

WONDERFUL GLOSSY FREE PHOTO OF THE WEDNESDAY INSIDE!

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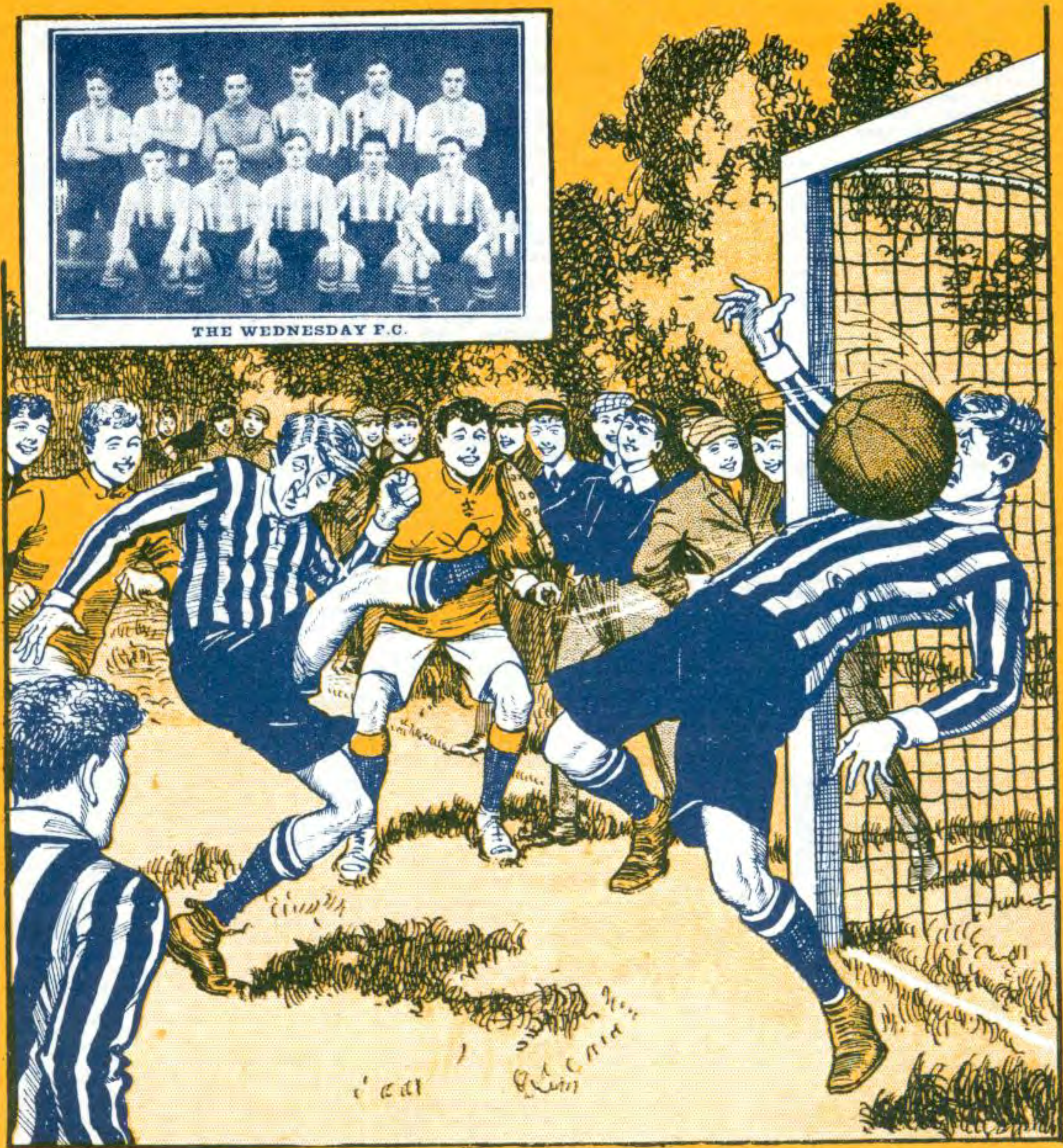
Week ending February 24th, 1923.

The Magnet Library

School & Detective Stories



THE WEDNESDAY F.C.



ANY GOAL DOES FOR ALONZO!

(A screamingly funny incident from this week's long complete story of Greyfriars.)

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"THE SPORTING CHAMPION!"

THE title alone of next Monday's magnificent story is indicative of the theme, and as every Britisher is a real sportsman at heart, I have no hesitation in saying that this latest masterpiece from the pen of Mr. Frank Richards will go like hot cakes.

As the majority of readers will remember, Bob Cherry is the present holder of the Cup presented by the governors of the school to the best sportsman, and Bob has a stiff fight before him if he is to retain this high honour.

Diek Penfold, the scholarship junior, also plays a very prominent part in this splendid story, whilst Billy Hunter, always to the fore when "laurels" are being bagged, suddenly develops sporting proclivities.

It is really astonishing how many "duds" begin to fancy their chances on such occasions—the weediest duffer will put down his name as an entrant; but Cups are not won without arduous preparation. Each event finds a crowd of eager juniors ready to compete, and some of the results are astonishing.

Don't miss this ripping yarn. It's full of that fascinating detail and the dry and humorous sallies which make Frank Richards so well worth reading.

SPECIAL HIGHWAYMAN SUPPLEMENT!

Next week's Supplement is "terrific," as Hurree Singh would say. Harry Wharton and his merry crowd of contributors have burnt the midnight oil in the preparation of this "special," and the result is distinctly pleasing.

"THE PERIL OF A PRINCE!"

Ferrers Locke is never greater than when he gets called in to solve one of the bigger problems of real romance and political intrigue. He is in his element next week in a story of really dazzling interest. Don't miss the above-named yarn—it's a scorcher!

THE SPANISH MAIN!

Look out in our Companion Paper, the "Boys' Friend," for the most thrilling pirate story ever written. It has a magic title. You are sure to like



We have often heard of how the mighty Drake singed the beard of his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, and since those stirring days, and before—in fact, all the time—the Spanish Main has meant romance and adventure in plenty. But I dare venture to say that no yarn ever turned out about pirates and dashing exploits on the high seas has the grip of the new "B.F." startler. Mind you see it. "Dead Man's Gold!" is one of the numerous sensational stories appearing in the "Boys' Friend."

THE SCOOP OF THE SEASON!

And now, my chums, for a great piece of news!

For this last six months shoals of letters have poured into this office from readers all over the globe requesting me to publish a series of articles on wireless.

In each case the writer seems to lament the fact that the technical terms and expressions in common use with wireless puts the damper on his enthusiasm at the outset.

To bring within the reach, therefore, of my thousands of chums a simple and comprehensive understanding of the world's latest discovery, I have engaged the services of one of England's leading electrical engineers to write specially for the "Magnet" a series of articles on wireless.

Each article will take the shape of a dictionary, wherein the technical terms of wireless will be transposed to simple English, and, moreover, the derivation and uses of all parts which go to make a complete outfit will be explained.

That such a "dictionary" will come as a boon and a blessing to hundreds of thousands of readers who at present find themselves "stuck" over such terms as "inductance coil," "condenser," etc., and the numerous other names given to wireless apparatus, and who, no doubt, have turned to technical dictionaries for enlightenment, only to find an explanation just as baffling, I feel positively certain.

I can promise you, my chums, that this new feature will appeal to all. Tell your friends who have wireless sets and those who are interested in wireless that

THE WIRELESS DICTIONARY FOR BOYS

will commence in the next number of the "Magnet" (March 3rd), and that this brilliant series of articles will continue until all the chief points in wireless have been explained—explained so that the veriest tyro will fully understand.

DON'T MISS SUCH A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY!

Wireless will be found in every home before many years have passed, and the fellow who is thoroughly cognizant with its intricate apparatus will get the best results from his set. Don't rank with those who are uninitiated in the technical terms and names of parts. Seize this wonderful opportunity and commence with Article No. 1 of

THE WIRELESS DICTIONARY FOR BOYS

in
Next Monday's MAGNET!

CORRESPONDENCE

D. C. Richardson, 115, High Street, Lees, near Oldham, wishes to correspond with readers at home and abroad on the subject of stamps.

Alf McFarlane, Waitati, Otago, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers overseas; also those interested in stamp collecting and photography. All letters answered.

H. N. W. Patton, Waverly, North Island, New Zealand, wishes to hear from stamp collectors anywhere for purposes of exchange.

Geo. Walter Tatham, c/o John Dickinson & Co., P.O. Box 362, East London, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in other countries, ages 17-19.

Your Editor.

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums!

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The Story of The Wednesday.

THE TEAM WHICH FORMS THE SUBJECT OF THIS WEEK'S GRAND FREE PHOTOGRAPH.

MOST people still refer to the club which has its headquarters at Hillsborough as Sheffield Wednesday, but in this they are wrong. The official title of the club to-day is The Wednesday, for the word Sheffield was dropped after the war. The name of the club gives a hint as to its origin: in the long ago they were a Wednesday club, playing matches in mid-week, and the title has clung to them ever since. Although they were not among the original members of the Football League, the club was in existence for years even before the League was formed, for there are records which show that they played in the Cup competition previous to 1880. In 1892 they first gained a place in the premier division, and since then the Wednesday of Sheffield has placed some wonderful performances opposite the name. In these days, when they are a struggling Second Division club, with none too bright prospects of promotion at the end of the present season, it is interesting to recall that they were the last club to win the championship of the First Division two seasons in succession. In the spring of 1903 and again in 1904 they finished at the head of affairs. Around that time they had a wonderful side, and in the 1906-7 season they won the English Cup for the second time in their history, the previous success being in 1896.

Naturally in the course of such a distinguished career, the Wednesday club has had some fine stars, and though space does not permit of the mention of all of them, there must be, barely recorded, men like Billy Betts, J. Hunter, Fred Spikesley, Tom Crawshaw, Andrew Wilson, and in quite late years, J. T. Brittleton, who is now a player of the Stoke club. For some reason or other, however, soon after the war the Wednesday directors had trouble with several of their players which lead to many migrations. James Blair went to Cardiff, and David McLean went to Bradford. These and other departures meant that the side had to be largely rebuilt, and during the rebuilding period, as often happens, the side had a very lean time. Down into the Second Division they went at the end of the 1919-20 season, and as yet they have not succeeded in winning back a place among the elite. Possibly they will do so in the near future, for their team, composed to a large extent of young fellows of promise, has big possibilities about it. And in George Wilson they have a player who at any rate fills to the complete satisfaction of everybody the most vital position in the team, namely, that of centre-half. Wilson had played many times for England, and this season another of their half-backs in young Kean was honoured with a place in the Football League against the Irish League. Davison, the goalkeeper, has not been as consistent during this season as usual, but he is a keeper who has rendered valuable service to the side for many years past.

At Hillsborough, which is some two miles from the centre of Sheffield, the club has one of the best equipped grounds in the country, capable of holding over 50,000 spectators. The offices of the club are on a lavish scale, and the dressing-rooms are thoroughly up-to-date. Indeed, after the writer had been shown all the wonders of the Wednesday ground—not so long ago—he expressed his admiration to one of the directors. "Oh, yes," said this man, "we have everything here except a really good team. That is what we want!"



The Duffer's sudden resolve to take up sport in every shape and form brings about some screamingly funny results. This ripping yarn will give you one long, big laugh.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Duffer Declines!

"ALONZO, old chap—"

Billy Bunter blinked in at the door of Study No. 7 in the Remove passage at Greyfriars with a beatific smile on his fat visage. Bunter did not always wear a beatific smile, neither did he usually enter his own study in that quiet, obsequious manner. And it was certainly quite out of the ordinary for the Owl of the Remove to address Alonzo Todd in such affectionate terms. Alonzo, who was seated at the table, poring over some papers, looked up in mild surprise.

"Oh! It is you, Bunter!" said the Duffer. "Please go away!"

"But I say—"

"Kindly do not interrupt, my dear Bunter! I am busy!"

Alonzo looked very busy indeed. Before him, on the table, was a litter of miscellaneous papers and little books bound in green cloth; the floor was littered, too, not only with papers, but with a number of parcels that had been opened and carelessly wrapped up again. The Duffer's usually placid brow was wrinkled with thought, and his rather thick hair was dishevelled, as though he had been running his fingers through it, like authors, and other learned beings do when cogitating on subjects of great probity.

Billy Bunter did not go away. He had a right in his own study, anyway. He came in and closed the door. Then he blinked through his round eyeglasses, first at the papers and the books on the table, and then, more intently, at the parcels on the floor.

"I say, Alonzo—"

"I am sorry, my dear Bunter, but I must request you to depart—"

"Oh, I like that, Alonzo! This is as much my study as yours, and—"

"Then, if you must stay, Bunter, will you kindly refrain from interrupting?"

"Look here, old chap! It's tea-time—"

"I do not want any tea, Bunter. I am far too busy to think of tea."

"You—you—you—" Billy Bunter was about to make an angry retort, but he checked himself. He had come to be

pleasant with Alonzo. It would not be tactful to indulge in high words at the beginning.

"Pray sit down and be silent, Bunter," said the Duffer. "I cannot concentrate while you are conversing with me. I should esteem it a greater favour—ahem!—if you would depart, my dear fellow, and leave me alone."

"Now, don't be unreasonable, Alonzo," said Billy Bunter in a pacific tone of voice. "By the way, I heard that you have had a letter from your Uncle Benjamin—"

"That is so, my dear Bunter."

"Containing a postal order for a quid, which Wingate changed for you—"

"Yes."

"Also a number of parcels—"

The Duffer nodded.

"Well," said Billy Bunter with a fat smile. "What about it, Alonzo?"

"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo Todd. "What about what?"

"It!" said Bunter. "The quid and the parcels, you know."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand, my dear Bunter," said Alonzo gently. "The postal order was in order, wasn't it?"

"I expect so; Wingate gave you the quid for it," said Billy Bunter impatiently. "But what about it, Alonzo? Aren't you going to whack it out?"

"Whack it out?" gasped the Duffer. "If you are alluding to fistical matters, my dear Bunter—"

"Fistical rats!" snorted the Owl of the Remove. "I mean the quid and the tuck!"

"The—the tuck! What tuck?"

"The tuck in those parcels!" said Bunter eagerly. "They were full of tuck, weren't they?"

"I am afraid you are labouring under a misapprehension, my dear Bunter," said Alonzo mildly. "Those parcels did not contain articles of a digestible nature."

"Oh!"

Billy Bunter's fat face fell. To him, nothing but tuck mattered in the wide, wide world. Bunter's thoughts night and day were of eating; his very existence depended upon gorging himself with tuck. All his dreams and visions were of tuck, glorious tuck! The very sight

of a parcel or a hamper suggested that magic word, tuck, to the greedy mind of William George Bunter. It seemed to him that a parcel wasn't a parcel at all, unless it contained something eatable. So it came as a great shock to him to learn that Alonzo's parcels did not contain tuck.

"You're spoofing, Alonzo!" he said desperately. "I don't believe you, you know. You're trying to conceal the tuck from me—"

"Indeed, my dear Bunter, you are quite wrong," said Alonzo in a tone of gentle remonstrance. "Such things as falsehood and deceit are farthest from my thoughts. I fear you are judging me by your own depraved standard of honesty, Bunter. I assure you I would not stoop to deceit and subterfuge. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Bunter. "What about the quid, then, Alonzo? I'm hungry."

"Tea in Hall will be ready soon, and—"

"Bother tea in Hall!" hooted Billy Bunter. "I'm hungry, I tell you! Ain't you going to whack out that quid for tea?"

"Indeed I am not, my dear Bunter!" said Alonzo gently but firmly. "My Uncle Benjamin sent me the money for a more worthy purpose than that of the purchase of unnecessary and indigestible delicacies."

Billy Bunter glowered at the Duffer through his huge spectacles.

"Then you're not going to share out that quid?" he demanded.

"I am afraid not, under the circumstances, my dear Bunter."

"You—you mean beast, Alonzo!" spluttered Bunter, wagging an indignant forefinger at the gentle Duffer. "You beastly miser! I'm blessed if I thought you were so close-fisted! Here am I, as hungry as a hunter, with nothing in my inside since dinner except a few jam-tarts, half a cake, some sardines, a tin of pineapple, the remains of a rabbit-pie, and a handful of biscuits I boned—I—I mean borrowed, from Vernon-Smith's study; and you have a quid—a whole quid!—and absolutely refuse to

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whack it out! Shame, Alonzo! You're a heartless, mean, close-fisted old skinflint, that's what you are!"

"My dear Bunter, really—" said Alonzo in great distress.

"I mean it!" shrieked Billy Bunter wrathfully. "Beastly stinginess and greed, that's what I call it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Alonzo! You might stand me half-a-crown at least!"

"I am sorry, my dear Bunter, but I really cannot see my way clear to give you a share of the sovereign my Uncle Benjamin sent me," said Alonzo sadly. "You see, I require all the money I have for the purchase of a pair of boxing-gloves—"

"Eh?"

"A pair of boxing-gloves, my dear Bunter, also some running-shorts and football boots—"

"Running-shorts and football boots!" gurgled Billy Bunter, like one in a dream.

"And a supply of Mizzler's Marvellous Mixture for Making Muscles—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And several other items necessary to the accomplishment of a course of health culture which I am taking up," said Alonzo mildly and earnestly.

William George Bunter blinked at his weedy study-mate in speechless amazement for a few minutes. The Duffer's explanation had quite taken his breath away.

"You—you're taking up a course of health culture!" he stuttered at length. "You—you're going in for boxing, and football, and running, and—and muscle-making! Oh, my hat! He, he, he!"

Alonzo Todd rose from the table and blinked at the giggling Owl.

"Really, my dear Bunter, there is no cause whatever for levity!" he said severely. "The special health culture course is most particularly recommended by the instructors of Spelmanism—"

"Spelmanism!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Yes—the little green books, you know," said Alonzo warmly. "Spelmanism teaches you how to cultivate your mind and memory. By a conscientious study of the little green books one is able to develop efficiency to the highest degree. Here are the little green books, and the instruction papers. You will perceive, my dear Bunter, that I am adopting the study of Spelmanism."

"You—you silly ass!" said Billy Bunter faintly.

"My dear Bunter!" said the Duffer, greatly shocked. "I have the whole-hearted approval of my Uncle Benjamin, whose counsel and advice I follow most carefully. He also advised me to adopt physical exercises and athletics as a means of developing a healthy brain as well as body. My Uncle Benjamin has taken up golf, and writes enthusiastically upon the advantages of outdoor recreation and sports. Indeed, so eager is he that I shall develop into an athlete, he has not only forwarded me a pound towards my expenses of health training, but he has sent me these very useful and appropriate articles besides. Look, my dear Bunter!"

Alonzo undid the parcel nearest at hand and displayed a punchball, complete with all fittings, including staples for wall and ceiling.

"Mum-my word!" gasped Billy Bunter wonderingly.

The next parcel contained a pair of dumb-bells. The Duffer handled them with pride. He then showed Bunter a set of Indian clubs and a number of thick books on "Boxing—the Art Explained," and "Chest and Muscle Development,"

and "How to Become an Athlete," and several others.

"Great Scott!" said Billy Bunter. "What a lot of rot!"

"Indeed, my dear Bunter, my Uncle Benjamin—"

"Any sensible uncle would have sent his nephew a good-sized tuck-hammer, instead of that rubbish!" snapped Bunter. "What's better for the development of health and strength and a strong mind than grub, and plenty of it? Look at me! I admit I do eat a fair amount at times—when I can get it—and I have the makings of a splendid athlete in me. But what deters the good qualities from coming out? Simply an insufficiency of grub! I'm underfed, that's what I am, for a fellow of such fine physique."

"Look here, Alonzo, the best thing you can do to become a good athlete is to lay a solid foundation. Build the body by means of grub. Gimme that quid, and I'll get the necessary things from the tuckshop. Then we'll have a ripping spread on our own—what?"

Alonzo looked hard at his fat study-mate. He was popularly known as the Duffer of Greyfriars, and Alonzo really was a simple youth. His cousin Peter always declared that Alonzo was as innocent as the babe unborn. But Alonzo was not such a duffer as to be wheedled round to Billy Bunter's selfish way of thinking. He had been Bunter's study-mate long enough to know the wiles of that hungry youth. The Duffer, in short, was not "having any."

"I greatly fear, my dear Bunter, that you speak entirely with the motive of obtaining an orgy of delicacies for yourself!" he said severely. "You are seeking to delude me into expending my financial resources at the tuckshop, as much for your benefit as mine. But your subterfuge is too apparent!"

"Look here, Alonzo, old chap, you might be reasonable!" said Billy Bunter peevishly. "Just half-a-crown—"

"No, my dear Bunter, I—"

"Two bob, then!"

"I am afraid I cannot—"

"One and a tanner!" spluttered Bunter. "You might make it one and a tanner!"

"On the contrary, my dear Bunter—"

"A bob, then!" howled Bunter desperately. "Only a bob!"

"I must be firm, Bunter. My Uncle Benjamin said that firmness—"

"Blow your Uncle Benjamin!" spluttered the Owl of the Remove. "Look here, I'll take a tanner. That'll buy three tarts—"

"I cannot afford to give you anything, Bunter," said Alonzo, waving a bony hand aloft. "Kindly depart, for I wish to proceed with my study of the little green books—"

"Hang the little green books!" roared Bunter. "Do you mean to say, Alonzo, that you even begrudge me a paltry tanner?"

"I begrudge nothing, my dear Bunter, but under the circumstances—"

"Then you ain't going to part up?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"No. My Uncle Benjamin—"

"You and your Uncle Benjamin!" snorted Bunter in deep disgust. "He must be potty to send you all that tosh! You, an athlete! He, he, he! Why, you—you weedy, skinny freak—"

"My dear Bunter—"

"You long-nosed image! You fat-headed chump! You blithering idiot—"

"Bunter!" gasped Alonzo, blinking in

distress. "I fail to perceive the reason for such—"

"Yah! Mingy beast! Mean rotter! Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled to the door and delivered that last glowing testimony to his feelings with a glare at Alonzo that bade fair to crack his spectacles. Then he departed in disgust, slamming the door with quite unnecessary violence behind him.

"Dear me!" murmured the gentle Duffer as he returned to his little green books. "What a most unreasonable and turbulent youth Bunter really is! I am sure that Uncle Benjamin, could he have heard him just now, would be shocked—nay, disgusted!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Peter Objects!

ALONZO devoted another half an hour to training his mind and memory on the lines laid down by the marvellous science of Spelmanism, filled in the examination sheets, and then rose from the table. It was now time for him to put in a little physical exercise. Uncle Benjamin had written to say that he wanted to see Alonzo develop into an athlete, and the Duffer, who followed his uncle in everything, and whose one aim and object in life was to please Uncle Benjamin, had made up his mind to gratify his wish. He had heaps of confidence.

Alonzo picked up the punchball and blinked at it. The textbook asseverated that exercise on the punchball was one of the most important aids to muscle development. So Alonzo decided to do a little punchball exercise.

He blinked round for a suitable spot to affix the punchball. Having decided on a spot, he moved the table back to make room for his activities, fetched a chair and a hammer, and drove a staple into the ceiling. He cracked the plaster somewhat in the operation, but that was only a detail. The staple went in well and held.

Then Alonzo descended and fixed the other end of the punchball rope to the floor by means of another staple. The rope stretched from floor to ceiling with the punchball wobbling in the centre. All was now ready.

