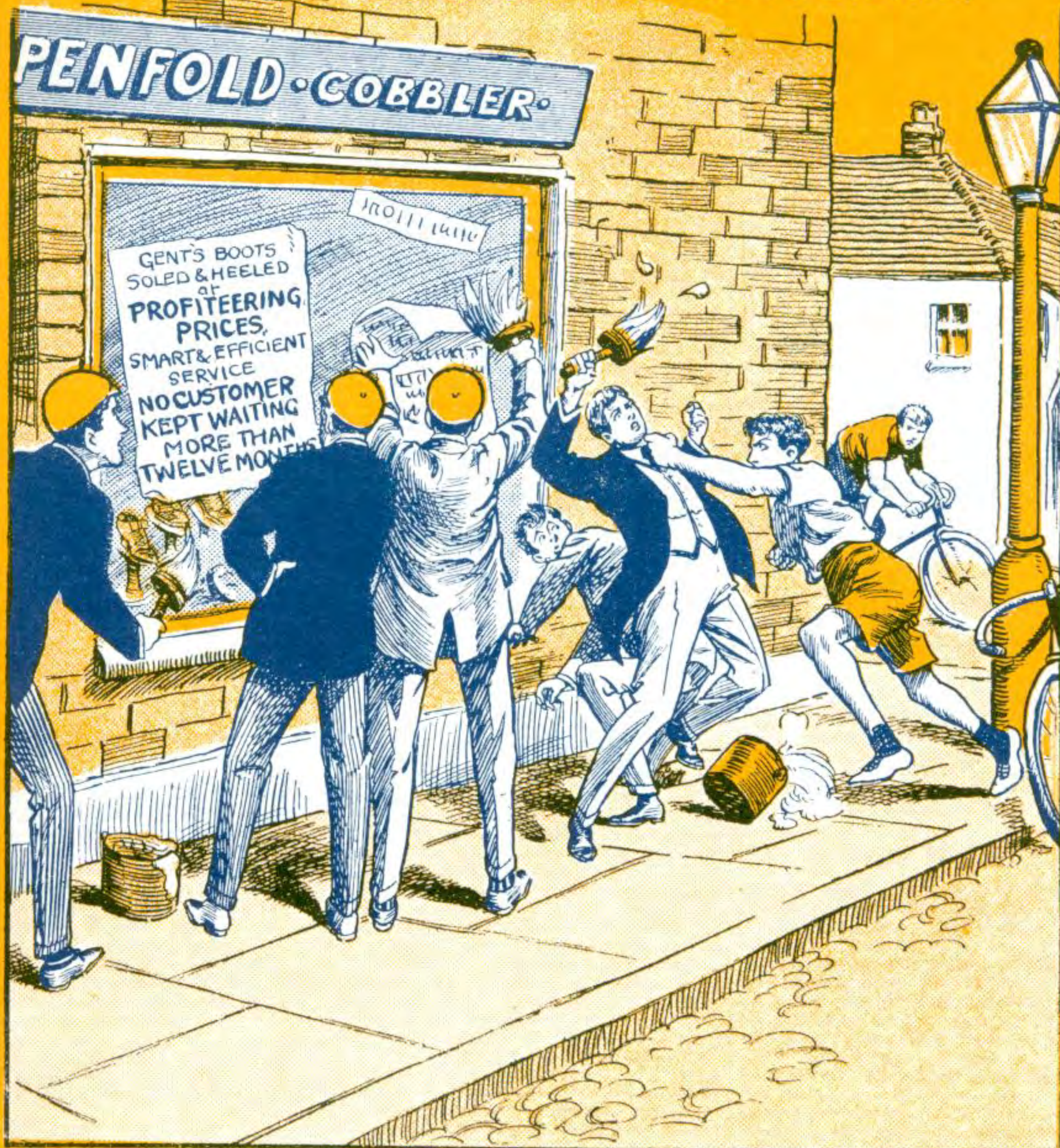


GRAND NEW WIRELESS FEATURE! SEE PAGE 22.

No. 786. Vol. XXIII. Week ending March 3rd, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



PASTING THE NUTS OF HIGHCLIFFE!

(An exciting incident from the long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. inside.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





OUR WIRELESS DICTIONARY.

As usual the MAGNET is first in the field. This week you will find the commencement of a Grand Wireless Dictionary. We have all been reduced to a state of bewilderment by the cargo of new words which the pioneers of Wireless have hurled into the English language. No blame to them, of course. A brand new subject cannot be handled by means of the old terms. Now, just to give all Wireless students a leg up in a difficult and most intricate business, I have set a sound and useful Wireless Dictionary going. You will find capital instalments of this admirable work each week in the MAGNET. And it is not merely a dictionary. The new feature is a sort of vade mecum, a real out and out compendium of the mysteries, as well as the odd sounding phrases to which the meaning of the whole matter is hooked. I strongly advise all my chums who are taking up Wireless—and thousands of fellows are throwing themselves into the fascinating subject heart and soul—to make a careful note of the lucid explanations they will find in this week's number of the MAGNET, and succeeding issues. It all proves once again that the answer to the age-old question, Where is it? is to be found in the pages of this paper. Make a note of that interesting little fact as well.

SPEECH IS SILVERN.

Yes, it may be, but once you have got the hang of Bunter's new scheme you will appreciate the porpoise's viewpoint. For silence is golden. Bunter is after gold. This is the why and wherefore of the fresh amazing stunt of the editor of a certain famous weekly whose fame is far flung. Frequently Bunter himself has been far flung—into the corridor—but there is no need to go into that matter.

"BUNTER'S LATEST!"

You have there the engaging title of next week's Greyfriars yarn. Bunter is struck dumb. This is a figure of speech. What I mean is, that the Owl subsides into golden silence, for reasons of his own, sound and sufficient reasons, as will be readily understood. It may not sound possible, but there it is—Bunter, William George of that ilk, ceases to negotiate chatty pleasantries about the commissariat department; his dulcet voice is no longer heard like music in the studies, bleating for another helping of ham and eggs; the long and the short of it is Bunter catches the same terrible complaint as afflicted a certain harp which used to hang on Tara's walls. Enough said. You will laugh over this yarn as you have never laughed before. It is all delightfully plausible, like Bunter himself. You can call him a moon martyr.

He did not bring off the wheeze without much internal suffering.

"THE PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN!"

Sometimes when you are far away in the country for a holiday, you get told some wonderful yarns about what the highwaymen did in the ancient days; how the knights of the road held up unsuspecting travellers and eased them of their hard cash, and their repeater watches. But you are in for something miles better than such legends in next week's MAGNET. There is a grim reality about this Phantom Highwayman, though you might not think it. It is a mystery of the present day—no tradition of the bygone about it at all. The Phantom Highwayman has been seen; he is a modern personage, and has introduced the most up-to-date methods for baffling the police. Ferrers Locke has here one of the toughest propositions with which he has ever been confronted, and you cannot fail to admire the astuteness, let alone the out and out pluck of the famous detective as he sets about tracking down his quarry. It is not child's play by any means. Phantom or not, the slippery delinquent is well qualified in the arts of offence and defence, and the fight he puts up against all the forces of the law—and Ferrers Locke himself, who comes in as a sort of forlorn hope after the ordinary means have failed ingloriously—is memorable. The story is an amazing one, pulsating with interest, and marked by fibrous strength, and just that sense of drama which makes everybody sit up and take notice.

A SEA NUMBER.

It would be leaving my Chat incomplete to ignore the spirited number of the "Greyfriars Herald" which will appear next Monday. There are heaps of ways of looking at the sea. To some it is merely a sick-transit; to others the mighty deep is rather overdone, and appallingly damp. But as far as space will allow, Harry Wharton and his co-editors have grappled with the many-sided subject. They know something of the sea down at Pegg. It is close by there that Bunter does his magnificent cliff-climbing stunts when he rescues Bob Cherry from certain death far below. As we all know, they take the sea pretty seriously at Greyfriars; it is a neighbour of theirs. Of course, to some folk the sea is merely something you look at once a year, in summer-time. If you are lucky, you can catch a few flounders, and land a crab or two. But, after all, you want to give the ocean its due. It is the place where the pirates lived, the dashing corsairs who swept out of secret harbours of a morning, and glided back at night, all millionaires, thanks to big hauls of

gold and diamonds. Anyway, make sure to "see the sea" supplement next Monday.

THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

I am not going to enlarge on the fascination of a smart little Football Competition with the Ten Pounds it offers in prizes. It will suffice to point out that the next number of the MAGNET will contain one of the most exhilarating footer problems ever turned out.

BRAIN WAVES.

Lots of people have these. They can't help it, and it would be a pity if they could, seeing that the whole progress of the world depends on these quick rushes of intellectual energy. I was particularly struck by the evidence of something in this line which I found in a cheery and masterly little letter which came to hand this week. The writer cordially agrees that people want tuning up at times. It is the same wherever you go. Writers, dustmen, politicians, artists chestnut-vendors—they one and all require jerking up every now and again, else they are all bound to get slack, every man jack of them. But my correspondent says that he does not want Harry Wharton & Co. to be tuned up more than they are by another trip to the tropics—not just yet, anyhow. "The Congo trip was topping," he says, "but, as a rule, there is plenty of good work to be done at Greyfriars." Which is very fair, and very true. I have made a note of it.

Correspondence.

William Mill, 6, Strathmore Street, Bridgend, Perth, N.B., wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Rfn. G. Groves, 6841525, D Coy., 1st K.R.R.C., Quetta, India, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Fred Ward, 6, Albermarle Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Frank Laurence, c.o. Box 2518, G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially in France.

Leslie S. Hope, Sheffield, Tasmania, wishes to correspond with readers about the Companion Papers.

Roy Strike, 57, Thomas Street, Croydon, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in England so as to exchange impressions and ideas.

Clevo Sculthorpe, Errington Post Office, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers.

L. MacMorran, 192, Evelyn Street, Church House, Deptford, S.E., wishes to correspond with Scottish readers interested in the Companion Papers.

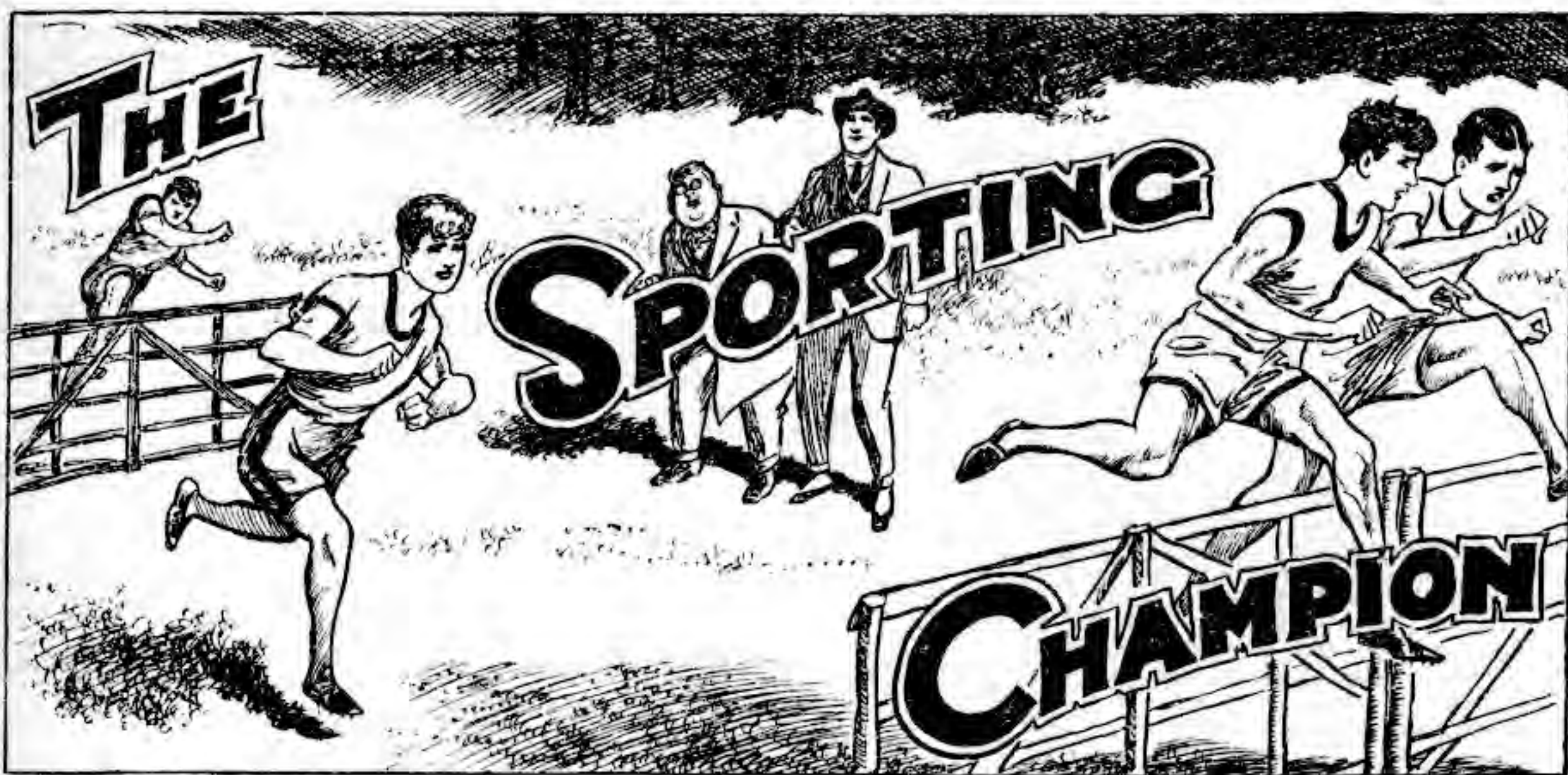
Mrs. K. Peacock, Nithsdale, Dunlop, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

G. Butler, 20, Britannia Row, Islington, N.1, wishes to correspond with readers about sports papers and football programmes.

E. M. Hall, 47, James Street, Worksop, Notts, wishes to correspond with readers interested in football, boxing, cycling, and all sports.

Your Editor.

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums!



A long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, recounting in vivid fashion the keen struggle for the Sports Cup presented annually by the governors of the school.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter in Training!

"WALK up! Walk up!"

The voice of Fisher T. Fish of the Remove, trembled with excitement.

The American junior stood in front of the notice-board in the hall. He faced round upon the fellows who were hovering in the vicinity, and beckoned to them eagerly.

"Roll up, you jays! I guess there's something hyer that will tickle your palates, some!"

The excitement of Fisher T. Fish was so catching that the fellows he addressed did not walk up. Neither did they roll. They ran!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Let's see what all the excitement's about."

Quite a crowd of Removites came sprinting up to the notice-board.

The Famous Five were first on the spot, closely followed by Skinner & Co. Then along came Vernon-Smith, and Tom Brown, and Mark Linley, and Dick Penfold.

There was an announcement on the notice-board, in the familiar handwriting of the Head. It could only have been recently pinned there, for the ink was not yet dry. It ran:

**"ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING!
A SILVER CUP TO BE PRESENTED
TO THE BEST ATHLETE IN EACH
FORM.**

"I have great pleasure in announcing that the Governors of Greyfriars School have renewed their offer of a silver cup, to be awarded to the leading athlete in each Form.

"The Remove Sports will be decided first, and they will commence on Monday morning next.

"The present holder of the cup, so far as this Form is concerned, is Robert Cherry. He will now be called upon to defend his title.

"A complete list of the various contests may be obtained from Mr. Lascelles,

who, with Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch, will form the Committee of Judges.

"There will be a fair field and no favour. Every boy in the Remove Form is eligible to compete.

"Juniors are advised to commence their training without delay.

"(Signed) HERBERT H. LOCKE,
"Headmaster."

The effect of this announcement was electrical.

There was such a babel of voices that it was impossible to understand what anyone was saying.

Tom Brown threw his arm round Vernon-Smith's waist, and started to waltz him up and down the hall. Fisher T. Fish, his thin cheeks aglow with excitement, was gesticulating wildly. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull were cheering, and waving their arms above their heads. Hurree Singh was remarking that the something-or-other was terrific. Skinner, who was simply bursting to tell his schoolfellows something, could not make himself heard.

Only two fellows stood silent.

Bob Cherry, who in other circumstances would have been the most excited junior of all, was looking rather grim.

Bob realised that a stern fight lay before him. For a whole year he had been the proud possessor of the silver cup presented by the Governors.

It stood on the mantelpiece in Study No. 13—a magnificent trophy that glittered in the firelight.

Would Bob Cherry now have to yield that cup to another? Or would he retain it, and prove himself yet again the champion of the Remove?

Bob was no pessimist. But he realised that he would have to perform prodigies of valour if he hoped to win the silver cup two years in succession.

The other fellow who stood silent amid that noisy throng was Dick Penfold.

Pen was deep in thought. He was thinking what a fine thing it would be if he could manage to win that cup. He was no mere pot-hunter. It was not for the sake of self-glory that he wanted to

win it. It was in order to bring a ray of happiness into the lives of his parents—the old couple in Friardale, whose lives were a constant struggle against poverty.

Mr. Penfold, a cobbler by trade, was rightly proud of his son. Dick had come to Greyfriars on a scholarship, and had since won many honours in the scholastic line. But in the world of sport he had done very little. How fine it would be, he reflected again, if he could win this cup, and give his parents the joy of knowing that he was the finest athlete in the Remove.

When the clamour had sufficiently died down, Harry Wharton spoke.

"This is great!" he said jubilantly. "Another sports meeting, by Jove! You will have all your work cut out to retain the cup, Bob!"

"Yes, rather!" said Johnny Bull. "Personally, I wasn't in the running last time, but I'm going to fight tooth-and-nail for the merry honours this year."

"Same here," chimed in Frank Nugent.

"I guess you galoots won't stand an earthly," said Fisher T. Fish. "This hyer cup's goin' to be won by a cute Amerrican citizen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner offered odds of a thousand to one against Fish winning the cup.

"Make it a billion!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

And there was a fresh peal of laughter at Fishy's expense. It was extremely unlikely that the American junior would win a single event.

At that moment Peter Todd joined the crowd in the hall.

"Heard the news, Toddy?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

"But you haven't seen the Head's announcement—"

"No, but Bunter knew all about the sports meeting an hour ago. His boot-lace chanced to come undone outside the door of the Head's study, and he happened to hear the Head telling Quelch all about the arrangements."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 786.

"Just like Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "Trust him to be first in the field with the news."

"Is Bunter going to compete this year, to give a touch of comic relief to the proceedings?" asked Tom Brown.

Peter Todd nodded, and grinned.

"Bunter declares he's going to walk off with the cup," he said.

"That means he's going to steal it," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He'll never get hold of it by any other method," said Mark Linley, laughing. "I can't imagine Bunter finishing first in the marathon race, for instance."

"Or knocking Bob Cherry out in the boxing-ring," grinned Nugent.

The crowd in the hall continued to discuss the sports with keen excitement.

Dick Penfold, who had contributed no word to the conversation, went off thoughtfully to his study.

He found his study-mates—Monty Newland, Trevor, and Treluce—gazing out of the window. They were convulsed with merriment.

Dick Penfold halted on the threshold in surprise.

"What's the joke, you fellows?" he asked.

"Come and see!" gurgled Trevor. "This is better than a pantomime!"

Penfold joined his study-mates at the window. He gazed down into the Close, where an amazing scene was in progress.

A comedy was being enacted. Only one actor was taking part in it, and that was Billy Bunter. The fat junior had the stage to himself, as it were.

Bunter was attired in shorts and a tight-fitting vest. He wore a pair of canvas shoes, but no socks, and his plump calves were fully exposed to view.

Bunter would have looked odd enough had he been walking across the Close in the ordinary way. But he was not on foot. He was mounted on a bicycle, which creaked and squeaked beneath his huge bulk.

"What the thump—" began Dick Penfold in astonishment.

"Bunter's in training for the sports!" spluttered Monty Newland. "He's putting in some practice, to make certain of winning the cycle race."

"Oh, my hat!"

Billy Bunter was careering across the Close in a most erratic fashion.

The bicycle stood the strain fairly well, but it was unlikely that it would be able to stand it much longer. It had been constructed to carry a fellow of medium proportions, not a mountain of flesh like Billy Bunter.

Billy had apparently lost all control of the machine. Instead of mastering it, it mastered him. It swerved drunkenly from side to side, with Bunter clinging to the handlebars like grim death.

"Our prize porker will come a cropper in a minute!" muttered Treluce.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when Gosling, the porter, shuffled into view. He was carrying a large basket of eggs.

Those eggs had been destined for the school kitchen. But they never got there.

Gosling seemed to have a magnetic attraction for the machine which Bunter rode.

Suddenly the bicycle ceased to swerve, and it made a bee-line towards Gosling.

"Hellup!" yelled the porter in alarm. "Keep clear, Master Bunter! Keep clear; that's wot I'm a-tellin' yer! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

Crash!

There was a grinding collision.

Bunter, Gosling, eggs, and bicycle became inextricably mixed. They all fell together in a confused heap.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gurgled Monty Newland. "This is a sight for gods and men and little fishes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Side-splitting laughter rang through Study No. 9. And Dick Penfold laughed more heartily than anybody.

The scene in the Close almost beggared description.

The bicycle lay twisted on the ground, and Billy Bunter's left leg was clean through the front wheel. Billy was on his back, with the basket of eggs on top of him, upside-down. Most of the eggs had smashed, and their contents simply poured over the fat junior's face, and down his neck.

Poking out from the wreckage was Gosling's head. The porter was struggling desperately but vainly to extricate himself.

"Elp! Elp!" moaned Gosling feebly. "Don't stand there a-mockin' of me, you young rips! Rescue!"

"Yow-ow-ow! I've broken my back in at least five places!" moaned Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better go down and sort out the merry tangle!" said Dick Penfold, who was almost exhausted with laughter.

The four juniors hurried down into the Close. Trevor and Treluce grabbed hold of Gosling, and hauled him clear of the wreckage. The other two separated Billy Bunter from the bicycle. They were thus engaged when Dick Penfold's laughing expression changed to one of fury and dismay. He suddenly let go of Bunter, and stood staring down at the battered bicycle.

"What's up, Pen?" inquired Monty Newland.

"Why, this is my bike!" hooted Dick Penfold. "This fat villain borrowed it!"

