds promising," continued Jim. "Fairly reeks with the possibilities of big adventures. What will you do, Hal?"

Hal Mackenzie was always swift to make up his mind, even if the question was one of life and death. He did not hesitate now.

"I shall start for South America," he replied, "some time before the end of the month. That gives me eight days to square up here, pack my traps, and book a passage by steamer to"—he paused for a moment, and then went on—"to a port I shall decide on later. I'm already tired of an easy life, and the luxuries of civilised towns."

"You're not particularly wantin' to go alone, I suppose?" said Bob Sigsbee. "Because here's another who's more'n a bit tired of cities, where you can't breathe freely, and can't see further than the end of the street. Gee! I've been

(Continued on page iv of cover.)



# A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

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Miss Gina Palerme's beauty and talent have made her famous not only in Great Britain, but in our Allied countries, France and Italy.

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This is her opinion of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"Whilst I distrust and do not use the many new toilet products, I am obliged to recognise the undoubted merits of your justifiably popular hair preserver and beautifier, 'Harlene Hair-Drill.'"

"In my opinion the hair is the most delicate attribute of feminine beauty, and therefore needs the very best care and attention, and this is why I always use 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' for I feel sure that I could not, with security, use a better toilet product."

"All ladies know what an extremely hard task it is to keep the hair in perfect condition, and I therefore strongly advise them to follow my example."

(Signed)

"GINA PALERME."

Miss Palerme's letter follows that of Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Mabel Sealby, Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Daisy Thimn, Miss Hetty King, etc.—a few only of the many charming Actresses who enthusiastically adopt "Harlene Hair-Drill" for their hair beauty.

And after all, it is such a simple matter to restore your hair to health and beauty. Firstly, everything you will want to commence the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method is sent you FREE, and then following out Mr. Edwards' instructions just for two minutes a day, no matter how impoverished your hair may now be, it will be restored to health and beauty.

Why suffer from;

1. Scalp Irritation?

2. Complete or Partial Baldness?

3. Straggling or Weak Hair?

4. Thin or Falling Hair?

5. Splitting Hairs?

6. Over-greasiness of the Scalp?

7. Over-dryness of the Scalp?

8. Scurf or Dandruff?

9. Loss of Colour and Lustre?

10. Unruly, Wiry Hair?

11. Hair Thinning at Temples?

12. Arrested Hair Growth?



(Photo: Rita Martin.)

Mlle. GINA PALERME,

whose beauty and talent have fascinated not only thousands in this country but also in France and Italy, is the latest adherent to the famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" method. She advises all readers of this paper to follow her example.

## THIS IS YOUR FREE GIFT.

Simply write your name and address on the coupon below and post with 4d. stamps to cover carriage to Edwards' Harlene Co., and you will receive the following outfit:

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," a true Liquid Food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth, building up the very substance of the hair itself. It is Tonic Food and Dressing in one.

2. A PACKET OF THE MARVELOUS HAIR AND SCALP-CLEANSING "CREMEX" SHAMPOO, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

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Of course, once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method, you may at any time obtain further supplies from your chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of seven shampoos (single 2d. each).

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted)

Name.....

Address.....

MAGNET, June 19th, 1916.



## ADVENTURERS FOUR.

(Continued from page 20.)

tellin' myself these weeks past I'm gettin' soft and flabby. So, if you've no objection I'll go with you to that South American port, and on the hunt around afterwards for that mysterious Tower of the Golden Star. But I guess it's your picnic, so you've got to say 'Yes,' or 'No.'

"Hold on a minute," Jim Holdsworth cut in. "Of course he's not going alone. His picnic! Well, who ever heard of a fellow going on a picnic by himself? What say, Hal? The old quartette?"

"Be jabbers!" exclaimed O'Hara. "Was he afther thinkin' we'd be left beind?"

There was a merry twinkle in Hal's eyes as he replied:

"No, I didn't think it, not for a moment, for I know what restless mortals you all are——"

"To say nothing of yourself," interrupted Jim.

"Oh, I'm willing to admit I'm bitten that way, too," laughed Hal. "Well, then, the old quartette will set out again, on a bigger adventure than the last, if I'm any sort of a prophet. So all you chaps have got to do during the next few days is to get ready."

"Hurroo for all av us!" cried Pat O'Hara. "Now we'll be afther havin' that chorus wanst more. I don't know where ould Mohce is, an' ut don't matter. We'll be rowling down South purty soon. Be the same token, our song was interrupted whin we fished our frind Blyth yonder out av the wather, him being the messenger wid the great news. Now, all together!"

Again the chorus rang out into the night.

Crouching among the bushes on the opposite bank of the river there was a listener. It was the dark-complexioned man who had fought with Blyth in the boat. An ugly smile twisted his thin lips.

"The message has been delivered," he muttered, "and perhaps they will go! But the fools drink and sing. Bueno! They will be easy to deal with."

Therein he had made two big mistakes.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Derelict.

The old seaman, Blyth, was sent back to London the next day with enough money in his pocket to keep him in reasonable comfort for six months, if he wished to stay on shore for that length of time. He was more than satisfied with the reward for his services, and promised to keep a "still tongue" in his head regarding what he had heard. When he had gone Hal Mackenzie called a "council of war," and laid his plans before his comrades.

"To begin with," he said, "we've got to keep always in our mind the fact that determined efforts have been made to secure that letter which I received from Martin Travers. The object, so far as I can judge, was to prevent it ever reaching my hands."

"Why?" asked Jim Holdsworth.