The Duffer, with a very serious look on his face, divested himself of his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, took his stance according to the instruction booklet, and hit out wildly at the ball. The blow missed, and Alonzo, staggering forward, collided with the rope and performed an ungraceful somersault to the floor.

Bump!

"Yoooooogh! Yah! Oh dear! Groooooogh!" gasped the Duffer. He rose in rather a dazed condition. "I—I really must be more accurate. Yowp! I'll try again."

Alonzo tried again. He managed to hit the ball a mighty swipe, but in dodging out of its way on the rebound he sat down again heavily, with a jolt that shook every bone in his body.

"Ow-wow-wow-wow!"

The Duffer picked himself up and groped for the instruction booklet. There was really more in punchball practice than there seemed at first. He read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested the whole chapter on punchball exercises, and then went at it again, hot and strong.

Biff! Whack! Wallop! Thud!

There was a sound of heavy footsteps

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in the passage, and next minute the door of Study No. 7 opened to admit Peter Todd.

At that precise moment Alonzo took a run at the ball and gave it a Herculean punch. The punchball whizzed forward and struck Peter violently on his rather prominent nose before he had time to get through the doorway.

Biff!
"Yarooogh!" howled Peter.

He reeled back and fell to the floor with a fearful thud.

"Oh dear!" gasped Alonzo.

Peter lay on the floor, too dazed to rise for the moment. He had just come in from footer practice and had certainly not expected such a violent reception. It seemed to his bewildered brain that he had been struck by a steam-hammer.

"Yooogh! Yah! Ow-wow-wow!" he moaned.

The Duffer hastened forward, blinking in distress.

"My dear Peter, how can I say how sorry I am?" he gasped. "I had no idea that you were coming through the door at that moment."

"Grooogh! Yerrugh! My nose is broken! Yowp!" gurgled Peter, sitting up on the floor. "What was it that hit me—a coke-hammer?"

"No, my dear Peter, it was a punchball—"

"A punchball! Yow-owp! My hat! Grooogh!"

Peter rose to his feet and gazed at the wobbling punchball like one in a dream. He could hardly believe the evidence of his own optics for some minutes. A punchball in his study! It didn't seem real. But that fearful thump he had had on the nose was real enough. It hurt considerably. Peter whirled round on his gentle cousin.

"Who brought this thing in here?" he howled. "Whose is it?"

"Mine, my dear Peter! I am most distressed that I have inadvertently struck you with it—"

"You—you biffed me with that punchball!" gurgled Peter, glaring like a gargoyle. "You've busted my nose! Why, I—I'll slaughter you, Alonzo!"

He made a dash at his cousin, and the Duffer, with a wild look, dodged away.

"Pray listen to reason, my dear Peter!" he gasped. "I did not know that—"

"You had no business to rig up such a thing in this room right in front of the door!" roared Peter furiously. "You mad maniac, Alonzo! I'll punch your blessed boko, and then see how you like it! Yowp! Lemme get hold of you—Yah! Oooooogh!"

Peter had not noticed the dumb-bells lying on the floor. His foot caught in one of them, and he came over again with a terrific crash that shook the windows.

Alonzo gazed down at his fallen cousin with a scared look.

"Oh dear! My poor Peter—"

"Yooogh! Wow! What was that?" moaned the luckless Peter, sitting up and rubbing his head. "Somebody tripped me up— Grooogh! My hat! Dumb-bells!"

Peter jumped up and glared about him in amazement. He blinked at the punchball, the dumb-bells, the Indian clubs, the little green books and the athletical volumes.

"Wh-what's all this?" he stuttered faintly. "Who brought all these in here?"

"They are mine, my dear Peter," said the Duffer gently. "Uncle Benjamin

sent them to me so that I could become an athlete—"

"You an athlete! Oh, my only hat!" gurgled Peter.

"Pray do not resort to any violence, Peter. I did not intend striking you with the punchball. Neither was I aware that you would fall over the dumb-bells. I was practising when you came in—"

"Practising!" gasped Peter. "To become an athlete! Alonzo, you chortling chump!"

"Really, my dear Peter—"

"You stand as much chance of becoming an athlete as Bunter has of becoming a fairy dancer!" hooted Peter in exasperation. "Look at the mess this room's in! I want my tea!"

"My dear Peter, I regret that it will be impossible to have tea in this study this evening," said the Duffer firmly. "I have to devote at least two hours to my various exercises, and—"

Ere Alonzo could conclude his expostulation sounds of footsteps came from outside, and the Famous Five looked in. They gasped in great astonishment when they saw the scene in Study No. 7.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry breezily. "What's the giddy game?"

Peter Todd glared round. He and Alonzo were so alike that it was impossible to tell which was which, except for the smudge of mud that Peter had on his face—collected from the footer-field.

"Look at the state of this room!" he said, in accents that trembled with wrath. "Alonzo's taken up athletics, and reckons on turning the room into a gym!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Is that punchball Alonzo's?" said Frank Nugent faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared. So did a large number of fellows who came out of their studies and crowded round the doorway to see what the excitement was about.

"Really, my dear fellows—" said the Duffer of Greyfriars, blinking reprovingly at the hilarious Removites.

"Alonzo, the athlete!" roared Bob Cherry. "Oh, my giddy aunt! What next! Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter did not laugh; he looked fierce.

"I've come in to have my tea, and this is what I'm greeted with!" he roared, and rubbed his nasal organ tenderly. "I'm not going to stand it! I'll mop up the floor with Alonzo and his rubbish, I—"

"Never mind, old chap. Keep your wool on!" said Harry Wharton with a laugh. "We came to ask you in to tea with us. Dick Trumper & Co. have come over from Courtfield to arrange about the match on Saturday. Bob's had a tip from his pater, and I'm in funds, so we're having a good spread."

"Oh, good egg!" said Peter, brightening considerably.

He looked severely at the Duffer as he turned to depart.

"Mind, Alonzo, if you haven't cleared up the mess in this room by the time I come back for prep, there'll be a row!" he said in a grim voice. "I always thought you were a chortling chump, but this absolutely beats the band!"

"But, my dear Peter, Uncle Benjamin said—"

"Bow-wow!" snapped Peter.



Alonzo took the Indian clubs and proceeded to swing them. They seemed very easy to handle, but somehow he lost the run of them. Both clubs flew from the Duffer's hands and whizzed in different directions. There was a sudden crack and a fiendish yell from Bolsover major: "Yarooogh!" (See Chapter 3.)

Bunter as a cyclist will "puncture" you and "tyre" you out with laughter!

He strode from the room, and accompanied the Famous Five back to Study No. 1. There a roaring fire was burning in the grate, and Bob Cherry and Nugent went for supplies at the tuckshop.

Very soon the appetising smell of frying bacon and eggs and toast filled the air of Study No. 1. Tea was nearly ready when Dick Trumper & Co. arrived.

"Come right in!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully as he shook hands with the Courtfield boys' leader. "We're a little bit crowded in here, but make yourselves at home. Inky doesn't mind having his tea on the fender!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a very merry tea-party that ensued in Study No. 1. Dick Trumper & Co. roared when they heard about Alonzo, and Peter joined heartily in the laughter.

"Well, about this footer match on Saturday," said Dick Trumper. "We mean to give you a licking, you know!"

"Wait and see, old son!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Well, we'll have a good cut at it, anyhow?" said the Courtfield captain with a cheery smile. "You see, the match may mean a lot to us. Alderman Moore, one of the local big-wigs, is giving a subsidy of a hundred pounds to the best amateur football team to represent the town. We are going out for that subsidy!"

"A hundred quid? My hat!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"We wish you the best of luck, Trumper!" said Harry Wharton.

"Thanks! I think we stand a good chance of getting it," said Dick Trumper. "Ours is only a Council school team, you know, but our chaps play splendidly."

"Rather!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "Your men are hot stuff, old scout, and you deserve to win!"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you about the subsidy till afterwards," said Trumper, colouring a little. "You might think I was hinting that you should give us the match—"

"Not a bit, Trumper, old man!" said Harry Wharton quickly. "We know you too well to think that. We know you're true blue. We'll play our best on Saturday, and try to lick you. Even if you are beaten, but put up a good game, your chances of winning the subsidy won't be gone."

"Of course not!" said Dick Trumper. "We expect you chaps to give us a hard tussle, so that we can show what we're really made of. I've a couple of new chaps in the team—not Council school boys. Brooker and Climpson are their names, and they're both newcomers to Courtfield. This match on Saturday will try them out, too. I'm rather anxious to see how they shape."

"Right-ho, Trumper!" said Harry Wharton. "Our team's in the pink of condition. We've been hard at practice lately, and some of our men are going great guns—especially old Peter here. He's a demon on the left wing. We'll give you the tussle of your lives on Saturday!"

And tea in Study No. 1 proceeded merrily, Harry Wharton & Co. and Dick Trumper & Co. discussing the forthcoming match, on the best of terms.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Trials of Training!

ALONZO'S training to become an athlete went on apace. He took his dumb-bells and Indian clubs up to the dormitory with him when Wingate herded the Remove up to bed that night.

Alonzo, when he had got into his pyjamas, took out the dumb-bells, and proceeded to perform a number of weird and wonderful evolutions with them.

The Remove gazed at him in astonishment.

"Great pip!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "What's the game, Alonzo? Trying to turn yourself into a miniature windmill?"

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

They watched Alonzo perform with the dumb-bells in high amusement. It was, as Bulstrode remarked, as good as a cinema show. The minutes flew by, and at length Wingate came in to see lights out.

RESULT OF NEWCASTLE UNITED PUZZLE-PICTURE COMPETITION.

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

EDWARD ROCHFORD,
21, Nicholas St.,
Cork, Irish Free State.

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

H. Morgan, 27, Victoria Rd., Folkestone; R. J. Love, 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset; Rose Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Stourbridge; John Budd, Gellygron Rd., Pontardawe, Swansea; V. A. Chapman, 8, Stirling Rd., Walthamstow, E. 17; Louisa Arnold, 27, Delorme St., Fulham, W. 6.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following thirty-four competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

Stanley Love, 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset; Alfred Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Stourbridge; George Arnold, 27, Delorme St., Fulham, W. 6; Len Baskett, 15, Hall St., Chelmsford; Thomas Combe, 70, Hawthornvale, Leith; Sarah Carroll, 45, Duncan St., Oldfield Rd., Salford; George Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Stourbridge; Ernest Massey, 27, Endell St., Long Acre, W.C. 2; Alfred Carr, 70, Bargate E., Boston; S. J. Evans, 44, Regent St., Gloucester; Lily Taylor, 4, Drapers Field, Coventry; Frances Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Sunderland; Miss M. O. Aitken, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; Albert Taylor, 53, Flaxby Rd., Darnall, Sheffield; Mary Kennedy, 4, Flishers Vennel, Perth; James W. Clark, 37, River View, Black Hall Mill, Hamsterly Colliery, Durham; Miss M. Gilles, 1, Phoenix St., Stonehouse, Plymouth; Samuel Bishop, 45, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Stourbridge; C. Porterheld, 80, Milton Rd., Hanwell, W. 7; James Lynch, 8, Greenhough St., Ancoats, Manchester; G. Sharp, Counteshury, Hayling Island, Hants; Mrs. A. Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; C. Ayres, 9, The Walk, Birdwell, Barnsley; A. Woodcock, 9, Warton Terrace, Bootle, Liverpool; David Hamilton, 20, Duke St., Motherwell; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Rd., Bishopston, Bristol; John Simpson, 8, Mill Rd., Halfway, Cambuslang, Lanark; L. Spencer, 3, Ropewalk, Gt. Brickkiln St., Wolverhampton; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth St., Sunderland; J. Axor, 68, Nugget St., Oldham; H. Kimmings, 36, Ritches Rd., West Green, N. 15; D. Whetnall, 31, Wellington St., Burslem, Staffs; Mrs. Bert Wolf, 4, Prospect Place, Keston, Kent; Leonard Mullineaux, Sunny Side, Victoria Rd., Preston.

SOLUTION.

Newcastle United is the most difficult Association football club in this country for a young footballer to enter, as it engages only the best talent it can obtain. Newcastle has consistently been a splendid side, but its Cup history is a disappointing one.

He stood stock still, and gazed in amazement at the athletic Alonzo.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "Todd!"

Alonzo gave a jump, and in his confusion dropped one of the dumb-bells. Next minute he gave a howl and commenced to hop about on one foot, clasping the other tightly between his hands.

"Yow-ow-ow! Gerrugh! My foot! Wow!" he wailed.

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

"Todd, what were you doing?" demanded Wingate.

"Wow-wow! Practising with the dumb-bells, and—"

"You young ass!"

"Really, my dear Wingate—"

"Put those things away and get to bed!" commanded the captain of Greyfriars sternly. "The gym is the proper place for health drill, Todd. Now then, not so much noise, you kids! Get to bed!"

In vain did Alonzo protest. Wingate roared when the Duffer told him that he was training to become an athlete. He bundled Alonzo into bed, and, with a grim warning to the Remove not to make any more noise, he turned out the lights and strode away, grinning.

A few minutes later there was the clink of a bottle from Alonzo's bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, sitting up. "Who's been smuggling ginger-pop into the dorm? My hat! It's you, Alonzo!"

The Duffer lit a candle, got out of bed, and measured out a quantity of a weird, yellow-looking liquid from a bottle into a glass.

The Removites sat up in bed and gazed at him in wonder.

"What the dickens have you got there, Alonzo?" demanded Peter.

"This is Mizzler's Marvellous Mixture for Making Muscle!" replied the Duffer mildly. "I have to take it four times a day."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You burbling idiot, Lonzy!" said Peter severely. "I always considered you several sorts of an ass, but I didn't think you were quite so potty! Chuck that stuff away!"

"Indeed, my dear Peter, I shall do no such thing!" replied Alonzo firmly. "This mixture is claimed to be the finest muscle maker in the world. It is recommended by Bombardier Beckett, the famous boxer—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Removites. They fairly rolled in their beds with mirth.

Gurgle, gurgle!

Alonzo swallowed the dose of Marvellous Mixture, and then made a wry face.

"Yurrugh! The flavour is—groogh!—distinctly bitter!" gurgled Alonzo. "Oh dear! Wow! Now I have to perform some Indian club exercises."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo took his Indian clubs from under his bed and proceeded to swing them. They seemed very easy to handle, but somehow Alonzo lost the run of them. Both clubs flew from the Duffer's hands with startling suddenness and whizzed in different directions. There was a sudden crack and a fiendish howl from Bolsover major.

"Yarooooogh!"

Alonzo blinked round and saw Bolsover rubbing his head where one of the clubs had struck. The other had fallen on Squiff's bed, missing that youth's cranium by inches.

"Oh dear!" gasped Alonzo distressfully. "My dear Bolsover—"

"Yow-wow-wow!" howled Bolsover. "You've busted my napper! Owp! I'll

There's magic in the word "sport"—and the magic is catching!

smash you for that! Oooop! Lemme get hold of you, I'll—I'll—"

Bolsover did not wait to finish saying what he'd do. He grabbed the Indian club, sailed out of bed, and made a rush at Alonzo. The Duffer of Greyfriars saw the gleam in Bolsover's eye, noted the club grasped in that angry youth's strong, right hand, scented danger and bolted away.

"My dear Bolsover—groog—it was an accident, and— Yah! Ooooop! Leggo!"

"I'll accident you!" roared Bolsover, grabbing Alonzo and laying him across Hazeldene's bed. "Why, I—I'll wallop you till you can't stand! I'll give you club! You'll get more of this confounded club than you like! Take that—and that—and that!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Alonzo wriggled in the burly Removite's grasp and yelled, as the club descended fast and violently upon his person.

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Desist, my dear Bolsover! Ooooop! My Uncle Benjamin—"

Whack, whack, whack!

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

In the midst of the uproar Wingate strode angrily in. He grasped Bolsover and whirled him away from the luckless Duffer. Alonzo lay on the bed and moaned.

"You young rascals!" exclaimed Wingate. "What is the meaning of this?"

"He nearly busted my napper with an Indian club—this club!" roared Bolsover furiously. "How would you like to have one of these things slung at you, Wingate? Groooooogh! I've got a bump on my head as big as a potato!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" commanded Wingate sternly. He fixed a grim look on Alonzo as that youth struggled up. So you have been larking about with these clubs! You young maniac, Todd, what did I tell you? Take a hundred lines for causing this disturbance at night. I'll have these clubs and the dumb-bells. Go back to bed. Bolsover, you've settled your score with Todd, by the look of things!"

Bolsover gave a growl and returned to bed, rubbing the bump on his cranium.

Alonzo blinked sadly after Wingate as the stalwart skipper departed with the dumb-bells and the clubs in his possession.

The Remove chuckled. Alonzo went back to bed and lay there squirming and moaning. He did not cease making those weird noises until sulphurous threats—and other things of a more solid nature—were hurled at him through the darkness by his exasperated Form-fellows.

Next morning, after call-bell, the Remove juniors were once again treated to the spectacle of Alonzo doing health drill in the dorm. Finally he took a rope from under his bed and proceeded to do some skipping exercises.

"The—the chuckle-brained idiot!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"The chuckle-brainfulness is terrific, my worthy chum," grinned Hurree Singh.

Alonzo skipping in the dormitory was a sight for gods and men and little fishes. The Removites shrieked at his weird antics—especially when Alonzo caught his feet in the rope and came down heavily on the floor. He did this many times.



Brooker and Climpson charged at Peter Todd with the gentle intention of "sandwiching" him; but Peter saw the plan in a flash. He halted dead in his tracks for a fraction of a second and then sped on. Next minute the two Courtfield players collided and crashed heavily to earth. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars fellows. (See Chapter 4.)

The noise he made brought Mr. Quelch to the dormitory. The Remove master gazed at Alonzo skipping, in speechless amazement.

"Todd," he ejaculated at length, "what ever are you doing? How dare you, sir! Stop this instant!"

"Groooooogh! Oh dear!" gasped Alonzo.

The Removites stood round, chuckling. Mr. Quelch's steely eyes glinted.

"Have you taken leave of your senses, boy?" rumbled the Form master angrily. "Skipping in the dormitory—I have never heard of such a thing! Which of the Todds are you?"

"I—I'm Alonzo, sir!" gasped the Duffer, blinking. "Pray allow me to explain, my dear sir."

"No explanation appears to be necessary!" said Mr. Quelch snappishly. "You are a stupid and ridiculous youth, Todd!"

"Dear me! The book on athletics specially recommends skipping exercises on rising—"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Am I to understand that you are indulging in this ridiculous pastime for athletic reasons?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Quelch," said the Duffer. "You see, Spelmanism recommends a course of health as well as mind culture—"

"Mind culture?" gasped Mr. Quelch faintly.

"Spelmanism is a science of invaluable use to those desirous of improving their mental faculties," said Alonzo. "I am

sure, my dear sir, that you would find a study of Spelmanism of particular benefit to yourself—"

"Todd!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"It would help you to strengthen your brain give you better reasoning powers, and assist you to exercise a better control over yourself."

"You ridiculous, insolent boy!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"My dear sir—"

"How dare you, Todd, speak to me in that manner?" rasped the Form master angrily. "Silence, boys, this is no laughing matter! Todd, I regard you as a most stupid and ridiculous youth!"

"Oh dear!" gasped the Duffer in distress. "My Uncle Benjamin says—"

"I do not care what your Uncle Benjamin says!" said Mr. Quelch tartly. "It appears that you have had some foolish notions put into your empty head, Todd. You certainly need something to improve your mind and inculcate some sense into you, but this rubbish will only make you all the more ridiculous. Kindly refrain from mentioning it again in my presence, Todd!"

Mr. Quelch swept away, and the Remove chortled.

"Really, I consider Mr. Quelch a most unreasonable man!" murmured Alonzo despondently. "His conduct is very high-handed and unfair. However, I will not abandon my training to become an athlete. Mr. Quelch is most misguided in his ideas, so I will not think too severely of him. But Uncle Benjamin, I know, would be shocked—nay, disgusted!"

Will Bob Cherry retain his title? Look out for next Monday!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**Honours Even!**

SATURDAY afternoon saw a large contingent of Greyfriars juniors taking train for Courtfield with the Remove Football Eleven.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in high feather. They had been practising hard, and had been showing great form.

"Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry breezily, as they trooped on to the ground.

Dick Trumper & Co. greeted them cordially.

The Courtfield captain and his merry men looked as fresh as daisies, and in the pink of condition. Harry Wharton & Co. knew most of them, but Bob Cherry knitted his brows at two burly, unsavoury-looking fellows who came swaggering up from the pavilion.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob. "Who are these two merchants?"

"The red-haired fellow is Brooker, and the other is Climpson," said Dick Trumper. "Those are the two new players I told you about. Between you and me and the gatepost, I don't think much of them. They are good footballers, but they are not sportsmen. Brooker, especially, is a good back—and he knows it. He tries to fling his weight about too much in the team. He even had the cheek to suggest to the other fellows that they should make him captain."

"My hat!" said Harry Wharton. "What did the others say?"

"They told Brooker to go and eat coke!" grinned Dick Trumper. "Since then Brooker and his pal have been like a couple of bulls with sore necks. Anyway, we'll see how they shape in this match."

The rival elevens retired to the dressing-rooms to get ready for the fray. Nearly all Courtfield had turned out to see the match, and the Greyfriars fellows were there in full force. Both teams were in good form, and it was expected to be a gruelling battle.

Wharton won the toss and elected to play with the wind at his back. The Courtfield eleven attacked hotly right from the whistle, and swept down the field in grand style. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, in the half-back line, managed to stem the oncoming tide by capturing the ball and indulging in some neat headwork that transferred the leather towards the home territory again in double-quick time.

"Play up, Remove!" roared the Greyfriars fellows round the ropes.

"Go it, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton scooped up the ball from a lightning pass from Peter Todd, and he flashed up the centre of the field with the sphere at his feet. The Courtfield halves came at him like a pack of wolves, then he passed to Frank Nugent. The attackers came up hotly, but the Remove team worked in perfect harmony. Their passing and headwork was brilliant to a degree.

Dick Trumper & Co. put up a good defence, and a stern struggle took place in mid-field. Hurree Singh, in a break-away, sped into Courtfield territory with the leather spinning merrily at his feet. He got round the halves in masterly style, and then Brooker came lunging at him. The heavy back had a scowl on his face as he charged the dusky Remove. His foot flashed out, and Inky went down with a cry of pain.

"Foul!" shouted Bolsover major from the touchline.

Dick Trumper and his men darted angry looks at Brooker. It was a foul, and the referee stopped the game. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull ran over to Hurree Singh, who tried to get up, but sank back again with a painful gasp.

"My ankle!" he muttered. "I have been kickfully fouled! The hurtfulness is terrific!"

Brooker stood by sullenly as Dick Trumper angrily censured him. Courtfieldians round the ropes loudly booed the fouler. They were sportsmen all, and loved fair play.

The penalty kick did not result in a goal, but Harry Wharton scored soon afterwards with a flying kick from the opponent half-back line.

"Hurrah!"

"Goal!"

"One up!" chuckled Bob Cherry jubilantly.

Hurree Singh had made manful efforts to continue his play, but the pain of his injured ankle rendered it impossible, and he had to be helped off the field. Wibley and Dick Rake bathed the wound for him in the dressing room.

Dick Trumper darted a warning look at Brooker, but the burly back only scowled, and then grinned at Climpson, his crony.