"Oh, really, Penfold—"

"It's ruined!" roared Dick. "Bent, battered, and busted! Dented, damaged, and done for! And I gave a tenner for that bike!"

Billy Bunter, startled by the expression on Dick Penfold's face, started scuttling away like a fat, frightened rabbit. But Pen was upon him in a flash. He grasped the fat junior by the scruff of the neck, and almost shook the life out of him.

"You—you burgling bounder! I'll teach you to lay hands on my property!" Shake, shake, shake!

"Ow-ow-ow! Leggo, you bullying rotter!" wailed Bunter.

But Penfold did not desist from shaking Billy Bunter until sheer exhaustion compelled him to do so. The fat junior then fell away from him, and collapsed in a moaning heap.

Gosling, the porter, glared down at the fat junior.

"Which serves you right!" he roared. "Careerin' about like a madman, as ever was! You've bin an' smashed four dozen noo-laid heggas, an' wot I says is this 'ere—you'll 'ave to pay for 'em, you young warmint!"

"He ought to be made to pay for your bike, too, Pen!" said Monty Newland.

Penfold made a despairing gesture.

"What's the use of asking for compensation?" he said bitterly. "It would be easier to get blood out of a stone than to get money out of Bunter. I valued that bike—I had grown quite attached to it—and I can't afford another."

The destruction of his bicycle was a bitter blow to Dick Penfold. He spent a most wretched evening in consequence.

Wealthy fellows like Vernon-Smith would have accepted the situation philosophically, and bought another bike. But Dick Penfold, a struggling scholarship boy, lacked the wherewithal to do so.

Pen had relied upon that bicycle as a daily means of transit to and from his home in the village. He called on his people every day, and the bicycle had been invaluable. Pen would now have to walk—and all because of the clumsy antics of William George Bunter!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Ready for the Fray!

GREYFRIARS was agog with excitement.

Every Form participated in the excitement, but in the Remove it was at fever pitch. For the Remove sports were to take place first of all.

The juniors went into strict training, with the exception of Billy Bunter.

Bunter had a training system of his own.

"Instead of starving for a sports tournament, I believe in feeding up for it," he announced.

And his "training" consisted of having as many helpings as they would give him in the dining-hall, and as many feeds as he could procure at the school tuck-shop.

Speculation ran high as to which junior would prove himself champion of the Remove.

One fellow actually declared that he thought Billy Bunter would win the honours. But as that fellow happened to be Billy Bunter himself, no importance was attached to the statement.

Many fellows felt that Bob Cherry would succeed in retaining the championship. And they had good grounds for expressing such an opinion. Bob was in every way a splendid sportsman. And what had been achieved once could be achieved again, though not, as Bob was the first to admit, without a stern struggle.

Other fellows spoke highly of the chances of Archie Howell.

Archie was a study-mate of Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, though they saw very little of him these days. Archie had not been in the limelight for a very long time. He had become strangely reserved, and had kept himself to himself.

But Archie was no duffer at sports. He had shown up well in the previous tournament, and had been runner-up to Bob Cherry. Some thought he would go a step further this year, and win the coveted cup.

Mark Linley had his backers. So had Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith. One or two fellows spoke sagely of the chances of Peter Todd and Tom Brown.

Dick Penfold appeared to be left out of everybody's calculations. Pen had always been looked upon as a poet rather than an athlete. He had a place in the Remove footer eleven, it was true; but it was as a writer of poems and parodies that he had won most renown.

On the Saturday afternoon prior to the sports meeting, the Famous Five sat at tea in Study No. 1. It was not the usual sumptuous spread. It consisted merely of dry toast and weak tea. Self-denial had to be exercised during this period of training.

"A day of rest to-morrow," said Harry Wharton, "and then we plunge into the fray!"

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter, the popular schoolboy character—

"Anybody happen to know how many events there will be this year?"

"Crowds!" said Frank Nugent. "I've got a list of the various contests from Mr. Lascelles. We shall kick off on Monday with a football test, to decide who is the best footballer in the Form. There will be a trial match between two teams of Renovites, and the committee of judges will carefully watch every fellow's play."

"That's a good idea," said Johnny Bull. "And what comes after the football test?"

"The running races. There's the hundred yards, and the quarter-mile, and the mile, and so forth. But not the marathon. That will be held later in the week."

"When does the esteemed racefulness on the bikefulness take place, my worthy chum?" asked Hurree Singh.

"On Tuesday," said Nugent. "Then we shall have the shooting contest, and the sculling contest on the river, and the wrestling-match—"

"Help! I shall be worn to a shadow before we get that far!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then there will be the marathon," Nugent went on, consulting his list, "and the boxing contests to wind up with."

Harry Wharton gave a low whistle.

"It's a mighty stiff programme!" he said. "Jolly lucky we've had time to train for it!"

"The winner of each event will be awarded three points," said Nugent, "and the runner-up will get one point. That's the same as last year."

"And the fellow who bagfully secures the most points—" began Hurree Singh.

"Will bagfully bag the cupful cup!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The study door opened, and Archie Howell came in.

"Welcome little stranger!" said Bob Cherry, placing a chair for Archie at the table. "Come and join the festive board. There's a piece of parched toast left, and a thimbleful of weak tea."

Archie Howell declined this tempting offer.

"Thanks, but I've already fed," he said. "I had tea with Mauly. Were you fellows discussin' the sports?"

"Yes," said Harry Wharton. "Who is going to win the cup this year?"

"Billy Bunter is my starred selection."

"Don't rot! Whom do you really fancy, Archie?"

Archie grinned.

"Modesty forbids my mentioning the fellow by name," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Do you imagine you're going to win the cup yourself Howell?"

Archie blushed, and bowed.

"Well, I wish you luck," said Wharton. "But you won't find it an easy job. You're not the brilliant sportsman of a year ago. You've dropped games a good deal lately, and become rather a slacker."

"I admit the soft impeachment, dear boy," said Archie. "I've chummed up with Mauly, an' Mauly doesn't exactly inspire a fellow to be energetic. But I've been trainin' hard for the last day or two, an' mean to give a good account of myself. In fact, I shall have to, because my sister's comin' over from Cliff House to see the sports, an' Phyllis has no use for a fellow who is a failure."

"I should think not," said Bob Cherry, who was one of Phyllis Howell's warmest admirers.

"By the way," said Archie Howell suddenly, "have you fellows heard what happened to Penfold's bike the other day?"

The Famous Five shook their heads.

"Well, it appears that Bunter borrowed it—without permission, of course—an' started gaddin' about in the Close. He bumped into old Gosling, who was carryin' a basket of eggs at the time, an' there was the very dickens of a mix-up. I didn't see the wreckage myself, but the fellows who did told me it was simply appallin'!"

"I can quite believe it," said Nugent. "Just like Bunter to go fooling around on other people's bikes. He can thank his lucky stars it wasn't my machine he borrowed!"

"Surely Penfold scragged him?" said Wharton.

Archie Howell nodded.

"Yes; but that was no compensation for the damage done to Pen's bike. The jigger's absolutely done for. It cost ten quid, an' Penfold's eatin' his heart out about it. Instead of bikin' down to the village every day to see his people, he has to hoof it."

"What a rotten shame!" said Johnny Bull indignantly.

"The shamefulness is terrific!"

"Penfold can't afford to buy a new bike," went on Archie, "an' he feels awfully cut up about it. I was wonderin' if it would be possible to have a whip-round in the Remove for the purpose of gettin' Pen a new machine."

Bob Cherry thumped the speaker on the back.

"That's a ripping wheeze, Archie!" he exclaimed.

"Hear, hear!"

"I shall be pleased to set the ball rollin' myself," said Archie, "with a quid."

Generous actions of this kind were typical of Archie Howell. He was always a good pal to a schoolfellow in distress. Fellows might say that Archie was a back number, and a slacker, and an unsocialable bounder, but they could not tax him with selfishness.

Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull contributed five shillings each on Dick Penfold's behalf. And they would have given more if they had it to spare. Hurree Singh produced a florin, and Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent gave a shilling apiece.

"I'm goin' to trot round an' interview the rest of the fellows now," said Archie Howell. "Thanks awfully for givin' Dick Penfold a helpin' hand! He'd have been bikeless for the rest of the term if we hadn't taken the matter up. So long, all!"

"So-long, Archie!" said the Famous Five in chorus.

Archie set off on his tour of the Remove studies, and the subscription list grew apace.

Practically every fellow in the Remove contributed something towards a new bicycle for Dick Penfold.

Archie Howell even performed the amazing feat of squeezing sixpence out of Fisher T. Fish. And he compelled Billy Bunter, who was the cause of all the trouble, to hand over the whole of his assets. Unfortunately, Bunter's total



The bicycle lay twisted on the ground, and Billy Bunter's left leg was clean through the front wheel. The fat junior was sprawling on his back, with the basket of eggs on top of him—upside-down! Poking out from the wreckage was Gosling's head. "Elp! Elp!" moaned the porter feebly. (See Chapter 1.)

—is the central figure in next week's ripping yarn!

resources consisted of a threepenny-piece with a hole in it, a soiled postage-stamp, and a couple of bent farthings.

Dick Penfold, who had strolled down to the village to see his people, knew nothing of what was going on.

It was nearly locking-up time when Pen returned to Greyfriars. His study-mates were in the Common-room, but he found that a note had been left for him on the study-table. It ran:

"To Dick Penfold.—Take a peep inside the bicycle-shed before bedtime, and you will see something to your advantage."

Greatly wondering, Dick made his way to the shed where all the bicycles were stored. He opened the door and switched on his electric torch, and the first thing that greeted his gaze was a brand-new bicycle.

"What on earth——" began the junior in astonishment.

There was a label tied to the handle-bars. Dick Penfold went up and examined it. It bore the brief inscription, in printed capitals:

"TO DICK PENFOLD, WITH THE GOOD WISHES OF THE REMOVE FORM."

For a moment Dick stood spellbound. Then he began to realise what had happened—that some generous spirit had organised a whip-round on his behalf, with this handsome result.

"How jolly decent of them!" muttered Dick. "I—I must thank them all publicly for this. A brand-new bike, by Jove—and what a beauty!"

With his heart full of gratitude, Penfold turned away, and on re-entering the school building he bumped into Archie Howell.

"I say, Howell," he said breathlessly, "all the fellows have clubbed together to buy me a new bike! You were in it, of course?"

Archie smiled.

"I weighed in with a modest contribution, dear boy," he replied.

"I'd like to know who first suggested this whip-round," said Dick Penfold. "He's a dashed good sort, and I'm dying to tell him so. I wonder who it could have been?"

"I wonder!" murmured Archie.

And he hurried away before Dick Penfold could pursue the topic.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Football Test!

SPORTS WEEK opened with a burst of brilliant sunshine.

There were to be no lessons that week for the Remove, and everybody rejoiced.

Bob Cherry expressed a wish that every week of the term was a sports week, to which Harry Wharton replied that if all the term was a holiday, to sport would be as tedious as to work.

After breakfast on this bright Monday morning lots of the juniors changed into their football attire. At least half the Form had decided to enter the great football test.

Billy Bunter was one of the fellows who donned football garb. Harry Wharton & Co. overtook the fat junior on their way to Little Side and regarded him in astonishment.

"What does this mean, Bunter?" asked Wharton. "You are surely not going to take part in the football test?"

Bunter snorted.

"What d'you think I've changed into footer togs for, then—to play dominoes?"

"But—but you can't play footer!" gasped the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, can't I? You wait and see! I shall show up better than anyone else in this trial match. I've got my shooting-boots on."

"You mean mine!" shouted Johnny Bull suddenly. "That's my old pair of footer boots you're wearing, you fat clam! I wondered where they'd got to. Take 'em off at once, or——"

"But I can't play footer in my socks!" protested Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Johnny Bull made a quick stride towards the fat junior, but Harry Wharton jerked him back.

"Let Bunter keep the boots for the time being, Johnny," he said. "I don't suppose he'll be allowed to play. He made himself such a nuisance in last year's sports that Mr. Lascelles disqualified him."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

The party of juniors reached the football ground, where the committee of judges—Messrs. Prout, Quelch, and Lascelles—were awaiting them.

RESULT OF MIDDLESBROUGH 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:

W. BLACKHALL,
76, Pleasant Street,
West Bromwich.

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

Albert Woodcock, 9, Warton Terrace, Bootle, Liverpool; A. R. Barnard, The Bungalow, Chapel Farm, Braintree, Essex; Jack Bird, Bonds, Chulmleigh, Devon; Douglas Whiteman, 4, West Street, Sutton, Surrey; Maud Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2.

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

Wm. Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2; Percy Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2; Blanche Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2; S. Daft, 25, Fairmile Avenue, Streatham, S.W. 16; Ben McMahon, 50, Clyde Street, Belfast; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth Street, Sunderland; H. Judge, 141, Brettenham Road, Edmonton, N. 18; F. Apps, 67, Craigerne Road, Blackheath, S.E. 3; E. Rushton, 19, Clarence Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent; W. Cousens, 5, Topsfield Par., Crouch End, N. 8; Fred Cave, 59, Edward Street, Grimsby, Lines; T. Topping, 62, Ivor Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; Eric Nunn, 19, New Road, Sawston, Cambs; W. M. Hole, 60, St. Edmonds Road, Plainmoor, Torquay; James Brook, 17a, Corporation Street, Halifax; Mrs. Lucy Roshier, 146, Thornley Street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs; James A. Parker, 34, Corporation Street, Walsall, Staffs; Arthur Butters, 245, Roberts Street, Grimsby; Albert Brue-ton, 73, Staniforth Street, Birmingham; Olive Knowles, 9, Burton Street, Brixham, Devon; E. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Road, Failsworth, Manchester.

SOLUTION.

Middlesbrough is regarded by large numbers of football supporters as a fairly modern club, but its record goes back a long distance. Middlesbrough has had some hard times, and when it was compelled to find a fresh ground, the bill ran into thousands of pounds. But it has a splendid fighting record.

Mr. Lascelles placed a megaphone to his lips.

"Line up here, all who propose to take part in the football test!" he shouted.

Fortunately, the number of fellows that lined up was exactly twenty-two. This permitted of an eleven-a-side match being played.

Mr. Lascelles ran his eye along the line till he came to Billy Bunter.

Then his lips twitched humorously, and it was only with difficulty that he refrained from laughing outright.

Billy Bunter's appearance was certainly grotesque. His jersey fitted him like a skin, and his shorts were stained with the yolks of eggs—the result of the smash-up on Dick Penfold's bike.

Bunter's hair was parted in the centre and plastered back over his head, and his nose was a brilliant red. This was either due to indigestion or to the climatic conditions, for although the day was sunny it was bitterly cold.

"I—I don't think I had better allow you to participate in this football test, Bunter," said Mr. Lascelles. "You are a clown and a buffoon. Last year, I remember, you nearly spoilt the sports by your antics."

"Oh, really, sir——"

"You had better stand down, Bunter, from this contest."

"I refuse, sir!"

"What?"

"You can't compel me to stand down, sir. The Head says in his announcement that there will be a fair field and no favour, and that every fellow in the Remove is eligible to compete in the sports."

Mr. Quelch turned to Mr. Lascelles with a smile.

"Bunter is quite correct, Lascelles," he said. "He has the law on his side, so to speak. Dr. Locke clearly states that the sports are open to everybody, and we must observe his wishes in this matter."

"Very well," assented Mr. Lascelles. "We will now arrange the two teams. Wharton and Vernon-Smith will pick sides."

Harry Wharton had first choice.

"I'll take Bob Cherry," he said promptly.

"And I'll have Linley," said Vernon-Smith.

"I'll have Bulstrode for goalie."

"And I'll have Hazeldene."

And so the selection went on. Wharton picked Nugent; Vernon-Smith chose Tom Brown. Wharton then picked Johnny Bull; and Vernon-Smith followed up with Peter Todd.

Wharton completed his eleven with Hurree Singh, Archie Howell, Russell, Rake, Ogilvy, and Micky Desmond. Vernon-Smith selected Dick Penfold, Tom Redwing, Squiff, Monty Newland, and Morgan—and found himself compelled to take Billy Bunter to complete his eleven.

Smithy made a grimace.

"I don't want this burbling great bladder of lard!" he growled. "I'll make your side a present of him, Wharton, with pleasure!"

"Thanks!" grinned Wharton. "But we prefer Bunter as an opponent!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lascelles then addressed the footballers.

"Just a word of explanation before the game starts," he said. "Wingate will referee this match, and the three judges—Mr. Prout, Mr. Quelch, and myself—will scrutinise the play very closely. We will award marks for brilliant play, and we will deduct marks for

The mantle of Ananias drops upon the shoulders of "W.G."—

carelessness or clumsy play. Is that clear?”

“Not quite, sir,” said Bob Cherry. “In Bunter’s case, you will be deducting all the time. And you can’t deduct something from nothing. That, as old Euclid would say, is absurd.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Mr. Lascelles smiled.

“I see your point, Cherry,” he said. “But the difficulty is easily overcome. Supposing we have to deduct ten points from Bunter in the course of the game, and award him none, we will call him minus ten at the finish.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at Mr. Lascelles.

“I think you might wait till I’m guilty of careless or clumsy play, sir, before you start deducting points,” he said.

“Certainly!” replied Mr. Lascelles. “I don’t think I shall have long to wait!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“The game will now proceed,” said the young mathematics master, making a sign to Wingate of the Sixth.

The two teams lined up.

“I say, Smithy,” said Billy Bunter, “where do you want me to play?”

“Anywhere, except on the football field!” growled Vernon-Smith.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“I mean what position do you want me to take?” hooted Bunter.

“You can play where you like, so long as you keep out of the way of the ball, and don’t obstruct your own men!”

Wingate blew his whistle, and the game started.

The three judges had been provided with chairs on the touchline, and they had their notebooks and fountain-pens handy.

Neither Mr. Prout nor Mr. Quelch knew a great deal about football. But they were content to rely upon the judgment of Mr. Lascelles, who was a footballer himself and knew the game inside-out.

Harry Wharton’s men attacked from the outset. Harry had Frank Nugent, Archie Howell, Hurree Singh, and Dick Russell in his forward line, and they played with rare speed and dash.

The opposing backs—Tom Brown and Tom Redwing—were given plenty of work to do, and so was Hazeldene, in goal.

Billy Bunter promptly went to the assistance of the defenders. At least, Bunter called it assistance. Hazeldene, Brown, and Redwing called it something else!

Harry Wharton picked up a pass from Archie Howell and took a shot at goal. It was a breast-high shot, which Hazel could have saved without difficulty. But Billy Bunter ran up and intercepted the flight of the ball. He pulled it down with his hands—a most palpable infringement, right in the penalty area!

There was a howl from Vernon-Smith’s men.

“Bunter, you dolt!”

“Bunter, you dummy!”

“You’ve given away a penalty!”

“Bunter’s always giving things away!” chuckled Bob Cherry. “It’s his generous nature.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Wingate pointed to the penalty spot, and Johnny Bull was entrusted with the kick. He crashed the ball past Hazeldene into the net, and Harry Wharton’s side were one up—thanks to Bunter!

Vernon-Smith spun round upon the fat junior with fury in his face.

“If you give away another goal,” he



Shortly before half-time Bunter slipped and sat on the ball. Sizz-z-z! No football could have withstood such treatment. And this particular ball speedily gave up the ghost. A moment later it was as flat as a pancake. A peal of laughter rang out: “Ha, ha, ha!” (See Chapter 3.)

said fiercely, “you won’t leave this field in one piece!”

“Oh, really, Smithy—”

“Why don’t you play for Wharton’s side?” suggested Tom Brown. “Then you’d be helping us!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

The ball was kicked off from the centre of the field, and Vernon-Smith’s men made a spirited attempt to get on even terms.

A beautiful bout of passing between Dick Penfold, Squiff, and Vernon-Smith, resulted in the last-named player scoring a grand goal.

Now that the scores were level, the play became faster and more thrilling than ever, and Mr. Lascelles was kept very busy awarding points.

The outstanding players in Harry Wharton’s team were Wharton himself, Bob Cherry, and Archie Howell. In the other team, Vernon-Smith and Dick Penfold were playing a sparkling game. It would be a pretty problem to decide who was the best player, but that was what the judges had to do.

Billy Bunter was floundering about in a most comical manner. He impeded his own men, and gave valuable assistance to the other side. Shortly before half-time he slipped and sat on the ball.

Sizz-z-z-z!

No football could have withstood Billy Bunter’s weight. And this particular ball speedily gave up the ghost. The bladder burst with a loud report, the air came rushing out, and the football was as flat as a pancake.

A peal of laughter rang out.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“The merry ball has gone West!”

Billy Bunter, seated on the flattened ball, glanced towards Mr. Lascelles.

“Do I get a point for that, sir?” he inquired.

“Certainly not, Bunter! That comes under the heading of clumsy and careless play. You got a point deducted!”

“But I kept our opponents from getting the ball, by sitting on it!”

“You also kept your own men from getting it!” retorted Mr. Lascelles.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“New ball wanted!” said Wingate, running up. “It’s half-time now. The fresh ball can be obtained during the interval!”

When the game was resumed, the pace was a cracker. Both teams struggled hard for supremacy, but there was nothing to choose between them. Dick Russell, with a surprise shot, put Wharton’s side ahead; but five minutes later Vernon-Smith brought the scores level again.

Then followed a stern fight for the lead.

Billy Bunter was not allowed to spoil the game any longer. He was charged off the ball without ceremony, even by his own men. And at last the fat junior grew so tired of being bowled over that he crawled off the field aching in every limb. Vernon-Smith & Co. were very glad to see the back of him.

The game was drawing to a close when something happened which cast a temporary shadow over the sports.

Archie Howell raced away on the right wing, fired with the desire to score the winning goal for Wharton’s side.

Archie cleverly tricked Mark Linley, and raced on. Then he got the better

—and the effect is “terrific,” as Inky would say!

of Tom Redwing in a tackle, and continued his headlong career towards the goal.

No great was the speed at which Archie was travelling that he overran himself, and crashed into one of the goalposts.

It was Archie's head which struck the woodwork. The junior spun round dizzily, and collapsed. He lay unconscious on the green turf.

There was a loud chorus of dismay, and in an instant Archie Howell was surrounded by a group of sympathetic juniors.

"Poor old Archie!" muttered Bob Cherry with a catch in his voice. "I'm afraid he's badly hurt."

The game was held up whilst Archie received attention. He soon came round, but when his schoolfellows assisted him to his feet, he was unable to stand.

