

"THE PHANTOM OF THE DOGGER BANK!"

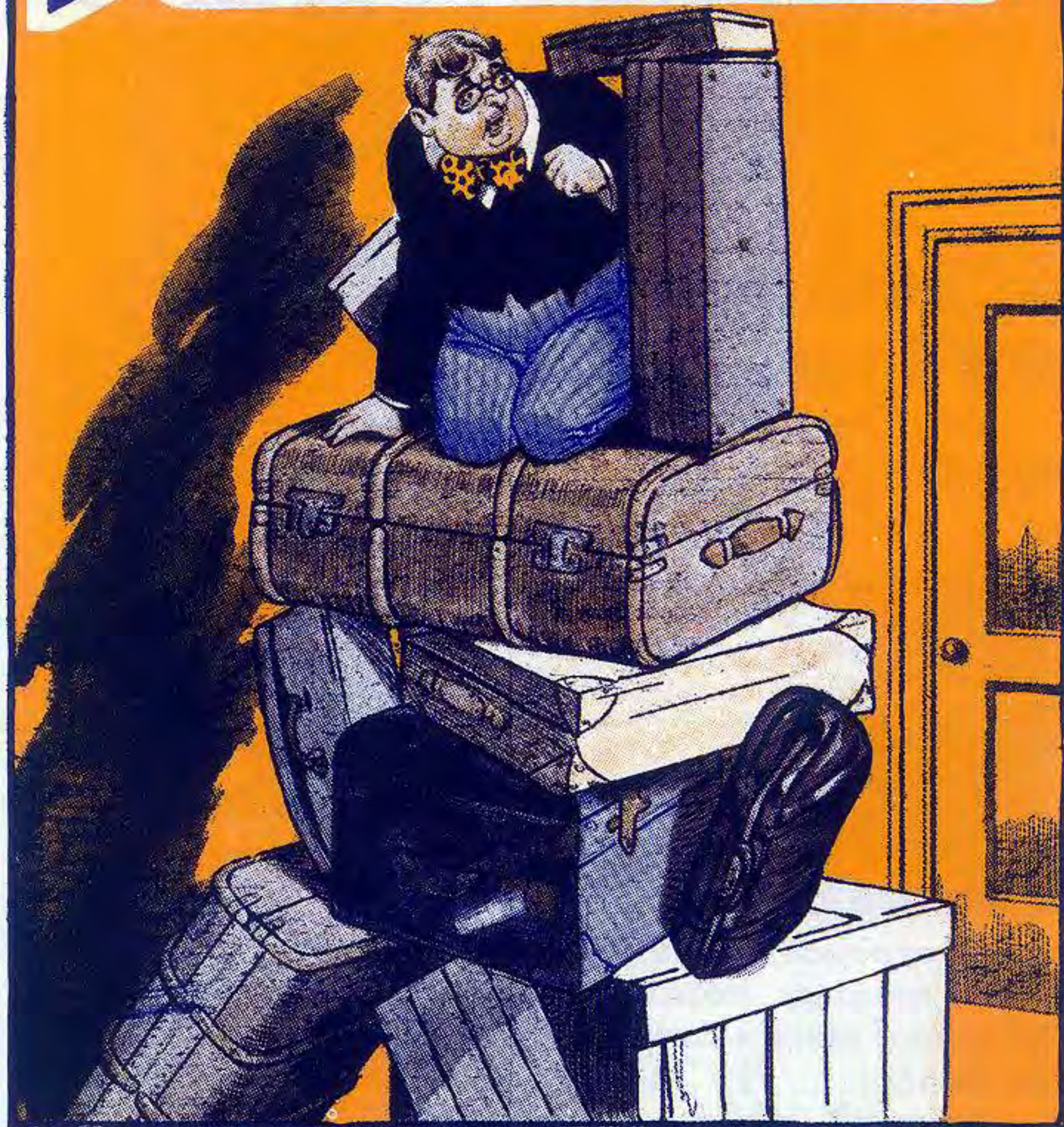
Opening Chapters of a Thrilling Detective Serial—inside!

No. 949, Vol. XXIX. Week Ending April 10th, 1920.

The Magnet 2^d

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THIS week I am able to give the names and addresses of the second batch of prize-winners in connection with our "Pars" Competition. The Twenty Topping Table Football Games offered every week are really worth having, and you, my chums, have very little to do to win them. In case you have missed the previous announcements on this subject I will repeat the offer in detail.