The loss of Hurree Singh was no light matter for the Remove team, but they pressed hard and put up a splendid game.

Peter Todd, at outside-left, came out brilliantly where he was most wanted. He was on the opposite wing to Vernon-Smith. The Bounder was considered to be the champion junior winger of Greyfriars, but Peter Todd's performance that afternoon quite put Vernon-Smith's playing in the shade, good though it was.

Dick Trumper & Co. played up spiritedly, and in spite of a good defence, they broke through; and Trumper himself, taking a header from his outside-left, lobbed in a smashing shot that tore its way through Bulstrode's hands.

After this the game was full of thrills. Peter Todd, almost immediately after the kick-off, captured the ball from the Courtfield inside-right with a twist that left that worthy gasping. Next minute the lanky Remove was down the wing like a flash of lightning. His supporting forwards followed him down eagerly. Peter and Harry Wharton kept passing and repassing brilliantly, and so took the ball well into the home territory.

Delighted cheers rang out for Toddy. His long, weedy legs went like clockwork. Brooker charged at him, and at the same time Climpson lunged forward from the opposite side. The idea of the pair was to "sandwich" Peter—one of the foulist tricks known on a football field. But Peter saw the plan in a flash, and, halting dead in his tracks, stepped back, neatly rolling the ball with him. Next minute Brooker and Climpson collided and fell down heavily on top of each other on the muddy field.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars fellows.

"You did 'em that time, Peter?" chortled Bob Cherry.

In a twinkling Toddy was round the fallen pair, and two minutes later he reached the goal, and shot. The Courtfield custodian, who had performed brilliantly in the match so far, was baffled by that shot. It left him bewildered, and the leather thudded into the net.

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Toddy!"

The interval followed, and Peter Todd was enthusiastically thumped on the back

by his delighted Form-fellows as he strode to the pavilion.

Dick Trumper came up to Harry Wharton & Co. with a troubled look on his face.

"I'm sorry for the rotten tricks those two, Brooker and Climpson, have been up to," he said. "I've just been giving them a piece of my mind. If I'd known what dirty players they were, I should never have included them in the team."

"That's all right, old chap!" said Harry Wharton. "We don't blame you. We know you and the others are far above encouraging those rotters!"

"Thanks, Wharton!" said the Courtfield skipper. "I hope Hurree Singh's foot is better."

"I think I shall be able to continue playfully, my worthy friend," said Inky. "But the painfulness is still rather terrific."

The dusky Nabob of Bhanipur took his old place on the field when time for the resumption came round. The second phase of the game saw Dick Trumper & Co. going all out to force the pace. They took a definite offensive, and kept up a persistent bombardment of the Remove goal. But Bulstrode was all there. The manner in which he dodged about in the goal-mouth and booted and fisted out the ball elicited rounds of cheers from the touchline.

Then Johnny Bull happened to slip on the greasy soil, and Dick Trumper, following up, captured the leather, passed to Grahame, and this worthy promptly lobbed the leather home.

The Courtfieldians looked jubilant.

"Look out for Brooker and the other chap down there!" said Wharton to his men, as they took their places for the next kick-off. "They've got the hint that this is their last game with Dick Trumper & Co., and they're going to make trouble. Alderman Moore is looking on, and these two rotters will try and get old Trumper into bad odour."

"We'll look out for them!" said Peter Todd grimly.

Peter found himself in possession of the ball within a minute of the whistle, and raced away with it down the field in the twinkling of an eye. Dick Trumper & Co. attacked valiantly, and Peter's eyes gleamed. He took all the limelight, attracted the Courtfieldians round him in a bunch, and then, when the home players were least expecting it, he lifted the ball over their heads with a beautiful kick, and the leather landed at the feet of Harry Wharton. The Remove skipper scooped the ball round, steadied, and shot. He made no mistake about it, and the sphere went in with a thud.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Three to two!" said Wickers of Courtfield. "Play up, chaps; we're one behind."

Dick Trumper & Co. played up. When Harry Wharton & Co. pressed hard they defended their goal valiantly, despite the crude playing of Brooker and Climpson. As Harry Wharton had expected, the two new recruits, realising that Dick Trumper would not give them places in another match to exercise their unsportsmanlike methods, did all they possibly could to cause trouble on the field. But the forwards charged them out of the way and gave them as little chance as possible to carry out their designs. The rascally backs' methods, however, were not without result, for Vernon-Smith got through Dick Trumper & Co.'s defence and rammed the ball home for the fourth time into the home net.

The struggle went on, Trumper & Co. doing their utmost to make good the

Harry Wharton & Co. are well to the fore next week!

deficit. They played magnificently, and Alderman Moore's voice was as loud as any in cheering their plucky efforts. Trumper made another bid for Harry Wharton & Co.'s citadel—and won through. The first shot he sent in was listed out again by Bulstrode, but Trumper's foot again met the ball and sent it in with a swiftness that gave the goalie no opportunity whatever. The leather flashed into the net, and a terrific burst of cheering greeted the Courtfield skipper's splendid goal.

The Greyfriars fellows cheered as well—Trumper deserved it.

But the home team were still one behind, and time was going on. Trumper passed the word round, and his men adopted defensive tactics. It became a ding-dong struggle, livened up at intervals by some brilliant playing by Peter Todd. Harry Wharton & Co. pressed hard, tried innumerable corner kicks, and gave Trumper & Co. the struggle of their lives. But the Courtfield boys stood up to it gamely. Their goalie was magnificent, and all eyes were riveted upon him as he thumped out shot after shot that Harry Wharton, Peter Todd, and Squiff persisted in trying him with.

Dick Trumper gained possession after a breakaway, and turned the tide in the home team's favour in a manner that held the spectators spellbound. He got the leather past the centre line, took it up to the half-back area, feinted, and dodged, and then shot hard.

Bulstrode wasn't there when the ball came up, and Trumper's goal was hailed with a round of cheers from all quarters.

“We're level now!” said Bob Cherry. “My word! It's a jolly good game!”

Dick Trumper & Co., determined to put up a fight for victory in the waning minutes of the game, pressed down in good style. Frank Nugent had the misfortune to get off-side, and this gave the Courtfieldians an advantage which they were quick to follow up. Then Wickers, securing possession of the ball, sent it across at the crucial moment to Dick Trumper, who bore it swiftly goalwards. He spotted an opening in the Remove defence, and went through it. Bob Cherry charged at him, but not before the nimble-witted skipper had lobbed the leather over to Grahame. Grahame sent it crashing against the crossbar. Harry Wharton & Co. swooped upon it as it came down into play again, but the Courtfield forwards were also there. Followed a fierce scrum, and Wickers made a fine escape with the leather, next minute sending it into the Remove goal with a beautifully timed shot.

Bob Cherry groaned.

“Five more minutes to go; and we're one short!” he said. “Oh, my hat! Have we no deliverer among us?”

Peter Todd came to the fore in whirlwind style right from the whistle. Dick Trumper & Co. centred all their attention upon him, tried all they knew to block his path down the wing, but Peter got through them like a cyclone. The eyes of the Greyfriars fellows were riveted anxiously on him. Peter was the hope of the side. Brooker and Climpson tried some fouling, but Peter laughed openly at them. He charged full tilt at Brooker, and the red-haired fellow went down like a log. Two more minutes to play, and Dick Trumper & Co. pounded up to defend their goal. It was a situation of tense anxiety for Greyfriars. Would they rob Toddy of the leather?

Biff!

Peter kicked, but Trumper intercepted it. Peter flung himself forward, and took

the ball again before Trumper had time to think, even. Then another thud rang out, and the ball went straight as a die from Peter's foot towards the goal. The Courtfield goalie rolled over and over in a frantic yet futile effort to stop the leather. The net bulged outwards with the impact of the ball, and the Greyfriars fellows let out a triumphant howl:

“Goal!”

Simultaneously the referee's whistle shrilled out for the last time, and the great match was over. The Remove and Dick Trumper & Co. had drawn a brilliant game. The two skippers shook hands enthusiastically, and the spectators, jubilant and excited, swarmed on the field.

“Jolly good game!” laughed Dick Trumper. “I—I really thought, a little while ago, that we'd be beaten!”

“If we had we should have blamed Brooker and his pal!” said Wickers grimly. “What are you going to do about those two cads, Dick?”

“They go out of the team from now on!” said Dick Trumper decisively. “We don't want shady players in our eleven, and we can get on very well without them.”

Brooker and Climpson scowled darkly when they heard the decision.

“Think you'll get Alderman Moore's subsidy without us—eh?” sneered Brooker. “Well, we shall see, Master 'Igh and Mighty Trumper! Don't you think yours is the only team in Courtfield capable of winnin' that 'undred quid?”

“If you require any assistance in kicking those two off the field, Trumper, old man, you can rely on us!” said Bob Cherry meaningly.

“Hear, hear!” chorused a score of Removites.

Brooker and Climpson backed away hastily, and slunk into the dressing-rooms. They left the ground followed by a good deal of hissing. Dick Trumper & Co. soon forgot Brooker and his crony. They had prepared a fine tea in the Council school-room, having obtained special permission to do so from their headmaster, and the two teams, who had equalised in the great match, went away together and were soon revelling in the spread.

“Here's Dick Trumper's health!” said Bob Cherry, standing up during the proceedings, with a glass of foaming ginger-pop in his hand. “We drink to a team of jolly good sportsmen, and may they pull off the Alderman Moore Subsidy!”

The Council school hall rang with the hearty response of Harry Wharton & Co.

“Hear, hear!”

“And so say all of us!”

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A “Sporting” Proposition!

“I SAY, Toddy!”

Billy Bunter came trotting into the gym two days later, after morning lessons, with a look of excitement on his fat face. He halted and blinked through his spectacles in astonishment.

Both the Todds were there, surrounded by a group of chortling Removites. Peter and Alonzo had the gloves on and were boxing together, much to the amusement of the spectators. The Duffer, still as keen as ever on developing into an



Peter Todd laid violent hands on the sportive Mr. Brooker and whirled him to the door. “Yah! Wow!” roared Brooker. “I've come here with a straight offer, and I expect—Yoop! Wharrer you doing? Hands off! Wowp! Yarooooh!” (See Chapter 5.)

The “sports” of Highcliffe take a hand, too!

athlete, according to the desire of his Uncle Benjamin, had prevailed upon Peter to act as his sparring partner and to give him some boxing lessons.

Alonzo was getting decidedly the worst of it, although Peter had not the slightest intention in the world of hurting his mild and gentle cousin. Peter was giving Alonzo a rough time in a humorous sort of way, and looked upon it as a huge joke. So did the fellows who were witnessing the bout. Alonzo, however, was in deadly earnest. His long, skinny arms went like a windmill's sails, and he endeavoured very hard to get through Peter's defence.

"I say, Toddy!" said Billy Bunter in a loud voice.

Peter heeded not, even if he heard. He was busy fending off the Duffer's wild slogs, and gently tapping his nose. Billy Bunter, with a wrathful snort, broke through the crowd and advanced, looking quite indignant.

"I say, Peter!" he roared. "You're wanted—"

Biff!

Alonzo made a terrific swipe at Peter just then, but that alert youth dodged. The blow, however, found a mark—right on Billy Bunter's snub nose.

"Yarooogh!" bellowed the Owl of the Remove. "Yah! Help! Ow-wow!"

Billy Bunter was bowled over like a ninepin. He sat up on the gym floor and roared. The spectators roared, too—but theirs was a different sort of roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear me!" gasped the Duffer, blinking down at the fallen Owl. "Was that you, Bunter? How silly of you to get in the way!"

"Yow - wow - wow - wow!" moaned Bunter, struggling up and holding his nose. "For two pins I'd—ow!—I'd mop up the floor with you, Alonzo! I—"

"You shouldn't have barged in, porpoise!" grinned Peter. "But what's the row? Did you want to speak to me, Bunter?"

"Groogh! Yes!" moaned Billy Bunter. "That chap Brooker, of Courtfield, is waiting in the study to see you. Wow-ow! He says it's important!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Peter. "I wonder what that chap wants with me?"

He peeled off his boxing-gloves, put on

his jacket, and hurried away, leaving Alonzo to proceed with some dumb-bell exercises. Peter crossed the quadrangle with a very grim look on his face. He found Brooker waiting by the window of Study No. 7. There was a haze of tobacco-smoke in the room and it made Peter sneeze.

"Groogh! What the dickens—"

"Afternoon Master Todd!" said Brooker, who was dressed very rakishly, and was smoking a cigarette. He came over to Peter with an affable smile on his coarse face. "I 'ope I don't intrude?"

"You do!" said Peter with delightful frankness, and gingerly taking the greasy hand that was extended to him. "Throw that cigarette away, Brooker. We aren't allowed to smoke in here."

Brooker grinned, and threw the cigarette into the grate.

"What do you want, anyway?" asked Peter, eyeing him grimly.

"I've come to 'ave a friendly chat with you, Master Todd," said Brooker. "I'm goin' to make you a good offer. You're a top-ole footballer. I couldn't 'elp admirin' the way you played against Dick Trumper's team on Saturday."

"Well?" asked Peter, without appearing to be the least bit flattered.

"Well, 'ow would you like to play in my team against 'em next Saturday?" asked Brooker with a leer.

"Your team?" gasped Peter.

"Yes; I'm captain of a team now, Master Todd. "We call ourselves the Crusaders. We're out for the 'undred quid that Alderman Moore is offerin'. You see," explained Brooker, with a crafty look, "when Trumper turned me and Climpson out of the team, we made up our minds to get our own back. So we've formed another team, to do Trumper in the eye—see?"

"Oh, yes, I see!" said Peter.

"We're just one man short," proceeded Brooker. "The match on Saturday with Dick Trumper's team decides which of us shall rake in the 'undred quid. Now, I want a good man to make up the eleven, and I thought of you, Master Todd. We'll make it worth your while to play for us. We'll give you a fiver just for Saturday. You needn't be particular 'ow you play, you know. I'm not a plaster

saint captain, like Trumper. We mean to win. Wot do you say to my offer?"

Peter Todd's lips curled, and he looked the rascally Brooker up and down, a steely glint in his eyes.

"I say this," he said between his teeth. "I wouldn't be found dead in your team, Brooker. Trumper's a decent fellow. He's worth a hundred of you! I wouldn't play under such a rotten, howling cad of a captain as you are, at any price! Hear that?"

"Look 'ere—" expostulated Brooker.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Peter in a grim voice.

"Yes, I 'eard it, but—"

"Then get out!" said Peter, pointing to the door. "Clear off, you rotter, before I kick you out! We'd rather not have such low-down cads as you on our school premises. Will you clear off?"

"No!" roared Brooker furiously.

"I've come 'ere with a straight offer, and I expect— Yah! Wow! Wharrer you doing? Hands off! Wowp! Yaroooogh!"

Peter laid violent hands on the sportive Mr. Brooker and whirled him to the door. He propelled him through it, and then dragged him along the Remove passage by the scruff of his neck.

"Yaroooogh! Leggo! Stoppit!" howled Brooker.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, coming out of Study No. 1 with Harry Wharton and the rest of the Co. behind him. "What's the rumpus? My giddy aunt! It's Brooker!"

"This sneaking cad came here with an offer to play me in a team he's raised to knock Dick Trumper & Co. out of the running," said Peter. "I'm just removing him from the premises. You chaps like to lend a hand?"

"What-ho!"

"The likefulness is terrific!"

The Famous Five rushed out and lent a hand. Several other Removites came up willingly. Brooker was kicked down the stairs by the redoubtable Peter, and hounded through the hall, and bumped into the quadrangle. The juniors gave Brooker no quarter. He was rushed over to the gates and deposited heavily in a puddle in the middle of the Friar-dale Lane outside.

"Yerrugh! Grooogh! Wow-wow!" he moaned. "I'll 'ave the police on yer!"

"Do as you please, but don't venture in here again!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "We do not associate with chaps of your kidney. Buzz off!"

Brooker struggled to his feet and commenced to hurl lurid epithets at the chums of the Remove. He broke into a run, however, and departed in hot haste when Harry Wharton & Co. made a threatening massed movement towards him.

Brooker disappeared round the bend in the lane, and the heroes of the Remove went back into the quad, chuckling. When Peter told them of Brooker's cool request, they uttered gasps of astonishment.

"What unheard-of cheek!" exclaimed Harry Wharton angrily. "As if Brooker could raise a team in Courtfield as good as Dick Trumper's! Trumper's got the pick of all the best footballers in Courtfield. I can see Brooker's game. He's formed a team of the residue, and reckons on beating Dick Trumper's team by fouling and crooked playing. The rest of Brooker's team are probably all right, with the exception of Climpson, but they're not a patch on the regular Courtfield team, and Brooker knows it.

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MYSTERY	NOW ON SALE!	

Who wins the Cup in the great sporting tussle next week?

That's why he came to you, Toddy, and offered you a place. He's out for the hundred pounds, and is probably duping the rest of the fellows he's got to join him. The beastly cheek of it!"

"Fearful nerve!" said Bob Cherry. "But still, chaps, I don't suppose Brooker will be in much of a hurry to come back here. If he does, he'll get it in the neck!"

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

The chums of the Lower School went in to dinner, and dismissed Brooker from their minds.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Little Joke!

ALONZO plucked Harry Wharton by the sleeve as the Remove filed out of the dining-room.

"My dear Wharton, I have a request to make," said the Duffer of Greyfriars gently. "As you fellows are already aware, I am taking a course of training in order to become an athlete—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "We do—we does, Alonzo!"

"My Uncle Benjamin particularly recommends me to adopt the game of football," said Alonzo earnestly. "He wrote and said that he would be delighted to hear that I had become a member of my Form football team. Therefore, Wharton, I should esteem it a great favour if you would allocate me a position in the Remove team."

"My only hat!" gasped Harry Wharton faintly. "Do I hear aright, you chaps?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Squiff. "Lonzy wants to be a footballer now! Behold the second Steve Bloomer!"

The Removites shrieked with laughter at the idea of the Duffer of Greyfriars as a footballer.

Alonzo blinked in mild remonstrance.

"My dear fellows, I fail to perceive any cause whatever for hilarity," he said. "With a little practice I dare say I should develop into quite a proficient footballer. The rudiments of the game I am already aware of. Footballing consists merely of propelling a ball by means of the feet towards a given goal. It's very simple—"

"Oh, yes, Alonzo—very simple!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Oh dear! Hold me up, somebody! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm sorry, Alonzo, but there's nothing doing!" said Harry Wharton with a laugh. "I should advise you to stick to skipping-ropes and dumb-bells, old chap. When we have a match on with a kindergarten, or an Old Age Pensioners' team, we might give you a place; but till then, there's simply no room for you in the Remove team. Cheerio!"

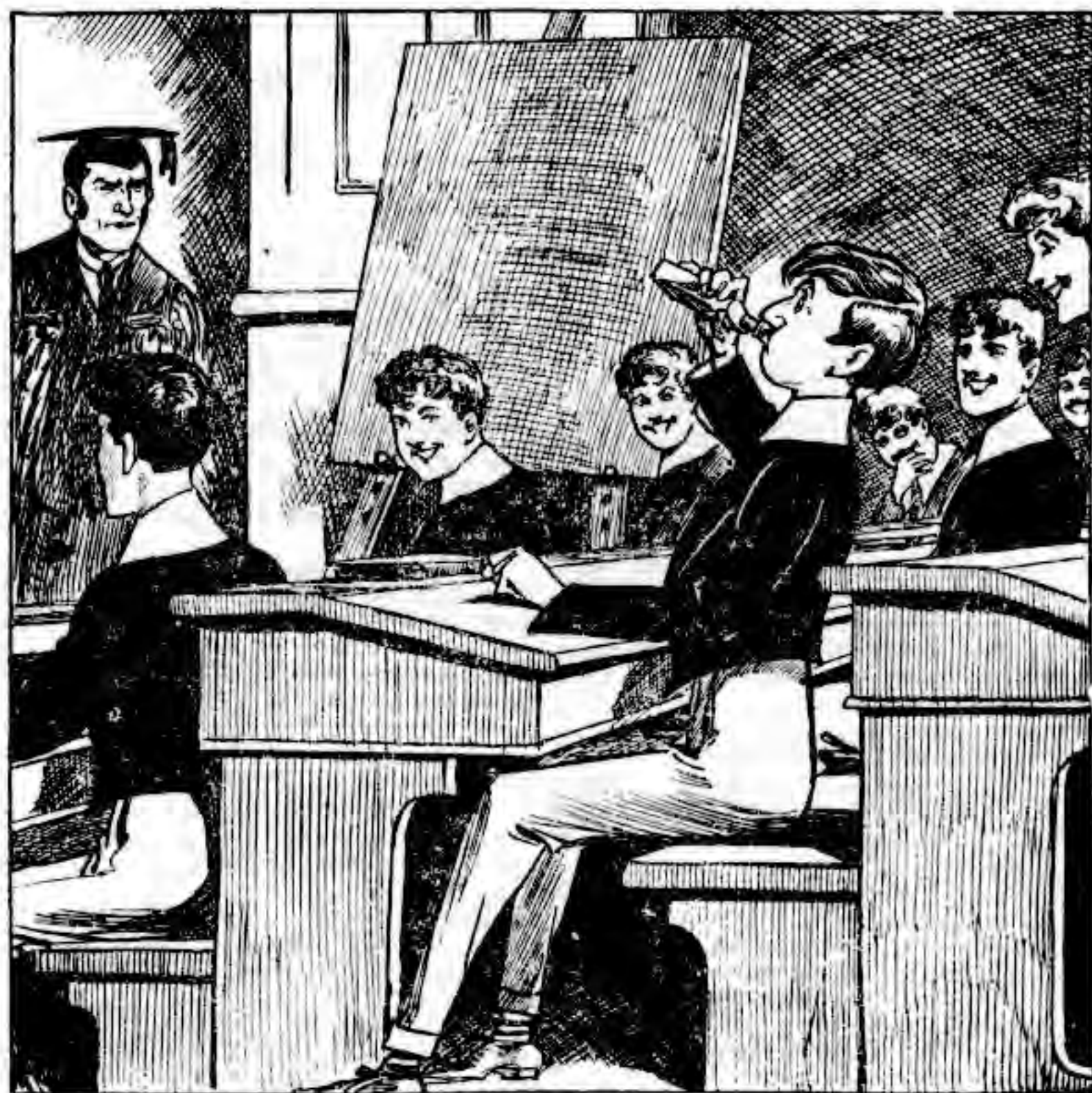
Harry Wharton & Co. strolled away chuckling, and Alonzo blinked after them. He shook his head sadly, and went down to the gymnasium to do some physical drill.

Harold Skinner, of the Remove, and his two cronies, Stott and Snoop, watched the Duffer enter the gymnasium, and they chuckled.

"Now's our chance!" grinned Skinner. "I've got the mixture all ready!"

Sidney James Snoop looked nervous. "Are you sure it's safe, Skinner?" he asked doubtfully. "We don't want to do Toddy any harm—"

"It's as safe as houses!" said the cad of the Remove with a sly laugh. "My



Pop! "Dear me! What was that?" demanded Mr. Quelch, wheeling round from the blackboard as Alonzo drew the cork. **Gurgle! Gurgle!** The Duffer was desperately swallowing his dose of Marvellous Mixture. The Form master's gimlet eyes fastened upon him. "Todd!" he thundered. "What are you doing?" "Yerrugh! Yah! Oooch!" gasped Alonzo. (See Chapter 6.)

cousin's a chemist, and he's told me of this stuff before. I got it from the chemist's in Friardale before dinner. The ingredients of this mixture are only counted in the minutest grains, but they're jolly active. Taken in such small quantities, though, they're quite harmless. My cousin says they use the same preparation on horses, sometimes, to give 'em spirit. We'll give Alonzo spirit this afternoon!"