"Rough luck, kid!" said Wingate. "Afraid you won't be able to take any further part in the sports!"

"This is very distressing," said Mr. Quelch, coming on the scene with the other masters. "Howell must be taken to the sanatorium at once!"

Dazed and hurt though he was, Archie forced a smile.

"Don't let this prevent the game being played out," he muttered. "It was my own fault. I made a blind rush for goal, and couldn't pull myself up in time."

Archie Howell was assisted from the field, and the doctor was summoned from Friardale.

Fortunately, the injury to Archie's head was not so serious as had been feared. But the doctor prescribed absolute rest and quiet for a few days, and this put Archie out of the running for the Form championship.

It was cruel luck, but Archie accepted the situation with his usual cheery philosophy.

"Accidents will happen. An' anyway, it might have been worse!" was his comment. "I shall now be able to watch the sports from the window of the san'y."

Meanwhile, the football match was played out, and it ended in a draw of 2-2.

Mr. Lascelles then announced the judges' decision.

"There has been some sparkling individual play," he said, "and it has been no easy matter to select the winner. But we are all agreed that the best exposition of football was that given by Vernon-Smith—"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Smithy!"

"And the runner-up is Robert Cherry," concluded Mr. Lascelles.

"That's one point to me," said Bob, with satisfaction. "But it will have to grow into a whole giddy forest of points before I can hope to retain that silver cup! What's the next item on the programme?"

"Judging by the way Bunter's hurrying towards the building, I should say it was lunch!" grinned Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The footballers trooped off in Billy Bunter's wake. They were well satisfied with their morning's sport, which would have been perfect but for the unfortunate mishap to Archie Howell.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Penfold in the Limelight!

LUNCH was a frugal meal, for the majority of the Removeites.

The only person who really made a meal of it was Billy Bunter.

"The running races come off this afternoon," explained Billy, "and I shall never win the hundred yards and the mile unless I lay in a solid foundation."

"You'll never win them in any case!" grinned Nugent. "A tub-race is about the only thing you'd ever be likely to win!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By the way, who won the hundred yards last year?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Archie Howell," said Bob Cherry. "He won by a foot, with Harry Wharton second. Poor old Archie! He's out of the hunt this year!"

"Beastly shame about that accident," said Wharton. "We shall have to visit Archie every evening and take him books and things, and make the time pass as pleasantly as possible for him."

"Yes, rather!"

After lunch a general move was made to the sports ground.

It was a strenuous day for the Remove athletes, and the wise fellows were reserving some of their energies for the events which would take place later in the week.

There were only eight fellows who fancied their chances sufficiently to turn out for the hundred yards, which was the first race.

The long-distance runners, like Mark Linley, were content to take a back seat. They knew they would have no chance against the Remove's champion sprinters.

One of the eight entrants was Billy Bunter.

Mr. Lascelles frowned as his eye lighted on the fat junior.

"I do wish you would stand down from the sports, Bunter!" he said. "I cannot compel you to do so, but it would be better for all concerned if you did!"

"Yessir, I know all the other fellows would like me to stand down," replied Bunter with a smirk. "They fear me as a deadly dangerous rival."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You are talking ludicrous nonsense, Bunter!" said Mr. Lascelles sharply. "You know perfectly well that you stand no chance of winning a single event. Your clownish antics are beginning to get on my nerves."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Enough!" snapped Mr. Lascelles. "I am about to fire the pistol."

Crack!

The runners, crouching low, were off like greyhounds from the slips.

Bunter ran blindly—so blindly that he swerved right off the course and bumped full-pelt into Mr. Prout.

"Yooooop!" roared that unhappy master, as he toppled over backwards.

"Yow!" gasped Bunter. "Why did you get in the way, sir? Just as I was going strong, too!" he added reproachfully.

What Mr. Prout said was drowned by a deafening roar from the crowd.

Already the race was over. It had been a close, thrilling finish.

Harry Wharton had gained the verdict by a matter of inches; and the fleet-footed Hurree Singh took second place.

"Good old Wharton!"

"Bravo, Inky!"

Harry Wharton's face was flushed and radiant. The three points he had just

gained would be a most valuable acquisition.

The course was now cleared for the quarter-mile.

Billy Bunter, having somehow managed to escape the vials of Mr. Prout's wrath, lined up with the other entrants.

"I shall win this race on my head!" he declared boastfully, as the runners waited for the pistol to crack.

"If I were you, I'd win it on my feet!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The pistol went off, and so did Bunter. Unfortunately, he went off in advance of the pistol. Mr. Lascelles called him back, and rightly disqualified him from the race.

Meanwhile, the other runners forged ahead.

Bob Cherry set the pace, with Wharton and Penfold and Vernon-Smith in hot pursuit.

The course was once round the ground, and Bob Cherry looked a winner all over. But he slackened his speed a little near the end, and this gave Dick Penfold the opportunity for which he had been waiting and watching.

Pen put on a tremendous spurt, gaining rapidly on the solitary figure in front, while the spectators cheered wildly.

"Go it, Pen!"

"You'll catch him yet!"

Bob Cherry turned his head, and saw the danger. That turn of the head lost him a valuable second, and the next instant Dick Penfold was abreast of him.

There was a fierce dash for the tape on the part of the two juniors, and Dick Penfold just managed to squeeze home first. It was a thrilling finish to a thrilling race.

Penfold's success was unexpected. Normally, he was not so good a runner as Bob Cherry; but on this occasion he had gone "all out," and Bob had been beaten by what Skinner humorously described as the width of an eyelash.

"Three points to Pen!" panted Harry Wharton, who came in third. "Well done, old scout! Your people will be jolly proud of you when they hear of this."

Penfold smiled happily. He had picked up three points at last. That morning he had striven gallantly on the football field without success. But now he had made a real start, and he meant to add to his success at the earliest opportunity.

There was an interval of half an hour before the next event—the mile—took place.

Many of the Remove sportsmen needed that interval. They had bellows to mend.

"I say, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter. "If Lascelles disqualifies me in the mile, I shall complain to the Head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lascelles is a beast!" exclaimed Bunter warmly. "He's got a spite against me, and he's trying to stop me from winning any of the races."

"Don't talk rot!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "You ought not to have entered for the sports at all. Do you seriously suppose you've got a chance of becoming champion of the Remove?"

"My chances are dwindling, thanks to that beast Lascelles—"

"Another word against Mr. Lascelles," growled Johnny Bull, "and we'll bump you, roundly and soundly!"

"Hear, hear!"

Billy Bunter rolled away with a snort. And he did not show up again until the runners lined up for the mile.

This proved to be the most thrilling race of the afternoon.

What is Bunter's latest? Don't miss next week's story!

Mark Linley took the lead, only to be overhauled by Harry Wharton. Then Vernon-Smith came along at a frantic gallop and shot ahead of both Linley and Wharton. After which, Dick Penfold, fairly flashing along the track, overtook all three.

But Penfold had spurred a little too soon. He was taking too much out of himself. He went groggy before he reached the tape, and Mark Linley came to the fore again and won the race. But Pen had the satisfaction of being second. This meant one point; and every point was valuable.

The part that Billy Bunter played in the mile was hardly an heroic one. The fat junior floundered along for a dozen yards or so, and then rolled over on the track, complaining loudly that one of the runners had tripped him. As a matter of fact, the rest of the runners had been far ahead of Bunter at the time he fell.

"Now for the merry hurdle-race!" said Frank Nugent. "I've been saving myself for this event. I knew I hadn't much chance in the others. But when it comes to jumping, why, I feel as if I could leap over the blessed moon!"

"Tell you what would be a good idea," said Bob Cherry. "Let Bunter take the lead and knock all the hurdles down. Then we sha'n't have to clear any."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm standing down from the hurdle-race," explained Bunter, "to give some of you fellows a chance."

"Very kind of you!" said Peter Todd.

The hurdles were erected at intervals along the course, and Mr. Lascelles lined up the competitors.

This was the first race of the afternoon that failed to furnish a close finish.

Frank Nugent enjoyed an easy victory. He cleared the hurdles in magnificent style, and covered the intervening stretches of ground with the speed of a hare.

Vernon-Smith came in second. This was Smithy's first point of the afternoon. But he had already collected three points on the football field, so he was not dismayed.

The next item was the throwing of the cricket-ball.

Johnny Bull had won this event at the previous sports meeting, and he caused quite a sensation by winning it again. Johnny's throw of ninety-one yards was not approached by anyone else. Dick Penfold's was the next best—half-a-dozen yards less.

"Little fish are sweet!" remarked Dick. "I've picked up another point. That's five I've bagged this afternoon. And now I've got designs on the long jump."

So had others. But Dick Penfold contrived to beat all comers, and yet another three points were added to his "bag."

Bob Cherry was runner-up in the long jump, and runner-up also in the high jump, which took place soon afterwards. This event was won by Frank Nugent, whose form in the hurdles had suggested that he would win the high jump also.

This brought the day's sport to an end. And it was interesting to take stock of the positions of the rival athletes.

Dick Penfold was actually top of the list, so far, with eight points to his credit.

Frank Nugent, by winning two events outright, had secured six points. Then came Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith with four points apiece. Harry Wharton, Mark Linley, and Johnny Bull had each secured three.

It was an interesting situation, full of possibilities. There was time for lots of things to happen yet.

Dick Penfold was in high feather as he cycled down to the village that evening on his new bicycle.

Pen's parents were delighted to hear of his prowess.

"You've done splendidly, Dick!" remarked Mr. Penfold. "And I hope you'll keep it up."

"I shall go all out to win the cup, dad," said the scholarship boy. "If I do win it, I shall bring it home, and stick it on the mantelpiece."

"And we shall be very proud of you, Dick, I'm sure!" said Mrs. Penfold, her eyes glistening. "In fact, we're proud of you already!"

"He's a boy that's worthy of our pride, my dear," said the old cobbler, patting the junior on the shoulder. "You've always a kind word and a helping hand for your mother and father, Dick. Heaven bless you for it!"

Dick Penfold did not stay long at home. He was tired out after his gruelling exertions, particularly in the mile. He proposed to go early to bed, so that he would wake up fresh and fit for the events of the morrow.

Dick was, in fact, the first fellow to enter the Remove dormitory that evening. And when the others came up, later, they found him fast asleep, with a smile playing on his lips.

Dick Penfold was dreaming that he was being presented with the silver cup, and acclaimed champion of the Remove.

Would that dream come true?

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Cycle Race!

"I SAY, Brownie, old fellow!"

Billy Bunter rolled up to Tom Brown in the Close next morning, and nudged him in the ribs with a plump elbow.

"Buzz off, porpoise!" growled the New Zealand junior.

"Oh, really, Brownie! You might do an old pal a favour. I want to borrow a bike."

"Well, you sha'n't borrow mine!" said Tom Brown sharply. "If you lay so much as a finger on my machine, I—I'll burst you!"

"Beast!" grumbled Billy Bunter, turning away. "Wait till I'm wealthy, and get my Daimler car. I sha'n't give you a lift!"

Tom Brown did not appear at all heart-broken by this threat. He merely grinned.

Bunter rolled away. He spotted Dick Rake afar off, and waddled towards him.

"I say, Rake, old fellow, be a sport and lend me your bike!" he pleaded. "I'm going in for the cycle race."

"So am I," said Rake briefly. "Cut off, you fat chump! I'm likely to lend you my bike, after what you did to Penfold's!"

Bunter rolled on with a snort of disgust. He was determined to get hold of a bicycle somehow. The race was coming off in half an hour, and the fat junior had specially trained for it. Not that his training was likely to help him much. It had simply consisted of howling Gosling, the porter, over, and smashing a bicycle beyond repair.

Bunter's deaf study-mate, Tom Dutton,



There was a fierce dash for the tape on the part of the two juniors, and Dick Penfold just managed to squeeze home first. It was a thrilling finish to a thrilling race, and the spectators acclaimed the victor in true sporting spirit. (See Chapter 4.)

Frank Richards goes one better every week!

came into view. Bunter headed towards him.

"Will you lend me your bike, old chap?" he asked.

"Scrap?" said Dutton, misunderstanding, as usual. "Yes, I'm quite game for a scrap. Where will you have it?"

And the deaf junior clenched his fists in a warlike manner.

"I didn't say scrap, you ass!" howled Bunter, backing away in alarm. "I said: 'Will you lend me your bike?'"

"Strike!" said Dutton. "Certainly!"

And his fist shot out, catching Billy Bunter on his snub nose.

"Yarooooo!"

"You can have some more, if you like," said Dutton cheerfully. "You asked for it, you know!"

But Billy Bunter was in no Oliver Twist-like mood. Sufficient unto his nasal organ was the damage thereof. The Owl of the Remove scuttled away, dabbling frantically at his nose with a handkerchief.

Bunter continued his quest for a bicycle, but without success.

Nobody in the Remove was willing to lend Bunter a machine. In fact, there was no machine that would stand his weight.

The time for the race arrived, and Bunter was still bikeless. He rolled up to Mr. Lascelles, who was assembling the competitors in the school gateway.

"Excuse me, sir—"

"You again, Bunter?" said Mr. Lascelles impatiently. "What is it this time?"

"Will you postpone the race for an hour or two, sir, while I go down to the village and hire a bike?"

"No, Bunter, I will not!" thundered Mr. Lascelles. "I am heartily weary of your impertinent requests. It is extremely fortunate that you do not possess a machine, and are therefore debarred from taking part in the race. Last year, I remember, you made yourself a nuisance in this event, by collapsing in the roadway and obstructing your fellow-competitors."

"Oh, really, sir, don't you think it's rather mean of you to rake up the past? Can't you let bygones be bygones?"

"Bunter!"

"As I don't possess a bike, sir, would

you turn it into a walking race, so that I can compete?"

That was the last straw! Mr. Lascelles strode towards Bunter, and gave the fat junior a cuff that sent him spinning.

"Yooooop!"

"How dare you, you young rascal?" roared Mr. Lascelles. "You have tried my patience too far. Do not dare to make any more impertinent requests!"

Billy Bunter hurried away from the incensed master, and he resigned himself to the fact that the cycle race would take place without him.

Quite a number of Remove cyclists were lined up in the school gateway. Many of them had racing machines; others were content to rely upon bicycles of the usual pattern.

Dick Penfold was there, keen and eager. But no less keen and eager were the Famous Five, and Vernon-Smith, and Mark Linley, and a host of others.

Mr. Lascelles explained the route to be taken, and started the competitors off.

A loud cheer followed the cyclists as they went speeding down the road.

"Go it, ye road-hogs!"

"Raise the merry dust!"

For the first half-mile the cyclists hung together in a group.

Bob Cherry was the first to draw away, and he made the pace a corker.

Wharton and Penfold and Vernon-Smith, heads down, legs going like clock-work, were after Bob Cherry like the wind. It was a most thrilling race.

Bob maintained his lead for a long time, but when he was about to enter Friardale, on the homeward journey, he was overtaken by Dick Penfold.

Dick's brand-new bike was behaving splendidly. It carried him along at a dizzy speed. And there was only a mile to go.

"If I can only keep this up," muttered Pen as he flashed along, "it's my race!"

He was obliged to raise his head and look about him as he pedalled through the village street, for there was traffic about.

Suddenly he caught sight of a number of elegantly-attired youths, who were laughing and chatting on the pavement. They were Ponsonby & Co., the "nuts" of Highcliffe. Penfold noticed that they stood outside his father's shop.

His suspicions aroused, he slowed up, and saw what they were doing. They were defacing the shop-window with placards, one of which bore the inscription:

**"Gents' Boots Soled and Heeled at Profitereering Prices!
Smart and Efficient Service!
No Customer Kept Waiting More than Twelve Months!"**

The other placards were equally insulting.

Dick Penfold leapt off his machine with a shout of anger.

"You cads!" he cried hotly.

Cecil Ponsonby paused in the act of pasting a fresh placard on the window.

"Why, here's the cobbler's son!" he drawled. "We're just doin' a bit of advertisin' for your father, Penfold!"

"It ought to bring him lots of custom!" said Gadsby with a grin.

"Absolutely!" chuckled Vavasour.

Dick Penfold did not waste words on the precious cads who were engaged in tormenting a humble tradesman. He leaned his bicycle against a lamp-post, and rushed at the Highcliffians, hitting out right and left.

Bob Cherry came whizzing up on his machine.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's goin' on?" he exclaimed.

"These rotters have been persecuting my pater," said Penfold, without turning his head. "You can leave me to deal with them, Cherry."

"Rats!" retorted Bob, jumping off his machine. "The odds are five to one against you. Let me give you a hand."

"But the race—"

"Blow the race!"

Keen as Bob Cherry was on winning the cycle race, he was not going to leave Dick Penfold to the mercy of Ponsonby & Co.

Bob dashed into the fray, and he sent Cecil Ponsonby reeling with a smashing blow between the eyes.

Pon measured his length on the pavement, and lay prone.

At this juncture, Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith came on the scene. They took in the situation at a glance and promptly went to the assistance of Dick Penfold and Bob Cherry.

Ponsonby was down; but Gadsby, and Monson, and Drury, and Vavasour were still on their feet, fighting desperately.

Mr. Penfold appeared in the doorway of the little shop.

"Young gentlemen!" he said in tones of distress. "I'd rather you didn't fight on my account. These Highcliffe boys are always annoying me. It's nothing new."

"It's going to be stopped, dad!" said Penfold grinely. "They are a set of beastly snobs, and we're going to teach them a lesson. Get up, Ponsonby! You're not whacked yet."

Ponsonby rose to his feet with a muttered imprecation. He was down again the next moment, floored by a powerful drive from Penfold's right.

The weedy Highcliffe juniors were no match for the sturdy athletes of the Greyfriars Remove. And with Ponsonby down and out, the others were as sheep without a shepherd. One by one they were knocked off their feet, and they had been too severely punished to want more. They lay groaning on the pavement.

"Now clear off, you cads!" said Harry Wharton. "And don't let us catch you

SCHOOL	B'ST BOYS' BOOKS	FOOTER
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MYSTERY	OUT ON FRIDAY! ORDER A COPY TO-DAY!	ADVENTURE

Does Bunter get it where the chicken got the chopper?—

hanging round Mr. Penfold's shop again!

It was as much as Ponsonby & Co. could do to crawl away. They had been soundly thrashed, and their faces showed signs of wear and tear. The faces of the conquerors were unmarked.

The cycling race had been abandoned, and the juniors pedalled leisurely back to Greyfriars. On their arrival, they explained to Mr. Lascelles what had taken place.

"You acted quite rightly in thrashing those Highcliffe rascals, my boys," said Mr. Lascelles. "In the circumstances, the race will have to be held again. I will allow you a breather first."

When all the competitors had returned to the school, and rested awhile, a fresh start was made.

History repeated itself on this occasion. Bob Cherry took the lead on the outgoing journey, and he was overtaken by Dick Penfold when homeward bound.

Then followed a thrilling duel between the two juniors.

Bob Cherry was the better cyclist, but Dick Penfold had the better machine, so there was nothing to choose between them.

When the school gates came in sight, the two juniors were riding neck-and-neck.

There was a roar from the spectators who were perched on the school wall.

"Come on, Cherry!"

"Put your beef into it, Pen!"

There was a whitewashed line across the roadway, to mark the finish. Mr. Lascelles stood gazing down at the line, to see whose front wheel would cross first.

As a matter of fact, they both crossed simultaneously.

Dick Penfold and Bob Cherry were riding abreast at the finish.

"A dead-heat!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles.

"Then who gets the points, sir?" panted Bob Cherry, practically falling off his machine.

"The three points for the winner, and the one point for the runner-up, will be added together and then divided between you," said Mr. Lascelles. "So you will each receive two points."

"Good!" muttered Dick Penfold. "That brings my total up to ten. How many points have you got, Bob?"

"Six. You've a comfortable lead, but there's a long, long way to go yet."

Penfold nodded grimly as he wheeled his trusty machine through the school gateway.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Plot Against Penfold!

WEDNESDAY did not prove to be Penfold's lucky day.

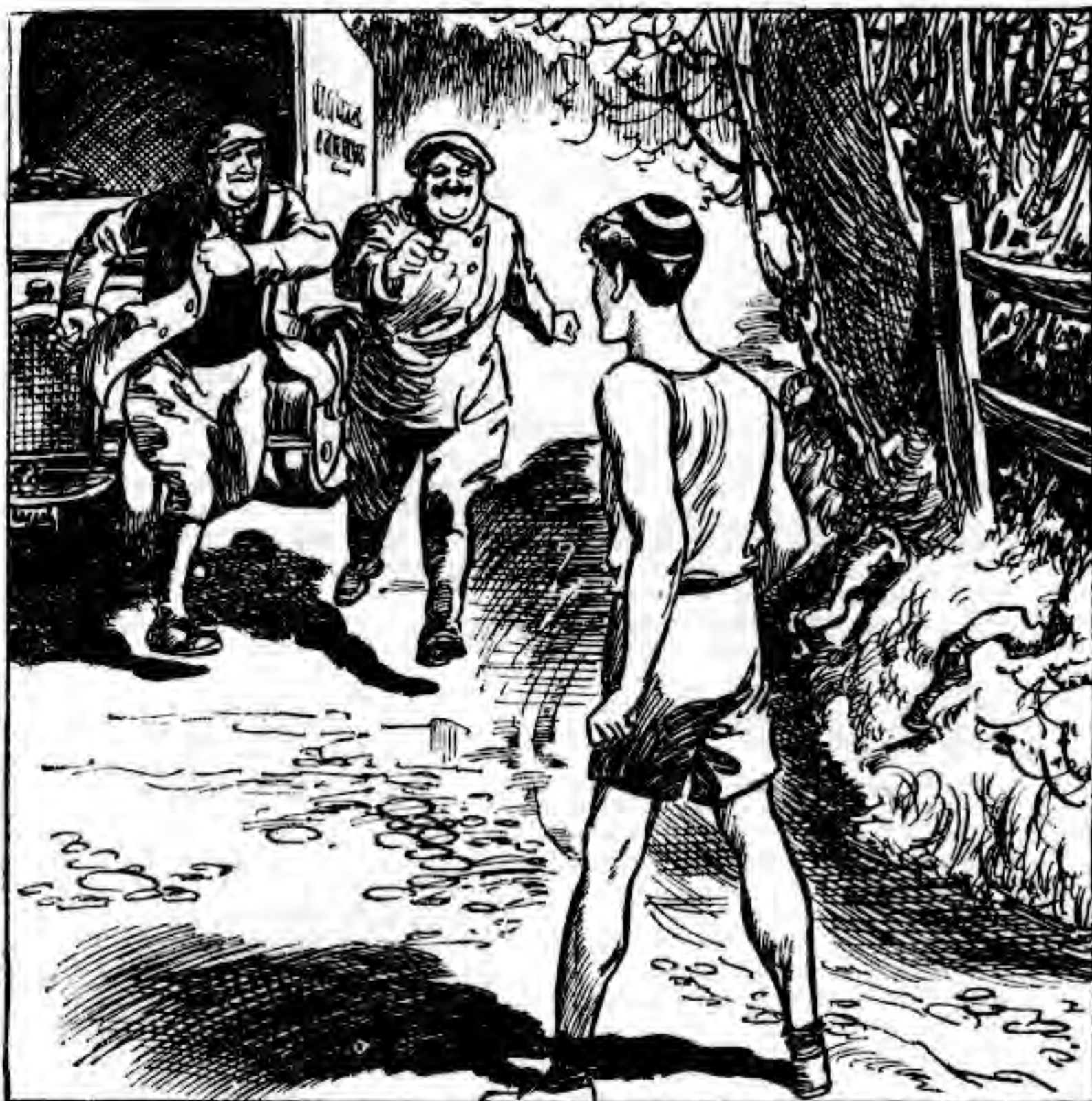
It was a day crowded with sporting events. But Pen, although he threw himself into the struggles with tremendous energy, failed to pick up a single point.