"Well, it's all guesswork, of course," replied Hal; "but it seems to me there's a certain band of men who are resolved to keep the secret of the Golden Star in their own circle. Travers has discovered it, and perhaps, long before this, has paid for his knowledge with his life. It will be a fairly powerful organisation we are up against, as they are able to send their agents to England."

"And if that Chilian was one of their agents," put in Jim, "it seems they won't stop at any crime to gain their ends. He meant killing the old sailor."

"I allow the Chilian won't try and tackle us while we're in England," said Sigsbee. "If he knows, or suspects, we've got the letter, and read it, there wouldn't be any sense in him taking risks just to steal it. Anyway, if he tried, he'd find he'd bitten off more'n he could chew. My notion is he'll lie low and watch our movements, then, when we quit, he'll cable over to the boss of the outfit, and some of the gang—breeds, or whatever they are—will lay for us as soon as ever we land. What we've got to do is to cover up our tracks."

"That's my idea," agreed Hal. "Now, for a start, we won't go right round to Valparaiso. Waste too much time. We'll book our passages in a steamer to Buenos Ayres, then travel by rail across country to Mendoza, up against the Andean foothills. We can't make any plans beyond that."

"Needles and pins—needles and pins! When we get to Mendoza our trouble begins!" exclaimed Jim, laughing.

"Arrah, now, to blazes wid troubles!" said O'Hara. "Tis not ourselves will turn our backs on thim. Tell me, now—will we be going acrost to Buenos Ayres in a mail-steamer, illigant an' aisy, loike a parcel av globe-trotters?"

"No, we won't," laughed Hal, "because that's how our unknown opponents will expect us to go. Better leave me to make all arrangements about the voyage out. I'll fix things up all right."

So in a brief half-hour's talk they had all their plans cut and dried until they reached the outposts of civilization; though, for the matter of that, the best-laid plans are apt to go all astray, as no one knew better than themselves.

They saw no more of the Chilian—at least, not in England—nor his associates, if he had any, and a week later they sailed from Liverpool in a cargo-steamer, named the Heron. She was bound out direct for Buenos Ayres, and as she was fairly fast would arrive there almost as soon as the mail-steamer, which had to call at various ports en route.

They were the only passengers, and neither the accommodation nor the food "were worth imitating"—to use Jim's expression—but that did not trouble them much. They had often enough, in the course of their adventures, put up with much worse, and considered themselves lucky.

What they did not like, however, was an unpleasant discovery they made before the vessel had been many days at sea. The captain drank. On the third day after they left port Hal had seen him lying in his bunk in a helpless state. Added to that, the chief mate was surly and incompetent, and the second mate was a mere machine, who did what he was told, and seemed to take no interest in anything. Naturally, with such a state of affairs there was no sort of discipline on the Heron.

"Things don't look very promising for a start," said Hal, when the quartette were discussing the matter one evening on the after-deck, which they had to themselves. "Luckily, there's a good, broad ocean all round us, so the old packet isn't likely to hit anything harder than herself."

"Which same is a comfort," said Pat O'Hara, grinning.

The Red Irishman—so called on account of his fiery, red hair, and rubicund visage—took life as it came, and never worried himself about anything.

"A drunken skipper," observed Sigsbee, "is likely to find himself buttin' up against trouble."

"The chance that we may not get safely to port will add a little excitement to what might have proved a monotonous voyage," said Jim lightly.

"Putting aside the drink question," went on Hal, "there's something about Captain Scarth I don't like. I may have no real grounds for suspicion, but—well, my advice is this, boys. Hide your guns away in your cabins, so that nobody can find them but yourselves."

At this point they saw the chief mate coming along the deck towards them, so they had to change the conversation.

However, the days passed, and nothing unusual happened, so far as Hal and his comrades were concerned, until the Heron got well down into the South Atlantic, and was no more than two days' steam from her port of destination. Then an event occurred which gave them reason for belief that their mysterious opponents had laid their plans with more cunning than they had given them credit for.

Coming on deck one morning just before breakfast, they found an unusual alertness among the crew. Also, Captain Scarth seemed to have shaken off all effects of his frequent drinking-bouts, and greeted them quite genially—for him. But there was a false ring about his geniality.

"What's to do?" whispered Jim to Sigsbee. "Has the fact of being near the end of the voyage bucked them all up?"

The American shook his head.

"Don't think it's that," he replied. "Look yonder; that may be the cause of it. Likely the skipper reckons on making a bit of salvage."

He pointed away over the starboard bow, and there, about two miles away, Jim saw the hull of a vessel, with only a part of her foremast standing.

"A derelict!" exclaimed Jim.

The captain had been looking at her through his telescope. He shut the glass with a snap, and turned to his passengers.

"Ever been aboard a wreck, gentlemen?" he asked. "Because, if not, now's your chance. I'm going to send a boat over to her to see if she's worth towing into port."

"I'd like to go over her," replied Jim. "It'll be some thing to pass away the time."

The other three agreed they would like to go over her, too.

"Well, you'd better get a mouthful of something to eat first," advised the captain; "by that time the boat will be ready."

It seemed good advice, as they might be away two or three hours, so they bolted down into the saloon like a parcel of schoolboys who had been promised a holiday, all talking and laughing at once. The captain looked after them with an unpleasant grin on his bloated features.

"If I know anything of the weather conditions in these parts," he muttered, "and things happen as I expect 'em to, I'll get them nicely trapped, and it'll look like an accident. It's the easiest way of doing the job, and earning the money I've been promised."

(Another long instalment of this grand new serial, which will be full of surprising developments, next Monday. To avoid disappointment, order your copy early.)