"He, he, he!" giggled Snoop. "It will be a fine joke, Skinner, so long as there's no harm in it."

"Rather!" said Stott with a grin. "Mind, you take the responsibility, Skinner!"

"Oh, rats!" said Skinner impatiently. "It's a perfectly harmless joke, I tell you! Kim on, we're wasting time here jawing!"

The three young rascals went indoors and reached the Remove passage. At the door of Study No. 7 Skinner halted and tapped. There was no reply.

"Good egg!" he said. "The coast is clear. You keep cave outside, Snoop, while I add this to the Marvellous Mixture!"

Skinner crept into the study, and his cunning eyes soon lighted on the bottle of Mizzler's Marvellous Mixture for Muscle Making that was standing on the mantelshef. It was the work of a minute for Skinner to empty the contents of a small bottle he took from his pocket into the large bottle belonging to Alonzo.

"There!" he chuckled, as he reinserted the cork and replaced the bottle

where he had found it. "That's put some jip into Alonzo's Marvellous Mixture. He's been swallowing the stuff all the week, and it's had no effect. I reckon he'll startle the inhabitants this afternoon!"

"He, he, he!" sniggered Snoop.

"Here comes Dutton!" said Stott. "We'd better hop it!"

Skinner & Co. departed hastily, and Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, gave them a very peculiar look as they strolled past him.

The bell rang for lessons a short while afterwards, and the Remove trooped into the Form-room.

Alonzo looked rather puffed after his physical drill. He was beginning to realise that training to become an athlete was more arduous than it seemed at first. He could not make out, either, why the Marvellous Mixture seemed to have had so little effect on him. It expressly said on the label that by taking a dose of the mixture four times a day, one would derive renewed physical energy, besides the development of muscles that would make Sandow himself turn green with envy.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry breezily, as he came up the gangway. "I see you've got your bottle of Murderous Mixture with you, Lonzy!"

"Marvellous Mixture, my dear Cherry," corrected the Duffer. "I was somewhat irregular with the doses yesterday, so it happens that my next dose to-day becomes due at three o'clock precisely."

"Better look out for Quelchy, then,

Excitement runs high—and Bunter runs the wrong way!

old sport!" grinned Frank Nugent. "He's down on eatables and drinkables being brought into the Form-room. If I were you, I should chuck away that dreadful stuff!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Quelch, striding into the Form-room and looking sternly round. "Boys, take your places and prepare for the lesson!"

The Remove took their places, and the Latin lesson commenced.

Skinner & Co. darted sly winks at each other, and chuckled softly under their desks. The Duffer kept glancing anxiously at his watch. Three o'clock rolled from the school clock tower, and there was a gentle clinking of glass from Alonzo's desk.

Pop!

"Dear me! What was that?" demanded Mr. Quelch, wheeling round from the blackboard as Alonzo drew the cork. "Surely nobody has had the impudence to bring refreshment into the Form-room! I—"

Gurgle! Gurgle!

Alonzo was desperately swallowing his dose of Marvellous Mixture. Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes fastened upon him.

"Todd!" he thundered. "What are you doing?"

"Yerrugh! Yah! Ooooooch!" came a gurgling gasp from Alonzo. Mr. Quelch's voice had caused him to jump before the Marvellous Mixture was quite down, and it temporarily choked him and made him splutter.

"Todd! Whatever is the matter?" cried Mr. Quelch in alarm. "Bless my soul! The boy is choking!"

"Gug! Gug! Gerrugh!" moaned the poor Duffer. "I—I— Ow! Yah! Yaroooooh!"

Bolsover major had jumped up, and he obligingly commenced to thump Alonzo on the back.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Yow-wow-wow-wow!" wailed Alonzo.

"Stop! I'm—yow!—better now!"

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

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Quelch. His eyes seemed to pierce right through Alonzo. "Todd, you ridiculous boy, you have been taking liquid refreshment during lessons!"

"Yoooh! Wow! Nunno, sir!" gasped the luckless Duffer. "You are labouring under a misapprehension, sir! I merely imbibed a dose of Mizzler's Marvellous Mixture—"

"Wh-a-at!" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"Mizzler's Marvellous Mixture for Making Muscles!" gurgled Alonzo. "I am taking it during the period of my training to be an athlete, sir!"

Mr. Quelch looked hard at the Duffer. The Remove tittered.

"Bring me that bottle, Todd!" rapped the Form master.

Alonzo gave Mr. Quelch the bottle. Mr. Quelch looked at it, and he set his lips grimly.

"Todd, you stupid boy!" exclaimed the Remove master angrily. "How can you be so dense as to drink this—this worthless rubbish? Really, your crass stupidity seems to know no bounds. What benefit, may I ask, have you derived from this—er—mixture?"

"None that has been apparent up to now, sir," replied Alonzo. "But perseverance is required before the ultimate benefit can be obtained. My Uncle Benjamin has often impressed upon me the value of perseverance. I have no doubt that by continually taking the mixture, I shall derive wonderful benefit, and— Yow-ow!"

"What is the matter, Todd?"

demanded Mr. Quelch, as Alonzo gave that sudden yelp.

"A p-pip-pain in my inside, sir!" gasped the Duffer.

A strange look came over his face, and a fiery light suddenly seemed to glow in his eyes.

The Remove gasped. A change was coming over Alonzo Todd. The meek and mild look on his face vanished, and a look of great ferocity took its place.

"Gr-r-rrr!" said Alonzo, looking round with rolling eyes. "Where's my bottle? I want my Marvellous Mixture!"

"Here is the bottle; and I intend confiscating it!" said Mr. Quelch. Then he looked at Alonzo in alarm. "Bless my soul! Whatever has come over the lad?"

"Gimme that bottle!" roared Alonzo, in such a threatening voice that everybody jumped. They couldn't believe that it was Alonzo shouting. It was out of all keeping with his mild and retiring nature to shout. But he was shouting, and brandishing his fists about threateningly, too. Mr. Quelch backed away as Alonzo advanced.

"That's my property, and I won't have it taken from me, I say!" roared Alonzo. "Surrender that bottle, sir, or I shall strike you!"

"Mum-my hat!" gasped Peter, gazing at his cousin like one in a dream. "Alonzo's gone mad! He's off his rocker!"

"Must be that Marvellous Mixture muck!" said Bob Cherry faintly. "Oh, Jeminy! I believe Alonzo's going for Quelch!"

Alonzo adopted a very threatening attitude, and Mr. Quelch skipped back. He dropped the bottle of Marvellous Mixture, and it broke in a thousand fragments on the Form-room floor.

The Duffer looked round wildly, and then, rushing to the front of the class, he amazed everybody present by attempting to stand on his head!

Skinner & Co. chuckled. Those three alone, out of all in the room, knew the real reason of Alonzo Todd's remarkable behaviour. The "liver" Skinner had insinuated into Alonzo's Marvellous Mixture was taking effect! Alonzo Todd, usually as meek and mild as a lamb, was now like a raging lion!

"Todd!" thundered Mr. Quelch, as Alonzo, failing to stand on his head, tottered over on the floor. "Have you taken leave of your senses, boy! What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing is the matter with me!" trilled Alonzo energetically. He jumped up on Mr. Quelch's desk, sending the inkwell flying, and then, with arms upstretched, he took a wild leap into the air, and grasped one of the cross-beams that stretched across the Form-room just below the ceiling.

"Wh-what's he going to do now?" gurgled Peter faintly.

The amazing Duffer swung on the cross-beam, and, hanging on, smiled down at the startled Form.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Do I see aright? Todd! How dare you climb up there! Come down this instant!"

"Watch me!" chortled Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin would like to see me now! Whoooooh!"

The Remove and Mr. Quelch gazed upwards at the Duffer as he swung like a monkey to and fro on the cross-beam above their heads. The weedy Alonzo performed all manner of weird and wonderful evolutions up aloft. He seemed to have unlimited stamina and strength.

Verily, the Marvellous Mixture had imbued him with most amazing powers!

"Look out, sir!" shrieked Bulstrode suddenly.

Alonzo had lost his hold of the cross-beam, and he fell down with a fiendish yell. Mr. Quelch skipped out of the way just in time, or the Duffer would have been on top of him. As it was, Alonzo landed on the blackboard and easel, and the whole structure clattered down on top of him.

Crash!

"Yaroooooh!"

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

The Duffer sat up amidst the ruins of the blackboard, easel, the dusters, and the chalk. He blinked round him stupidly. Evidently the effects of the Marvellous Mixture were beginning to work off after his strenuous exertions. Mr. Quelch strode forward and dragged him up.

"Todd, you senseless young reprobate!" he thundered. "How dare you behave in that audacious manner! How dare you, sir!"

"Yow-wow-wow!" moaned Alonzo, on whose head a bump was rising. "I—I didn't mean to—to misbehave, sir! I—I—"

"Such an affair in a Form-room is unprecedented!" rapped out Mr. Quelch. "I have never had such an experience with a pupil under my charge in all my scholastic career! Todd, how dare you, I say! You deliberately flaunt my authority, perform senseless tricks when you ought to be doing your lessons, climb up to the ceiling, and then smash the blackboard—"

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

"Silence, boys!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Cannot you stand up straight, Todd?"

"Yaroooooh! Wow-wow!" moaned Alonzo, blinking dazedly. "I—I do feel giddy!"

Mr. Quelch set his teeth hard, and grasped a cane.

"Perhaps this will disperse the giddiness, Todd!" he said grimly. "Hold out your hand!"

"Mum-my dear sir, I—I— Grooooh! Pray listen to reason—"

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

Alonzo gave a jump and held out his hand. He was all meekness again now. All his vivacity had vanished. He blinked apprehensively at the falling cane.

Swish!

"Yaroooooh!"

The Remove looked on grimly. They thought it rather harsh of Mr. Quelch to lick Alonzo, considering that his strange conduct was a result of the Marvellous Mixture. But Mr. Quelch was enraged. He gave Alonzo a severe caning, and the luckless Duffer crawled back to his desk clasping his hands under his armpits and moaning dismally.

Snoop and Stott looked uneasily at their leader. They were not quite such hardened young rascals as Skinner, although neither of them had the pluck to stand up and tell the truth about the Marvellous Mixture.

Skinner grinned and winked at his two cronies. He did not notice the grim, suspicious look that Peter Todd gave him.

The lesson proceeded, the Duffer interrupting at frequent intervals with a long moan.

When the Remove trooped out of the Form-room Alonzo's extraordinary behaviour was the talk of everybody.

(Continued on page 17.)

School and detective stories, competitions, and four-page supplement every week!



MORE FEATS OF ENERGY!

By that Writer of Laughable Limericks,
TOM BROWN.

A sturdy young boxer named Russell
Was the winner of many a tussle.
And the fags in the Third
Paid a tanner, I've heard,
For the pleasure of feeling his muscle!

I know a young fellow named Cherry
Who is chock full of energy—very!
In an argument keen
At St. Jim's, this young bean
"Squashed" Manners and D'Arcy and Merry!

Coker started, with harmless intent,
On a motor-bike journey through Kent.
He killed a fat boar
And chickens galore—
There was slaughter wherever he went!

A fellow named Bolsover major
Once fought fifty fags for a wager.
Then he found a fresh victim,
And ruthlessly licked him—
Of course, 'twas a feeble old stager!

A foolish Fourth-Former named Scott
A fierce burst of energy got.
"Fetch some cakes!" ordered Fry,
So he murmured "Ay, ay!"
And instantly "went for" the lot!

I'm sorry for Gosling, the porter.
He wished working-hours were made shorter.
"For I'm lazy," said he,
With a sly wink at me,
"An' I never does more than I oughter!"

The fellows all chuckle and snigger
At Bunter's preposterous figure.
He's as lazy and fat
As an overfed cat,
And he hasn't a ha'porth of vigour!

A sturdy Fifth-Former named Blundell
Once tied himself up in a bundle.
Then, feeling quite jolly,
He got on a trolley,
Which he bribed Horace Coker to trundle.

A frivolous fag named Hop Hi
Endeavoured to hop to the sky.
But his pigtail, you see,
Got caught in a tree,
"Well, I'm 'hanged'!" he exclaimed,
With a sigh.

EDITORIAL!



By **HARRY WHARTON.**

YET another Special Number this week, a Special Energy Number, to be precise.

Strictly speaking, this issue ought to be edited by Bob Cherry, for Bob is the most energetic fellow in the Remove, if not in all Greyfriars. Bob's fund of energy is inexhaustible. He turns on the tap, and seems to forget to turn it off again. Whatever he does, he does with all his might. As our Fighting Editor, he is wonderfully energetic; and he is no less energetic on the football field or in the boxing ring.

To go to the other extreme, who is the least energetic fellow at Greyfriars. Undoubtedly Lord Mauleverer claims this unflattering distinction. Mauly was born tired, and his weariness is permanent. We have tried to cure him, but without much success.

His lordship is on the staff of the "Greyfriars Herald," but he seldom bestirs himself to write for it. This week we invaded his study in force, and dragged him off his sofa. Seating him at his study table, we placed writing materials in front of him, and insisted upon his writing an article for this issue. We stood over him with cricket-stumps and made him do our bidding.

If Mauly and Bob Cherry ever go into business together, Mauly will be the sleeping partner! He is nearly always asleep. Ten hours' slumber each night in the Remove dormitory is not enough for him. He must needs go to sleep for hours at a stretch on his study sofa, or doze off in the Remove Form-room, in the middle of morning lessons! Sometimes I honestly think that Mauly must be suffering from a form of sleeping sickness.

This Special Energy Number should make a great hit. Certainly no energy has been spared in its production. Our contributors have worked early and late to provide a feast of fun and fiction; and I can truthfully state that, with the exception of Lord Mauleverer, we have no slackers on our staff.

Mauly seems a hopeless case. Can any reader suggest a novel method of curing him of his slackness? **HARRY WHARTON.**

FAMOUS FEATS OF ENERGY!

By
H. VERNON-SMITH.

Bob Cherry, the Remove speed-merchant, cycled down to the village and back in nine minutes. This is a Greyfriars record.

Bolsover major fought and overcame fifteen fags in one day. He is thus entitled to the cruiser-weight—I mean, bruiser-weight—championship of the Remove!

Mr. Quelch, whilst engaged upon his "History of Greyfriars," typed 2,750 words in one hour. Quelch must therefore take his place in our gallery of speed-merchants.

Billy Bunter polished off a dozen doughnuts in the short space of five minutes. Some of us are surprised that such a gastronomic feat didn't polish off Bunter!

Fisher T. Fish, the hustler from the States, declares that he wrote an imposition of a thousand lines in twenty minutes. One might well ask the conundrum, "Why is Fisher T. Fish like New York?" Because of his "tall storeys!"

Sammy Bunter claims to have written an article for "Billy Bunter's Weekly" in five minutes, by the Common-room clock. Either the clock in the fags' Common-room is a fibber, or Sammy himself is one. As the said clock has no previous convictions against it, I prefer to believe that the infant Samuel is fibbing!

Tom Brown writes that so far as feats of energy are concerned, he can break all records. If only Brown would break all his gramophone records, and leave us in peace, we should be well content!

Mr. Quelch easily holds the record for caning. On one black, never-to-be-forgotten Monday morning, he administered no less than six dozen cuts!

Harry Wharton is far away the most energetic fellow in the Remove—even more so than Bob Cherry. This may seem a sweeping assertion, but readers may judge for themselves. There was a Form-meeting the other day, and such was Wharton's energy that he actually "carried the meeting!"

The rumour that Tubb of the Third was energetic enough to wash himself sixteen times in one day has been denied in official circles!

Look out for the splendid Wireless feature commencing next Monday!



The Sleeping Contest!

By
LORD MAULEVERER.

BOB CHERRY came bursting into my study in his usual boisterous manner, and Billy Bunter rolled in behind him.

I looked up drowsily from my couch.

"Wish you wouldn't burst in upon me like a human whirlwind, Bob," I said reproachfully. "I was about to take forty winks."

"Lazy slacker!" said Bob Cherry. "For two pins, I'd haul you off that couch by the scruff of your neck and make you come and play footer!"

"Don't!" I pleaded. "Footer is so fearfully excitin' an' exhaustin'. I simply haven't the energy to go rushin' an' tearin' about after a ball, begad!"

"Don't be alarmed, Mauly," said Bob with a grin. "I'm not going to force you to play footer. For once in a way I want you to sleep."

"Oh, good!"

"I've been having a little argument with Bunter here. He declares he could beat you in a sleeping contest."

"He, he, he! So I could!" chorled Billy Bunter, from the doorway.

"My dear old porpoise," I said, stifling a yawn, "you wouldn't stand an earthly against me! I'm easily the champion sleeper in the Remove."

"Let's put it to the test," said Bob Cherry. "We'll bring another couch in here, for Bunter to lie on. Then you'll both go to sleep, and whoever wakes up first will be the loser. It's Saturday afternoon, and no one will disturb you. You'll be able to sleep right on till nine o'clock to-morrow morning, if you like."

"Oh, how rippin'!" I murmured. "But we shall be missed from the dorm this evenin'."

"I'll arrange that with Gwynne, the prefect," said Bob Cherry. "I'll tell him there's a sleeping contest taking place in this study, and that you're not to be disturbed."

"I don't think Gwynne will be willin'—"

"Rats! Don't start raising obstacles, Mauly. Let's bring another couch in here, and get to business."

We borrowed a couch from the study next door. Then we lay down, and Bob Cherry covered us over with rugs.

Instantly Billy Bunter closed his eyes and started breathing very deeply.

Bob Cherry prodded the fat junior in the ribs with a cricket-stump.

"That's a false start!" he said. "You were only shamming sleep, you fat wangler!"

"Ow!"

"Now you're to fall asleep naturally, both of you. No pretending!"

It didn't need any pretence on my part, I can assure you. There was a roaring fire in the grate, and the atmosphere was cosy and soothing.

My last thought before dropping off was that I should have no difficulty in

out-sleeping Bunter. I reckoned to keep going for fifteen hours, at least.

Bob Cherry informed me afterwards that my opponent fell asleep at the same time as I did. So we had an even start.

When we were both in the Land of Nod, Bob Cherry rushed out to find his chums.

"Come and look at the sleeping beauties, you fellows!" he exclaimed. "Mauly and Bunter are having a sleeping contest. They're both well away, and the one who wakes last will be the winner."

Harry Wharton and the others came along to inspect us. We were both sleeping placidly. (I got all these details from Bob Cherry after the event.)

"If gambling wasn't forbidden at Greyfriars," said Frank Nugent. "I'd put my money on Mauly!"

"Same here," said Johnny Bull. "Mauly will win hands down. Just look at him. He's curled up like a blessed dormouse!"

"But the ludicrous Bunter is very

MORE REPLIES TO READERS.

BY HARRY WHARTON.

"Young Briton" (Stockport) wishes to know if the League of Nations has its headquarters in the Greyfriars Remove. "Quite apart from British-born fellows," he writes, "you have an American citizen—Fisher T. Fish—a Chinese—Wun Lung—an Indian—Hurree Singh—a South African—Piet Delarey—a Frenchman—Napoleon Dupont—and now a Jap has gone into the Second Form, in the person of young Okito. Can't you arrange for an Eskimo, and the son of a South Sea cannibal, to complete your gallery?"—If my correspondent is trying to be sarcastic, I would point out to him that every big public school contains a mixture of fellows of all nationalities. As a rule, they adapt themselves very quickly to British customs, and prove themselves quite decent fellows, as in the case of Hurree Singh and Piet Delarey. I have no doubt that more foreigners and Colonials will be coming to Greyfriars later on.

"Straight Left" (Glasgow).—"Is Bolsover major the best fighting man in the Remove?"—No, sir! That distinction belongs to Bob Cherry, our Fighting Editor.

"An Admirer" (Chiswick).—"I consider the HERALD is simply stunning."—It hasn't stunned anybody yet, but some of its contents certainly knock Billy Bunter over!

soundfully slumbering also," said Hurree Singh. "His mouth is open widefully, and I expect he will start the snorefulness in a minute."

Even as Luky spoke, a loud snore reverberated through the study.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Oh, father, I hear the sound of guns!" he quoted.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why not complete the verse?" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, father, I hear the sound of guns!"

Cried the damsel most adoring.

"My pretty maid, be not afraid,

It's only Bunter snoring!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Now, when Billy Bunter snores, he makes a noise. Not a quiet noise, but a very noisy noise. I won't go so far as to say that his snoring shakes the walls or raises the roof. It didn't even rock the couch on which he lay. But it caused a terrible din, all the same.

As time went on, the snores grew louder and louder.

"What an appalling row!" gasped Nugent, stopping his ears.

"The dinfulness is indeed terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"The worst of it is, we can't wake the fat porpoise, or we shall spoil the sleeping contest," said Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter lay flat on his back. His mouth was open wide, as if for purposes of fly-catching. And his unmusical snore fairly boomed through the study.

I am not a light sleeper. Slight sounds and trivial disturbances fail to awaken me. But I would challenge the celebrated Seven Sleepers of Ephesus to sleep through the din that Billy Bunter was making.

When the sleeping contest had been in progress half an hour, Billy Bunter gave one mighty, trumpet-like snore, louder than all its predecessors.

I opened my eyes and awoke.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That's fairly done it! Mauly, you duffer, you've lost the contest!"

"Somethin' woke me, dear boy," I murmured.

There was a fresh snore from Bunter. "That was it!" I exclaimed. "It was Bunter's snoring! How do you expect a fellow to sleep through that din?"

"We made no stipulation about snoring," said Bob Cherry, "so I'm afraid you're beaten, Mauly."

"Wake Bunter, and tell him he's won," said Wharton.

The fat junior was tremendously elated to think he had beaten me.

"I say, you fellow, what's the prize?" he inquired.

"A thick ear!" growled Bob Cherry.

Bunter didn't wait to receive the award. He scuttled out of the study to inform all the fellows, with his usual puffed-up vanity, that he had licked me in a sleeping contest!

THE END.

"Stand and Deliver!" Don't these words "get" you?—



The Anti-Slacking Society!

By
HUBERT BOLSOVER.

"I WANT to fight somebody!"
George Tubb lept out of bed, and threw a pair of challenging eyes round the dormitory.

"Why are you so warlike, all of a sudden?" asked Paget.

"It's something in the Spring air, I eggspect," said Tubb. "Anyway, I'm simply bursting with energy! I'll fight every fellow in the Form!"

"You mad duffer!" shouted Wingate minor. "If you want to let off steam, go and hammer a punching-ball. Don't start committing assault and battery on your fellow fags!"

But Tubb was simply spoiling for a scrap. He dragged Wingate minor out of bed by his feet, and Wingate landed on the floor with a bump and a howl.

"Get up and fight me!" cried Tubb.

Wingate minor needed no second bidding. He jumped to his feet, his face livid with rage.

"Take that!" he roared, rushing at Tubb. But his fist sailed harmlessly past Tubb's ear.

Then Tubb shot out his right and caught Wingate minor a terrific blow in the chest. It knocked yung Wingate sprawling across his bed, and he made no effort to rise. He just lay there and groaned.