Other fellows came into the limelight, and there were many surprising results.

The shooting match on the rifle-range was won by Peter Todd. Peter was a crack shot, and he was sorely in need of points, for he had done very little in the sports up to the present.

Peter Todd's shooting was so deadly that the black circle which marked the bullseye was completely knocked out of his card!

The runner-up in the shooting contest was Vernon-Smith.



The vehicle overtook the running junior, and then it slowed down. A couple of men immediately sprang into the roadway. "This is the youngster!" one of them muttered. "Collar him!" Then, to Dick Penfold's amazement and alarm, the two men sprang upon him. (See Chapter 6.)

After dinner, there was a great excitement on the river.

The sculling contest drew all Greyfriars on to the towpath.

Johnny Bull, a strong and sturdy oarsman, was hot favourite for the event. And Johnny managed to get into the final with Harry Wharton.

In a race that was charged with excitement—first one junior taking the lead, and then the other—Harry Wharton proved the victor.

Wharton had only picked up three points so far, and this additional three put fresh heart into him. He was now level with Cherry and Nugent.

The next item on the programme was the wrestling contest.

Bob Cherry got into the final with Vernon-Smith, whom he defeated after a most stubborn struggle.

Then came the tea interval.

Dick Penfold thoughtfully purchased some fruit at the tuckshop, and paid a visit to Archie Howell, in the sanny.

He found Archie propped up on the pillows, reading a book.

"Thought I'd just pop up and see how you were getting along," he said. "I've brought you a few apples and bananas, and fortunately Mrs. Mumble had some grapes."

"You're a brick, Pen," said Archie warmly. "If it wasn't for missin' the sports, life in the sanny would be one grand, sweet song. Do you know, you're the seventh visitor I've had to-day!"

"You must be getting fed-up with them—"

"Not at all. The more the merrier!"

"How's the head, Archie?"

"Still a bit groggy after its collision

with the goal-post. But the doctor says I can get up to-morrow. So I shall have the pleasure of seein' the marathon."

"That's good!"

"Squat on the bed, dear boy, an' tell me how the sports are goin'," said Archie.

"Toddy won the shooting contest. I expect you've heard that?"

"Yes. An' what about the scullin' race?"

"Harry Wharton beat Johnny Bull by the width of an oar," said Penfold, laughing.

"Was it as close as all that?"

"Pretty nearly. It looked almost like a dead-heat to me. But Mr. Lascelles was at the winning post, and he had a better view than I did. So we must accept his judgment."

Archie nodded.

"Who won the wrestlin' match?" he asked.

"Bob Cherry beat Smithy after a terrific struggle."

"But where do you come in, Pen?"

"Haven't won a single event to-day," was the rueful reply. "But I'm still leading, thank goodness. I've got ten points. Bob Cherry comes next, with nine."

"An' how many more events are there?"

"Three. There's the walking match in an hour's time; the marathon to-morrow, and the boxing contests the day after."

"Looks like bein' quite a thrillin' finish," said Archie Howell. "I hope you bag the cup, Pen, but I don't envy you your job. You're up against it."

Dick Penfold smiled.

—Or does his "latest" meet with success?

"You think Bob Cherry will retain his title, and become champion two years running?"

"No, I don't," said Archie.

"Then, who—"

Archie sat up in bed, and leaned towards his companion.

"A whisper in your ear," he said. "Watch Vernon-Smith!"

Penfold looked astonished.

"Smithy! Why, he's only got six points up to the present!"

"That may be. But Smithy's a dark horse. He's goin' to put on a mighty spurt at the finish."

"He'll need to!" said Dick.

He stayed chatting with Archie Howell for some time. Then he went down into the close to get ready for the walking match.

Dick had won this selfsame event last year. It had been his only win in the tournament. How different it was this year, when he found himself with ten points to his credit!

Dick was a fine walker. He had a springing, athletic stride which carried him along at a rare pace.

But when the race started he saw that he was up against formidable opposition.

Dick swung along the road in capital style, but Bob Cherry and Tom Brown troubled him sorely. Try as he would he could not shake them off.

When the last mile was entered upon, however, Bob Cherry cracked up. A sudden and painful attack of "stitch" compelled him to retire.

But Tom Brown was still walking strongly. The New Zealand junior was out of the running for championship honours, but he meant to finish first in one event, at least.

When the school gates were sighted, Dick Penfold and Tom Brown were walking side by side.

"Wish you'd ease up a bit, Browny!" panted Penfold with a grin.

"Not this child!" was the retort; "I mean to reach that blessed tape first, if I perish in the attempt!"

And then something happened which neither Tom Brown nor Dick Penfold had taken into his calculations. A warning shout from the crowd on the school wall was their first intimation of danger.

"Look out, you two!"

"Smithy's gaining on you!"

Vernon-Smith was coming along with the stride of a giant. It was a long stride and a strong stride, and Smithy was gaining hand-over-fist, as it were, on the fellows in front.

With a gasp of alarm Dick Penfold quickened his pace. So did Tom Brown. But they spurted too late. Vernon-Smith shot ahead of them at the crucial moment, and was the first to breast the tape.

"Hurrah!"

"Well won, Smithy!"

The struggle for second place was almost terrible in its grimness.

Both Brown and Penfold were well-nigh exhausted. But the former had a little more in him than his schoolfellow, and he got to the tape first.

Dick Penfold had the mortification of being beaten by a matter of a second only. But he had made a fine fight of it, and the crowd accorded him a rousing cheer.

The result of the walking match made the position trebly interesting.

Dick Penfold still enjoyed the lead, with ten points to his credit. But Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith were hard on his heels with nine.

Only the marathon race and the boxing contests remained to be fought out.

"If I can only manage to win one of them," muttered Dick Penfold. "I think I shall be safe!"

But Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith were forces to be reckoned with. And Pen's task was no light one.

He went early to bed that evening, and slept the clock round. He needed the rest, for the sports tournament had taken heavy toll of his energy. He was not such a sturdy fellow as Bob Cherry, nor had he the intense vitality of Vernon-Smith.

Fortunately, there were no contests next morning. The marathon was not due to be run until the afternoon.

After a very light lunch Dick Penfold lined up with the rest of the runners.

Harry Wharton and Mark Linley were the fellows he feared most. They were long-distance runners of proven ability; and Pen knew that if he managed to beat either or both of them it would be a splendid performance.

The course for the marathon was identical with that which had been taken in the walking match.

Mr. Lascelles started the runners on their long journey.

Fifteen lithe, athletic figures rapidly disappeared from the view of the fellows clustered on the school wall.

"Run up, you fellows!"

"Go it, Bob Cherry!"

"Put the pace on, Penfold!"

But Dick had wisely decided not to overdo it at the start. He would have need of all his energy later. He was content to let several runners forge ahead of him—for the time being.

He enjoyed the first few miles. The going was to his liking, and he had got thoroughly into his stride.

When he came to the turning-point of the route—a road which led back in the form of a semicircle to Greyfriars—Pen found that he was third. Only Harry Wharton and Mark Linley were ahead of him. But both were running strongly.

Pen himself began to weaken at this stage. He became conscious of a dull pain in his side, and it hampered his progress a little. He cast an anxious glance over his shoulder, but there were no runners in sight behind him. Wharton and Linley were the only two who would give him any trouble.

Dick ran on gamely.

Presently the hoot of a motor-horn distracted his attention. Turning, he saw a big motor-lorry bearing down upon him.

The vehicle overtook the running junior, and then it slowed down, and a couple of men jumped out into the roadway.

"This is the youngster!" one of them muttered. "Collar him!"

Then, to Dick Penfold's amazement and alarm, the two men sprang upon him.

Pen struggled fiercely to free himself, but he was as a child in the hands of his assailants. He was lifted bodily into the seat beside the driver, and before he could recover the power of action, the lorry went rushing on its way.

Dick Penfold turned to the driver.

"What does this mean?" he panted.

"Never you mind!" was the cheerful reply. "Just sit tight for a matter of five minutes. That's all you've got to do."

"But—but where are you taking me? What's the game? Who are you?"

The driver vouchsafed no reply to this jumble of questions.

The lorry rumbled on. It overtook Harry Wharton and Mark Linley, who

caught sight of Dick Penfold, and gave a simultaneous shout of surprise.

Then a couple of bicycles came into view. They were ridden by Mr. Quelch and Wingate, who were riding out from the school to meet the marathon runners.

Both cyclists caught sight of Dick Penfold; and Dick saw an expression of anger and marked disapproval come over Mr. Quelch's face.

Pen uttered a cry for help, but it was drowned by the thunder of the lorry.

A quarter of a mile from the school, the driver slowed up.

"You can hop down now, kid," he said, "an' carry on with your race."

Penfold jumped down into the roadway with alacrity. He was naturally glad of his freedom.

"Ain't you goin' to thank us for givin' you this joy-ride?" asked one of the men who had assisted in Pen's capture.

"No, I'm not!" growled the junior. "This might be your idea of a joke, but you've mucked up my race."

"Nonsense! We've helped you to win it, that's all."

The motor-lorry proceeded on its way. And Dick Penfold, his mind in a whirl, set off at a jog-trot towards Greyfriars.

What did these men mean by giving him an enforced lift in their lorry? Had they acted from friendly motives, or from motives of animosity?

Pen was still puzzling over these problems when the school gates came in sight.

Instantly the crowd on the school wall started to cheer.

"Penfold's the first man home!"

"By Jove, he hasn't lost any time!"

"Give him a cheer!"

"Hurrah!"

Dick Penfold slowed down into a walk.

"Don't cheer me, you fellows!" he exclaimed. "I haven't won. Something's happened that has put me out of the running."

But Pen's voice was drowned in the clamour and commotion.

Mr. Lascelles was about to congratulate Dick Penfold when Mr. Quelch and Wingate came pedalling into view. They dismounted breathlessly just outside the school gates.

"Do not congratulate this wretched boy, Mr. Lascelles!" said Mr. Quelch angrily. "He has endeavoured to win this race by means of a trick!"

"Good gracious!"

"He apparently persuaded the driver of a lorry to give him a lift over a distance of a mile and a half."

Dick Penfold turned to Mr. Quelch. His cheeks were flaming.

"That's not true, sir!" he flashed indignantly.

"But we distinctly saw you riding on the lorry, Penfold."

"I know, sir. But I didn't do it from choice. I was taken on board the lorry by force."

"A very plausible explanation," said Mr. Quelch dryly. "But I cannot accept it. You have been guilty of a base attempt to cheat your schoolfellows, and there can only be one punishment. You are hereby disqualified from taking any further part in the sports tournament."

Dick Penfold flung out his arms appealingly.

"You're wrong, sir! You're mistaken! You're doing me an injustice!" he broke out wildly. "I tell you I was forced—"

"Enough!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "By your unsportsmanlike conduct you

(Continued on page 17.)

Have you seen the real hand-coloured photo in this week's "BOYS' FRIEND"?

**MY GAY CAREER!**

By Dick Turpin's Famous Steed,
"BLACK BESS."

I've never won the Derby,
And I've never won the Oaks;
For I'm an old-established boss.
(No truck with modern mokes!)

I used to trot for Turpin,
A hero of renown;
If, Tishy-like, I'd crossed my legs,
I should have "let him down!"

My master used to love me,
My neck he would caress;
And murmur "By my halidom,
Thou art 'some' steed, Black Bess!"

I used to fly like fury
Along the lanes at night;
And woe-betide the London coach
Whene'er it came in sight!

Off, at the Crown and Anchor,
Or at the Rising Sun,
I've scoffed a nosebag full of corn
When my day's work was done.

When Turpin rode to York, sir,
The feathers fairly flew;
I scattered scores of tiny birds,
And pigs and poultry, too!

Don't talk of Gilpin's gallop,
That simply wasn't in it!
I flashed along the frosty road
At half a mile a minute!

My master, though, was captured,
And hanged, to my regret;
But never mind! His fate and fame
Will live for ages yet.

I'd never find another
So good and kind as he;



And when you talk
of Turpin's ride,
Please spare a
thought for me!

And just before I
close, boys,
I've something
else to say.
I'm appearing in
the serial
The "Popular's"
got to-day!

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

LET us put the clock back a hundred years and more, and imagine we are living in the stirring times of coaches and highway marauders!

As a matter of fact, the times in which we now live are much more stirring; yet there is always a glamour attached to the period in which the highwaymen flourished.

There is something picturesque and fascinating about a highwayman, as compared with the modern footpad. We have precious little sympathy with a man who "holds up" a bank or a post-office; yet we have a sort of sneaking regard for the best type of highwayman of the past, who robbed the rich to help the poor.

Much has happened since the days of Richard Turpin, the son of a pork butcher, who made himself immortal by his daring exploits. "This 'ere Progress," as Gosling remarks, "keeps on keepin' on." Coaches are things of the past. Railways and motor-cars have taken their places, and the highwayman's occupation is gone for ever.

Motor-bandits have sprung up in place of highwaymen; and, in due course, when we are all living in the air, the motor-bandit's occupation will be gone, too.

Highwaymen may be divided into two groups. There is the brutal and uncultured type, who was murderer as well as robber. For this type we have no use. Then there is the adventurous, chivalrous, jovial type—the "gentleman of the road."

When I told my contributors that I proposed to publish a Highwayman Number, they fairly jumped for joy! And they have bombarded me with so many stories and articles that I have sufficient material for six successive Highwayman Numbers! Of course, I have separated the wheat from the tares, and am publishing the cream of the contributions. Dicky Nugent's story, in which he has introduced a highwayman of his own, will doubtless provoke roars of merriment.

Of course, you are reading the grand highwayman serial now appearing in our companion paper, the "Popular"? If not, you are missing one of the grandest treats ever!

HARRY WHARTON.

RANDOM RIDDLES!

By DICK RUSSELL.

Why is the Greyfriars postman like one of Dick Turpin's victims?
Because he always "stands" and "delivers."

How do we know that Claude Duval was as strong a man as Samson?
Because it is recorded that he often "held up a coach."

What (according to a victim) is the difference between a footpad and a bulldog?
One bags his watches—the other watches his "bags"!

What horse does Billy Bunter's sister resemble when she emerges from the coal-cellar?
Black Bess.

What is the difference between a highwayman and a photo of Mr. Prout playing golf?
None. Both are "mounted"!

What advantage has a footpad over a navy?
The former can pick pockets, but the latter can't pocket "picks."

What particular coach was never "held up" in the olden days?
A football coach.

Why was a highwayman's pistol like Loder of the Sixth?
Because it was always "going off" at night.

What is the difference between an unsatisfactory office-boy and a footpad's revolver?
None. Both are "fired"!

How did Jack Johnson, the pugilist, differ from a forgetful highwayman armed with a pistol?

One "shot out his left," the other "left out his shot!"

Why did the coach-passengers of long ago, when waylaid by a highwayman, always think of the dentist?

Because there was first a "stopping," and then an "extraction."



Look out for our Special "Sea" supplement—next week!



How the Male Coach Was Saved!

By
DICKY NUGENT.

THUD, thud, thud!
It was the tinkle of hoarse's hoofs on the frosty road.

Dick Devildare pulled up at the sign of the Ancient Beaver. He slipped off his fiery steed, and handed it to the ostler.

"Prithee, take my bonnie steed into the stable, and bury his head in a nose-bag!" said Dick.

The ostler touched his fourlocks. (He was nearly bald.)

"Eye, eye, sir!" he said.

Dick Devildare strode into the parlor of the inn. He was greeted by the landlord, a fat, rubicund-looking man, with a face like a beetroot.

"A welcome to ye, traveller!"

"Same to thee, mine host," said Dick. "Marry, 'tis a bitter night! Bring me a bowl of streaming punch. And get thyself one at the same time."

So saying, Dick pushed a Trezury Note across the counter. (A very modern young man!—Ed.)

Mine host brought the punch, and Dick made himself comfortable in the chimney-corner.

"Might I make so bold as to ask, sir, what you be doin' in these parts?" said the landlord.

"I am seeking adventure, mine host."

"Mercy me! Then you should find plenty on't hereabouts. Hast heard of Fifteen-stringed Frank, the highwayman?"

Dick nodded.

"A preshus scoundrel!" he said. "In sooth, he ought to have been swinging on a gibbet long since!"

"Hush, sir!" muttered the landlord, throwing a fearful glance over his shoulder. (Fortunately, nobody was struck.) "They say that walls have ears. And Fifteen-stringed Frank sometimes frequents this hostelry."

"Then why don't you hand him over to justice?" demanded Dick.

"'Tis easier said than done, young sir. The man that betrayed Fifteen-stringed Frank would straightway go to his doom!"

"Rats!" said Dick. "Dost think I fear him? If ever we should meet face to face, woe betide the preshus rough 'un!"

And Dick fingered the blunderbuss in his belt.

The landlord came close to our hero, and whispered in his ear.

"I will tell thee a secret," he shouted. "Fifteen-stringed Frank hath been here to-night!"

"Grammercy!" gasped Dick.

"He hath sworn to hold up the London Male, which passeth the cross-roads at mid-night."

"And what o'clock is it now?"

"'Tis but fifteen minutes to the hour."

Dick sprang to his feet. Sparks of fire darted from his pale blue eyes.

"It shall be saved!" he cried, tipping his hot punch down the landlord's neck in his eggshement. "The London Male shall be saved!"

"Yooooop!" roared mine host.

"What's the matter with thee, man?" snapped Dick impatiently.

"Verily, that punch was hot!"

"Bother the punch! Where do these cross-roads lie?"

"Three miles from here," said the landlord. "Thou wilt have to proceed in an easterly direction towards the west. Bear a little to the north, and then turn to the south."

"Very eggshement, I must say!" sneered Dick. "But thine ostler is a more intelligent fellow than thee, and he will direct me. I go to save the London Male!"

The landlord rung his hands.

"It is madness, young sir—madness to try to thwart Fifteen-stringed Frank! When he sees thee approach, he will riddle thee with bullets!"

Dick laughed, and his fingers closed lovingly over the handle of his blunderbuss.

"Thrice armed is he who gets his bullet in first!" he said, turning to the door.

"One moment, sir!" called out the landlord. "It may interest thee to know that a fair lady, of high estate, will be travelling with the London Male, as a passenger. I refer to the Lady Mary Sweeting."

"Then she must be saved!" cried Dick. "Not only the male, but the female!"

There was no time to be lost. Every second was more precious than roobies.

If Fifteen-stringed Frank, the famous highwayman, were allowed to hold up the London Male, he would rob Lady Mary Sweeting of all her fine jools, and probably kidnap her into the bargain.

"Ho, ho! The London Male must be saved!" panted Dick, dashing out into the stable-yard.

"The London female must be saved also! Where is my steed?"

"Buried in the nose-bag, sir," said the ostler.

"Bring her forth at once!"

At that moment, the mare, hearing its master's voice came prancing out of the stable. It gave a low whinny.



He reined in his steed in the shadow of a tree.

Dick Devildare was astride the animal in two tix.

"Where do the cross-roads lie?" he called to the ostler.

"Over yonder, sir," said the man, nodding in a northerly direction.

Dick tossed the fellow a golden ginny, and whipped up his steed.

"Go it, Neddy!" he urged. "On the ball! We've got about ten minutes to get to the cross-roads—and the life of a noble lady is at stake!"

Neddy seemed to understand, for he put his beef into it. No Derby winner could have stayed the pace with him. He fairly flashed along the frosty highway.

Biff! Thud! Plonk!

The merry tinkle of the hoarse's hoofs rang out on the night air.

Would Dick save the London Male? Would he reskew the London female? Wait and see!

The moon came out from behind a bank of clouds, bathing the countryside in lickwid splendor.

Bump-bumpety-bump! Clump-clumpety-clump! Thump-thumpety-thump!

Dick's grey mare carried him along at such a pace that he couldn't hear himself breathe.

Prezantly the cross-roads came in sight. Then there was a rumbling of wheels.

The male coach was approaching.

Dick reined in his steed, in the shadow of a tree.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs, and a hoarse and its rider came into view.

The hoarse was a magnificent black bay brown mare, and the rider was a man in a blue cloak and a cocked hat. His face was heavily masked.

"'Tis Fifteen-stringed Frank!" muttered Dick Devildare. "Snakes alive! To think I should meet him in the flesh!"

The famous highwayman bore down upon the coach.

"Stand and deliver!" he cried.

The driver, finding himself gazing into the barrels of two pistols, obeyed on the instant.

"Thou hast a fair lady inside, I believe?" said Fifteen-stringed Frank.

"Spare us!" groaned the driver.

"I will spare thee, thou pie-faced poltroon, but the Lady Mary Sweeting I will not spare. 'Tis my intent to kidnap her, forsooth. I have heard of her wondrous bewty, and—stay! Who comes?"

Dick Devildare came up at a gallop.

The sooprem moment had come.

"At last!" cried Dick. "At last I meet thee face to face, thou scarry knave! I challenge thee to a duel—"

Crack! Bang! Zipp! Whizz.

Fifteen-stringed Frank emptied both his pistols at once, and Dick Devildare and his steed staggered back under a hail of bullets.