PARS OF INTEREST!

All you have to do is to describe in detail any incident connected with football you may have seen, or heard of, which you consider interesting. To the senders of what, in my judgment, are the best twenty efforts sent in I will award twenty table football games. Pars should not be more than three hundred words in length. All efforts should be addressed "Pars" No. 6, The "Magnet Library," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. Now, there's nothing very difficult about that, is there, chums? So wire in right now. There's only a limited number of these games at my disposal, so don't leave your entries too late. Perhaps the following list of prize-winners, to each of whom a table football game has been dispatched, will spur you on.

C. F. Davis, Bank House, Lombard Street, West Bromwich, Staffs; Gordon Norey, 45, Gloucester Road, Dartford; Geoffrey Cookson, Tyndale House, Herne Bay, Kent; G. Jones, Foxton, Market Harborough; Walter Watson, 24, Chorlton Street, High Oldham, Manchester; J. Reid, 38, Berkeley Street, Glasgow, C. 3; Ronald Vine, The Quinta, 21, Green Heys Road, Liverpool; Leonard Davey, 6, Bekesbourne Buildings, Ratcliff, Stepney, E. 14; G. R. Wynne, 78, Shrewsbury Street, Old Trafford, Manchester; Master J. Green, 17, Houghton Street, Blackburn, Lancs; A. R. Dunn, 51, Howell Street, Grangetown, Cardiff; P. T. Gale, 2, St. Andrew's Street, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk; W. Horton, Saskatoon, Wainfleet Road, Skegness, Lincs; Victor Lewis, 46, Wick Road, Teddington, Middlesex; Sydney Aston, Evesham Road, Crabbs Cross, near Redditch; Harry Tyson, Cherry Buton, Beverley; Leslie Kirk, 33, Strathmore Drive, Harehills Lane, Leeds, Yorks; E. J. Johnson, jun., 16, Bramhall Street, Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire; G. Fraser, 19, Falkner Square, Liverpool; Sidney A. Over, 30, New Cottages, Carnmoney, Belfast, Ireland.

For Next Monday!

"PETER HAZELDENE'S TEMPTATION!"

This story for next week shows Frank Richards in serious vein. But don't run away with the idea that it's all seriousness—not a bit of it! Our popular author can combine drama and humour as no other author living can do. Look out for this yarn, boys.

"THE PHANTOM OF THE DOGGER BANK!"

You will need little urging from me to look out for next week's instalment of this grand detective serial. This week's opening instalment will have whetted your appetites for more. But I'll say this—the second "helping" of this yarn is better than the appetiser you have just sampled. 'Nuff said!

AND THE FOOTBALL SUPPLEMENT!

This four page "special feature" will be there as large as life again next week. J. Ewart, the famous Scottish International, contributes a splendid article on "Why Scotland Beats England," which will be well worth your while to read.

THE GALLERY!

In next week's issue, too, will be included another gallery portrait of a Greyfriars celebrity, namely, Mr. Quelch. Don't leave him out of your set, boys.

Cheerio,
YOUR EDITOR.

BOY v. BARONET! Schoolboy though he is, Harry Wharton has no hesitation in speaking his mind to Sir James Hobson, whom he knows to be concerned in the kidnapping of Pedrillo, the circus walf. And Wharton's boldness meets with success!



A magnificent new long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, featuring Pedrillo, the boy acrobat.

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Hunting Bunter!

"BUNTER!"
"Where's Bunter?"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter quaked.
Bob Cherry's powerful voice boomed along the Remove passage, and echoed up the box-room stairs, where William George Bunter stood quaking.

"Oh dear!" murmured Bunter.
William George Bunter was not exactly a popular fellow in the Greyfriars Remove. Fellows could generally dispense with his company, without missing it very much. But on the present occasion he was very much sought after!

Keeping out of sight, where the box-room stairs ascended from the Remove passage, Billy Bunter quaked and listened.

"The fat bounder came upstairs!" That was Johnny Bull's voice. "He's dodged into one of the studies."

"We'll root him out!" came the tones of Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove.

"The rootfulness will be terrific."

That was the silky voice of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the nabob of Bhani-pur, as well as his unmistakable variety of the English language.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter.

"Try Study No. 7 first," said Bob Cherry. "That's the fat rotter's study. Most likely he's there."

There were footsteps in the Remove passage, coming along to Study No. 7. Bunter felt thankful that he was not there!