Tubb larked mockingly.

"Victim number one!" he said in tones of satisfaction. "Who's going to have the next dose? Don't all speak at once."

We didn't!

"What about you, yung Bolsover?" said Tubb, turning to me. "It's a long time since you had a licking."

I backed away in alarm.

"Keep your distance!" I muttered.

"Rats! I'm going to dot you on the nose!" So saying, Tubb came charging at me like an infuriated bull.

Biff!

Tubb's fist landed with a crash on my nasal organ, and I toppled backwards with a yell of anguish.

Never had we seen Tubb display such energy. He was prancing about like a cat on hot brix. He stepped up to Paget and hit him under the wares without any provocation.

Paget rolled over with a yell.

"Ow! What did you do that for, you mad-man?"

"Just to let off steam!" eggsplained Tubb. "And what's more, I haven't finished yet. Your turn next, Lunn!"

Lunn promptly threw himself into a fighting attitude as Tubb came hurtling towards him. There was a short, sharp scrap, and Lunn was knocked flying against the wash-stand.

Simpson was the next victim, and then Bolter, and then Conrad. Tubb floored each of them in turn, and we all stared at him in a nervuss sort of way, wondering what he would do next.

"You're a set of dozey slackers!" said Tubb scornfully. "And I mean to put an end to it. I'm going to form an Auntie-slacking Society, and all you fellows have got to join. You've got obey my orders, too, or it will be the worse for you."

Tubb then fetched the water-jug, and seated himself on his bed, ballancing the jug on his neeze.

"You will come before me one at a time, and neel on one nee, and I will duly anoint you as members of my Society," he said.

Tubb was in such a dangerous mood that morning that we obeyed him like little lams. First Wingate minor went up and dropt on

one nee, and Tubb tilted the water-jug over his napper. An icy deluge shot over Wingate minor's hare.

"Groo! It's worse than a wet shampoo!" he spluttered.

"Will you prommis to be a frew and loyal member of my Auntie-slacking Society?" demanded Tubb.

"Yes, uncle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

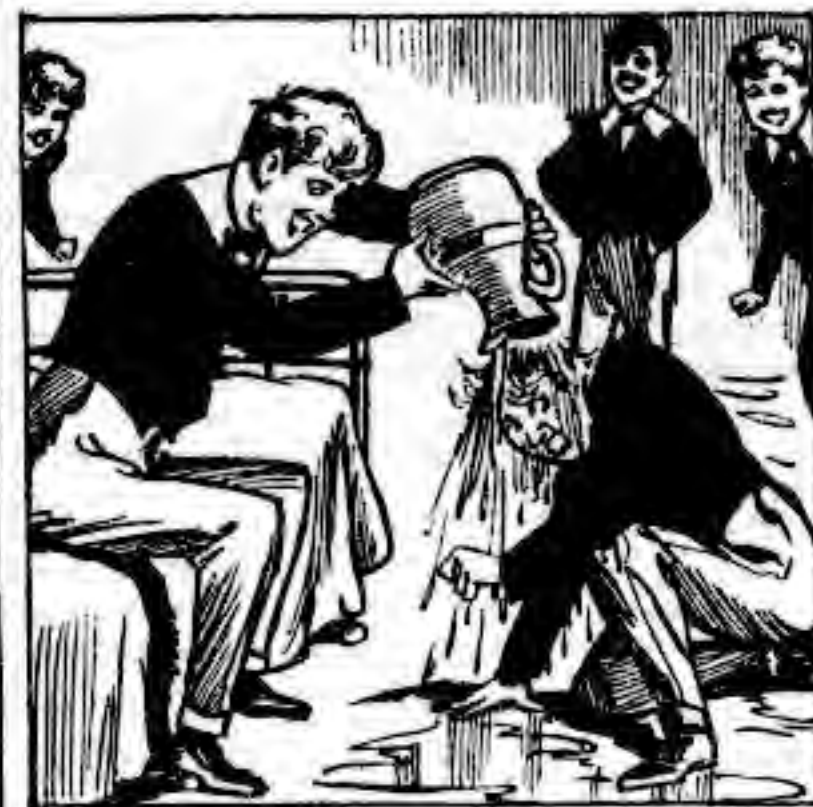
"This is no larking matter," said Tubb sternly. "I am in Ernest, as you will soon see. Now, Paget! Come and be anointed."

We all had to submit to the ordeal. Then Tubb gave us five minnits in which to complete our toilet. After which, he marched us down into the Close.

"Now we're going to run round the Close twenty times before brekker," he said. "Any fellow who lags behind will feel the wate of my boot!"

Tubb started off at a terrific pace. He was a living bundle of energy. We found it jolly hard work to keep pace with him.

By the time we had completed twenty serkitts of the Close, we were quite brethless. And the inspiration streamed down our faces as we went into the dining-hall.



Initiation!

After brekker, Tubb called us together and made us play footer until the bell rang for morning lessens.

"How long is this tommy-rot to go on?" I asked.

"It isn't tommy-rot," said Tubb. "It's for our own good. It will keep us fit."

We had no piece that day—not a little bit of piece. Tubb kept us on the go, and he made us do all sorts of mad stunts.

Even when bed-time came we had no rest. Tubb made us walk on our hands round the dormitory, and play leap-frog over the beds.

When we were at last aloud to turn in, Tubb told us that he had drawn up a timetable for the next day.

This was his time-table:—

5 a.m.—Rise and dress.

6.30 to 6.30 a.m.—Dum-bell eggssersises in the Close. No talking will be aloud during these dum-bell eggssersises.

6.30 a.m. till brekker.—Running round the Close.

Brekker till morning skool.—Footer match against the Babes of the Second.

Before dinner.—More dum-bell eggssersises.

After dinner.—More running.

Between afternoon school and Tea.—Golf,

paper-chasing, fives, badminton, crokey, and other outdoor games.

After tea.—Boxing bouts in the Jim.

Later.—Chess, drafts, dominosse, lodo, and other strenuous pursuits.

Bed-time.—Display of jimusticks in the dormitory.

A pretty stiff programme, you will agree. And there was a good deal of grumbling in the dorm before we went to sleep.

We hoped that when Tubb woke up next morning his energy would be eggshausted. But he was still brimming over with it, and he had us all out of our snug beds at five o'clock. Talk about disciplin! We had our fill of it that day, I can assure you.

Tubb kept us on the go the whole time, and we were fizzly wrecks long before the day was out. All eggsept Tubb, who was as fresh as a fiddle and as fit as a daisy.

"How much longer is this going on?" growled Paget.

"Right through the term," said Tubb cheerfully.

"Then I shall resine from the Society!"

"Same hear!" we all shouted.

"You can't resine," said Tubb. "You've taken the oath of allegience, and you've been duly anointed as members of the Auntie-slacking Society. The first fellow who resines will feel my fist!"

As we were in too weak a state to offer any resistance, we had to nuckle under.

But of corse, Tubb's fit of energy couldn't last for ever. He was taking too much on himself. He was Form-kaptin, footer kaptin, President of the Third Form Amateur Dramatick Society, drill instruckter to the Form, footer trainer to the Form, and goodness knows what. And to crown all, he desided to bring out a new magazine, to be called "The Third Form Krounfele and Fags' Gazette."

"I'll write the first issew off my own bat," declared Tubb. "I'll sit up all night, and do all the stories and poems and artikles."

"I wish you joy of the job!" growled Wingate minor. "Personally, I'm going to sleep."

After lights out, Tubb lit a candle. Then he sat up in bed and started scribbling. We left him to it.

When we awoke in the morning there was no sign of George Tubb. We learnt later that he had been taken queer in the night, and had crawled round to the sanny.

The latest bulletin is that Tubb is suffering from a severe attack of brain fag, also from nervuss ability. So at last we shall be left in piece.

The Auntie-slacking Society has broken up. And when Tubb comes down from the sanny we shall eggsept to find him completely cured of his eggstraordinary fit of energy! If he isn't, we shall have to cure the mad duffer ourselves, that's all!

THE END.

STOP PRESS!

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DICTIONARY
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Starting in

NEXT MONDAY'S "MAGNET"!

(Harry Wharton - Editor.)

—Then don't miss our next supplement. The "goods" are "delivered"!

Supplement iii.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 785.

MISDIRECTED ENERGY!

By MR. QUELCH.
(Master of the Remove.)



ENERGY—and its twin-brother, Enthusiasm—are splendid things. Enthusiasm is said to conquer the world, but enthusiasm by itself can accomplish little. Energy springs from enthusiasm, and energy can work miracles. But there is such a thing as wasted energy, or misdirected energy. And it is of this that I wish to write.

A few days ago I watched Coker of the Fifth playing football. He expended quite a lot of energy in the process. He charged here, there, and everywhere, like a bull in a china-shop. But he was of no use to his side. When he got the ball, he either kicked it towards the wrong goal, or sat down on it! This is a glaring example of misdirected energy.

Only this morning, whilst taking a stroll, I saw Gosling, the porter, drawing water from the pump in the Close. His coat was off and his sleeves rolled back, and he was perspiring profusely as he pumped.

"Beastly 'ard work, sir!" he grunted, as I passed.

"And quite unnecessary," I said. "It is old-fashioned and out of date—this pump. It was erected years and years ago, before the Courtfield Water Company came into being. You can obtain supplies of water by merely turning on a tap in your lodge. All this puffing and pumping is a gross waste of energy."

But Gosling is so old-fashioned that he stubbornly refused to see the sound common-sense of my argument. I have no doubt that he will go on using the pump, although there is not the slightest need for him to do so.

A few moments later I saw Skinner of the Remove kicking a huge stone across the Close. He chased it with tremendous energy, and implanted a savage kick; then he followed it up, and kicked it again.

This was another glaring case of misdirected energy. Skinner was merely wasting his breath and spoiling his shoe-leather. If he really wanted to kick something, why did he not procure a football? Footballs are meant to be kicked; stones are not.

One of Skinner's fierce kicks caused the stone to strike me on the ankle. Whereupon, hopping upon one foot in pain, I awarded Skinner a hundred lines.

Even masters are sometimes guilty of misdirected energy. My colleague, Mr. Prout, always walks to the golf-links, whereas he could get there in half the time on his bicycle. And even when playing golf, he invariably expends all his energy to no purpose, for it is only by the luckiest chance that he ever manages to hit the ball!

I could go on quoting such cases indefinitely; but I think I have said sufficient to show that energy is useless unless rightly applied.

"Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might," is a splendid maxim. But you must first of all make sure that the deed is worth the doing!

A MOUNTAIN OF ENERGY!

By BILLY BUNTER.

I SEE that certain critticks have been saying that Bob Cherry is the most energetick fellow in the Remove. These critticks are evidently as short-sighted as myself, for they have overlooked me.

Just bekwase Bob Cherry gets up early every morning, and lets off steam, it duzzent fellow that he's energetick. Before nightfall he is in a state of kollapse. Whereas I am going as strongly as ever. In fact, I often sit up half the night, working on my "Weekly."

Bob Cherry energetick? Pah! Likewise, bah! I've got him beaten at all points.

Cherry dawdles over his meals. I don't! Cherry wrestles half an hour with a pork chop. I can demolish one in five minnits.

If you were to put Bob Cherry and me at the top of a flite of stares, and offer a prize to the one who got to the bottom first, I should win easily. Bob Cherry would walk down step by step; I should simply roll down!

There is one aspect of the case which the critticks seem to have forgotten.

Energy is of two kinds—fizzical and mental. One means that you eggssersize your muscles; the other means that you eggssersize your brain. And here I have a tremendous advantage over Bob Cherry, bekwase I've got brains all over my head, and he hasn't any at all!

If you went to Cherry and told him that he must take over the editorship of my "Weekly," why, he'd eggspire on the carpet! He knows perfectly well that such a task would be beyond him. His brains wouldn't take him any farther than the Editorial, and even the writing of that would eggehaust him.

I should like to ask the critticks a few pertinent—or impertinent, if you like—questions.

Who consumed a fool-corse dinner in ten minnits?

Who played footer for four hours at a stretch, in order to get an appetite for tea?

Who slogged at a punching-ball for a solid hour without turning a hare?

Who ran a mile in five minnits all but half a second, when he thought P.-c. Tozer was after him?

Who keeps on being punished for exceeding the feed limit?

Who walked all the way to Courtfield and back, ballancing a heavy tuck-hamper on his head?

Was it Bob Cherry? Of corse it wasn't! Was it Billy Bunter? Of corse it was!

This article of mine will give the critticks food for thought. They will at last wake up to the fact that I am a jolly sight more energetick than Bob Cherry, and I shall eggspect them to apologize on bended neeze for saying otherwise.

I am as full of energy as an egg is of meat. This is rather a silly saying, though. Who ever found a joint of roast beef or a mutton-chop inside an egg?

If any further proof of my energy is needed, allow me to say that I dashed off this article in fifteen seconds, as the crow flies. (I don't think!—Ed.)

COMICAL COKER!



By DICK PENFOLD.

Coker's as full of energy

As an egg is full of meat;
Early and late, it's safe to state,
You'll find him on his feet.
Upon the Greyfriars football field
The most amazing joker
That ever tripped, or skipped, or slipped,
Is Coker—comical Coker!

(Chorus:

When Coker lets off steam, my boys
And throws his weight about,
No bull within a china-shop
Could cause so great a rout!
It is a perfect scream, my boys,
One long and lively scream,
When Coker lets off steam, my boys,
When Coker lets off steam!

He charges down the corridors
Like some ungainly brute;
The fellows there all stand and stare,
And then they turn and scoot!
For Horace is a fearsome foe
When armed with stump or poker:
"Look out! Look out!" the chaps all
shout,
"Here's Coker—comical Coker!"

When Coker lets off steam, my boys,
It's time to turn and flee;
For Horace is a hefty lump
Of boisterous energy.
His eyes with fury gleam, my boys,
A fierce, forbidding gleam,
When Coker lets off steam, my boys,
When Coker lets off steam!

"HARD" TO BELIEVE!

It was a fierce winter, and the snow was beating relentlessly into the face of the weary shopper. All day he had been out purchasing presents for his nephews and nieces. Now, when dusk was falling, he was feeling peckish, and made tracks for an inn in order to purchase a sandwich or two.

He obtained his sandwich, and whilst he was devouring it the innkeeper commenced to tell him of the supposed visit of the famous Dick Turpin to his inn.

"This," proudly exclaimed the man, "is the very chair on which Dick Turpin sat!"

"Maybe!" replied the exasperated shopper. "And I should think this was the very last sandwich which he tried to eat!"

There's a thrill in every line of next Monday's MAGNET!

ALONZO, THE ATHLETE!

(Continued from page 12.)

As for the Duffer, he was quite dazed and bewildered. He remembered trying to stand on his head, and climbing on to the cross-beam, but for the life of him he could not account for such startling behaviour.

"There's a beastly mystery about this somewhere!" said Peter Todd grimly. "I don't believe the Marvellous Mixture in itself was to blame. Lonzy's been mopping that mixture for a week, and it's taken no effect. Funny that it should send him off his onion all of a sudden. It's my belief, you chaps, that somebody has got at that bottle and put something else into it!"

"My hat!" said Harry Wharton. "That's quite likely. But who the dickens could have done it?"

"Who but Skinner?" grunted Peter. "That cad would do anything. And he's rather hot stuff at chemistry, too. His cousin's a chemist, you remember. I saw Skinner and his crew looking pretty pleased with themselves in the Form-room. Skinner looked as though he knew more about that stuff than he cared to shout about in public. I'm going to find out!"

Peter took Alonzo along to Study No. 7, and dumped him in the armchair. Tom Dutton was also there.

"I say, Dutton, have you seen anybody prowling in here?" he asked the deaf junior.

"Howling?" said Dutton. "Who's howling?"

"Prowling, you ass!" shrieked Peter. "I want to find out if anybody's been in here messing about with Alonzo's stuff!"

"Snuff!" said Dutton, looking perplexed. "You want some snuff?"

"Stuff!" howled Peter in his deaf study-mate's ear. "The stuff Alonzo kept in that large blue bottle!"

"Throttle!" gasped Dutton, and he looked shocked. "You want to throttle somebody? Look here, Todd, I shouldn't do that if I were you. And you couldn't do it with snuff, anyway. Who's the victim?"

"You—you burbling chump!" gurgled Peter sulphurously. He made a trumpet of his hand and fairly shrieked into Dutton's ear. "Have you seen anybody messing about in here with Alonzo's bottle?"

"Oh, I understand now!" said Dutton, his face clearing. "Why don't you speak plainly, Todd? No, I haven't seen anybody actually tampering with the bottle, but I happened to see Skinner, Snoop, and Stott come out of here just before lessons. I thought it rather fishy at the time, and—"

"My hat!" said Peter, his eyes gleaming. "So those rotters have been in here. That settles it!"

He strode quickly from the study, and went along to the Famous Five and told them of what Dutton had informed him.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff!" said Wharton with a nod. "Skinner put something in Alonzo's mixture. It was a lousy enough joke, but the cad might have owned up when he saw Quelch pitching into Alonzo. We'll pitch into Skinner when we find him! Kim on!"

The Famous Five and Peter Todd took cricket-stumps and went in search of Skinner & Co.

Those youths had just secreted themselves up in the box-room to indulge in a quiet smoke—a little pastime that Skinner & Co. were very partial to, and which would have earned them serious trouble if the Head got to know of it.

They little knew of the avengers that were on their track as they sat round on the boxes and pulled away at their "gasps."

"My little addition to Alonzo's Marvellous Mixture worked a treat—what?" grinned Skinner. "I told you doubting Thomases that the stuff was quite harmless. Its effects soon passed off, didn't they, and Alonzo's quite recovered. He's as right as rain now."

"I—I say, though, it was a bit rough on the poor beggar—that licking that Quelch gave him," said Stott gruffly. "If Peter Todd or any of the others got to know about it there'd be the dickens to pay, Skinner!"

Harold Skinner gave a laugh.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "Todd will never find out, unless you two split on me. I reckon it was the joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" sniggered Snoop and Stott.

They did not hear Peter Todd give an angry snort outside. Skinner & Co., indeed, were quite unaware of the presence of Peter and the Famous Five until those youths burst the door open a minute later and rushed in upon them.

Skinner & Co. jumped up in alarm.

"Here, what's the row?" demanded the cad of the Remove, turning pale.

"I—I— Yarooogh! Ow! Ow! Woooooogh!"

"Rag the rotters baldheaded!" roared Johnny Bull, grasping Snoop and whirling him over. "We'll give them a little joke now!"

"Yarooooogh!"

"Oooooooph!"

"Wow-wow-wow!"

The howls of the victims rose crescendo.

The cads of the Remove were rolled over and their cigarettes stuffed into their mouths. Skinner & Co. gurgled and choked. They were bumped well and truly on the hard, unsympathetic floor. Then Peter Todd took them across his knees one by one and whacked them with a cricket-stump. Peter had unlimited vim and vigour, and he put

it all into his whacking of Skinner & Co. Indeed, Peter seemed to be under the impression that he was beating carpets.

"There!" gasped Peter, flinging Stott away, who was the last of the trio to fall under the stump's stern vengeance. "Let that be a lesson to you, you cads! You'll get worse than that if you interfere with Alonzo again!"

"Grough!"

"Ow—yowp!"

The chums of the Remove, feeling that vengeance had been done, departed, and left Skinner & Co. writhing and moaning and bewailing their lot.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**A Victim of Circumstance!**

THE loss of his Marvellous Mixture did not deter Alonzo from further activities in pursuit of athletic prowess.

The Duffer tried hard next day to obtain a position in a football team, but to his sad regret nobody would have him—not even Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second. Laughter greeted him wherever he applied, so Alonzo gave it up for the time being.

That evening Alonzo blossomed forth in running-shorts and a sweater, his intention being a run round the countryside before prep.

The Duffer's appearance in those shorts, which were very short indeed, and amazingly baggy, evoked howls of laughter from all who saw him. The makers of Alonzo's shorts had evidently made up in width what the garments lacked in length. They displayed his long, weedy legs to great advantage.

But Alonzo heeded not the laughter. He was used to it by now. Besides, Uncle Benjamin had told him to set no store upon the empty braying of asses. So Alonzo trotted out of Greyfriars on his little run, his shorts billowing in the breeze.

Harry Wharton & Co. went over to Little Side to put in some footer practice before it got dark.

Dusk was beginning to deepen over the countryside, and the heroes of the Remove were crossing the quad from Little Side towards the tuckshop, when a weird apparition came in at the gates of Greyfriars.

It was the figure of a tall, bony youth clad in running-shorts and a sweater. He presented a tattered and mud-begrimed appearance. His sweater was torn in so many places that it was a matter of no small wonder how it managed to hold together at all on its wearer's body. The running-shorts, too, were tattered and torn, and both his stockings hung down limply over his boots, and shreds of them trailed behind him as he walked. He was plastered in mud from head to foot. Mud filled his hair and hid his face; he fairly reeked of it.

And as this weird, uncanny youth crawled into the Close, he uttered a series of gurgling gasps that were quite unintelligible.

"Groooooogh! Yooooogh! Yah! Gerrugh-gug-gug!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood spellbound as the muddy apparition came up.

"My only sainted Aunt Maria!" gasped Bob Cherry, passing a hand dazedly across his brow. "Wh-what is it?"

"Yerrugh! Ooogh! Gug! Gug! My dear fellows—" gurgled the apparition.

"Alonzo!" yelled Peter Todd. "Is it—can it be—Lonzy?"

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"Yah-hooogh! Grooogh! Yes, it is I, my dear Peter!" choked the luckless Duffer, gouging mud out of his eyes and ears. "I—I feel most horrible—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites. They gazed at Alonzo and they yelled. He was in a most parlous state.

"Pray do not indulge in such ribaldry, my dear fellows," he said. "I—yerrugh!—I do not consider this a case for laughter—"

"HALLO, HALLO, HALLO!"

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"Ha, ha, ha! We do!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "Where did you collect all that mud, Alonzo? You've brought half the countryside back to Greyfriars with you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooogh! I have been the victim of a most violent assault!" gurgled the unfortunate Duffer. "I have been attacked by a most unscrupulous ruffian named Brooker—"

"What!" gasped Peter Todd, his laughter suddenly vanishing and a grim look crossing his face. "You've been set about by Brooker?"

"Grooogh! Yes, my dear Peter! He had another rough youth with him. They came upon me suddenly on the outskirts of the wood, and behaved with extreme violence," moaned Alonzo, rubbing a bump that was rising on his head. "The attack was—yerrugh—most uncalled for. They seemed to be labouring under the delusion that I had done them some harm. Yow-wow! They assaulted me, and at length threw me into a ditch, from which I had to emerge all on my own and return to the school in this—oooooh!—disgraceful state! Wow-wow!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked aghast at Alonzo. Peter Todd's face was a study. It did not require the intellect of a Sherlock Holmes to deduce the reason of Brooker's attack on Alonzo. He and Climpson had mistaken Alonzo for Peter. They had waylaid him and taken revenge for Peter's treatment of the Crusaders' captain that morning. Alonzo had innocently suffered because he was so amazingly like his cousin.

"Mum-my hat!" gasped Peter faintly. "Those cads have set about Alonzo! Look at him! The howling rotters! The blackguards!"

"It's the limit!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'm sorry I laughed now. It's no laughing matter. Brooker ought to be scragged for this."