But fortune was kind to our hero. Eggsept for a stray shot in the chest, and a couple in the right sholder, he was unharmed.

Dick snatched his blunderbuss from his belt, and fired point-blank at the dasterly highwayman, only to find he had left all his ammunition at the Ancient Beaver.

Nothing daunted, Dick urged his steed forward, and rushed at Fifteen-stringed Frank. He dealt him one mity blow with the thick end of the blunderbuss, and there was a cracking sound as of an eggshell being broken. It was merely the highwayman's skull.

Fifteen-stringed Frank fell out of his saddle, and lay motionless in the moonlight.

Dick jumped off his steed, and nelt beside his fallen foe. He felt his heart, and pronounced life distinct.

At the same moment, a stately figger emerged from the interior of the coach. It was the Lady Mary Sweeting.

"My brave, hansom reskewer!" she cried. "You have saved the London Male, and the female that accompanied it. I am yours for ever!"

"Loud cheers!" mermered Dick. "This is the happiest moment of my checkered career!"

They were married next day by special dog-license. All good stories end with wedding-bells, and this is no eggseption to the rule.

"And at the Ancient Beaver

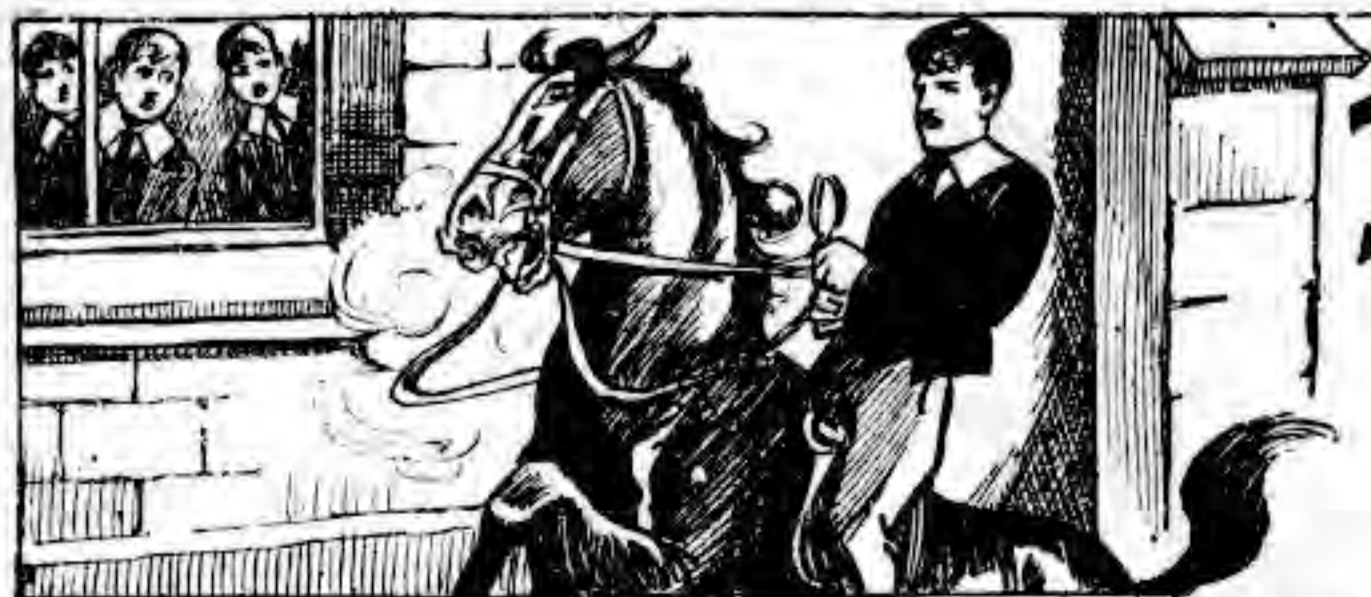
Still is the story told

How brave Dick Devildare saved the male

In the dashing days of old."

THE END.

One big long laugh — next Monday!



Dick Turpin at Greyfriars!

By TOM BROWN.

"THERE'S a new kid expected this afternoon," said Harry Wharton. "And here he is, by Jove!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, gazing from the window of Study No. 1.

There was a clatter of hoofs, and a handsome black horse came cantering through the Close. Its rider was a fellow of about fourteen, with clear-cut features and a shock of dark hair. He was dressed in Etous, and he sat his steed as skilfully as a cowboy.

"My only aunt!" gasped Frank Nugent. "What a queer way to turn up at the school! I've heard of a new kid arriving on a motor-bike, and there was one famous case of a chap who rolled up on a wheelbarrow, but I believe this is the first time anyone has arrived on horseback!"

"Let's go down and interview the fellow," said Johnny Bull.

The Famous Five hurried down into the Close. The new boy had dismounted, and he stood fondling his steed. He nodded coolly to the juniors.

"Good-morrow!" was his greeting.

"G-g-good-morrow!" stuttered Harry Wharton. "You're the new kid, aren't you?"

"Yea, verily."

"What name?" inquired Nugent.

"Turpin."

"Not the immortal Dick, surely?" said Bob Cherry with a chuckle.

"The same."

"Oh, come off it!" growled Johnny Bull. "Don't start pulling our legs!"

The new boy looked quite solemn.

"Tis not mine intent to kid thee, my burly friend," he said. "I am indeed Dick Turpin."

"But Turpin's dead and defunct—" began Wharton.

"I am having a second innings on this sphere. Tell me, I prithee, where I may stable my worthy steed."

"Gosling will see to him for you," said the captain of the Remove. "But look here. Is your name really Dick Turpin?"

"Ay."

"Then I hope you're not going to start any highwayman stunts at Greyfriars!" said Wharton with a laugh.

"Not until after sunset," said the new boy. And he strolled away, leading his horse in the direction of Gosling's lodge.

The Famous Five exchanged glances of wonder.

"Either that kid's potty," said Bob Cherry, "or he's spoofing us."

"Oh, he's potty!" growled Johnny Bull. "Clean off his rocker! As if Dick Turpin could possibly come to life again!"

Gosling, the porter, showed extreme reluctance at taking the new boy's horse. It was only natural that Gosling didn't want another quadruped on his hands. He already possessed three cats and a watch-dog. But Dick Turpin pressed a couple of half-crowns into Gosling's palm, at the same time whispering something in his ear, and Gosling grinned and took over the steed.

The new boy then rejoined the Famous Five.

"I would fain break my fast," he announced. "Tis long since I had bite or sup."

"You can come and join us at tea, with pleasure," said Harry Wharton. "But hadn't you better see Mr. Quelch first, so that he can allot you to a study, and tell you which Form you're going into? I expect it will be the Remove."

"Methinks I will feed first, and, peradventure, I will visit Mr. Quelch later."

"Why do you talk in that funny, old-fashioned way?" asked Nugent.

"Tis the only way I know. There is naught amiss with my speech, I trow?"

"Your speechfulness," said Hurree Singh, "is like the speechfulness of a hundred years ago."

Dick Turpin stared.

"Verily, it can scarce be worse than thine own manner of speaking!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five took the amazing new boy along to Study No. 1, and entertained him right royally.

Dick Turpin seemed in no violent hurry to go and interview Mr. Quelch. He remained chatting with his hosts for quite a long time—until after dusk, in fact. Then he thanked them for their hospitality, and strolled out of the study.

The Famous Five sat spellbound. They could only conclude that the new boy was suffering from delusions. Obviously, he could not be Dick Turpin come to life again. And yet—it was a queer business altogether.

The new boy had been gone about ten minutes, when the door of Study No. 1 flew open, and Billy Bunter burst in.

"I say, you fellows, I've been robbed! By a real, live highwayman, too—Dick Turpin himself!"

"What?"



"I say, you fellows, I've been robbed!" gasped Bunter.

"It's a fact. I was walking along the passage, sharpening a lead-pencil as I went, when all of a sudden a masked figure sprang out of a doorway, and shouted, 'Your money or your knife!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughing matter, you chaps! I had to hand over my knife—and the worst of it is, it wasn't really my knife at all. It was one I borrowed from Johnny Bull!"

There was a roar from Johnny.

"You fat villain! You mean to say you've parted with my knife? I—I'll burst you!"

"It's no use getting huffy with me, Bull," said Billy Bunter. "I told the highwayman the knife belonged to you, but he insisted on taking it, all the same. I say, fancy Dick Turpin coming to life again!"

"How was he dressed?" asked Bob Cherry. "I was too scared to notice—that is to say, I was too preoccupied—"

Harry Wharton sprang to his feet.

"That mad new kid is running amok, and he'll have to be stopped!" he exclaimed.

"Come on!"

The Famous Five rushed out into the passage. There was no sign of Dick Turpin.

From the junior Common-room came a buzz of voices. Harry Wharton & Co. made their

way thither. They found the room in an uproar.

Skinner and Snoop and Stott were explaining to their schoolfellows how they had just been "held up" in the Close by a masked individual who called himself a highwayman.

"He took my watch!" Skinner was saying.

"And all the money I had in the world—threepence-halfpenny!" added Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he bagged my penknife!" said Stott.

"That's a couple of giddy penknives gone West!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Was this desperate ruffian armed, Skinner?"

"Armed to the teeth!" said Skinner.

"I think it was only a water-pistol he pointed at us," said Stott. "I felt a splash on my cheek."

"Anyway, he got away with the loot," said Snoop.

Vernon-Smith, who was present, looked very thoughtful.

"It's an amazing state of affairs," he said. "Has anybody any idea who this highwayman merchant is?"

"It's the new kid," said Harry Wharton. "He behaved queerly from the moment he arrived. Said he was Dick Turpin—or a resurrection of him."

"Do you mean the fellow who arrived on horseback?" asked Peter Todd.

"That's the cove! Let's go and hunt for him!"

Quite a crowd of juniors rushed out of the Common-room in quest of the modern highwayman. They searched diligently, but they found him not.

On questioning Gosling, the porter, they were informed that the black steed and its owner had departed a short time since.

"Which he mounted 'is 'oss, an' made off," said Gosling. "You couldn't see 'im for dust!"

Astonished beyond measure, the Famous Five returned to Study No. 1. They found a note awaiting them on the table. It ran thus:

"Prithee accept my hearty thanks for thy generous hospitality to a gentleman of the road. The tea was top-hole, egad!"

"Thou silly varlets! Thou hast been dished, diddled, and done by."

"DICK TURPIN"

"(alias DICK TRUMPER)."

Johnny Bull's penknife had been returned: likewise the property of Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, as they discovered later.

"I thought all along that the fellow looked very much like Trumper!" said Nugent. "But I suppose he wore a flesh-mask, and that's how he managed to deceive us."

"By Jove, to think that we've allowed Trumper to come here and do the Dick Turpin stunt!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Where did he get his horse from, I wonder?"

"Hired it in Courtfield, I expect," said Bob Cherry. "Oh, what a sell!"

"The selffulness is terrific!" groaned Hurree Singh.

"Where's the genuine new kid?" asked Johnny Bull. "Why hasn't he rolled up?"

It transpired later that no new boy was coming at all. The fact that one had been expected was due to a rumour which had been put about by Sammy Bunter of the Second.

As for the Courtfield schoolboys, there was great rejoicing in their ranks that evening when they learned how successful Dick Trumper had been at Greyfriars!

THE END.

A strong supplement programme in hand!

Supplement iii.]

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 786.

CANDID OPINIONS of the New Highwayman Serial now appearing in the "POPULAR"

MARK LINLEY (the famous writer of short stories):—

"I have nothing but praise for the serial in question. It is a long time since we were treated to a highwayman story, and the yarn in question is bound to make a big hit. It revives the atmosphere of 'the good old days,' when life was one big adventure, not only for the highwaymen, but for those who ventured to travel by coach across ghostly moors and haunted heaths. Altogether, it is the most thrilling story I have read for many a day."

TOM BROWN (our tame humorist):—

"The new serial is 'first-class.' That's the 'ticket'! I cannot but 'express' satisfaction with the story. Even Gosling the 'porter' is thrilled by it. Saw him reading it by the fire, with his foot on the 'guard.' The yarn 'travels' along at a good pace, and I shall be sorry when I reach its 'destination.'"

BILLY BUNTER (our rival editor):—

"There is one grate drawback, in my opinion, to the highwayman serial now running in the 'Popular.' It wasn't written by me! But perhaps the editor will let me tackle the next serial?" (Per-haps!—Ed.)

SIR JIMMY VIVIAN (the youthful baronet):—

"The new serial in the 'Popular' must be a regular corker, because my study-mate, Lord Mauleverer, started to read it, and for once in a way he didn't drop off to sleep! 'Tis indeed a thrilling yarn that keeps Mauly awake!"

DICKY NUGENT (the frolicsome fag):—

"This highwayman serial isn't at all bad, but I could go 1 better, and I'll do it 2! They ought to have asked me to write the yarn. What do they take me 4—a dud and a duffer? I'll see if 5 got the energy to write a highwayman story for the 'Herald'—a tail that will captiv-8 your harts! (We admire Master Nugent for his 10-acity of purpose!—Ed.)

WILLIAM GOSLING (the keeper of the gate):—

"What I say is this here—that highwayman serial in the 'Popular' is like the Head's carpets. It takes some beating! When I read the first distalment, I was very disappointed at having to wait a whole week for the second helping.



What days them was, to be sure, when that feller Dick Turpentine held up coaches at the cross-roads! I hope the editor of the 'Popular' will give us more stories of this sort. It fair warms the muscles of my heart—I mean, the cockles!"

The Shade of Dick Turpin!



By DICK PENFOLD.

On Courtfield Heath a hag you'll find,
Who says she can remember Turpin;
Knew him in seventeen-forty, mind,
And yet she's still alive and chirpin'.
There may be some who might believe her,
But I think she's a base deceiver!

She says he used to patronise
Her ancient inn, the Coach and Horses.
"A reg'lar Bunter!" she implies,
"He'd eat a meal of fifteen courses,
An' then he'd lay aside his fork,
An' mount Black Bess, an' ride to York."

"A gallant gent," the old hag said,
"He'd stop my lady in her carriage,
An' point his pistol at her head,
An' ask her for her hand in marriage.
Then, if she said 'No jolly fear!'
He'd steal her jools, an' disappear!"

"This happened years an' years ago.
An' Dick was hanged on Tyburn Hill;
But often, in the moonlight's glow,
I see his mounted figure still.
A phantom horse, an' phantom rider;
Sure, it's Dick Turpin sits astride her!"

It is a pleasing fairy tale,
It fires our keen imagination;
But if we heard Dick Turpin's wail,
We'd fairly jump with consternation.
Picture a phantom, armed to the teeth,
Galloping nightly o'er Courtfield Heath!

STOP-PRESS!

Wonderful glossy hand-coloured
Photo of a famous Inter-
national Footballer—FREE in
this week's "Boys' Friend."

HARRY WHARTON,
(Ed. *Greyfriars Herald*).

Glance at the "Stop-press" above!

IF I WERE A HIGHWAYMAN!

By Billy Bunter.

IF highway robbery was still in vogue, and if it wasn't a criminal offence, I should become a highwayman right away. I am just the fellow for the part—a daring horseman, cunning as a fox, and swift as a panther.

Unfortunately, I shouldn't be able to ride a horse like Black Bess. My weight would cause it to collapse. I should have to enlist the services of a carthorse.

I should dress in the old-fashioned way, of course—with a long cloak and a cocked hat, and a pair of spurs tethered to my heels.

Picture me, dear readers, galloping down to the railway-station one dark and stormy night, to "hold up" the last train to London! Mounted on my gallant charger, I should dash through the booking-hall and on to the platform, and when the train came in I should shout in a hoarse voice:

"Stand and deliver!"

I should then go from karridge to karridge, making all the passengers hand over their munney and jools (if any). I should have a special sack for all the swag, and by the time I had collected all the loot I should look something like Santer Claws on Christmas Eve. Having made my haul, I should allow the train to proceed, and go galloping away with the plunder.

Before very long I should be known as Sixteen-stringed Bill, the Terror of the Road. I can imagine some of you larking, but it would be no larking matter for my victims! I should hold up motor-cars, and lorries, and cyclists, and pedestrians. There are several fellows at Greyfriars that I should make a special point of robbing, bekwase they are beests. I can picture myself pointing my pistles at the heads of the Famous Five, and making them turn out their pockets. And what a haul I should have! Wharton's watch, and Cherry's claspknife, and Bull's bullseyes—to say nothing of Nugent's notecase and Inky's ink-eraser—would find their way into my capacious sack.

Even the masters would not escape me. With what joy would I hold up old Quelchy! "Your munney or your life?" I should shout in toans of thunder. And Quelchy would stop short with a look of terror, and make me out a check for five hundred pounds by moonlight.

I should relieve old Prout of his golf-clubs, and the Head of his fur-lined overcoat; and my cousin Wally, the master of the First, would be made to part with everything eggsept the clothes he stood up in.

What a delightful dream this is! And what a pity there is no chance of it coming true! I should simply revel in the roll of a highwayman, and I should accumulate more fame—and cash—in one night's work than Dick Turpin got in the whole corse of his career.



THE SPORTING CHAMPION!

(Continued from page 12.)

have brought the fair name of Greyfriars into disrepute. I am shocked beyond measure to think that any boy in my Form should have behaved so despicably."

Dick Penfold turned away, and stumbled blindly through the school gateway.

A loud hiss followed him, for the fellows seated on the wall had overheard the whole of Mr. Quelch's remarks.

The junior who had been so popular but an hour before was now in dire disgrace.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**Saving His Honour!****DISQUALIFIED!**

It was an ugly and a sinister word. It implied that there had been an infringement of the rules; and a fellow who broke the rules of sport was looked upon at Greyfriars as an outsider.

Dick Penfold sat in his study in an attitude of utter dejection. He had set his heart on winning the championship of the Remove. He had been keen to gladden the hearts of his father and mother. And now he was forbidden to take any further part in the sports.

It was indeed a bitter blow. And Dick Penfold could not be blamed for giving way to his disappointment.

Above all, he was innocent. He had not ridden on the lorry from choice, but under compulsion. Mr. Quelch, however, thought otherwise.

There was a tap on the door of Dick Penfold's study.

"Come in!" muttered Pen miserably.

Harry Wharton and Mark Linley entered.

"Cheer up, Pen!" said the captain of the Remove. "This is a black business, and we can understand that you feel pretty cut up about it. We've heard of this accusation against you, and we don't believe it."

"We prefer to believe your own explanation," said Mark Linley. "We know you to be incapable of such a low-down trick as to cheat. We saw you riding on the lorry, but it's quite clear to us that you didn't ask for a lift. You were taken aboard the lorry by force."

"That's so," said Dick Penfold, looking up. "I'm glad you fellows believe in me, at any rate."

"We mean to clear you of this charge," said Harry Wharton. "I was the first man home in the marathon, and Marky was second. But we've refused to accept the points. We are insisting upon the race being run over again. It's quite obvious you were the victim of foul play. By the way, Pen, did you notice any name on the lorry?"

Penfold wrinkled his brows in thought.

"Yes," he said at length; "I remember now. It was Canter & Co., contractors, of Courtfield."

"Good!" said Wharton. "We'll pop over to Courtfield and make a few inquiries. And we'll leave no stone unturned to clear you of this beastly accusation."

Dick Penfold rose to his feet. His eyes were shining.

"I say, that's awfully decent of you—" he began.

"Not at all. It's our duty to see that justice is done. Come along, Marky! We'll go over to Courtfield right away."

The two juniors nodded to Dick Penfold, and quitted the study. Glancing from the window shortly afterwards, Dick saw them cycling down to the school gates.

They were absent a long time. It was dusk when they returned to the school, and they brought with them three men—the driver of the lorry, and the two men who had taken Dick Penfold by force.

Harry Wharton and Mark Linley conducted the three men to Mr. Quelch's study.

The Remove master looked up in surprise when his visitors entered.

"Wharton! Linley!" he ejaculated. "Who are these men?"

"Let them speak for themselves, sir," said Wharton quietly.

The men looked utterly shamefaced. They stood with their caps in their hands and their eyes lowered. They appeared to be studying the pattern of Mr. Quelch's carpet.

After a long pause, one of them spoke. He was the man who had driven the lorry.

"My name is Harry Hunt, sir," he said. "These two men"—the speaker indicated his companions—"are Jones and Jenkins. We are employed by Canter & Co., the Courtfield contractors."

Mr. Quelch looked mystified.

"I fail to understand the object of this visit—" he began.

"I'm comin' to that, sir. It isn't a nice story that I have to tell—in fact, if you like to be nasty about it, I'm not sure that you can't have us arrested."

"Bless my soul! What have you done?"

"We accepted a bribe, sir, from a kid called Ponsonby, of Highcliffe. It was arranged that we should capture Master Penfold durin' the marathon race an' give him a lift in our lorry. Ponsonby knew that he would be seen

ridin' with us, an' that you would suspect him of cheatin'."

"Gracious!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"We thought it would be rather a joke," went on Mr. Hunt. "We didn't realise that the consequences would be so serious for Master Penfold. But when these two young gents"—the speaker pointed to Wharton and Linley—"came over an' saw us this evenin', an' told us that Master Penfold had been disqualified from the sports, we thought it was only right to come to you, sir, an' make a clean breast of the matter."

For a moment Mr. Quelch was fairly flabbergasted. It took him some time to digest Mr. Hunt's confession.

"I have done Penfold a grave injustice," remarked the Form master at length, "and the matter must be rectified at once. I am grateful to you, Mr. Hunt, and to your companions, for having the manliness to come to me and admit your offence. You acted very wrongly, but it is not for me to sit in judgment upon you."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Hunt. "We've returned Ponsonby's bribe, an' given him a piece of our mind. He can do his own dirty work in future."

Mr. Quelch nodded, and stepped to the telephone. He rang up the headmaster of Highcliffe, and told him all that had happened. Dr. Voysey undertook to see that Cecil Ponsonby was adequately punished.

Mr. Hunt and his companions then took their departure. And the Remove master turned to Wharton and Linley.

"You have saved your schoolfellow's honour, my boys," he said. "I am extremely grateful to you, and I do not doubt that Penfold will be, also. Would you be good enough to send him to me?"

Harry Wharton and Mark Linley sped off to Dick Penfold's study. They burst in upon him like a whirlwind.

"Quelch wants you, old man," said Wharton. "I believe he's going to apologise for accusing you of cheating. Anyway, you can set your mind at rest now. Everything in the garden is lovely!"