The Owl of the Remove evidently was booked for trouble with the Famous Five. That was no new experience for William George Bunter; his manners and customs often landed him in trouble.

But he did not like the prospect.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" It was Bob's powerful voice at the door of No. 7. "You here, Toddy? Where's Bunter?"

"Bunter!" He looked in a minute

ago," answered Peter Todd. "He didn't stop. He seemed in rather a hurry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"So are we," grinned Bob. "We want Bunter. Let's draw the box-room, you fellows."

"Come on!"
Footsteps came farther along the Remove passage towards the little staircase to the box-room.

Bunter did not linger.
On tiptoe he scudded up the stairs and plunged into the Remove box-room. He shut the door after him, and would have locked it had there been a key. But the key was wanting.

Tramp, tramp!
Harry Wharton & Co. were already on the stairs. Bunter blinked wildly round the box-room for a place of concealment.

There were many empty boxes and trunks; but the largest of them would have been a close fit for William George Bunter. He had his circumference to consider.

"Oh dear!" gasped the fat junior.

In a shadowy corner of the box-room, farthest from the window, some trunks had been stacked, one on another, out of the way. The topmost one was within a couple of feet of the ceiling, and the recess above was deep in shadow. Billy Bunter was not much of a climber; he had too much weight to lift. But it was a case of any port in a storm.

He clambered desperately up the piled trunks, and plunged on top of the stack, gasping and panting.

Then he crammed himself into the smallest space possible, with his fat back wedged into the angle of the wall.

There was an ominous swaying of the trunks. They had been stacked on one another carelessly, and the stack was not very secure.

Bunter caught his breath and sat very still.

It was too late now to look for a safer hiding-place; the footsteps of the pursuers were already at the door.

The box-room door flew open with a crash.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" boomed Bob Cherry. "Bunter! Bunter! Bunter! Where are you, you fat villain?"

"He's here right enough!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Have him out!" chuckled Bob.
The chums of the Remove tramped into the box-room.

Bunter held his breath.
The juniors were looking round the room, among the boxes, and into the corners.

"Not here!" said Frank Nugent.
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry came to a stop before the stack of trunks in the corner. He looked up and grinned.

"Bunter!"
Bunter quaked and was silent.
"You fat ass!" shouted Bob. "I can see your hoof!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Bunter jerked back his foot hurriedly. The stack of trunks swayed again. Whoever had stacked them out of the way in that corner had not anticipated that an unusually fat junior would ever seek refuge on top of the pile. Certainly it was not a safe place for Bunter.

"Come down, Bunter!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

No answer.
"You fat dummy, we know you're there!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Come down!"
"Pitch the boxes over! He'll come down then!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I—I say, you fellows, I—I'm not here!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"
"I—I—I mean— Look here, what are you after me for?" demanded Bunter. "I don't want to see you—you're a lot of rotters, and I don't want to have anything to do with you. Go and eat coke!"

"Come down!" roared Bob.
"Yah!"

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"I'll have him down in a jiffy!" said Bob cheerily. And he clambered on the trunks.

"I'll jolly well kick you!" yelled Bunter. "Oh, my hat! Look out! Yaroooo! Whoooooop!"

The pile of trunks swayed as Bob clambered up, and Bunter squeezed farther back in the corner. This time the stack swayed over.

"Look out, Bob!" yelled Wharton.

"Oh, my hat!"

Crash! Crash!

Bump!

"Ow!"

The trunks rolled over, crashing right and left, and Billy Bunter came hurtling down.

Bob Cherry was in his way, and Bunter landed on him!

His fall was broken! And from the wild yell that came from Bob it might have been supposed that Robert Cherry was broken, too.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter.

He rolled over and sat up. Bob Cherry sprawled on the floor, roaring. The Co. rushed to his aid. For the moment Bunter was unheeded; and he made the most of that moment. He jumped up, made one leap out of the box-room and fled for his life.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Punished by Proxy!

"**P**EDRILLO! I say, Pedrillo!" Pedrillo of the Shell looked round. He smiled as he looked.

Pedrillo was wheeling out a bicycle when Billy Bunter's panting voice hailed him.

The fat junior came fleeing from the direction of the House, hatless, with perspiration bedewing his fat face. His big spectacles slanting on his little fat nose, his mouth was wide open and gasping. If ever a fellow looked as if he was pressed for time, William George Bunter did at that moment.