Peter Todd clenched his fists.

"Where are they?" he roared. "Tell me where they are, Alonzo! I'll go out and I—I'll smash them!"

"They have decamped and gone back to Courtfield now, my dear Peter," moaned Alonzo. "Yooogh! I do feel wretched! Those rascals attacked me without the slightest provocation. Uncle Benjamin, when I write and tell him, will be shocked—nay, disgusted! Grooohooogh!"

Peter, with a warlike gleam in his eyes, strode for the gates; but Harry Wharton pulled him back.

"You can't do anything now, Peter,"

he said. "It's too late to think of going to Courtfield. Besides, what good would you do. Brooker has friends over there, and they'd set about you and treat you worse than they've treated Alonzo. Better come in and think it over, old scout."

Peter ground his teeth, and, realising that what Wharton had said was true, turned back. Harry Wharton & Co. took the suffering Duffer indoors and washed and bathed him very attentively. Alonzo had several bumps on his head and cuts and bruises on his face.

Peter Todd was very grim and thoughtful over his prep that night. He finished it hurriedly, and then buried himself in the armchair in his study to think. Half an hour elapsed, and then his grim look softened and a smile crossed his face.

"My hat!" ejaculated Peter, starting up and thumping his hands together. "I've got it! My word, what a stunt! It can be done! Yes, we'll manage it! I say, Alonzo!"

"Yes, my dear Peter?" asked the Duffer, looking up from the table and blinking at his cousin with one eye—the other having shut up shop for the time being.

"Uncle Benjamin is a moral old stick, isn't he? Has he ever preached to you about forgiveness?"

"Yes, my dear Peter, often," said Alonzo mildly. "Uncle Benjamin has always impressed upon me not to bear malice and to return good for evil—"

"THE WIRELESS DICTIONARY FOR BOYS!"

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"That's just the stuff!" chuckled Peter, now in quite a good humour. "Now, look here, Alonzo, supposing I was to convince you that Brooker—and that other chap who set about you had made a mistake. Would you forgive 'em?"

"Yes, my dear Peter. I am sure that Uncle Benjamin would approve!" replied Alonzo. "But I do not see now how they could have made a mistake. They called me Todd—"

"But they thought you were Peter Todd. They mistook you for me. Do you understand?" said Peter. "I kicked Brooker out of Greyfriars this morning, and that—ahem!—was their plan of revenge on me. As chance would have it, they spotted you, and—and you had to stand the racket. Now, Alonzo, I think that, under the circumstances, you might forgive those chaps. Return good for evil, you know. Remember what Uncle Benjamin says—bear no malice, and—"

"My dear Peter, how gratified I am to hear you speak like that!" said the Duffer, beaming rather twistedly. "You have often called Uncle Benjamin a soft old idiot and other equally opprobrious and unwarranted things. He would be delighted to know that you have changed. Most certainly I bear no ill-will towards Brooker and his accomplice now that you have explained. In spite of the fact that I have been most grievously hurt, I forgive them. Uncle Benjamin says that to suffer as a martyr and—"

"Oh, never mind about that, Lonzy," said Peter hastily. "Listen, Alonzo! You want to become a footballer, don't you?"

"Alas!" said the Duffer sadly. "What is the use, my dear Peter? I have offered my services everywhere, but nobody will have me."

"That so?" said Peter with a chuckle. "Well, Alonzo, I know somebody who would be most anxious to have you, if he knew that you were willing to play in his team."

"Indeed?" The Duffer's face brightened. "Who is it, pray, my dear Peter?"

"Brooker!" said Peter solemnly. "If you were to write to him to-night, Alonzo, and tell him that you forgive him, and that you'd play in his football team on Saturday, he'd jump for joy. He'd beg your pardon, and all that. I know he wants a player for Saturday. He told me so this morning. The name Todd in his team would gladden his heart!"

"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo. "That is very extraordinary, Peter. Are you sure of what you say?"

"Positively certain!" grinned Peter. "Here, Alonzo, take pen and paper and write to Brooker. Then see if what I say isn't true. You'll play in a big football match on Saturday, Alonzo!"

Alonzo wrote at Peter's dictation. This is the letter that the Duffer indited:

"My dear Brooker,—You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me, after this afternoon's affair. Although I suffered considerably at your hands, I am willing to let bygones be bygones, and play in your team on Saturday as requested. You can be sure I will play my best. Yours—TODD."

Peter read the epistle with great satisfaction.

"Good!" he chuckled. "That ought to make old Brooker's eyes sparkle! Look here, Alonzo, if you see Brooker you won't mention me to him, will you? Don't let him know you have a cousin. I kicked him down the stairs this morning, and—ahem!—I don't want him asking awkward questions."

"Very well, my dear Peter," said the gentle Duffer quite innocently. "I—I trust, however, that Brooker will not misunderstand this letter, and that, should we meet, there will be no repetition of this afternoon's affair."

Peter chuckled.

"Have no fear of that, Alonzo," he said. "Brooker is bound to welcome you with open arms when he sees you. I'm off now to post this letter. So-long!"

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COMMENCING NEXT WEEK!

Peter went along to Study No. 1, chuckling. Harry Wharton & Co. were all at home, and they roared when Peter told them of his artful ruse.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "So you're going to palm Alonzo off on to Brooker! What a rag! They'll never suspect, and Alonzo will muck up the game! Ha, ha, ha! If the scheme works, Peter, it will be the richest thing I've heard of!"

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"It will work!" grinned Peter. "And it will jolly well serve Brooker right. He wants taking down a peg or two; and Lonzy will do it, and at the same time get his revenge for the way that cad treated him to-day. It's up to us to safeguard old Trumper's interests for the hundred quid subsidy."

"Yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton. "It would be a howling shame if Brooker got off with the prize; and it's pretty evident he means to, by fair means or foul. The rest of his team may be decent fellows enough, but they're not as good as Trumper's men. And I've been thinking that we ought to take a hand somehow and stop Brooker's game. The winner of Saturday's match gets the money. If Brooker gets it, he'll probably clear off with it and let the rest of his team go hang. Your rag, Peter, will be a rag for a good purpose. We're with you."

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Co. "Rely on Lonzy?" chuckled Peter. "Brooker will swallow him whole!" And Peter went out to post the letter to Brooker, leaving the chums of Study No. 1 chuckling.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Duped by the Duffer!

"TODD!"

Alonzo gave a start when he heard his name called. He was standing at the school gates, waiting for the postman to appear. It was the afternoon following the despatch of the letter to Brooker, and Alonzo was expecting a letter from Uncle Benjamin.

Blinking out into the road, the Duffer of Greyfriars beheld the sportive Mr. Brooker surveying him from the opposite side.

"Dear me!" said Alonzo. "Brooker!" "Afternoon, Master Todd!" said the Crusaders' captain, looking rather apprehensively at the Duffer. "I jist come along to see you in reply to your letter. I didn't go inside, for fear of bein' set about. Like to come out 'ere and talk?"

"Certainly I will!" said Alonzo, blinking as he ambled through the gates. "I—er—I hope you are to be trusted?"

"I'm a sportsman, I am!" said Brooker with a leer. "I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones, if you are. Did you honestly mean what you said in your letter?"

"Yes; I have forgiven you, and I am sure my Uncle Benjamin would be pleased to know that I have decided to return good for evil," said the Duffer gently.

"My eye!"

Brooker looked hard at Alonzo. He could not quite understand his meek and mild manner. The Todd who had performed such valorous deeds on the footer field, and had turned him out of Greyfriars yesterday, was like a raging lion compared to the lamb-like gentleness of the Todd who was before him now. Brooker did not for a moment suspect, of course, that this was not the same Todd—that the redoubtable Peter had a double.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he ejaculated, pushing back his bowler and scratching his ginger head.

"I—er—understand that you would like me to play football for you on Saturday?"

"Wot-ho!" grinned Brooker. "No larks, mind, Master Todd! Will you accept a place in our team?"

"Most certainly I will accept the offer,

my dear Brooker," said Alonzo with a radiant smile. "And I am very much obliged to you. My Uncle Benjamin will be most pleased to hear that I shall be playing for you. Pray be assured, my dear fellow, that I will perform my best and do all I can to kick a number of goals."

"My only 'at!" gasped Brooker. He gave Alonzo a most peculiar look. "Wot's come over you, Master Todd? You seem to 'ave changed since I saw you yesterday."

"My Uncle Benjamin always told me to return good for evil," said the Duffer gently. "Your willingness to allow me to play football for you on Saturday amply compensates for the injuries I received at your hands yesterday."

Brooker looked hard at Alonzo, but could detect no guile in him. The Duffer was undoubtedly sincere. Brooker gave a chuckle.

"Right-ho, Master Todd!" he said. "It's a go, then. Shake on it!"

Alonzo willingly extended a bony hand, and they shook on it.

Brooker swaggered away from Greyfriars with his hat on one side, whistling cheerfully.

The Duffer, feeling very pleased and proud, turned and walked back into the Close. He halted as Peter Todd and Harry Wharton & Co. rushed up. They had been eagerly looking on from the shelter of the old elms.

"Good old Alonzo!" chortled Peter. "Then you've done it!"

"Done what, my dear Peter?" gasped the Duffer, blinking.

"Arranged to play in Brooker's team on Saturday! You've properly taken him in—ahem!—I mean, you've impressed him, Lonzy!" chuckled Peter. "Now you're going to reap fame and glory on the footer field! We'll soon turn you into a full-fledged footballer!"

"What-ho!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Alonzo, old chap, you deserve well of your country. Your Uncle Ben ought to be proud of you!"

The Duffer looked pleased. Harry Wharton & Co. were taking him seriously at last.

"Kim on, Alonzo!" said Peter, taking his cousin's arm affectionately. "Time to do some practice, you know. We've an hour before it gets dark. This way!"

Harry Wharton & Co. followed the two Todds back to Little Side, and there they helped Peter give Alonzo some footer practice. The manner in which Peter taught his cousin the rudiments of football elicited shrieks of laughter from the onlookers. Peter instructed the innocent Duffer with the view of causing him to bring about confusion in the ranks of the Crusaders on Saturday. By the time the lesson was over, Alonzo's knowledge of football was weird and peculiar. But he was satisfied.

And the Duffer, in the innocence of his heart, sat down in Study No. 7 that night and wrote a long letter to his Uncle Benjamin, giving him a glowing account of how he had been learning football, and how he had secured a place in a local team and was going to reap fame and glory on Saturday.



Alonzo charged two of his own team aside, then fell over and landed on top of the ball, with a gasp. The next moment he was the centre of a struggling mass of players, and was almost lost to view. "Yowp! Mum-mum-my dear fellows," gasped the Duffer, "pray do not resort to such—yah!—violence. Ow-yowp!" (See Chapter 9.)

On no account miss the special "Highwayman" supplement next week!

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THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo's Great Game!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. kept Alonzo hard at practice during the ensuing days, and he progressed favourably—for their little scheme.

They saw Dick Trumper & Co. in Courtfield, and told them of the ruse. The Courtfield Council school boys roared. They had been looking forward to the match with some misgiving, for they knew that neither Brooker nor his crony Climpson were to be trusted, and those two alone could wreak havoc on the field, even though the rest of the team were decent.

Courtfield on Saturday afternoon was crowded. Brooker was in high feather. If his team won the match, either by fair means or foul, he could claim the subsidy. And Brooker meant to win. He was sure of victory—especially with Todd of Greyfriars in the Crusaders' ranks. They expected great things of Todd.

"Here we are again!" said Brooker affably, as Alonzo, clad in full footer rig, ambled into the pavilion. "My word! You seem to have got skinnier since you played here last! Do you feel fit?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear Brooker," said the Duffer with a smile. "I have been practising very hard, and am sure I shall kick a number of goals this afternoon. My Uncle Benjamin particularly wishes me to do my best and display my

powers, as a footballer as brilliantly as I can."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Courtfield fellows dubbed by Brooker the "Crusaders."

"My eye!" gurgled Hands, the goalie. "Wot a merchant! Blessed if I thought that Greyfriars chap was such a pie-can!"

"E's no piecan when 'e's playin', matey!" grinned Brooker. "Looks is very deceivin', you know!"

"Haw, haw! Rather!" chuckled another member of the team. "Never judge a sausage by its overcoat, and—"

"None o' your sarcastic remarks, Mudge!" snapped Brooker, glaring at this veiled reference to his father's business.

Dick Trumper & Co., looking fresh and healthy and game for anything, were already on the field when Brooker & Co. trotted out, with Alonzo in their midst. A great deal of laughter arose at Alonzo's appearance. He did not set off his footer togs well. The Duffer blinked round him uncertainly.

"Good old Toddy!" shouted Bob Cherry encouragingly from the touchline. "Go in and win, old son!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A large number of Greyfriars fellows had come over to witness the match—and to be on hand to protect Alonzo, if necessary. Peter Todd was amongst them; but the astute junior had gone to some lengths to alter his appearance. Certain

it was none of the Courtfield boys recognised him in the simple disguise he had adopted. They anticipated that there would be a great deal of fun worth seeing. And they were not disappointed.

Alonzo was put on the left wing, and he was evidently determined to do or die, for directly the whistle shrilled and the ball was set in motion he galloped away from the centre line and made a bee-line for the leather.

Dick Trumper & Co. got away with it in fine style. They were clearly the superior team. Brooker's team was composed mostly of fellows whom Trumper had not considered good enough for his own eleven. It was also clear that Brooker and Climpson did not intend having any scruples in their manner of play, so long as they won.

There was a hot tussle going on in the neighbourhood of the Crusaders' half-back line when Alonzo plunged into the thick of it. He charged two of his own team aside, then fell over and landed on top of the ball with a gasp. Next minute Alonzo was the centre of a struggling mass of players, and he became lost to view from the eager crowd round the touchline.

"Yarooooogh! Ow-wow! Mum-my dear fellows, pray do not resort to such—yah!—violence! Wooogh! I am not the ball! Ow-wow-wow! My Uncle Benjamin—"

The rest of Alonzo's plaint was drowned by a whoop of joy from the Courtfield supporters. Dick Trumper's

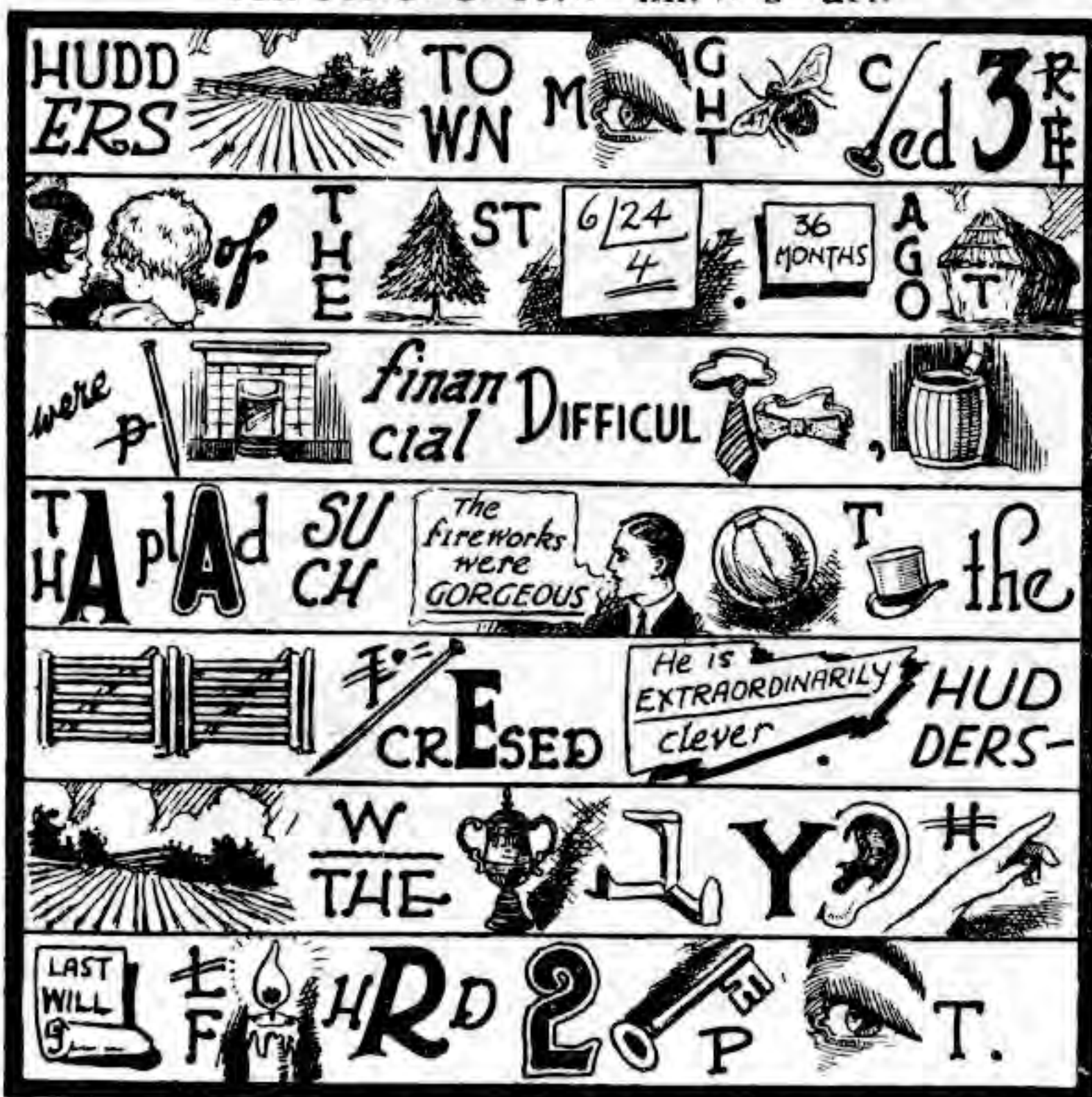
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forwards raked out the ball from underneath Alonzo and sped away with it. The confusion caused by Alonzo had greatly assisted them in carrying out that manoeuvre.

Brooker dragged the bewildered Duffer to his feet and shook a brawny fist under his long nose.

"You—you idiot! You blunderin' fool!" he raved. "You did that on purpose, you—"

"Really—yowp!—my dear Brooker, I had no intentions of—"

"Goal!"

That was the roar that came from every side next instant, and the Duffer's voice was drowned by it.

Dick Trumper & Co., carrying all before them, had scored within seven minutes of the kick off!

Harry Wharton & Co. and the Council school boys round the ropes cheered wildly. Brooker looked daggers at Alonzo.

The Duffer was hurt and gasping, and he realised that somehow he had made a mistake. He determined to make up for it, however, and as soon as the ball was kicked off again he pranced down the wing like a whirlwind. Brooker & Co., attacking desperately, were taking the ball into enemy territory.

Dick Trumper's halves tore up, and a lively scrum ensued. Brooker and Climpson found an opportunity to attempt their fouling tactics. Harry Wharton & Co. were on the watch like eagles, and they howled at Brooker to play like a man. But in spite of that, Brooker and his cronies managed to keep on with their shady playing without evoking penalties from the referee.

The Duffer shone forth brilliantly when Dick Trumper & Co. were being put hard to it to stem the attackers. He charged at Climpson, and so surprised that youth that Alonzo took possession of the ball in a twinkling. The Duffer, glorying in the fact that at last he had the leather at his feet, turned about and tore back towards his own territory.

"Hi!" yelled Brooker, hardly able to believe his eyes. "Where are you going? Todd, are you mad?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go it, Toddy!" chortled Bob Cherry.

Alonzo heard that last voice, and it spurred him to deeds of valour. The Crusaders' halves were too bewildered to stop him, and the backs were so dumb-struck that Alonzo got past them easily. He manoeuvred the ball until he got in front of his own goal. Dick Trumper & Co. were yelling with laughter.

"Bring him back!" howled Brooker desperately.

"Don't shoot!" shrieked the Crusaders' goalie.

But Alonzo heeded not. There was the goal-mouth before him, the leather was at his feet. What more could a footballer want? Alonzo shut his eyes and booted the ball in the direction of the net.

Biff!

The goalie ran out at it, but next minute the sphere came in with hurricane force and smote him on the chin. The impact bowled over the goalie like a ninepin, and next minute the ball rolled into the corner of the net.

"Goal!" howled Dick Trumper & Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Frank Nugent, holding his sides. "Alonzo's scored—for Trumper! Good old Duffer!"

"Dear me!" murmured Alonzo, beaming all over his comical face with pleasure. "I have really scored a goal! Won't Uncle Benjamin be pleased! I am most gratified by the cheers, and—"

Yah! Yarooooogh! Wow! Wharrer you doing, my dear Bub-Brooker—"

"You mad fool! You traitor!" howled Brooker, dashing up and shaking the Duffer. "You've kicked a goal against your own side! That's not Trumper's goal; it's ours!"

"Mum—my goodness!" gurgled Alonzo, blinking. "Does it matter, my dear Brooker?"

"Does it matter?" howled Brooker. "Oh crumbs! Is it 'im that's mad, or me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The watching crowd were in hysterics. Dick Trumper & Co. looked jubilant. They were two up already, and, with a player like Alonzo Todd in the opposing team, their hopes of adding considerably to their score were very rosy.

Brooker & Co. staggered back to their places for the next kick-off. They played warily and kept their eyes on Alonzo. That youth was quite bewildered now. He fairly mowed down the Crusaders, oblivious of the fact that it was a heinous crime in the rules of football to charge his own comrades.

The Crusaders' morale broke down. They took reprisals on Alonzo and charged him back, and knocked him all over the field. The luckless Duffer had a very rough time of it. And in the confusion, Dick Trumper & Co. broke through their opponents' defence several times and fairly peppered the goal. By half-time the score stood at 5-0 in favour of Dick Trumper & Co.

Alonzo staggered from the field, smothered with mud, and looking very battered and bent. He was in a parlous state. Brooker and Climpson and a number of the Crusaders tore after him. It seemed likely that the Duffer would suffer assault and battery at the hands of Brooker and his friends, so Harry Wharton & Co. clambered over the ropes in force and surrounded the Duffer.

"Groooooogh! Yah! Oooooogh!" moaned poor Alonzo. "I—I do feel most horrible, my dear fellows! I had no idea that football was such a violent game! Really—groooooogh!—I fail to see why the players should have resorted to such extremely rough measures. Yow-wow! My back aches, and—"

"Have this lemon, Alonzo!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Cheer up, old son. You've scored one goal, and you've played like a Trojan! Your Uncle Benjamin would have been delighted, had he been here, to witness your brilliant performance!"

"Yow-wow! Do you really think so, my dear Cherry?"

"I'm positive of it!" said Bob solemnly.

That seemed to cast a ray of brightness through the Duffer's gloom.

When time for the resumption came, and Alonzo limped back on the field, Brooker walked up to him with a grim, forbidding look on his coarse face.

"Get off!" he said savagely. "You ain't playin' no more for us! You're a traitor!"

"My dear Brooker—"

"I'd give you 'dear Brooker' if you 'adn't got a gang o' your pals with you!" howled the enraged Crusaders' captain. "You've properly messed up our game! You're hordered off—see? You don't play no more for us!"

"Goodness gracious! I have done my best, and—"

"You funny-faced idiot! You skinny, bungling freak—"

"My dear Brooker, if my Uncle

Benjamin were to hear you, he would be shocked—nay, disgusted!"

"Will you get off?" roared Brooker. "Or shall I kick you off?"