Penfold jumped to his feet. His face was radiant.

"Does—does this mean that I am cleared?"

"Absolutely!" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"I've got you fellows to thank for this," said Dick. "It was simply ripping of you—"

"Cut it out!" said Wharton. "It was our duty to do what we did. No need to make a song about it."

Dick Penfold went along to Mr. Quelch's study. Nobody knew what passed between master and junior; but many fellows could guess.

Pen was his old cheerful self when he rejoined his schoolfellows. The dark clouds had rolled by, and his honour was vindicated.

As for Ponsonby of Highcliffe, who had engineered the plot against Penfold, he received a public flogging of such severity that he decided not to interfere any more with the Greyfriars sports.

The committee of judges decreed that a fresh marathon should be run. This was the second time that an event had to be held over again. But there was not likely to be any interference with the competitors on this occasion.

Dick Penfold lined up with the others in the school gateway. And Archie

Treasure Island

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 786.

Howell, released at last from his imprisonment in the sanny, grasped Pen's hand warmly.

"Awfully glad to hear everything's turned out all serene," said Archie. "Good luck, Pen! Run hard!"

Mr. Lascelles fired the pistol, and the runners were off like so many streaks of light.

Dick Penfold put all he knew into the struggle. But the recent crisis through which he had passed had told upon his nerves, hence, his physical condition was not of the fittest. Besides, he had not quite got over the effects of the previous race, whereas some of his rivals were as fresh and as fit as ever.

It was Mark Linley who made the running. And the Lancashire lad clung tenaciously to his lead until the last stage of the race. Then Harry Wharton came along at a canter and shot ahead of Linley just in time to secure first place.

"The result's exactly the same as before!" panted Bob Cherry, who finished third. "Wharton's first man home, and Marky second. Why couldn't they have told us at the start that they meant to win? We could have dropped out then, instead of fagging all these miles for nothing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Penfold came in fourth. He showed signs of distress as he struggled towards the tape, and he collapsed altogether on reaching it.

Mr. Lascelles and Archie Howell assisted the fallen junior to his feet.

"Well run, Pen!" said Archie. "But you should have eased up a bit, dear boy, when you saw there was no chance of gettin' first or second place."

"You have reduced yourself to a state of utter exhaustion, Penfold," said Mr. Lascelles. "It is questionable whether you will be fit enough to take part in the boxing contests to-morrow."

Dick Penfold forced a smile.

"I admit I feel pretty whacked at the moment," he muttered, "but I shall be as fit as a fiddle to-morrow."

"Can you walk?" asked Archie anxiously.

"Yes. You might just give me your arm across the Close, though."

Archie Howell escorted Dick to his study.

"Lay on that couch, dear boy," he said, "an' don't stir. You'll want all the rest you can get if you hope to accomplish anythin' of note in the boxin' to-morrow."

Dick Penfold allowed his head to sink into the cushioned pillow which Archie had prepared for him.

"This is topping!" he murmured. "I feel as if I could go to sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, and not wake up for years."

"I'll take a chair beside the couch, an' stay here till you drop off," said Archie.

Penfold grinned.

"It's quite a wide couch," he chuckled, "so there's no danger of my dropping off."

"I mean drop off to sleep, you duffer!" said Archie, laughing.

Dick Penfold closed his eyes, and he was soon fast asleep, and breathing deeply. A smile hovered on his lips.

Archie Howell rose to his feet and gazed down at the slumbering junior. He shook his head sadly.

"Afraid you haven't the ghost of a chance of becoming champion of the Remove, dear boy," he murmured. "The position at the moment is very interestin'—almost thrillin', one might say. You've got ten points, an' Wharton

an' Smithy and Bob Cherry have got nine each. Everythin' now hinges on the boxin'. And you've never been exactly a Billy Wells in that direction, Pen. Bob Cherry's the best boxer in the Remove, an' it really looks as if he'll retain the cup. But then, there's Smithy. An' he's a dark horse. It's never safe to prophesy, so far as Smithy's concerned. Anyway, to-morrow will soon be here, an' then—we shall see what we shall see!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Victor!

EVERYTHING now hinged on the boxing contests, as Archie Howell had said.

There were four fellows in the running for the silver cup, and all Greyfriars was busy sizing up their chances.

Dick Penfold had scored ten points. But nobody expected him to get any more.

As a boxer, Pen was just useful. And a fellow had to be something more than

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merely useful to defeat a boxer of Bob Cherry's calibre—he had to be brilliant—super-brilliant, in fact.

The general opinion was that Dick Penfold would go under.

Now came the question—what sort of a chance had Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, of winning the silver cup?

He had quite a rosy chance. Everyone was agreed on that point.

Wharton was inferior to Bob Cherry as a boxer—but only a shade inferior. And if he had the luck to be drawn against weak opponents in the early heats, while Bob Cherry was drawn against strong ones, Wharton's chances would be greatly enhanced.

Then there was Vernon-Smith. Smithy was at all times a dangerous rival to face. He, again, was inferior to Bob Cherry as a boxer. But he could rise to great heights on occasion. Moreover, when Smithy made up his mind to secure a thing he never rested until he had got it. And he had long ago made up his mind to win the championship of the Remove.

The remaining aspirant for honours was Bob Cherry. And Bob had a solid backing in the Remove. There were many who declared with firm conviction that Bob would win the silver cup for the second time. He was quite a Trojan in the boxing-ring.

Long before the time fixed for the start of the boxing tournament the Greyfriars gymnasium was packed. There seemed scarcely room to breathe, except in the ring itself.

Billy Bunter, who had been very subdued since the "ticking-off" he had received from Mr. Lascelles before the cycle race, bobbed up again now.

"I say, you fellows," he exclaimed. "I'm out of the running for the cup, but I vowed I'd win one event, at least, and I'm going to win the boxing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I expect old Lascelles will invent some excuse for disqualifying me," the fat junior went on.

"He'll say you're about a stone over weight!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's more likely to pretend that it isn't fair for a brilliant boxer like me to take part in the competition," said Bunter. "It won't be giving any of the other fellows a chance, you see."

"Oh, Bunt, Bunt, you'll be the death of me!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "I only hope I happen to be drawn against you in the first heat, that's all!"

But Bob's hopes were soon shattered.

Mr. Lascelles came into the gym with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"The draw for the first heat has just taken place in Mr. Prout's study," he announced, "and the pairings are as follows."

Everybody craned forward to listen.

"Wharton versus Bull."

"My hat! That will be a rare scrap!" muttered Skinner.

"Cherry versus Bolsover major."

Bolsover groaned.

"Just my luck, to be drawn against the best boxer in the Form!" he said. "Still, I'll give him a good run for his money!"

"Russell versus Nugent."

"Easy for Russell," murmured Ogilvy.

"Todd versus Linley. Brown versus Field. Newland versus Blake. Hurre Singh versus Desmond. Redwing versus Vernon-Smith."

"Good!" muttered Vernon-Smith.

He felt confident of his ability to beat the sailor's son. They were close chums, and had often had a friendly spar together. On such occasions, Smithy had invariably had the better of the argument.

Mr. Lascelles continued his recital.

Ogilvy was paired with Tom Dutton, and Morgan with Bulstrode. Wibley was drawn against Kipps, and Hilary against Delarey. Trevor and Treluce were to try conclusions, also Hazeldene and Sir Jimmy Vivian, and Smith minor and Dupont.

The last two names of all caused a profound sensation. Mr. Lascelles smiled as he announced them:

"Penfold versus Bunter!"

There was a yell of laughter.

"Poor old porpoise!"

"Fetch a stretcher for him, somebody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Penfold could scarcely credit his good fortune. To be paired with the fat and flabby Owl of the Remove was indeed a stroke of luck. It meant that Pen would simply walk into the second heat.

The sixteen fights occupied the whole

Billy's minor understudies his fat brother—

of the morning. Some of them were got through quickly, and ended in the first round; others were stubbornly contested to the bitter end, and the verdict had to be awarded on points.

Harry Wharton won his bout with Johnny Bull, but only after a dour struggle. Johnny sent Wharton to the floor twice before he himself was sent down for the count. And Wharton was not in a very fit state for the second heat.

The same remarks applied to the bout between Bob Cherry and Bolsover major. Bob finished on top, but the bully of the Remove gave him a lot of trouble; and when the fight was over Bob's face was a picture. Not a beautiful picture, either!

Vernon-Smith defeated Tom Redwing, and he finished as fresh as he started. Dick Russell, boxing superbly, laid Nugent low in the second round. Mark Linley defeated Peter Todd on points; and the rest of the bouts ended in accordance with anticipation.

The battle between Dick Penfold and Billy Bunter was indeed a sight for the gods.

The affair lasted exactly three seconds. Only one blow was struck, and it wasn't Bunter who struck it.

Dick Penfold lashed out with his left, and Bunter crashed to the floor like a stout oak. He rolled over and over, shrieking at the top of his voice:

"Foul! Foul! He hit me unawares! Yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Enough of this nonsense, Bunter!" said Mr. Lascelles sternly.

"Wow!" gasped the fat junior. "I'm certain a couple of my ribs have been stove in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was duly counted out, and then the draw for the second heat took place.

Dick Penfold was again in clover. He had to meet Trevor, who was nothing of a boxer. True, Trevor had beaten Treluce in the first heat, but Treluce was of no account in the boxing-ring.

Bob Cherry was paired with Dick Russell. Harry Wharton had to face Mark Linley, and Vernon-Smith was drawn against Tom Brown.

The second heat furnished a staggering surprise.

Bob Cherry was beaten.

This sensational result was due to two things—firstly, to the fact that Bob had used up a lot of his energy in defeating Bolsover major; and secondly, to Dick Russell's deadly boxing. Dick was bang on top of his form. He gave Bob Cherry a rare grueling, and knocked him across the ropes in the fifth round.

Harry Wharton beat Mark Linley after a stern struggle. Tom Brown put up a plucky fight against Vernon-Smith, but he was outclassed. And Dick Penfold accounted for Trevor with the greatest of ease.

The other winners in the second heat were Ogilvy, Bulstrode, Wibley, and Delarey.

As the tournament progressed, the excitement rose to fever-pitch.

Dick Penfold was not so fortunate in the draw for the third heat. He was matched with Bulstrode, a strong and stubborn boxer.

Harry Wharton and Dick Russell were drawn together. Vernon-Smith had to meet Delarey, the South African junior, and the remaining pair were Wibley and Ogilvy.

Four very stern fights resulted as follows:

Penfold beat Bulstrode in the seventh round.

Russell beat Wharton on points.

Vernon-Smith beat Delarey in the fourth round.

Ogilvy beat Wibley in the sixth round. Archie Howell, who had been acting as Dick Penfold's second, clapped him on the back.

"Bravo, dear boy!" he said heartily. "You licked Bulstrode in capital style—though I admit my heart was in my mouth once or twice. Wharton and Cherry are out of the running for the cup, an' it now lies between you an' Smithy. Let's hope you're paired with Ogilvy in the semi-final. If you have to meet Dick Russell nothin' will save you. Russell's at the top of his form."

Dick Penfold became the darling of Fortune once again. He found himself drawn against Donald Ogilvy, while Vernon-Smith had to meet the redoubtable Russell.

There had already been an interval for lunch, and there was a much longer interval before the semi-finals took place. Indeed, it was late in the afternoon when Dick Penfold and Ogilvy faced each other in the ring.

Ogilvy had done well to reach the semi-final. But he, like Penfold, had had the luck to be drawn against weak opponents.

The Scottish junior fought very stubbornly against Penfold, and Dick found him almost as tough a proposition as Bulstrode had been. But in the sixth round Penfold floored his man with a powerful uppercut, and Ogilvy was counted out.

The other semi-final was one dizzy whirl of thrills.

Dick Russell led Vernon-Smith a rare dance in the first couple of rounds. Then Smithy made a wonderful recovery, and

slowly but surely he began to master his man.

Russell was the more scientific of the two, but his opponent's dash and energy nearly brought about Dick's downfall more than once.

The bout went the full number of rounds, and the judges, after a lengthy consultation, awarded the fight to Vernon-Smith, on points.

"Now comes the tug-of-war!" exclaimed Archie Howell. "Smithy an' Pen in the final!"

"And the fellow who wins the final will win the cup!" added Wharton.

Mr. Lascelles allowed a good half-hour to elapse before he called the finalists together.

"The final will now take place," he announced. "Herbert Vernon-Smith!"

Smithy stepped into the ring, looking as fresh as paint, in spite of the fact that he had already got through four engagements that day.

"Richard Penfold!"

The scholarship boy promptly answered the call. He, too, showed very little sign of wear and tear. But then he had only had three previous engagements. The farce with Billy Bunter didn't count.

There were rousing cheers for both Smithy and Pen. Both were popular—Smithy as a sportsman, and Pen as a poet. But this sports tournament had shown Penfold to be something more than a mere stringer of verses. He had proved himself a fine athlete, and now came his supreme test.

Both juniors fought doggedly in the first round. They paid little or no attention to defence, but hammered each other grimly.



Dick Penfold's breath came and went in great gasps. He was utterly groggy, and Vernon-Smith was swift to seize his opportunity. He sailed in and floored his man with one all-powerful blow to the jaw. (See Chapter 8.)

—and then the fat's in the fire with a vengeance!

A right hook to the jaw sent Dick Penfold reeling. But he managed to recover his equilibrium, and, dashing in, he beat a tattoo on his opponent's ribs.

Pen was still attacking when the end of the round came. But the honours had been pretty evenly divided.

When Penfold went to his corner Archie Howell fanned him vigorously with a towel.

"Keep it up, dear boy!" he said encouragingly. "You're standin' up to him splendidly. But don't forget your defence. How are you feelin'?"

"Top-hole!" was the reply. "But Smithy's a hard nut to crack. The fellow seems to be made of cast-iron!"

In the second round Vernon-Smith attacked hotly, but Dick Penfold set up a stone-wall defence.

Things went on like this for two more rounds, and the onlookers watched anxiously for signs of weakness to manifest themselves in one of the boxers.

Dick Penfold was the first to weaken. His task seemed a heartbreaking one. However hard he hit his opponent—and sometimes he got in a sledgehammer punch—Vernon-Smith seemed to shake off the effects of the blows as if they were mere taps.

Now that he felt himself weakening, Penfold knew there would be no sense in prolonging the affair. He must force a win now, while he had the strength, or be doomed.

Pen dropped his defensive tactics and concentrated solely on attack. But his opponent gave him blow for blow, and did not retreat an inch.

The fighting was fast, thrilling, and desperate.

A smashing blow on the temple turned Penfold dizzy. His strength was failing him fast. He could but dimly discern the figure of his opponent. There was a roaring in his ears, as if strange voices were mocking him. He rocked on his feet, and his breath came and went in great gasps. He felt utterly groggy.

Vernon-Smith was swift to seize his opportunity. He sailed in and floored his man with one all-powerful blow to the jaw.

It seemed to Dick Penfold that an earthquake had happened. He fell like a log, and lay half-stunned, while the referee counted him out.

Pen was scarcely conscious of what was going on. But presently a deafening roar of "Good old Smithy!" told him that he had lost the fight. And in losing the fight he had lost the cup.

Something resembling a sob shook the frame of the fallen junior. And then he heard the clear, ringing tones of Archie Howell.

"Three cheers for the loser!"

The cheering rang through the historic gymnasium.

All was over now. The long series of titanic tussles had drawn to a close, and

Herbert Vernon-Smith was acclaimed champion of the Remove, and winner of the silver cup presented by the governors of Greyfriars.

Next day there was a joyful surprise for Dick Penfold.

The governors, in view of the close nature of the finish, had decided to award a cheque for twenty pounds to the runner-up in the great sports tournament.

That generous sum of money came as a godsend to Dick Penfold. Not that he needed it himself, but his people did; and there was great joy in the little village shop when Dick handed over the spoils.

Pen's father insisted upon his retaining a "fiver" for himself; and to this arrangement, after a good deal of pressure, Dick consented.

Vernon-Smith was duly presented with the silver cup which he had so deservedly won. And for a whole year, at any rate, he would hold the coveted title of Champion of the Remove!

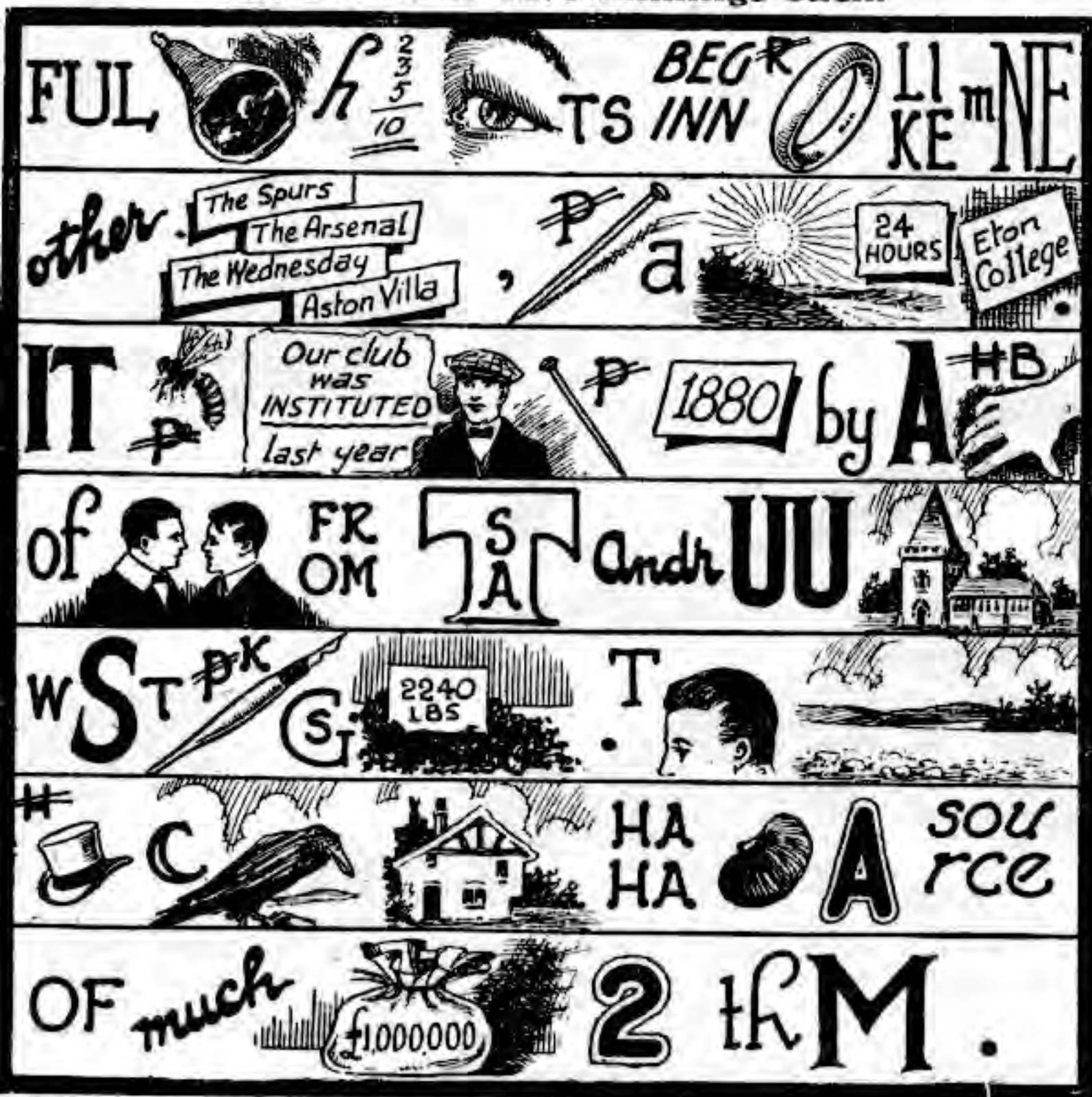
THE END.

(On no account must you miss "Bunter's Latest!"—one of the funniest Greyfriars yarns that Mr. Frank Richards has ever written. Order your copy of next Monday's MAGNET early, and avoid disappointment.)

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The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Gem," "Popular," and "Boys' Friend," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

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AT the usual weekly meeting of the Greyfriars Parliament the proceedings were opened by a short speech on optimism.

The Speaker: "I cannot do better than read the remarks made by Reader MARGARET ADAMS, Weir Street, Coatbridge. She says: 'I have a query to lay before the House, and I should like to hear the various members' opinions. To readers of the MAGNET Mr. Cherry is universally known as the optimist of the Remove. Therefore, I should be extremely obliged if the hon. member in question would inform me upon this point: Is optimism a gift, or is it an asset which can be cultivated? In my opinion it is extremely difficult at times to entertain optimistic feelings. Will Mr. Bob Cherry give me a few hints upon the subject? Then the thanks of a frank pessimist shall be due to him.'"

Mr. Bob Cherry: "To put it plainly, I don't think I am half as cheery as the reader makes out. Of course, there are times when none of us can feel optimistic, I get that way myself. But it seems to me that the way for anybody to go about being merry is to forget the troubles that can't be helped, as soon as possible. After that is done, you want to think of something funny—like the porpoise—and the thing is done."

Mr. Bunter: "I have no wish to be disagreeable, but I resent being called funny, as if I were some specimen."

Several Members: "So you are!"

The Speaker: "I hope Reader Margaret Adams will continue to read the MAGNET, and cheer up. It is a common duty to chuck pessimistic thoughts out of the window. Now, I have no wish to hustle the House, but I think we had better be getting on. I will give you something about music. The speech comes from Wales, a land of music."

"Reader G. B. HEWITT, 32, Villiers Street, Hafod, Swansea, South Wales, says: 'I desire to submit to you that one of the most fascinating subjects is music. Sweet sounds are bound to impress, or, at least, attract, the attention of man and beast. I expect nearly every member present has noticed at some time or another the effect a good band has on the people in the street. Then look at the effect of a violin solo on the audience in a concert-hall! Such is sound; it will inspire to anger or content. I should be delighted to see fellows take more interest in music. Why not select a Remove orchestra? What's wrong with a junior footer band to play at matches? What effect on members have the sounds produced by Bunter when Bob Cherry is using him as a football?'"

Lord Mauleverer: "A jolly fine notion, what, that of having a band to play? I could feel more kindly to the game myself if there were music."

The Speaker: "I suppose the tune would be, 'After the Ball was Over'?"