The circus schoolboy smiled, and he waited for Bunter to come up.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars. On a half-holiday the new-fellow in the Greyfriars Shell was generally with one or other of his chums, Hobson and Hoskins, or with both. But on this especial afternoon, for once, Pedrillo was left on his own. James Hobson, captain of the Shell, was playing in a match with the Fourth Form. Claude Hoskins, the musical genius of Greyfriars, was in the music-room, extracting wild and woeful sounds from the piano there.

Pedrillo had looked on at the football for a time, glad to see his pal Hobby distinguishing himself in the ranks of the Shell. Then he had looked into the music-room, to hear Claude Hoskins play over a little thing of his own, Hoskins' own wonderful arrangement of minor ninths and other things, which Hosky had assured him would make rather a noise in the musical world when played at the Queen's Hall or the Albert Hall. Certainly it made plenty of noise when played in the music-room.

Pedrillo was a good pal; and he stood it to the bitter end. But when Hoskins, in order to acquaint him thoroughly with the beauties of that little thing of his own, offered to play it over a second time, Pedrillo was smitten with sudden deafness. He retreated from the music-room—or rather, his departure therefrom was rather a rout than a retreat.

Hoskins shook his head sadly, and went on worrying the piano. Pedrillo was the only fellow at Greyfriars who could stand minor ninths, and even

Pedrillo could not stand them for long.

Now the circus schoolboy was wheeling out Hobson's bike—which Hobby had placed at his disposal. It was a fine spring afternoon, and Pedrillo intended to improve it by taking a spin round the country till tea-time, when his chums would be disengaged.

Thus it was that Bunter, fleeing for his life after being routed out of the Remove box-room, found him at the gates, and shouted to him. Behind Bunter five figures emerged from the House, and looked round for the fugitive.

"In a hurry, amigo?" asked the circus schoolboy. Pedrillo had been some weeks at Greyfriars, but he still mingled Spanish occasionally with English. Most of his early years had been spent in the Peninsula with Zorro's Spanish Circus.

"Yes," gasped Bunter. "Going out on the bike, what?"

"Si, senorito."

"Give me a lift."

"Oh!"

Pedrillo was an obliging fellow. But giving Bunter a lift on a bike was not a small matter. It was, in fact, a wholesale order.

"I can stand on the foot-rests and hold to your shoulders," gasped Bunter.

"I say, old fellow——"

"But——"

"Only a hundred yards down the road, to give me a start."

"But why——"

Pedrillo glanced back towards the House. Bob Cherry's powerful voice boomed from the distance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There he is!"

"Quick!" gasped Bunter. "They're after me!"

Pedrillo laughed.

"Come on, then," he said, good-naturedly, "I'll give you a lift—if it doesn't burst the tyres."

"Oh, really, you know——"

Pedrillo ran the bike out into the road, and Bunter rolled hurriedly after him.

"Stop!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Yah!"

"Stop!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Quick!" gasped Bunter.

"Here you are, amigo." Pedrillo had a sturdy leg over the machine. "Now then—hold on to me—that's right."

Bunter stood behind and held on to Pedrillo's shoulders, and the bike glided away as the Famous Five came whooping out of the gates.

"Stop!"

"Drop that fat bounder, Pedrillo!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Stop thief!" yelled Frank Nugent.

"He's been scoffing our tuck!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Chuck him off, Pedrillo! Do you hear?"

Pedrillo heard, but he heeded not. Having told Bunter that he would give him a lift, he did not feel entitled to "chuck" him off. He pedalled away at a good speed with the Famous Five racing on his track.

"Put it on!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"We'll jolly well run him down, with that weight behind him."

"The run-downfulness will be terrific."

Harry Wharton and Co. put on a burst of speed. But Pedrillo was driving hard at the pedals, and the bike almost flew. With all their efforts, the chums of the Remove dropped farther and farther behind.

And then Pedrillo turned into the lane towards Redclyffe, where the ground sloped, and went whizzing down the hill on the free wheel, and the bike vanished with its double burden.

Harry Wharton halted and burst into a breathless laugh.

"Gone!"

"The gonefulness is——"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I'll jolly well kick Pedrillo for this! Cheek!"

"We'll jolly well kick him all round," agreed Wharton. "He's a good chap, and I like him; but we're bound to kick him for butting in like this. The Shell are getting too cheeky."

Pedrillo and the Owl of the Remove were gone. In a rather breathless state, Harry Wharton and Co. turned to walk back to Greyfriars.