He made a threatening movement, and Alonzo, scenting that he was in a danger zone, beat a hasty retreat. Harry Wharton & Co., roaring with laughter, hauled him over the ropes.

"Yow-wow! My dear fellows, that unreasonable fellow Brooker refuses to allow me to play any more!" gasped the Duffer. "The epithets he hurled at me were most unseemly."

"Never mind, Lonzy!" chuckled Harry Wharton, wiping salt tears of merriment from his eyes. "You've been through the mill pretty badly, so a rest won't do you any harm. Stay here and watch Dick Trumper & Co. knock spots off the others!"

Alonzo stayed and watched.

Dick Trumper & Co. carried all before them in the second half. Brooker and the others were nowhere, although they managed to score twice; but Dick Trumper, Grahame, and Wickers each notched a point, so that when the game finished the score was 8-2.

Dick Trumper & Co. had won. Alderman Moore's subsidy was theirs.

The ground was immediately assailed by the victors' supporters and Harry Wharton & Co., who were cheering loudly. The Famous Five were among the first to come up and congratulate the young Courtfield skipper.

"Did you see Brooker's face?" chuckled Bob Cherry, as the chums of Greyfriars walked to the station with Alonzo in their midst. "Its expression was really worth a guinea a box! Ha, ha, ha! I have never seen a footer captain more put out. He was looking round for Alonzo. I believe he wanted to take him away to some quiet field and slaughter him!"

"Brooker's got what he deserved!" said Peter, who had now divested himself of the disguise he had worn. "I don't reckon the Crusaders will live much longer—not as a footer team, I mean. Most of the chaps in the eleven were decent fellows enough, and I could see that they were disgusted with their captain's playing. The match was a real scream, though, thanks to Alonzo!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!"

Harry Wharton & Co. treated Alonzo like a hero.

Alonzo, however, had had his fill of footballing. His one consolation for the rough time he had had in that match was the fact that he had scored a goal. He wrote to his Uncle Benjamin about it, but said at the end of the letter that he did not think he was able to stand the strain of training any longer. He had lost his ambition to become an athlete. Uncle Benjamin, who was suffering from gout and lumbago as a result of his activities at golf, replied in a sympathetic vein, and stated that he, too, thought sedentary recreations more suited to him.

And after that the Duffer of Greyfriars was no longer seen swinging Indian clubs or performing weird evolutions with the dumb-bells, but in his leisure hours was to be found, as of yore, quietly perambulating the cloisters, seeking food for the mind from the immortal "Story of a Potato."

THE END.

(There is another splendid long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's MAGNET, entitled "The Sporting Champion!"—a yarn that will hold your interest from first to last.)

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"SPEECHES"



THERE was a creditable muster of Members last week when the Speaker took the chair.

The Speaker: "I have great pleasure in bringing before the House a speech from Reader J. PAYNE, 5, Limesford Road, Nunhead, S.E. 15, on amateur theatricals. I think I see Mr. Bunter signalling to me, but I would ask the Member for Pufftown to wait until he has heard the speech. Reader J. Payne says: 'I have heard many people state that a dramatic society is no good unless there are twelve or more members. I entirely disagree with this. Three friends and myself have got up some most successful concerts acted at home to some friends and relations. These concerts give pleasure both to actors and audience. When there are only a few members the plays go off much more smoothly, and do not require half as much scenery, etc. There is also less squabbling about the principal parts. Catchy little plays can be bought for about a penny or two-pence—either amusing, tragic, school, or historical. At our last concert we acted four short plays, with a few songs and recitations between each. These went down very well, though the refreshments went down even better! Amateur theatricals are great fun. I hope the Remove Dramatic Society is still going strong.'"

Mr. Bunter: "Not so bad, but I think that bit about the refreshments might have been left out. For myself, when I am really interested in theatricals, I forget there is such a thing as food."

Mr. Wibley: "When! I wanted, however, to say something about the Remove Dramatic Society. Never has it been more prosperous."

Mr. Bunter: "For my part, you might as well wash out the society. Films are better, now that I have so little time to act."

Lord Mauleverer: "This is something new. Does Bunter mean that films are better liked? Would film plays have more success?"

Mr. Bunter: "They might. Again, they might not. It depends on what subjects you have."

The Speaker: "Will the Member for Pufftown enlighten the House as to what he is driving at?"

Mr. Bunter: "It's clear as paint. You know how it is with some of these pictures—how a tadpole grows up; what happens to a grain of sand on the shores of the Baltic—rot, I call it. While the stories get pretty rank. Some girl jazzing round a ball-room, with all the fellows in love with her. Now, there might be something really worth seeing on the films."

Mr. S. Bunter: "I know what's coming."

Mr. Bunter: "Be quiet, Sammy! As I was saying, it's subjects that are wanted."

The Nabob of Bhanipura: "What is the subjectful meaning of the esteemed and ludicrous Bunter?"

Mr. Bunter: "Ludicrous, am I? I can tell you chumps that if they put me on the films the whole world would go crazy!"

Mr. Wibley: "They were all mad in England in Shakespeare's time."

Mr. Bunter: "I mean everybody would want to see me acting. Managers are losing their chance. I am not at all sure that if the offer were made to me now I should accept it. I was quite ready at one time to sacrifice myself in the interests of others; but even a Bunter has his pride, and cannot be kept waiting." (Hear, hear!)

The Speaker: "I now propose to read a speech from Reader F. MANNING. The subject is the same. Reader F. Manning, 25, West View, Witton, Blackburn, says: 'When writing a play it is always best to write it in rhyme, especially in the case of short plays. It is much more interesting to read, learn, or listen to when a play is written in rhyme. Every year in the "Holiday Annual" there appears a play in rhyme. Many fellows don't like reading plays, but they read them in the "Annual" because they are in verse. I know a chap who said he would not be in a play because he said there was too much to learn. However, I found another play, which was twice as long, but written in rhyme, and he learned that one because it looked, and was, easier.'"

Mr. Wibley: "I do not entirely agree with this speech."

Mr. Bunter: "You never agree with anything."

Mr. Wibley: "A totally uncalled for observation."

The Speaker: "Order, order!"

Mr. Horace Coker: "For my part, I think it is jolly right. I can learn anything, so long as it is in rhyme. It is far easier."

Mr. Loder: "Coker may be all right on a motor-bike, but he cannot know anything about this subject. If he thinks himself a dab at verse he ought to speak in it. At present what he says is neither rhyme nor reason."

Mr. James Carne: "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Speaker (rising before Coker had a chance): "To my mind there is a great deal in what Reader Manning says. You know it yourselves. Take Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'"

Mr. Bunter (faintly): "Don't! That book always gives me pains."

The Speaker: "The Hon. Member has evidently not taken the trouble to study the splendid poems. I hold that it is a much simpler business to get a long poem by heart than a long piece in prose. You have something to carry you on all the time. The words come to mean something to you beyond even what the poet has set down."

Mr. Bunter at this stage drew a lengthy manuscript from his pocket, and started to read what he called an impromptu speech, but he was sharply called to order by the Speaker.

Mr. Speaker: "Now, just listen to something from Wimbledon about Scouting. Reader VICTOR STEEL, 15, Waterfall Cottages, Waterfall Road, Colliers Wood, Wimbledon, S.W. 19, says: 'Scouting is sometimes considered a nuisance, but all the same it makes one learn things which might come into the picture later on. One learns tracking, signalling, the Morse code, etc. A Scout has to do a good deed every day. Nine times out of ten a Scout turns out to be a man when he grows up. Some fellows join because of the uniform. I joined to learn, and I say it without bragging. There are many badges one can get in the Scouts, the exact number being sixty-six. The path-finder badge makes you learn the bus routes. You have to be familiar with the roads, etc. Then there is the ambulance badge, which means understanding bandaging. It is very easy to go about this in the wrong way.'"

Mr. Sammy Bunter: "Fortunately, I do not need to be a Scout—"

Mr. Tom Dutton: "They wouldn't have you."

Mr. Sammy Bunter: "I was about to say that it is not necessary for a fellow like me to be a Scout to do a good action every day. All that kind of thing comes naturally to me."

Mr. Bunter: "Shut up, Sammy! Nobody wants to hear you jaw. I was just going to speak. Of course, Scouting is all very well in its way, but it is for those chaps who require to be trained in how to behave."

Mr. S. Q. I. Field: "Perhaps the House will permit me to say something here. I think Reader Steel has hit the target. What most chaps want is just this sort of training. If a Scout found himself out in my country he would be at home. Not so the fellow who had never joined. He would be at sea."

Mr. Bunter: "You said he would be in Australia."

Mr. Field (ignoring the interruption): "I think the Scouts put in A1 work. Good luck to them all the time!"

The remark was received with loud cheering.

The House adjourned at nine.

The above feature offers pocket-money to all!



THE FACE ON THE FILM!

A further mystery story of Ferrers Locke, and his assistant, Jack Drake, from the pen of
OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Idol of London.

"HALLO! What's all the cheering about, sir?"

As he asked the question, Jack Drake swung round to see a magnificent covered motor-car turn into Baker Street. A small group of people at the corner of the street were responsible for the cheers. A foppishly dressed young fellow took a flower from his buttonhole and threw it towards the motor, and a tiny lace handkerchief was waved from the window of the car in response.

A smile flickered across the face of Ferrers Locke, who, accompanied by his young assistant, Jack Drake, was making his way homewards.

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken, my boy," he said, "that motor-car is conveying the present idol of London."

"The idol of London, sir? You mean—"

"Virginia Lavelle, the American film star. 'Pon my word, we English are a queer race. There's been more fuss made about this pretty doll-like creature than there was over the visit of the last President of the United States."

"Which shows, sir," said Drake with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that the public prefer film to politics. I'll admit I do. My hat, how the papers have boosted her up over here, thanks chiefly, I suppose, to the loss of her wonderful pearl necklace on the voyage from America!"

"Yes," said Ferrers Locke gravely; "she has a very smart Press agent."

"I wonder whether Miss Lavelle really did lose the necklace or whether it was only one of these stunts for giving her extra publicity?" mused the boy. "Reading between the lines in the newspapers, the affair seemed a jolly fishy one to me."

Both the detective and his assistant followed the magnificent car with their eyes as it rolled smoothly past them. A smart chauffeur in a green uniform was driving. Inside the car was sitting Miss Virginia Lavelle, the famous American star of the movies. Opposite, with their backs to the driver, were two smartly-dressed men, both of whom the watchers recognised instantly. These two, like the film actress herself, had been very prominent in the English picture papers of recent date.

"I think, Drake," murmured the detective, "that you will soon have a chance of either altering or confirming your opinion regarding

the loss of Miss Lavelle's jewels. She is on her way to consult with us about two matter."

Hardly had the words left his lips than the motor-car drew up near the house in Baker Street in which Locke and Drake had their residence.

The two pedestrians quickened their step. As they drew level with the stationary car, one of the male companions of the actress sprang out. Jerking his thumb in the direction of the house opposite, he addressed the detective.

"I say, my good fellow, is this the place where Mr. Ferrers Locke lives?"

"I'm certain of it, Mr. Duvy," said the sleuth, with a genial smile. He walked to the front door of the house and unlocked it. "Will you and your companions enter?"

"Bless me! Then you are Mr. Locke? You have seen my portrait in the papers. As you know, I am the Victor Duvy who is going to act as producer for Miss Lavelle in a series of films in this country."

The others alighted from the car, and, Mr. Duvy introduced Miss Lavelle in turn to Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake. The remaining member of the party was Edward B. Studdert, a typical American and the New York business agent of the newly-formed Lonestar Films Ltd., the company of which Victor Duvy was the head.

Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant of the famous detective, met the party in the hall-way of the house. He relieved the gentlemen of their hats and coats. Then Ferrers Locke himself led his illustrious visitors up to the consulting-room.

"Gee, what a perfectly dinky little office!" cried the famous film star, clapping her hands like a delighted schoolgirl. "Sure, I always wondered what a sleuth's quarters looked like. But say, you haven't a single picture of a crook hanging on the walls anywhere."

All the men laughed good-humouredly at the disappointment conveyed in the tone of the last remark.

"Wal, don't that jest beat the band!" exclaimed Mr. Edward B. Studdert, the business agent, sinking uninvited into the best chair. "Ain't that sure like a woman?"

When all the visitors had ensconced themselves, Ferrers Locke dropped into the chair at his desk.

"It's like this, Mr. Locke," briskly began the business agent of the film company; "Miss Lavelle wants you to get her necklace back. But as I've been telling her it sure

ain't fair to you to expect such a thing. As you know, it's over a week since the sparklers disappeared. I reckon by this time that it's broken up and scattered all over the Continent."

Ferrers Locke frowned. He did not care for the voluble Edward B. Studdert, whose chief characteristics appeared to be a sad lack of manners, and an overwhelming conceit in himself.

In contrast, Victor Duvy was to all appearance a perfect gentleman. It had been reported in one newspaper that the producer was in reality the Comte de Duvy, a French nobleman of great wealth, who had become interested in film work while in Los Angeles. Also it had been announced that he had become engaged to Miss Virginia Lavelle.

Duvy it was who rebuked the self-assertive business agent.

"I think, my dear Studdert," he remarked smoothly, "that Mr. Locke had better hear what Miss Lavelle has to say. Then he can judge for himself whether he thinks it worth his while to take up the case."

"Thank you, Mr. Duvy," said Ferrers Locke. "I am all attention, Miss Lavelle."

The famous film star smiled graciously.

"Wal, it's like this, Mr. Locke," she said. "I'm mighty fed up with the fact that your Scotland Yard hasn't found my pearl necklace yet, and—"

"Please don't accuse me of responsibility for Scotland Yard!" cried Locke with a gesture. "But let me get this right. You lost your pearl necklace during a dance on the Aurorian, the big Blue Star boat, on your way across from the United States?"

"That's so, and I reckon there isn't much more to be said than what you've already seen in the papers. It happened the night before we were due to arrive at Southampton. There was a dance held in the ball-room for the saloon passengers. Everyone was there, including those officers of the ship who were off duty at the time. It was getting on for midnight, I guess, when suddenly the electric light failed temporarily. When the lights came on again, my necklace was gone."

"If my recollection of the newspapers' reports is correct," said Locke, "the passengers present in the ball-room submitted themselves to a search."

"That's so," agreed Miss Lavelle. "But while the lights were out quite a number of folk left the ball-room. Anyway, nothing was found."

Crooks shiver and wail, when Locke's on their trail!

"Really, I suppose," remarked the detective, "the search consisted in looking into the pockets of the men and the vanity-bags of the ladies. Was one asked to remove his dancing pumps, for instance?"

The great film actress gave a rippling laugh.

"Gee, I wish I'd thought of that!" she cried. "It would have tickled me to death to see those fellows prancing around in their stockinged feet!"

"Do be serious!" remonstrated Duvy, eyeing Miss Lavelle severely. "I'm sure Mr. Locke must be obtaining the impression that you don't care very much about your loss."

These words seemed to have a dampening effect on the high spirits of the attractive woman.

"Please don't think that, Mr. Locke!" she implored. "That pearl necklace cost me over eight hundred thousand dollars. You'll remember it was formerly possessed by the Grand Duchess Fedorova of Russia. The necklace, together with other heirlooms, was brought to the States a couple of years after the Russian Revolution. Even were the necklace broken up, the pearls themselves would be worth something in the neighbourhood of a million dollars, on present-day prices."

"That's round about two hundred thousand pounds of English money," mused Ferrers Locke. "The necklace was certainly a prize well worth the attention of the princes of the crook world. Before the Aurorian berthed at Southampton there was another search—a general search of the ship this time."

"Of course, without result, Mr. Locke," put in Victor Duvy, the fiance of the film star. "The Customs made a special search of every particle of baggage that went ashore. The passengers and crew were put to the indignity of a search immediately after landing, but not a trace of the necklace could be found. Since then Scotland Yard has had the matter in hand."

"That's so," said Virginia Lavelle; "it's just as though the necklace dissolved into thin air."

"But what I say is this," boomed Edward B. Studdert. "What's the use of asking Mr. Locke to take the case? You can bet your sweet young lives that there was a mighty cute gang of crooks on the Aurorian. Miss Lavelle would insist on wearing her real jewels, instead of imitations of 'em. Nothing was simpler for the crooks than to switch off the lights and, in the confusion, remove the necklace from her throat. The ship, which has had to undergo some minor repairs, has been in port a week. Long before this the necklace has been taken ashore, and probably across to the Continent a pearl or two at a time, or my name ain't Edward B. Studdert!"

"It certainly seems a very reasonable assumption," said Ferrers Locke gravely. "Still, there's always hope, Miss Lavelle. I will do my best on your behalf."

The film star laid a slim, white-gloved hand on the strong, brown fist of the equally famous sleuth. Her large eyes voiced her gratitude even more eloquently than her words.

"Thank you!" she said simply. "It's sure a real treat to talk to you after listening to the pessimistic Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard, who called to see me."

"Inspector Pycroft is an old friend of mine, Miss Lavelle," murmured Ferrers Locke. "He's a splendid fellow and a real good detective. His fault is that, if anything, he is too well versed in official methods. I suppose he called to see you about that arrest he is reported to have made?"

"Yes," said the film actress. "Scotland Yard quickly cottoned to the fact that a swell crook, known as Tex Lupine, travelled on the Aurorian. Pycroft's 'tecs have shadowed the fellow since he landed, in the hope of getting on to the trail of the necklace, but they learnt nothing. All along, though, Inspector Pycroft has been convinced that Lupine, who travelled saloon across from the States, was concerned with the robbery. And now he's got the crook under lock and key as a suspected character, while he and his men make some further investigations in the case."

For a few minutes Ferrers Locke fired off a series of questions at the film actress and her companions. From the answers given he learned the positions of their state-

rooms on the ship and a number of other details.

At last Victor Duvy, the producer, raised his lean, immaculate form from his chair.

"Well, you must excuse us not staying longer, Mr. Locke. After lunch we have to film an interior scene at our new studios at Harrow. Run out and see us if you are interested in the movies."

"Thank you," said Locke; "I will. Au revoir."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Nearly an "Accident"!

AFTER Sing-Sing had shown the clients out, Ferrers Locke lay back in the chair by his desk, with a whimsical expression on his face.

"Well, Drake," he said to his assistant, "What do you think?"

Jack Drake, who had been lost in reverie, came to with a start.

"I think she's ripping, sir," he cried enthusiastically.

Then as his chief gave an amused chuckle, the youngster coloured up and hastened to add: "I—I mean, sir, it's jolly queer. On the face of it I should be inclined to think that the whole thing was a gigantic stunt engineered by the Press agent of the Lonestar Films."

"On what evidence do you base that assumption, my boy?"

"On very little, I'm afraid, sir. But the Lonestar people have made a great deal of good newspaper copy out of the loss sustained by their leading actress. And it must be remembered that Miss Virginia Lavelle herself was the only person who was not searched after the Aurorian berthed at Southampton. Duvy and Studdert, both of whom travelled in the liner, submitted to the same indignity as the rest of the passengers."

Ferrers Locke helped himself to a cigarette and carefully lighted it.

"Very good, Drake," he said. "That is worth taking into consideration. But there are still two other theories to be taken seriously into account on the assumption that the famous necklace was actually stolen. One is that the thief, or an accomplice of the thief, smuggled the pearls ashore in some clever way. That would have been easier of accomplishment had the accomplice been a member of the Aurorian's crew."

He paused as though ruminating on this thought.

"And the other theory, sir?" prompted Drake.

"That is," said Ferrers Locke slowly, "that the necklace is still aboard the liner."

For a moment Drake looked at the great detective in open-mouthed wonderment.

"My hat, sir!" he muttered. "I see your point. The necklace is secreted somewhere on the ship, and possibly the thief may wait until the liner returns to New York before attempting to smuggle the pearls ashore."

Locke nodded.

"A member of the Aurorian's crew could take a pearl or two at a time ashore either in New York or Southampton over a series of voyages. If the thief were a passenger, he would doubtless book again on the liner at some future date to retrieve his spoil."

"But according to the papers, sir, the whole ship was searched from truck to keelson."

"Don't you believe it, my boy," said the sleuth. "Without tearing the Aurorian to pieces, it would be impossible to unearth all the possible hiding places. There are a thousand and one places on a ship of the size of the Aurorian in which such a small object as a pearl necklace could be secreted for months without likelihood of discovery."

The famous investigator began idly turning over the leaves of a book of newspaper cuttings. It was a book in which Drake pasted up various paragraphs of interest dealing with the principle criminal cases of the day.

One cutting gave particulars of the newly-formed Lonestar Films, Ltd., and the romantic manner in which Miss Lavelle became interested in it.

The famous film star had met Victor Duvy in Hollywood, California. The two had grown fond of each other and had become engaged. Duvy had conceived the idea of making a certain type of film in England. Miss Lavelle, who, like most Americans, was enamoured with the old-world scenery of the English countryside, became enthusiastic

in her fiance's project. The Lonestar Films, Ltd., was formed, Miss Lavelle herself taking up most of the shares. The other shares were held chiefly between Duvy and Edward B. Studdert.

For some time Duvy was in England arranging matters, while Miss Lavelle remained in Hollywood to fulfil a contract she had made previously with another firm. Then Duvy, having bought the studios of an English film-producing firm which had failed, and re-engaged a number of members of the former staff, returned to the States. A short time later he returned to England bringing Miss Lavelle with him and accompanied by Studdert.

It was after glancing over the newspaper article which narrated this information that Ferrers Locke shut the book of cuttings with a snap.

"We will have lunch, Drake," he said. "Then, if you feel like it, we will take a trip out to Harrow and watch our new acquaintances at work."

"Oh, ripping!" cried the boy. "I've always wanted to see a picture filmed. It's a case of pleasure before business in this case, eh, sir?"

"Not exactly," said Locke, rising from his desk; "rather, I think, it will be combining pleasure with business." And with that somewhat cryptic utterance, the great detective led the way to the dining-room, where Sing-Sing had already laid luncheon.

Directly the meal was over, Locke and Drake donned their hats and coats and left the house. From Baker Street Tube Station they journeyed out to Harrow. A short walk brought them to the studios of the Lonestar Films, Ltd.

A commissionaire took the card handed in by Ferrers Locke to Mr. Duvy, and the producer quickly hove into view.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen; this is quite an unexpected pleasure! I hardly thought you would show up after my casual invitation. But you are heartily welcome."

As the producer led the way through the company's grounds he pointed out various items of interest.

"We are engaged on making our first English picture," he explained. "It will be called 'Flotsam of the Sea.' Miss Lavelle, of course, is taking the principal female part, and the English actor, Tony Phipps, is playing opposite her. Sir Redvers Hardman, who owns that beautiful mansion, Fanes Hall, a few miles from here, has kindly given us permission to film some exteriors at his place. To-day, however, we are 'shooting' an interior here at the studios. Perhaps you would like to watch us."

A beautiful interior set was built in one corner of the grounds. It consisted of the three walls of a drawing-room. The carpets and furnishings generally were on a most lavish scale. Opposite the set was drawn up a battery of film cameras, and a number of studio hands, actors, and actresses were gathered near by. With great interest Jack Drake noted that the actors and actresses appeared to be suffering from an epidemic of severe jaundice. He mentioned his thought to Mr. Duvy, who laughingly explained matters.