Mr. J. Bull: "After the goal's won."

Mr. Bunter: "Rotten!"

The Speaker: "I have heard it said we do not pay enough attention to Scouting. I will read a clever speech from PATROL LEADER J. HOLFORD, 69, Rutland Street, Holmes, Rotherham:

"The Scout movement aims at the development of good citizenship among boys. It achieves this purpose by training them in habits of observation, obedience, and self-reliance. It teaches loyalty, thoughtfulness for others, services to the public, and handicrafts useful to boys. Some fellows think that Scouting means walking up and down the pavements in a spick-and-span uniform, but it is far more. There is the daily life to consider, there are good turns to be done, and several other things that go to make a good Scout. It is a pleasure to do good turns. Think how the old lady smiles when you help her carry her bag, or the children when you lift them from the car. Then there is camping. Camping is the joy of life, and I am looking forward to the summer with its walking-tours, camps, and trekking."

Mr. Wingate: "I think this speech is admirable, and I should like to hear more of Scouting."

Mr. Bunter: "We do go camping."

Mr. Frank Nugent: "The less said about Bunter's camping, the better."

Point was given to the debate which followed by a pithy little speech from no less a personage than Mr. Quelch. The Form master spoke for ten minutes about the splendid principles of the Scout movement, and was loudly cheered.

The Speaker: "We still have a good slice of the winter to go through, and I am sure that a notion which comes from Reader C. SANDLE, 39, Vicarage Road, Norwich, will meet with favour. Reader Sandle says:

"A very good hobby, in my opinion, is cutting interesting paragraphs from newspapers and journals and sticking them in a book. I don't mean things about murders and burglaries, but the latest engineering achievement, or anything like that. A book in which to paste the cuttings won't cost much; a full exercise-book would serve. Cuttings are as plentiful as sand in the desert. You won't get bored stiff, or suffer from eye strain looking for them. There are plenty in any daily paper, or in the weeklies. You will find facts in 'Answers.' Anyone who is looking

for a really useful hobby should try this plan."

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "Personally, I have always kept a commonplace book, and find it most useful."

The Nabob of Bhanipur: "I wish I had hit thoughtfully on the esteemed notion. I snipfully cut the bitsfulness out of the papers, but after carrying them in my pocket for a few weeks they go tumblefully to pieces."

Mr. Bunter: "I have quite enough to do without cutting bits out of my contemporaries."

There was a tolerably brisk discussion on the matter. Mr. Dick Penfold declared he should start right away. Mr. William Greene said that he had aimed at something in this line, but Coker spilt the ink over it, and the project came to an end.

The Speaker: "I am bound to say that I have always been meaning to fix up a record of the kind myself. A book with a heap of information of what is going on in the world is simply bound to be interesting. You read about a new railway-engine, or something fresh in turbines, or a big road-making scheme, and afterwards you are wishing you had snipped out the article so as to refer to it again. I consider Reader Sandle has scored with his really valuable suggestion."

The House adjourned at nine-thirty.

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The object of this dictionary is to explain in simple language the meaning of the technical terms or expressions used in connection with electricity and wireless telephony.

SOMETHING should be said, at the outset, of the order in which these articles appear, otherwise it may be thought strange that a dictionary should begin with the fifth letter of the alphabet instead of the first. The reason for this departure from usual practice is that we design to help those who have little or no knowledge of the subject.

It will be readily understood that it would be useless for a boy to attempt the study of wireless phenomena without first having some knowledge of the laws of electricity and magnetism.

That is the reason why we deal with electricity before we attempt to explain "Alternating Current." A boy would not be able to follow the explanation of the one without knowledge of the other.

Electricity.

"A subtle agent which is usually excited by the friction of glass, but originally of amber (elektron in Greek), whence its name. It produces shocks of the body, mechanical violence, heat, light, attraction, repulsion, and polarity."

This definition of electricity is taken from a dictionary, but to the boy seeking knowledge it is worse than useless, because it is likely to mislead him, rather than help him to an understanding of the subject.

The word covers too wide a field to be explained in a single paragraph. We will, however, endeavour to explain it without going too deeply into detail.

More than four hundred years ago the name "Electrics" was given to a form of energy obtained by rubbing amber with a piece of silk. Two thousand years before that mankind knew that this energy could be obtained, but, so far as we know, their knowledge did not extend beyond the fact that it could be obtained from amber or jet.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an Englishman, Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester, discovered that it could be obtained from a great variety of materials, such as sealing-wax, resin, rock crystal, glass, etc., and, wishing to give a short name to these phenomena, he called them "Electrics," a name which he derived from "Elektron," which, in the Greek language, means amber.

It is only during the last fifty or sixty years that real progress has been made in the development of electricity. In this period development has been as rapid as it was previously slow, so that to-day electricity is used throughout the civilised world as a means of the transmission of power.

We do not know what electricity is. All we know is that it is an agent which enables us to transmit energy generated or collected in one place, to another place, where it can be converted into sound, light, heat, or motion.

Perhaps it will help you to a better understanding if we liken electricity to wind. Wind cannot be seen, but its effect can be both seen and felt. Wind is a means of transmitting energy; in other words, it is energised air. This will readily be seen by watching a sailing-ship moving through the water. The wind presses upon the sails, thus transforming the energy, which it conveys, into useful work. The effect of the wind is therefore visible. If you stand in an open place you can feel the wind blowing against your body. The pressure varies according to the strength of the air current, therefore the effects of wind can be felt.

The same thing applies to electricity; it cannot be seen, but its effects can be both seen and felt. Watch an electric fan at work; you cannot see the electricity, but the energy which it conveys is visible in the revolutions of the blades of the fan. The effect of electricity is therefore visible. If you touch a wire through which an electric current is flowing, it will result in a shock of the body, the shock varying according to the strength of the electric current. The effects of electricity can therefore be felt.

In approaching the study of electricity the student should not dwell too much upon the mystery of it; he will do better to confine his attention to the methods by means of which it collects the energy, the way it transmits the energy, and the manner in which the energy is transformed into useful work.

It will be shown in the succeeding explanations that energy must be put into a body before it can be taken out. In the simple experiments which are used to explain electrical attraction and repulsion, it will be seen that before the glass rod or sealing-wax can be electrified, or changed into energetic bodies, they must be rubbed, the energy used in rubbing being transferred to the body rubbed.

In the case of an electric tram the energy is generated in a power station, from which it is conveyed or conducted to the point where it is required to move the tram. The energy is collected by burning coal in the furnaces of the boilers. The water which they contain is energised and changed into steam; the steam is conducted by pipes to the steam engine, which changes the steam into motion; the motion is conducted, by means of a shaft, to the dynamo, which changes the motion into electric energy. This energy is conveyed by copper wires to the tram, where the electric motors convert the electric energy into motion, thus moving the tram.

Electricity may therefore be defined as an element for the transmission of

energy. It can be collected, measured, and controlled, but its nature is unknown.

Electrical Attraction and Repulsion.

Bodies having unlike charges of electricity attract one another. Bodies having like charges of electricity repel one another. Bodies not charged with electricity are attracted by bodies charged with electricity.

This may be proved by making a few simple but interesting experiments with inexpensive materials. All that is required is two glass tubes, two sticks of sealing-wax, a piece of silk, a piece of fur or flannel, some silk thread, and a small feather.

In a place free from draughts suspend a feather by means of a silk thread. When the feather is quite still move your hand slowly towards it. It will be noticed that the feather does not move. Now rub a stick of sealing-wax with a piece of fur, or woollen cloth, and approach the feather with it. The feather will move towards the wax, showing that it has a strong attraction for it, and each time the wax approaches it the same attraction will be displayed. Now let the feather be approached by the stick of sealing-wax which has not been rubbed. It will be seen that there is no attraction.

This indicates that the rubbing gave the sealing-wax some property which it did not have before. If the feather is now allowed to touch the sealing-wax which has been rubbed, it will stick to it for a moment and will then fall off. Any attempt to touch the feather with the rubbed sealing-wax will now be frustrated by the feather moving away from the wax as it approaches it. Instead of being attracted it is now repelled.

Now, by holding the hand near the feather, but not near enough to touch it, the feather will move towards the hand, showing that an attraction exists. If the unrubbed sealing-wax is held near the feather it is attracted by its presence. As, in the first instance, the feather was not affected by the hand or the unrubbed wax, something must have occurred to cause the change.

What happened was this: when the sealing-wax was rubbed it collected a charge of electricity upon its surface, and this charge attracted the unelectrified feather. After the feather was allowed to touch the sealing-wax it, too, became charged with electricity, because it was attracted by the unelectrified hand and sealing-wax. Therefore unelectrified bodies and electrified bodies attract each other.

After the feather received the charge of electricity, it was repelled by the sealing-wax from which it received the charge. Therefore it would indicate that bodies charged with the same kind of electricity repel each other.

(Don't miss next Monday's splendid article.)

A powerful detective thriller next Monday!



THE PERIL OF A PRINCE!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

A SENSATIONAL EPISODE FROM THE ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF FERRERS LOCKE, AND HIS BOY-ASSISTANT, JACK DRAKE.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Snub for Pycroft!

THE fast passenger train from Wimborne drew into Waterloo Station, the London terminus, at ten-thirty a.m. punctually to scheduled time. Among the first to step out on to the platform and hurry to the barriers where the ticket collectors waited were Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake.

Both the world-famous detective and his brilliant young assistant were carrying suitcases. Their steps were springy and their cheeks flushed with the glow of health. For Locke and Drake had enjoyed what was for them a rare treat indeed, a week-end in the country. They had spent their brief holiday at the home of an old friend of the sleuth, and they had returned to town full of vim and vigour and ready to tackle any case which a kind fortune should place in their path.

As the two passed through the barrier, a burly, stolid figure garbed in a brown overcoat and a black "bowler" hat attracted the detective's eye. He raised his hand to the salute and the man stepped forward to meet him with a friendly smile.

"Good-day, Mr. Locke," he said cheerily, "been away for the week-end, eh?"

Ferrers Locke gave a chuckle as he shook hands.

"Your powers of deduction are as brilliant as ever, my dear Pycroft," he remarked. "If the authorities don't promote you to be a Superintendent at Scotland Yard when the next vacancy occurs, I shall write to them very severely about it."

The good-natured inspector grinned broadly.

"You will have your little bit of fun, Mr. Locke," he said. "But we fellows at Scotland Yard are a deal smarter than you give us credit for being at times. We do a whole heap of work of the unobtrusive kind which the public never gets to hear about. For instance, I've got a job on this morning of the sort which isn't likely to get into the newspapers."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Pycroft," murmured the private detective sympathetically.

The inspector raised his eyebrows.

"Sorry?"

"Yes, there's nothing like a bit of advertisement to help you on in the world, you know."

"H'm," grunted the Scotland Yard man. "Anyway, I'm not likely to get much out of this job."

He took Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake by the arm and led them out of earshot of a porter who was busy piling luggage on to a trolley. Then he jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"D'you see those two fellows waiting outside the barrier of the platform where the

Southampton train will arrive in ten minutes?" he asked. "I mean that fat chap with the white spats, and the thin youth with the toothbrush moustache and the attache case."

Locke nodded.

"You mean Mr. Neal Calder, the oil magnate, and his secretary?"

Inspector Pycroft started.

"You know 'em, then?" he said.

"Not personally," replied Locke. "Naturally, a personage of Mr. Calder's standing is known to me by sight. His secretary's name is Arthur Fleming Jones. I saw it in the Great Albion Oil Company's prospectus recently. And as the attache case of that youth over there is marked with the initials, A.F.J., I think it is safe to presume that he is Calder's secretary."

The inspector accepted a cigarette from Locke's case and lighted it.

"Well, you're quite right," he admitted rather grudgingly. "Mr. Calder and his secretary have come here to meet a personage of the highest eminence, none other than the young ruling prince of Caudovia."

It was now the turn of Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake to look surprised.

"Crumbs!" muttered the boy. "Funny thing we've seen nothing about the expected arrival of Prince Paulos in the papers."

"Not at all," said Inspector Pycroft, "and for the very simple reason that the news of his intended visit to England has never reached the newspaper offices. And a jolly good job, too, I say. Caudovia, as you know, is a State which is cordially hated by all her neighbouring States in the Balkans. Right here in London there are anarchists who would cheerfully blow the young Caudovian ruler to atoms if they had the chance. Our Foreign Office, through its Intelligence Department, got wind of the proposed visit of Prince Paulos and his uncle, the Baron Schaka. So the Foreign Office, notified Scotland Yard, and I've been sent down here to offer the prince a bodyguard during his stay in London."

"And you will step forward and politely offer the services of Britain's best detectives as an escort for the distinguished visitors," murmured Ferrers Locke. "I sincerely hope you are not well and truly snubbed, my dear Pycroft."

The inspector squirmed as though an ice-cold collar-stud had slipped down the back of his neck.

"I expect I shall be," he said gloomily.

"Still, orders is orders, Mr. Locke."

"The prince and the baron are travelling incognito, of course?"

"Yes, the Foreign Office informed us that they took passage on the steamship *Patricius* from Salonika under the names of M. and O. Kirche. The ship arrived at Southampton at ten o'clock last night, too late for them

to come up to town. But I got into communication with the Chief Constable of Southampton, who informed me that two people of the name of Kirche had booked rooms in the Outlook Hotel and had left on the eight thirty-nine train this morning. So I hurried down here. Hallo, it's time the train arrived!"

He drew from his pocket a couple of small photographs and regarded them with a frown. Locke, standing by his side, saw that the pictures were of a good-looking young man of about twenty-one and a middle-aged personage who bore a striking likeness to the German ex-Kaiser.

"Well, Pycroft," said the detective, "Drake and I must be moving along. We'll see you—"

"Don't go for a minute or two, Mr. Locke," said the inspector. "The train's just coming in. I'll introduce myself to the prince, and then I'll come along to the buffet with you for a coffee. I'd like to have a chat if you can spare the time."

"Right-ho," agreed Ferrers Locke cheerfully, "we're in no desperate hurry. I suppose that the astute Mr. Calder yonder is after oil concessions in Caudovia?"

"That's about the ticket. Caudovia is rich in petroleum, though it's never been worked properly as yet. The ruling prince of the country is reputed to be pretty hard up, and— Ah, at last! Excuse me, you fellows."

With that the burly Scotland Yard man hurried towards the barrier by which the oil magnate and his secretary were waiting.

The Southampton train was steaming slowly into the station a few minutes behind time. A couple of dozen porters strung themselves out along the platform in readiness to handle the luggage of the incoming passengers. Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake moved slowly after Pycroft towards the barrier, as though drawn by an invisible magnet.

The passengers from the train quickly disembarked and dispersed. But Locke and Drake had longer to wait than they had expected. Suddenly they noticed a stout, clean-shaven man of foreign appearance, accompanied by an undersized, good-looking youth who wore spectacles and whose hair was close-cropped, approaching them. The strangers halted uncertainly and looked about them, while the porter who had a pile of their luggage on his trolley muttered under his breath.

Then Ferrers Locke was roughly brushed aside, and Mr. Neal Calder, the oil magnate, touched the stout foreigner on the arm.

"Monsieur Kirche, I believe?"

The faces of both the foreigners lighted as the elder one answered in the affirmative.

"H'm!" thought Drake. "The prince and the baron did not trouble to disguise

The man who "gets there" every time—the "Tiger!"

themselves much. They still look like those photos old Pycroft showed us."

The oil magnate shook hands with the baron, and then grasped the prince's hand. To the surprise of Locke and Drake, the young ruler of Caudovia squirmed into a most unprincely attitude. Locke noticed that the first and second fingers of the prince's right hand were covered in a red rash.

So interested was the detective in this phenomenon that he slouched by the prince to get a closer view of it. Drake followed him, wondering where his chief was going.

From the distance of a few yards Locke and Drake saw Inspector Pycroft approach the royal visitors and raise his hat. They saw the faces of the prince and the baron redden with annoyance, and Pycroft's own visage assume a purple tint.

"Poor old Pycroft!" murmured Locke feelingly. "It's obvious that our royal visitor does not appreciate the thoughtfulness of our motherly Government."

When, some seconds later, Inspector Pycroft left the newcomers, and rejoined Locke and Drake, his face was as long as a sea-boot.

"Hard luck, sir!" said Jack, trying not to smile. "A bit tough, telling you to go and eat coke—what?"

"They didn't exactly use those words," moaned Pycroft. "But they gave me a message to take to the superintendent which, if I delivered it, would knock my chance of promotion into a cocked hat. But come; let us go and have some coffee. I feel I want a reviver."

As Ferrers Locke walked slowly across to the buffet in company with the inspector and his young assistant, he glanced back over his shoulder at the Caudovian dignitaries. And his glance was strangely thoughtful.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Stambov the Anarchist!

BARON, I want to speak with you!" Baron Schaka spun round as though shot. It was late in the afternoon of the day of his arrival in London. He had been about to return to his hotel—the Great Moderne—when he heard the voice address him.

At his side he saw the stooping form of a foreign-looking individual who wore a curious, menacing smile at the corners of his thin lips. The fellow was hollow-eyed, with a yellow, cadaverous look about his cheeks. He wore a drooping black moustache, and his chin had a blue, unshaven appearance which did not improve him. A greenish coloured slouch hat was pulled down over his ears, but this did not prevent his tousled black locks from being partially visible. A long overcoat with a fur collar, a flowing tie, and patent shoes, completed the get-up of the stranger.

Baron Schaka stared at the fellow haughtily, and yet with a tinge of fear in his eyes.

"Who—who are you?" he demanded in English. "Why do you address me by a title I do not possess? My name is Kirche."

The stranger gave a low, gurgling laugh. "I, too, have two names," he murmured. "Most men know me as John Brunson, but my real name is Stambov. My father was a Russian, who settled in this country before I was born."

The baron replaced his cigar between his lips, and made as though to move on. But the stranger touched him on the arm.

"Look here, my man," said the Baron Schaka, turning angrily on him. "I shall give you in charge if you persist in molesting me! I am not a baron, and I am not in the least interested in your family history."

The curious smile which played at the corners of Stambov's lips became a trifle more menacing. He stepped a trifle closer to the Caudovian dignitary.

"Don't be a fool, Baron Schaka!" he hissed. "It is of the utmost importance that I should speak with you and the Prince Paulos. You are both in the gravest peril!"

The fellow's amazing knowledge of his identity, even more than the tense manner in which the remark was made, caused a chill to run through the baron's frame.

"Come!" he said hoarsely.

Stambov showed a set of yellow teeth in a satisfied smile, and followed the

Caudovian into the Great Moderne Hotel. A lift whirled them to the first floor, upon which the prince and the baron had their suite of rooms.

Opening a door, the baron entered first, and gestured to the other to follow him. Inside the sumptuously furnished apartment—a bed-room—a young man was reclining on the ottoman. He was fully dressed, save for his coat, but he made up for this by sporting a wonderful jazz-patterned dressing-gown. At the sight of the baron and the stranger he tossed down the book he had been reading, and leaped up with an expression of alarm on his face. Then, regarding the stranger suspiciously, he rapped out a question in a foreign tongue. The baron replied in English, telling him of the strange meeting with Stambov near the hotel.

Stambov, as though remembering his manners, removed his green felt hat, and made a slight bow.

"I think, your Highness," he murmured, "you will not regret granting me this interview when I have told you the reason for my coming. There are some who, if they knew I had come to you, would kill me even as they wish to kill you."

Every vestige of colour left the face of the prince. He sank back on the ottoman as though smitten with sudden and dire sickness. His voice trembled as he bade the visitor to be seated.

Stambov selected a chair between the gilded bedstead and the marble wash-hand stand. His shifty eyes wandered about the apartment, as though taking in its every detail.

"Well, what is it, fellow?" demanded the baron testily. "Of what have you come to warn us?"

Stambov drew his chair a trifle closer to the ottoman.

"Your Highness," he said earnestly, "you think, perhaps, that only the big men of the Great Albion Oil Company know of your visit to London. But such is not the case. The news of your presence in London is also known to some of the deadliest enemies of the Caudovian throne. There is a small and select society of Caudovian anarchists here in London who have vowed to kill you. If you stir from this hotel you will be in the deadliest peril."

The prince shrank back among the cushions on the ottoman, his eyes staring with the baleful light of fear.

"Anarchists!" he repeated in a hoarse whisper. "How—how do I know that you speak truth?"

Stambov laid his hand over his heart and leaned forward in his chair.

"Because, your Highness," he replied, "I am one of them!"

The prince shot bolt upright. "Why—why have you come here? Speak, fellow!" he spluttered.

The breathless, apprehensive tone of the question which Prince Paulos managed to blurt out caused the curious smile to flicker still more on the lips of the visitor.

"I have come to warn you, your Highness," he said suavely. "As I have already intimated, I am not a Caudovian myself. I might even call myself an Englishman, for I have never been out of this country of my birth. By trade I am a mechanical engineer, and for a hobby I dabble in chemistry. I am also an anarchist, and a member of the Caudovian anarchist society. But I am a member only for what I can gain, and through no hatred of royalty. I thought, your Highness," he went on, in a more oily tone, "that you would make it worth my while if I revealed the plot against your life."

Prince Paulos rose tremblingly from his seat and stood facing Stambov, who, after a moment's hesitation, also got up.

"What is this plot, fellow?"

"The plot is a simple one, your Highness. From to-night your movements will be closely watched. Then, when you go driving in an open carriage or motor-car, a bomb will be thrown. The man who has been detailed to perform the act I do not know."

The baron seemed even more unnerved than his royal companion. He muttered something beneath his breath in a foreign tongue. Then, as though struck by a sudden idea, he demanded in English:

"But how are we to know that you have not concocted this story to extort money from his Royal Highness?"

Stambov shrugged his shoulders.

"You must take my statement partly on trust. But the fact that I know of your identity should tell you that I speak the truth. Anarchists in Caudovia, through a spy in the palace itself, learnt of your proposed visit to England. They in turn sent a secret communication to the London society."

The prince and the baron were obviously puzzled.

"Perhaps, your Highness," said Stambov, "you would like proof that I am connected with the society of anarchists who seek your life. As I said, I work only for gain. I was paid very handsomely for the bombs which I made for the Caudovian anarchists for their proposed exploit against the throne. See this?"

The visitor carefully drew a linen handkerchief from his breast-pocket. He unrolled this, revealing a strip of some substance which looked like soft, brown glue. In turn he handed the sticky stuff to the prince and the baron, who examined it doubtfully.