Bunter had escaped—for the time at least. More serious than that, he had escaped with his plunder. Bunter, the grub-raider, had been at his old game, and though it would be easy, later on, to recapture Bunter, it was quite a different matter with the raided tuck. Bunter would be seen again; but his plunder would never be seen by mortal eye after Bunter had had a little leisure to attend to it.

"The cheeky, fat villain!" said Johnny Bull. "Bagging a fellow's tuck right under a fellow's eye. Five bobs' worth, too!"

"Bang goes five bob!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Gone for good—unless Bunter settles up out of his next postal-order!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll jolly well burst him—and that cheeky Shell bounder, too, taking him off under our eyes!"

"I don't suppose Pedrillo knew that he had our tuck," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Still, we told him to stop! Shell fellows ought to do as they're told. We'll bump him for it!"

"Hear, hear!"

The chums of the Remove went in at the gates and walked over to the House. They passed the windows of the music-room, and jumped as they heard a succession of wild and weird sounds from that apartment.

"The chap who's tuning that piano is putting his beef into it," remarked Bob Cherry.

Wharton chuckled.

"I fancy it's Hoskins! That's modern music—Hosky's sort. Let's go in and see him."

"While he's making that row? No fear!"

"It's a wheeze!"

"Oh! All right!"

The Famous Five entered the House and made their way to the music-room. Earthquakes, air-raids, and horrible murders seemed to be going on there, to judge by the sounds. Harry Wharton opened the door and the juniors looked in, stopping their ears.

Claude Hoskins pivoted round on the music-stool.

"That you, Pedrillo? Listen to this! Oh, you kids! What do you Remove fags want? The room's booked till five."

"Pedrillo's a pal of yours, I understand?" said Wharton.

"Eh? Yes."

"He's just helped Bunter to get away from us, after the fat bounder's bagged a bag of tuck."

"What does that matter? You're interrupting me."

"That's all right; never mind that. Pedrillo's got to be bumped for his cheek!"

"Cut off!" said Hoskins.

"But as he's a sort of guest at Greyfriars, and we rather like him, and we feel bound to honour the guest that is within our walls, and all that sort of thing, and as you're his pal we've decided to bump you instead."

"Eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!" roared Bob Cherry. "You can pass it on to Pedrillo later, if you like, Hosky."

"Look here, you cheeky fags—" shouted Hoskins. "Oh, my hat! Mind my music! Oh crumbs!"

Five pairs of hands jerked the Shell fellow off the music-stool. He sprawled on the floor in the grasp of the grinning juniors.

"Now, then—" "Leggo!" yelled Hoskins.

"All together!" Bump!

"Yarooooogh!" "Give him another!" Bump!

"Whoooooop!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co., chuckling, crowded out of the music-room, leaving Claude Hoskins on the floor. They slammed the door and departed. From the music-room sounds both energetic and emphatic followed them. But the noise was not made by the music now—it was made by the musician.



THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Hand of the Enemy!

"HERE you are!" said the circus schoolboy cheerily.

The bicycle halted at the bottom of the hill in Redclyffe Lane. Obliging as he was, Pedrillo did not feel disposed to attempt the ascent of the opposite acclivity, with Bunter behind him on the machine. There was a limit.

Bunter jumped down.

"All serene now," said the circus schoolboy, with a smile. "You're a good mile from Greyfriars."

"Right as rain!" grinned Bunter. "No end obliged to you, Pedrillo."

"Oh, don't mench!"

"Hold on a minute," said Bunter, as the circus schoolboy was about to remount the machine. "Wait a bit, Pedrillo."

"What is it?"

"Look!"

Pedrillo looked—in fact, stared, as the Owl of the Remove proceeded to turn out his pockets. From one pocket came a bag of chocolates, from another, a packet of toffee; from another, a cake—in rather a dismantled state. From other recesses Bunter drew several other articles—all of a comestible kind.

The Shell fellow burst into a laugh.

"What is it—a picnic?" he asked.

"That's it," said Bunter. "Those fellows were after my tuck, you know. I say, I've got lots! Have some, old fellow."

That was an unusually generous offer on the part of William George Bunter. It was rather his way to retire to solitude and devour his prey, so to speak, without offering to share. But Pedrillo had saved him, and for once Bunter was not ungrateful.

But the Shell fellow eyed him rather suspiciously.

"Does that tuck belong to you, Bunter?" he asked.