"The film camera is a strange animal," he said. "Unless this type of yellow greasepaint is used, the complexions of the actors appear ghastly on the finished films—especially when the pictures are taken beneath strong arc-lamps. Blue greasepaint is used on the cheeks, and this gives the appearance of a healthy, rosy complexion. The camera does not seem to care for red as a colour, curiously enough."

Just then Miss Lavelle and Edward B. Studdert detached themselves from a small group of people, and came to meet the visitors.

The party chatted together for a few moments, and Duvy walked off to find Phipps, the English actor. Thereupon Studdert took Ferrers Locke by the arm and led him into the three-walled drawing-room set. Jack Drake followed closely behind, anxious to obtain a close-up view of the wonderful art of the scene constructor.

A magnificent fireplace constructed of tiles in various shades of grey attracted the sleuth's attention. Finely-wrought fireirons lay in front of it, and it was flanked on either side by great grey vases of intricate design.

"The Peril of a Prince!" will want some beating. Be sure and read it!

"These are made of papier mache," volunteered Edward B. Studdert, with a nod in the direction of the vases. "That's the substance that so many film props are made of. It's sure the most useful material ever invented."

The eyes of Ferrers Locke lifted to a great mahogany overmantel, at the top of which a studio hand was adjusting another vase of delicate shades of blue.

"But that's not papier mache," said Locke—"the vase up there, I mean?"

"No," replied Studdert; "that's a grand piece of cloisonné work from India—enamel inlaid in copper."

"Really!" said the detective, with interest. "I should like to have had a closer view of that. There's nothing that pleases my eye more than good cloisonné work."

He stooped to examine the clever workmanship of one of the papier mache vases.

Edward B. Studdert turned away, and, as though oblivious of its presence, bumped heavily against the ladder on which the studio employee was standing to adjust the cloisonné vase. The man slipped sideways, dragging over the vase which he was grasping. Then his fingers hastily clawed at the top of the overmantel to save himself from falling.

"Look out, sir!"

The sudden shriek from Jack Drake caused Ferrers Locke to throw himself back. There was a terrific crash, and the heavy copper vase lay on the floor of the set at his feet. It had missed his head by a matter of inches!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

What the Film Revealed!

"**P**HEW!" Locke gave a low whistle, and glanced keenly at Edward B. Studdert.

The business agent stepped hastily across to the detective and gripped his arm.

"Thank Heaven you're all right, Mr. Locke!" he said fervently. "I'd never have forgiven myself if the vase had struck you. I tripped over that edge of carpet and plunged into the ladder."

A curious smile flickered at the corners of the detective's lips.

"We both have to thank my assistant, Drake, that nothing unpleasant occurred," he remarked. "But for his warning cry I might have met with quite a nasty accident."

He slightly emphasised the last word of his remark, but Studdert did not appear to notice the fact. Locke, however, observed that the business manager shot a swift glance at the boy—a glance which did not convey much in the way of gratitude to the lad.

The studio hand, who had managed to maintain his balance at the top of the ladder, descended in great concern. He apologised profusely, and was agreeably surprised when no one seemed inclined to attach any blame to him.

Hearing his name called, Ferrers Locke temporarily dismissed the incident from his mind. He crossed the set to Mr. Duvy, who was beckoning to him, and was introduced to Tony Phipps. Then he and Drake stood aside to watch the filming of a scene in the drawing-room set.

Directly the filming was completed for the afternoon, Miss Lavelle and Phipps conversed with Locke and Drake for a brief space, afterwards retiring to their rooms. Then, upon the detective expressing the opinion that he and Drake "had better be getting back to Baker Street," Victor Duvy and Studdert strolled with them to the exit of the studios.

"Sorry we had no exciting scene to film this afternoon, Mr. Locke," said the producer in his courtly way. "Drawing-room scenes seldom are very thrilling. But shortly we are going to shoot a big thrill in the grounds of Sir Redvers Hardman. We have also arranged with the Blue Star Steamship Company to let us make a film of a scene which is to be enacted from the deck of the *Aurorian* as she leaves Southampton on her next voyage to America."

"I should have liked to have seen those episodes," remarked Ferrers Locke politely. "But I shall have to give my attention to business for the sake of Miss Lavelle."

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Locke. And we must get busy, too. I want to complete

this first film, 'Plotsam of the Sea,' as soon as possible now. The *Aurorian* leaves in three days, and we are not yet prepared for the stunt we propose to carry out. This consists of a rescue scene in which Miss Lavelle and Tony Phipps take part."

"But couldn't you enact the scene in connection with the next Blue Star boat which sails a fortnight hence?" suggested Locke.

"No, we couldn't," interposed Edward B. Studdert. "The *Aurorian* is the biggest ship afloat, and the public like things done on a grand scale. Besides, I'm returning to little old New York on the *Aurorian*, and I guess if I give the stunt my personal supervision on the ship the thing will go with more pep."

With difficulty Locke and Drake suppressed their smiles at the bombastic tone of the man.

"Yes," said Duvy; "I agreed with Studdert when he suggested filming the *Aurorian*. The biggest liner in the world will look great in our first production. But, of course, we cannot call the ship the *Aurorian* in the film play. We shall use the name *Styrian*. Yes, it will be a real hustle for the next day or so, as there are one or two properties we must take to Southampton with us. Moreover, there is a small character part in the play that is not filled yet. We had hoped to get a real hunchback with film experience for this. But unless the agencies send us one by to-morrow, we shall have to resort to make-up with one of the actors already in our employ."

Locke smiled faintly as he shook hands with his host.

"Ah, you film people have as strenuous



Some few feet of film were shot from the rowboat, showing Miss Lavelle encircled by the lifebuoy to which Tony Phipps had towed her, while the young actor hung grimly on at the side. (See Chapter 4.)

an existence as us poor detectives," he said. "Thanks awfully for a very pleasant afternoon."

As, in his turn, Studdert shook hands with the sleuth, the American said:

"Wal, I guess I'd better say good-bye, Mr. Locke. Maybe I sha'n't be seeing you again before I sail."

"Good-bye, Mr. Studdert," said the detective. "But you have helped in giving me such an interesting afternoon here, that I sincerely hope we shall meet again before you sail."

As Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake made their way to the station the former appeared to be in the highest spirits.

"Really, my boy," he said, "I spoke every bit of the truth when I said that Studdert helped to give me an exceedingly interesting afternoon. But somehow I have a nasty sort of feeling that had that cloisonné vase dropped on my head, Studdert would have considered the afternoon even more successful from his own standpoint."

"My hat, sir!" said Drake. "Do you think he caused the fellow on the ladder to upset it on purpose?"

"I can't help thinking that such was indeed Studdert's object. However, to be warned is to be doubly armed. I'll eat my Sunday topper if Studdert isn't mixed up

in some very shady business in connection with that necklace!"

From Harrow the two took the Tube to Baker Street. As they stepped out towards home Drake summoned up his courage to state a matter which had cropped up in his mind at the sight of an array of blazing lights near the Marylebone Road.

"I say, sir," he said, "would you mind if I went along to the Mascotte Cinema? There's an Up-to-date Film showing of the landing of Miss Lavelle in Southampton and scenes of her welcome in London, and—"

Ferrers Locke gave his young assistant a dig in the ribs which took Drake's breath away.

"Pon my word, Drake," he said, "I believe you've become quite moonstruck over that actress—or perhaps I should say star-struck! However, I must admit that you have jolly good taste. I'll come along with you, my boy."

Entering the cinema they found comfortable seats about half-way down the theatre, and Ferrers Locke lighted a cigar. They



watched with amused interest the final portion of a comedy film entitled, "Doughnuts for Two." Then the Up-to-Date Film depicting Miss Virginia Lavelle's arrival at Southampton was shown.

As the famous film star appeared on the screen, descending by a gangway from the towering side of the *Aurorian*, a burst of applause broke out from the audience.

Suddenly, Jack Drake drew the attention of the detective to the crowd who thronged the landing-stage shown on the screen.

"Look, sir!" he muttered; "there's a close-up of that fellow, Edward B. Studdert. He's talking to someone whose face is hidden behind that shed to the left of the picture?"

"By Jove, you're right, my boy!" said Locke, sitting bolt upright. "I can distinctly see Studdert's lips moving."

But it was not possible for them to see with whom the American had been conversing, as the scene on the screen changed to show Miss Lavelle entering a railway carriage, laden with bouquets.

Directly after the show, Ferrers Locke allowed Drake to return to Baker Street alone. He himself sought out the manager of the picture theatre, with whom he had a personal acquaintance. Shortly after the interview he left the Mascotte Cinema, but

Another breathless, thrilling "Tec" yarn next Monday!

he did not reach home until fully an hour later.

"Drake, my boy," he said, as the two lingered over a late meal, "I am returning to the Mascotte after the final performance to-night. You can come, too, if you like. It is my intention of trying to discover what it was that Studdert said to his unseen friend on the landing-stage at Southampton. To that end I have made arrangements with two deaf-and-dumb inmates of a charitable institution to attend a private view of the film, kindly arranged by the manager of the theatre."

"You mean, sir, that they will endeavour to find out what Studdert said by the lip-reading process?"

"Exactly. Of course, Studdert may have only remarked that it was a fine day. On the other hand, he may have said something that will afford us a clue. That he knows more about the affair of the pearl necklace than he would care for us to discover, I am certain."

At eleven o'clock that night, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake were again seated in the Mascotte Cinema. To the right of the sleuth sat the two mutes whom Locke had engaged in an endeavour to unravel the meaning of Studdert's facial contortions on the film. The manager of the theatre went into the box at the back of the place with the film operator.

Three times in succession the film showing the landing of Miss Lavelle was projected on the screen. When a certain point was reached, Ferrers Locke raised his hand as a signal for the operator to stop and repeat the part showing the close-up of Edward B. Studdert.

At the conclusion of the strange private show, one of the deaf-and-dumb men handed the detective a scrap of paper on which was written the few words that he and his afflicted comrade had been able to make out from the movements of Studdert's lips. The detective glanced at the writing, liberally paid the mutes for their assistance, and bade the obliging manager of the theatre "good-night."

When back in the privacy of his residence in Baker Street, the detective drew out the scrap of paper and showed it to his young assistant. The words which Drake read were, "—only half done as yet but—"

"That was all that the mutes were able to make out, Drake," said Ferrers Locke. "But to my mind those words tend to confirm my theory that Studdert was not only mixed up in this affair of the necklace but also that the pearls are still on the Aurorian. I may be wrong, but I think Studdert meant that the job was only half-done inasmuch that the pearls had been wrested from their rightful owner, but that they still had to be smuggled ashore. I am going to leave it to you to try and discover to whom Studdert addressed that remark on the landing-stage. For my part I am taking train first thing to-morrow morning for Southampton, where the Aurorian is berthed. You must tell nobody, however, of my destination."

Then the famous sleuth gave Drake a series of instructions of which the boy made careful mental note. It was past midnight when they parted for their respective rooms after a day which Locke felt had yielded some slight progress towards the solution of the mysterious theft of the pearl necklace.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing Race!

"NOW then, Humpty, gimme a hand to take this lifebuoy up the gangway!"

The speaker was a hand employed by the Lonestar Film Company. His remark was addressed to a small be-whiskered, ugly-looking, hunchbacked, individual who stood on the landing-stage at Southampton gazing up at the huge bulk of the Blue Star liner, Aurorian.

It was the morning on which the liner was due to sail for New York. The landing-stage was crowded with friends and relatives of the passengers who lined the rails of the mighty vessel. These watchers found

additional interest in the preparations of the Lonestar people, who were to film one of the episodes of the play entitled, "Flotsam of the Sea."

Miss Virginia Lavelle and Tony Phipps, the English actor, had embarked on the liner in readiness for the stunt they were to perform after the vessel had got under way. They were on the promenade deck chatting to Edward B. Studdert, who was returning to America in the ship.

The studio hand, assisted by the hunchback, took on board a large lifebuoy bearing the lettering, "s.s. Styrian," the name of the vessel of the film play.

Then a scene was shot by the camera men depicting the hunchback running post-haste up a gangway to thrust a letter into the hand of the hero of the piece, Tony Phipps.

When this had been done, Victor Duvy, the producer, the camera men and the hunchback, embarked in a specially-chartered row-boat to row out some distance in the harbour to await the passing of the Aurorian. The only reason for the hunchback's presence in the boat was that he could pull an oar, one of the men engaged to row the boat not having turned up.

After what seemed an interminable wait during which the rowboat rolled lazily to the waves, the Aurorian was seen gliding slowly out. Under Mr. Duvy's orders the boat was manoeuvred as close to the liner as was possible with safety. Then, lifting a megaphone to his lips, the producer bawled an order in the direction of Studdert, who was standing by the rails of the liner.

"Shoot!" said Duvy, turning to the camera men.

Hardly had the handles of the cameras begun to turn when Miss Lavelle came into view on the promenade deck of the Aurorian. She sprang on to the rail and jumped head-long into the sea.

Studdert, who for this occasion only was playing a part in the film, that of a passenger, lifted the s.s. Styrian lifebuoy from a hook and hurled it into the sea. Next moment a young man rushed to the side of the ship. It was the actor, Phipps. Throwing off his coat, he dived in to the rescue of the woman.

"Fine! Fine!" muttered Victor Duvy. "Keep the cameras going, boys!"

As the huge bulk of the Aurorian drew farther and farther away, Mr. Duvy ordered the rowboat to approach to get some close-ups of Miss Lavelle struggling in the water and being rescued by Phipps. Some few feet of film were also shot showing Miss Lavelle encircled by the lifebuoy to which Phipps had towed her, while the young actor hung grimly on at the side.

By the time the film producer ordered the rowboat to go alongside, both the actress and Tony Phipps were almost in a state of collapse from cold and exhaustion. Then they and the lifebuoy were lifted into the boat.

As the party were rowed quickly towards the shore a fast motor-boat was seen pursuing the liner.

"Looks as though some silly ass has missed the liner!" commented Phipps, between his chattering teeth.

Miss Lavelle, who sat in the stern-sheets, wrapped up in a number of heavy cloaks which had been brought, smiled faintly. Victor Duvy himself took no notice. Squatting in the bow of the boat, so that the backs of the rowers were towards him, he was carefully drying the lifebuoy with a strip of bunting. Once, as the hunchback looked round sharply, Duvy addressed a studio hand who was in the stern-sheets with the other passengers.

"You can take this lifebuoy back to the studios, Thomas," he remarked. "Store it with the other props. It may come in useful again one day."

As the party landed at Southampton, a Customs official and three burly men in plain clothes approached the boat. One of the men were none other than Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard.

"Good-day, Mr. Duvy!" murmured the inspector politely. "I am afraid I must delay you for a few moments."

Then, turning to the hunchback, he said: "Well, Drake, where do you reckon it is?"

Victor Duvy went a ghastly greenish tinge as the hunchback, otherwise Jack Drake, the

assistant of Ferrers Locke, pointed to the lifebuoy.

Pycroft quickly examined the article in question. There was a tiny wooden trap-door on the under side, painted white, like the rest of the buoy. The inspector prized it open, to reveal a small cavity. Then he inserted his fingers, and his face deepened in hue.

He looked at Drake with a frown.

"There's nothing here!"

As he spoke Victor Duvy drew something that glistened white in the early spring sunshine from his pocket, and hurled it into the sea. But if he thought to perform the action without being seen he was disappointed.

"My aunt!" cried Drake, springing to the edge of the landing-stage. "The necklace! He's thrown it into the water!"

"The necklace!" exclaimed Miss Lavelle, being completely taken aback by this strange turn of events. "Do you mean my pearls? Surely you don't say that—"

She stopped short as a motor-boat came gliding in to the stage. In it were two police-officers, a ship's steward, and a man with handcuffs on his wrists sitting, with bowed head, in the stern. As the last-named was hustled out of the boat he provided a fresh sensation for the astounded spectators of this amazing drama.

"Good heavens!" almost shrieked the film actress. "It's Studdert!"

Then the ship's steward who had come ashore in the motor-boat spoke.

"That's so, Miss Lavelle," he remarked; "and I am Ferrers Locke! You see, with the splendid aid of my assistant, I have solved the mystery of your pearl necklace. The thieves were Victor Duvy and Edward B. Studdert!"

The famous film actress, though shivering with cold, displayed a trace of spirit as she said:

"But my beautiful necklace! You have let him throw it into the sea!"

"Yes," put in Duvy, with a sneer, "you and that cub of yours, Locke, are mighty smart, I'll admit—you got me all right! But you'll have a big job to get the necklace now!"

"Not at all!" answered Ferrers Locke brightly. "That's the easiest thing in the world!" And, to the blank astonishment of everyone present, he put his hand into the pocket of his steward's coat, and brought out the famous necklace which had once been the property of the Grand Duchess Fedorova of Russia!

With trembling fingers the film actress took her property from the detective's hand and buried her face in the lovely trinket. Tears were in her eyes. Her heart was torn between delight at recovering the wonderful pearls and the gall of discovering that the man to whom she had promised her hand was an unscrupulous rogue.

"I—I don't understand, Mr. Locke!" she stammered brokenly. "I—"

"I'll explain everything later," interposed Ferrers Locke hastily. "You must go at once to the hotel where rooms have been engaged for you, and change from your damp attire. Perhaps, Pycroft, after you have put your prisoners safely under lock and key, you will join Drake and me at the Grand Southern Hotel."

That afternoon a party of five met in a comfortable room in the Grand Southern Hotel at Southampton. They consisted of Miss Virginia Lavelle, Tony Phipps, Ferrers Locke, Jack Drake, and Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard. At the request of the film star the men lighted their pipes. Then Miss Lavelle called on Locke—who, like Drake, had doffed his clever disguise—for explanations.

The sleuth began by telling how his suspicions of Edward B. Studdert had been thoroughly aroused by the conversation elucidated by the deaf-and-dumb men from the face on the film in the Mascotte Cinema.

"On the following morning," he said, "Drake, in the wonderful disguise of a hunchback, reported at the Harrow studios, armed with faked references. Victor Duvy himself engaged the boy. For a couple of days Drake kept his eyes and ears open, with the most startling results. A lifebuoy had been obtained in readiness for the scene in which you, Miss Lavelle, and you, Mr. Phipps, took

part to-day. Drake shadowed Duvy to the property-room at the studios the evening before last, and saw the man personally construct a small and ingenious compartment in the lifebelt. He guessed in an instant for what purpose the compartment was to be used, and he notified me in code of what had occurred."

"You were at Baker Street, Mr. Locke?" inquired Phipps.

"No; while Drake was at the Lonestar studios I was down here at Southampton. In disguise I got taken on as a steward of the Aurorian, thanks to the influence of a director of the company to whom I revealed my identity. Then I wrote to Drake in code. But before I received a response from him I had found the necklace."

"Say, but that was real smart!" said Miss Lavelle admiringly. "Where was it hidden?"

"I'm just coming to that," replied Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "In my capacity of a saloon steward I searched certain state-rooms of the liner. The decks and bulkheads afforded me no clues. Then I turned my attention to the bedsteads, which, as you know, are of the brass-and-enamel, four-poster variety. In turn, I unscrewed the brass knobs from the tops of the bedposts. I shook each in turn, but could hear nothing to lead me to believe a pearl necklace was concealed inside any of them."

"But couldn't you see?" asked the film star.

"No; although the knobs were hollow inside, there was only a small hole of about half an inch in diameter visible in each, where the screw at the top of the bedposts fitted. But just as I was examining one of the brass knobs in the state-room which had been occupied by Studdert, I noticed a mere speck of sealing-wax, with a strip of black thread embedded in it. That the thread was attached to the necklace inside the knob I had no doubt. With the greatest care I extracted the pearls, and—"

"But say," cried Miss Lavelle excitedly, "how was it the pearls didn't rattle if you shook the knob?"

"Simply," responded the detective, "because the knob had been packed inside with soft cotton-wool. But, as I was saying, I extracted the jewels and went ashore. There, for a couple of pounds, I obtained quite a fair imitation of the necklace. This imitation I put in the brass knob from which I had taken the real article."

He paused to relight his pipe, and Tony Phipps, who looked a trifle puzzled, inquired: "But was that necessary, Mr. Locke? I don't quite see the object, I admit."

"The object was this," said Locke. "Having learned from a code letter from Drake of the mysterious lifebelt, I wanted to get direct evidence that Duvy was mixed up in the affair. You see, Edward B. Studdert had engaged the same state-room for his return trip to America. Had he not been allowed to put the necklace in the lifebelt it might have been very difficult to prove that Duvy was mixed up in the affair. Although the strongest suspicion would have rested on him, he would doubtless have had some plausible yarn ready to explain the curious construction of the belt. For instance, he could have said that he intended introducing a smuggling incident into his film play. As it was, by my plan he was caught red-handed with what he took to be the real necklace. His guilt was proved."

"By Jove, Mr. Locke," said Inspector Pycroft; "I'd take off my hat to you—if I'd

got it on. You seem to have thought of everything."

"Things worked out well for us," murmured Locke modestly. "Studdert himself received the lifebuoy on board the Aurorian. He took it to his state-room on the pretext of making some slight alterations in the lines attached to it. And, in the dim light, he had no idea as he put the necklace into the buoy that it was but a very cheap imitation of the real goods."

"But—but what did these two scoundrels intend to do?" muttered the film actress. "Victor—I mean Mr. Duvy, had always been so decent to me even before we were engaged that—"

"I am sorry to say it, Miss Lavelle," said Ferrers Locke gravely, "but Duvy is a most unscrupulous blackguard. From other inquiries I made, I know that he was ready to leave for the Continent at almost a moment's notice. In my opinion, his whole aim in everything he did was to gain possession of that necklace. He and Studdert organised this Lonestar Film Company solely with that object."

"Good heavens!" cried Phipps; "it's impossible, man!"

"On the contrary," remarked Locke calmly, "it is the most probable thing in the world. Most of the shares were purchased by Miss Lavelle. Duvy inveigled her into buying them. And both Duvy and Studdert put up two or three thousand apiece. But what was a couple of thousand pounds to them when by spending it they were making for themselves the opportunity of acquiring an article worth two hundred thousand? It was but a sprat to catch a mackerel—and a mighty big mackerel at that!"

Then Inspector Pycroft took his pipe from his mouth and spoke for the first time since the party had assembled in that particular room of the hotel.

"Mr. Locke's right," he said quietly. "On the way to the station the man Studdert made a statement which bears out Mr. Locke's remarks in almost every particular. He also stated that it was Victor Duvy who planned the whole dastardly scheme. This I can quite believe. Duvy's real name, according to Studdert, is Stanislas Bendorf, an educated Russian who was a wrong 'un in every way. When you get over this shock to your feelings, Miss Lavelle, you will agree you are well rid of him."

"Well said, Pycroft!" exclaimed Locke. Then he added slyly: "Oh, by the way, have you released that unfortunate chap who travelled in the Aurorian on her last voyage—Tex Lupine, wasn't he?"

The Inspector blushed like a schoolgirl.

"I—I'd a good mind to when I received that wire from you telling me to come down here with some of my men," he said. "However, I'll soon make things right for him." He paused and chuckled as he remembered the kudos which would accrue to himself owing to his latest captures. "Thanks to you, Mr. Locke," he concluded, "I've got two birds to make up for the loss of one. And I'd bet that those amazing rogues, Duvy and Studdert, spend a good long stretch behind prison walls!"

THE END.

(There is another powerful detective story next Monday entitled "The Peril of a Prince!—a yarn with a "punch" in every line. Don't miss it!)

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