"That," said Stambov, as he replaced the substance carefully in his handkerchief, "is gelignite, prepared by a special process of my own. It is a very powerful explosive, your Highness."

The two Caudovian dignitaries drew sharp breaths.

Having put the handkerchief containing the brown substance back in his breast-pocket, the anarchist next drew forth a small, coloured cardboard box from the side-pocket of his overcoat.

"This, your Highness," he said, "looks like a box which contains ordinary playing-cards. I think you will agree." He opened the box very slightly and fumbled inside with his forefinger. "Listen!" he said.

He thrust out the hand containing the box close to the ear of the prince. A steady and ominous ticking sounded. Immediately the prince gave vent to a loud squeal, and dived headlong under the bed, while Baron Schaka, deadly pale, staggered backwards. But Stambov, with a gurgling laugh, tossed the little box carelessly into a basin of water which stood on the washand stand.

"It's all right, your Highness," he said, as he retrieved his property from the basin and wiped it with a towel. "I had no intention of frightening you. But I think you will now understand the deadly peril in which you rest when I say that there are many other bombs equally ingenious in the hands of the Caudovians who seek your life."

Peering from under the bed, the prince saw the visitor drop the cardboard box back into his overcoat pocket. Then, and not till then did he emerge and stand up trembling, with the bed between himself and Stambov.

"You—you murderous villain!" he breathed. "I—I ought to ring that bell and summon the police."

"You would but defeat your own ends, your Highness," replied Stambov politely. "Your death would follow as a matter of course. Only by agreeing to my terms and following out my instructions, can you hope to escape the peril which besets your path."

"What are your terms?" hastily demanded the baron.

"That his Highness pays me a thousand pounds."

"Impossible, fellow! We have no such sum available."

"I did not think you had, here and now," said Stambov calmly. "But I am not unreasonable. I will be content if the prince writes me a promissory note for that amount."

A sly gleam crept into the eyes of the baron as he faced his royal companion. It struck him as ridiculously easy to write a promissory note. If things turned out all right, it need never be retrieved. He nodded his head, and the prince said:

"Very well, I will do that."

"Good! I, for my part, will see that if any bomb is thrown by one of these Caudovian fanatics it will contain nothing more harmful than a few strips of gum. But you will be well advised to stay as much as possible within the walls of this hotel."

It took but a few minutes to draft the promissory note. This Stambov insisted the prince should sign with his correct name. Then, leaving the two Caudovian dignitaries subdued and dazed in the palatial bed-room, the swaggering anarchist slouched out of the Great Moderne Hotel and turned his steps

A modern highwayman meets his match in Ferrers Locke!

towards Piccadilly. Once or twice he glanced back over his shoulder to make sure that he was not being followed, and then he made his way to a small restaurant in Soho, where he sipped coffee and smoked until darkness settled over the metropolis.

Leaving the restaurant, Stambov took a north-bound bus to Baker Street, where he alighted. Then, by a devious route, he made his way to the house in which a certain world-famous private detective had his quarters.

His knock was answered by a stolid-looking Chinaman. It was Sing-Sing, the servant of Ferrers Locke.

"Is this where Mr. Locke lives?" demanded the anarchist.

"Yessee—but Missa Locke no in. Come back pretty soon me tink."

"All right," growled Stambov. "I'll wait."

"Please come top-side to consultin'-room," said Sing-Sing.

He showed the visitor upstairs and ushered him into an armchair by the fire.

"P'laps," said Sing-Sing, "you likee see Massa Drake?"

"Who's he?"

"Allee same velly clobber detective like Missa Locke."

"All right!" said Stambov. "Tell him I'm here. Never mind my name—he won't know it I'm thinking."

Sing-Sing withdrew in cat-like silence from the room. A few moments elapsed and Jack Drake stepped smartly in.

"Good evening!" he said briskly. "I'm sorry Mr. Locke is not in. He went off somewhere directly after lunch and I don't know when he'll return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Stambov rose from his chair scowling.

"You don't know where Mr. Locke is?" he said gruffly.

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Then I'll tell you," hissed Stambov. And in a complete change of tone, he added: "He's right here!"

Drake's eyes nearly popped from his head as the visitor removed his lank black locks and moustache.

"M-my g-giddy aunt!" he gulped. "Mr. Locke!"

The famous sleuth gave vent to a hearty chuckle.

"Really I couldn't resist having a little joke at your expense, my boy," he said in his normal voice. "For the whole of this afternoon I have been masquerading as Stambov, the anarchist. It is nothing to your discredit that you were not able to pierce this disguise. It wasn't a bad one!"

"Snakes alive!" ejaculated Drake. "It was a thumping good one if you ask me, sir!"

"I donned it in that little room I rent in the East End," said Locke, helping himself to a cigarette. "By means of it I was able to put the wind up two people completely. You see, I paid a visit to the Great Moderne Hotel, where Messrs. M. and O. Kirche have booked rooms."

"You mean," said Drake, still somewhat bewildered, "that you have been to see Prince Paulos, of Caudovia, and the Baron Schaka?"

"I think I saw the Baron Schaka," replied Locke. "I also saw the young man who was with him at Waterloo. But he's no more the ruling prince of Caudovia than I am!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Secret of Stangways House!

"PERHAPS, sir, you will now explain things?"

Throughout dinner Jack Drake had eagerly looked forward to hearing the explanations which his chief had promised to give after the meal. Now he and Ferrers Locke, who had doffed his clever disguise, were sitting together in the cosy warmth of their sitting-room.

The detective got his pipe drawing well, and then started.

"It was the merest detail, my boy," he said, "which first made me suspect that the young companion of Baron Schaka was not all he presumed to be. Inspector Pycroft gave us at Waterloo a few scraps of information about Messrs. M. and O. Kirche, as the baron and his companion called themselves. He said that they arrived at Southampton at ten o'clock at night by the steamship Patrieus. They left

Southampton by the eight thirty-nine train for town. Now perhaps, my boy, you noticed that the young 'prince' had a red rash on his right hand?"

"Yes, sir. I couldn't help smiling at the way he winced when Mr. Neal Calder, the oil magnate, gripped him by the hand."

"Quite so," resumed Locke. "Well, the reason he did so was that he had a bad attack of nettle rash in two of his fingers. That struck me as very peculiar."

"By Jove, sir," exclaimed Drake, "now you mention it, it strikes me as queer also. Of course, the prince had spent nearly a fortnight at sea on the Patrieus. He couldn't have got nettle rash then, and it wouldn't have lasted a fortnight if he had caught it in his own country."

"That is how I reasoned," said Ferrers Locke. "It did not seem probable considering that he only slept for one night in Southampton before coming to town, that he could have come into contact with any nettles there. Nettles don't grow in hotels."

He paused to give the fire a stir, and resumed:

"To satisfy my own curiosity I determined

his cousin. But still I was not quite satisfied."

He stopped again and compared his watch with the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Ah, we have plenty of time," he murmured; "it doesn't leave until half-past eight."

"What doesn't, sir?" asked Drake, in surprise.

"The train—tut, tut, how careless of me, my boy! I didn't tell you that we are catching the eight-thirty train for Southampton this evening, did I?"

"I'm ready, sir. But what—?"

"Let me finish telling you of my investigations, Drake. As I was saying, I was still suspicious that all was not correct so far as the prince and the Baron Schaka were concerned. So I visited Mr. Calder, the oil magnate. I told him that I knew that Prince Paulos was in England and that he was in peril. Balkan princes always are more or less in peril, Drake. He was greatly concerned, and willingly gave me what I requested. This was a letter sent to him which bore Prince Paulos' signature and which had been sent from Caudovia some time previously. Close to the signature was



Stambov thrust out the hand containing the box close to the ear of the prince. A steady and ominous ticking sounded. Immediately the prince gave vent to a loud squeal and dived headlong under the bed, while Baron Schaka, deadly pale, staggered backwards. With a gurgling laugh, the anarchist tossed the little box into a basin of water. (See Chapter 2.)

to probe into the matter. Before lunch I put through a trunk call to the Outlook Hotel, at Southampton. From the manager I learnt that although the people who signed themselves M. and O. Kirche in the visitor's book did not reach the hotel until nearly ten-thirty at night, they went out again almost at once. The stout man—that would be the baron—told the manager that they were going out to pay a flying visit to some friends at Stangways House, a large place on the outskirts of Southampton. For this purpose they engaged a taxi."

"That's sounds fishy, sir," was Drake's comment. "You'd think that their friends would have met the boat."

"The baron said that they must have missed one another. Anyway, by making further inquiries I found out that Stangways House is occupied by a man named Oscar Sturme, and that the cousin of Prince Paulos resides with him. This youth, who is of about the same age as the prince, goes by the name of Rentoul and is being educated in England. Of course, on the face of it, nothing was more natural than that Prince Paulos should want to see

a distinct thumbmark undoubtedly made by the prince himself.

"Having sworn the oil magnate to secrecy, I next paid a visit to the Surrey Commercial Docks. Here I found the Patrieus, which had voyaged round the coast from Southampton during the night. The captain very kindly allowed me to see the signatures of M. and O. Kirche in one of the purser's books. The signature of O. Kirche had been written undoubtedly by Prince Paulos, for it was in the identical writing of the letter received from Caudovia by Mr. Calder."

"I see, sir," said Jack Drake. "So your next step was to visit the Great Moderne Hotel?"

"Yes," replied Locke smiling, "after donning what I thought might be a pretty effective disguise. As Stambov, the anarchist, I had a most interesting interview with the baron and his young friend. Having told them a plausible tale, I invited them to examine this."

Ferrers Locke took from his pocket the brownish substance which the Caudovians

The greatest detective of all times—Ferrers Locke!

had believed was a specially prepared type-walk for a couple of hundred yards would do him good. Then he and Drake without much difficulty discovered the residence which bore in white letters on its gate-posts the name, Stangways House.

"On this gelatine, Drake," went on the detective, "you will see a number of fingerprints. This very clear mark at the side was made by the thumb of the fellow who is now posing as the ruling prince of Caudovia."

"And you've compared that with the thumb-mark of the real prince on the letter given you by Mr. Calder?"

"Yes: after I left the Great Moderne I spent some little time in a private room of a favourite restaurant. With the aid of a magnifying-glass, I carefully compared the two thumbprints. They were made by different persons. Moreover, I compared a signature which I obtained from the baron's companion with that of the one which appeared in the letter and in the purser's book of the steamship. The one made by the youth at the hotel is merely a bad imitation of the prince's signature."

"Well, I'm blessed!" muttered Drake. "Then it looks as though the baron, if this chap is the baron, got rid of the real Prince of Caudovia at Southampton."

"The most probable theory, in my opinion," said Ferrers Locke, "is that Baron Schaka and this person, Oscar Sturme, who lives at Stangways House, conspired together against the prince. The prince's cousin was in the plot, too. When the baron and Prince Paulos visited Stangways House, the latter was either killed or made a prisoner; the latter I should think. Then the cousin, who is about the same age as the prince, dressed himself in the prince's attire and returned to the hotel with the baron."

"That's about the ticket, sir!" said Drake. "But what's against giving these two chaps who are staying at the Great Moderne in charge before we go down to Southampton?"

"We must get more evidence first, my boy."

Locke's hand, wandering on the small table by his chair in search of his tobacco pouch, lighted upon a soiled box of the type in which playing-cards are packed. The box, which he had taken out of his pocket before removing the disguise of Stambov, brought back a vivid recollection to him. He gave vent to a hearty chuckle.

"What's the joke, sir?" asked his assistant.

In a few words Ferrers Locke narrated how he had led the baron and the pretended prince to believe that the box was a deadly kind of bomb. After fumbling inside the box for a moment or two, he succeeded in producing the effect which had so startled the youth in the hotel.

"Listen to this, Drake!"

Drake listened and heard the ominous ticking inside the box.

"Crums! What is it, sir?"

For answer Ferrers Locke tore open the box, to reveal an old turnip watch!

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "If only the baron and his companion would see this! The way that young chap dived under a bed when he heard my old watch ticking reminded me of that farce we saw in the theatre last week. But, by Jove, it is time we were moving along to catch our train, my boy!"

A few minutes later, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake left the house, after telling Sing-Sing that they would not be back again that night.

The two obtained a taxi in Baker Street and drove rapidly to Waterloo. They had no luggage, but their overcoat pockets contained their sleeping suits and toilet cases. But in addition to these homely articles their pockets were also the receptacles for other things of a more business-like character, revolvers, electric torches, handcuffs, some strong cord, police-whistles, and jack-knives. Locke, in addition, carried a small flask.

Catching the eight-thirty train from Waterloo they arrived in Southampton punctually at eleven-ten. Outside Southampton Station they engaged an ancient carriage, and Ferrers Locke told the driver, who was as ancient-looking as his vehicle, to drive out to the Greenwood Hotel. This hotel, Ferrers Locke had learnt by means of a judicious conversation with an attendant on the train, was near Stangways House.

The detective paid off the carriage before the hotel was reached, saying that a brisk

do him good. Then he and Drake without much difficulty discovered the residence which bore in white letters on its gate-posts the name, Stangways House.

The home of Oscar Sturme proved to be a gaunt, eerie-looking place, which stood back a short distance from the road in its own grounds. The detective and his assistant crept round it, regarding it narrowly. Rays of light shone through the chinks in a venetian blind of a room on the ground floor. Locke hoisted Drake cautiously on his shoulder, and the boy peered through. A stout, bald-headed man of foreign appearance, clad in evening dress, was sitting in an armchair, browsing over a book.

"That's Sturme, I expect," whispered Ferrers Locke when Drake had told him what he had seen. "Now my plan is to effect an entrance into this place and have a look round. I'll do it now before that chap goes to bed. I can keep an eye on his movements."

"Let me go, sir," pleaded Drake. "I'm smaller and lighter than you are. I could slip into that small open pantry window we saw on the other side of the house without having to force a way in."

"Very well, my boy. Take your boots off before you get inside. Then creep quietly around and see if you can discover any signs of the missing prince. Search the cellars and attics if you can. I will wait. If you are in any imminent danger, blow your police-whistle."

Proud of the trust reposed in him by his chief, the dauntless boy crept round to the other side of the house. Having discarded his boots he wriggled his way noiselessly into the darkened house through the small open window of the pantry. Passing through a well-appointed kitchen, he emerged in a wide, dimly lighted hallway.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of shuffling footsteps. He drew back into an alcove behind the staircase. The bald-headed man he had seen sitting in the library came out of the room and went upstairs. Drake heard him plodding slowly to the top of the house. As the man reached the second landing, the youngster came from his hiding place and glided swiftly up the stairs. He saw Sturme open a door and heard him address someone in a harsh voice.

"Hang Foulkes!" came the voice of Sturme. "He hasn't brought you any supper to-night, I see! I told him to do so before he went out. When you are dead I want it to appear that you met your end by an accident. I don't want it to seem as though you've been starved."

With a guttural chuckle, Oscar Sturme turned to descend the stairs. Jack Drake drew back behind the door of an empty bedroom adjoining the first floor landing. He waited until Sturme had passed on his way down to the kitchen, and then the boy darted upstairs.

Through a half-open door a pale light shone. Drake peered in. The room was an attic, but what immediately attracted his attention was the form of a well-dressed, good-looking youth who was handcuffed and chained to a big iron staple in the wall.

Knowing there was no time to be lost, Drake stepped boldly into the room. The youth looked up in blank amazement and said something in a language Drake did not understand.

"Who are you?" asked Drake quietly.

The young man replied in English.

"The Prince of Caudovia. Are you in the pay of that villain Sturme?"

"No; I have come to rescue you. Let me see those handcuffs."

As Drake worked at the locks of the "bracelets" with some keys he had in his pocket, he heard a hurried account of the young prince's adventures. The baron, the prince's cousin, and Sturme had conspired together to obtain the large sum of money which it was expected Mr. Calder would pay

for the oil concessions in Caudovia. They had captured the prince at Stangways House on the night of his arrival in Southampton, and the cousin had then impersonated him. The scheme was that Sturme should kill the real prince and give out the news that the prince's cousin Rentoul, had met his death owing to a fall from his horse. By calling in a doctor who had never seen Rentoul before, Sturme hoped to get the necessary death certificate without fuss. The only reason that Sturme had not already fulfilled his dread deed was that he apparently hoped to blackmail Baron Schaka into giving him a larger sum of money in advance.

"Who is that fellow Foulkes, I heard Sturme mention?" whispered Drake.

"He's the deaf manservant who looks after this house for Sturme," replied the prince. "He's seemed to take a delight in trying to starve me. But that hasn't suited Sturme's book."

Hardly had Drake got the shackles from the young prince's wrists, than shuffling footsteps sounded from below.

"Quick!" whispered Drake. "Give me your coat and get behind that pile of lumber in the far corner of the attic! It's too late to get out of the room now. You can leave Sturme to me."

The prince obeyed his young rescuer without question. Thereupon, Drake drew the prince's coat about himself and lay down on the floor. The handcuffs attached to the chain he put lightly about his wrists. He kept his face averted from the dim light. A couple of moments later Oscar Sturme shuffled into the attic bearing a small bowl of cold porridge in his two hands.

He stood over Drake for a second and chuckled hoarsely. Then he bent down with the bowl.

"Here, eat this," he said. "It's not what you've been accustomed to in your Caudovian palace, I know. But you aren't a prince any longer, you must remember."

Jack Drake shrunk away slightly, and Sturme brought the bowl of porridge closer to the boy's hands. Then an astounding thing happened. There were two sharp, metallic snaps. A guttural cry left the lips of the rogue and the bowl of porridge clattered unheeded upon the floor. And Oscar Sturme found about his wrists the self-same handcuffs which a few moments before had held Prince Paulos a prisoner!

Sputtering and shrieking threats, the villain tore and fought to get free, but the chain was a strong one and he only succeeded in hurting his own wrists badly.

Drake staggered to his feet and addressed the prince, who had come out of hiding.

"Slip downstairs," he cried, "and open the front door! Call out for Mr. Ferrers Locke and bring him up here."

When, after an interval, the prince returned with the detective, Ferrers Locke viewed the prisoner with the greatest satisfaction.

"Well done, Drake!" he said. "A right smart capture indeed!"

"But it was through your work, sir, that we brought the rotter to book," said the boy modestly.

"Well, wait with him for a few moments while I telephone to the police."

Led by the prince Locke went down to the library and rang up the police-station in Southampton. That done, he put through a trunk call to Scotland Yard.

As luck would have it, Inspector Pycroft himself happened to be on duty. As briefly as possible Ferrers Locke narrated the story of the amazing conspiracy against the Great Albion Oil Company and the peril which had beset Prince Paulos of Caudovia.

"And now, my dear Pycroft," said Locke in conclusion, "you can call as soon as you like at the Great Moderne Hotel and arrest the Baron Schaka and his companion, Rentoul, the prince's cousin. And, by the way, Pycroft, when you do so, kindly present them with the compliments of Stambov, the anarchist!"

THE END.

(There will be another grand long complete story of Ferrers Locke next week, entitled: "The Phantom Highwayman!" by Owen Conquest. Order your copy now!)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE!

Readers' notices are inserted
free of charge, when space
permits.

Miss Chrissie Thomson, 66, Argyle Street, St. Andrews, Fife, wishes to correspond with readers overseas from 17 upwards, especially in the United States and Australia, with a view to corresponding and exchanging snaps and papers.

Miss Hetty Edie, 10, Kinness Place, St. Andrews, Fife, wishes to correspond with readers overseas from 17 upwards, especially in the United States and Australia, with a view to corresponding and exchanging snaps and papers.

Miss Miriam Forrester, 19, High Street, Bilston, Staffs, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-16.

A. W. Robertshaw, 8, Canada Street, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in amateur magazines, as he is starting a paper called the "Backwoodsman."

J. Hans, Acres Goodwood, near Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers interested in the Companion Papers.

Alec Beene, 17, Langton Park, Southville, Bristol, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 18, upwards. All letters answered.

Leong Ah Kay, 10, Belfield Street, Ipoh, Perak, Federated Malay States, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. He is interested in stamps, postcards, etc.

Miss Joan Dumaresq Eales, Berry House, Duckenfield Park, Morpeth, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Canada—the North West.

Miss Corinda Clarke, Blakebrook, via Lismore, Richmond River, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in England, ages 15-16.

Miss Dott Cosgrove, Priary Park, Bangor Roar, Holywood, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers overseas, ages 17-18.

N. W. Tweedie, 2, Larkin Street, Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers who collect stamps.

Miss Dorothy Manders, Liberal Club, Westbrough, Scarborough, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Antonio Crolla, Viale della Regina, 48B, Rome 24, Italy, wants to hear from readers interested in his World Wide Correspondence Club, ages 15, upwards.

G. Wildsmith, 75, Mill House, Kimberworth, Rotherham, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers.

G. Butler, 20, Britannia Row, London, N 1, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

B. Tattersall, Westbourne, Helmsford, Lanes, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

G. Scheel, 23, Cleveland Road, Central Estate, Hartlepool, wishes to hear from readers who would care to join his book and correspondence club; amateur magazine.

Arthur Sapwell, 25, Smedley Street, Clapham, S.W. 8, would like to join a concert party as ventriloquist, in the role of Schoolmaster and Pupil.

John Angelina, Wells Street, Birkenhead, South Australia, wishes to hear from readers in America, Canada, England and Scotland who are interested in Australia.

Zelza Jones, 83, Sydney Road, Coburg, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 16-18.

C. E. Hillier, 22, Eastcombe Avenue, Charlton, London, S.E. 7, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, overseas preferred, ages 14 upwards.

R. Milton, Penola Road, Mount Gambier, South Australia, wishes urgently to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers; all letters answered.

W. A. D'Arcy, 10, Ilford Lane, Ilford, Essex, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-16. Ilford readers specially asked; all letters answered.

Stephen Muller, 72, Perkin Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in other countries, ages 15-17.

Leslie W. Richards, 42, Fore Street, Ilfracombe, North Devon, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in amateur magazines, as he is publishing on the first Monday of every month a first-class amateur magazine, called "The Comet."

Jack O'Brien, Blaketown, Greymouth, New Zealand, wishes to hear from stamp collectors, for exchange. All letters answered.

William W. Simpkins, 133, St. Philip Street, Queen's Road, Lavender Hill, S.W. 8, wishes to hear from readers interested in the "Wireless"; also from readers, ages 15-16, on any subject of general interest.

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