"Look here, you cheeky fags!" shouted Hoskins. "Oh, my hat! Mind my music! Oh, crumbs!" Five pairs of hands jerked the musical genius of the Shell off the music-stool. He sprawled on the floor in a gasping heap. (See Chapter 2.)

"Oh, really, Pedrillo—"

"I think I heard those fellows shouting—"

"Oh, they'd say anything," said Bunter hastily. "Don't take any notice of them. Rotters, you know."

"Rats! It seems to me that I've helped you get away after a raid, you fat bounder!" said Pedrillo warmly.

"Nothing of the sort, old chap! This tuck came specially from Bunter Court this afternoon. If you think I saw Johnny Bull getting it in the school shop, you're mistaken. I haven't been in the tuckshop this afternoon at all."

"What?"

"Besides, when I picked up the parcel I was only going to offer to carry it to the House for them," explained Bunter. "You know my obliging way—always doing fellows little services."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And before I got out of the shop there was Johnny Bull yelling out that I'd bagged his tuck," said Bunter indignantly. "After that, of course, I

should have refused to let him have it. Suspicious fellows like that ought to be punished. Serve him right, what?"

"So it belongs to Johnny Bull?"

"Oh, no! I've told you it doesn't! It came by special messenger from Bunter Court."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pedrillo.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter. "My pater sends me lots of things like this. Those rotters were going to bag it, you know—they chased me up into the box-room to raid it—my tuck from Bunter Court, you know! Bit thick, what?"

"Oh dear!"

"Have some, old fellow," said Bunter, sitting down on a fallen log beside the lane. "Come on—I'm inviting you to my picnic."

Pedrillo chuckled.

"I think I'll wait till Johnny Bull invites me," he said.

"Oh, really, Pedrillo—"

"Good-bye, you fat bounder!"

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Pedrillo put a leg over his machine again.

"I say, Pedrillo!" called out Bunter. "I really mean it, you know. I'll be glad of your company. I know you're only a bounder who used to play acrobat in a circus—but I'm not snobbish. Not a bit!"

"You put it so nicely," said Pedrillo, laughing.

"Nothing snobbish about me," said Bunter fatuously. "Fellows of really good family aren't, you know."

"Verdad?" grinned Pedrillo.

"Besides, you'd better be careful, you know," said Bunter. "That circus man, Zorro, was hanging about the school last week, and he tried to bag you to take you back to the circus. Better stay with me. If he tries it on again I'll protect you."

"Muchas gracias!" grinned Pedrillo.

"I mean it," said Bunter. "Rely on me, you know. Sit down and have some of these chocs. They're specially made by a French chef that my pater keeps at Bunter Court, at a huge salary."

Pedrillo laughed and shook his head, and mounted his machine. Bunter gave a sniff.

"Go and eat coke, then; all the more for me!"

"Adios!" said Pedrillo.

And he rode away up the slope of the road towards Redclyffe. Billy Bunter sat on the log, already busy with the cake. The cake was disappearing at a great rate; Bunter was hungry. It was a couple of hours since dinner, and Bunter had had only two or three snacks since that meal. So he was in a state bordering on famine.

"This is jolly good!" murmured Bunter. "Mrs. Mumble can make cakes! That ass Bull might have got a bigger one—some fellows are mean! Still, there's the chocs, and the toffee! Oh! Great Scott!"

Bunter broke off, with his mouth full, but quite forgetting to eat.

A hundred yards from him, along the lane, Pedrillo was in full view, slowly climbing the hilly road on the bicycle.

Suddenly, from a gap in the hedge, two men rushed into view.

The distance was too great for the Owl of the Remove to see clearly; but he recognised the burly form of Senor Zorro, the proprietor of Zorro's Spanish Circus. The other man was a stranger to him.

The two rushed right at the cyclist, and before Pedrillo knew what was happening, he was grasped and dragged from the machine.

Hobson's bicycle went reeling to the roadside, and Pedrillo struggled in the grasp of his assailants.

Bunter sat staring with wide-open eyes and mouth.

Neither of the ruffians glanced in his direction, evidently not knowing that the fat junior was there. Bunter sat with his gaze glued on the startling scene, his little round eyes almost bulging through his spectacles.

Pedrillo struggled fiercely; but he was powerless in the grasp of two powerful ruffians. In a few seconds he had been dragged through the gap in the hedge, and had vanished from Bunter's sight.

"Oh!" gasped the Owl of the Remove.

He blinked at the deserted road before him. The high hedge hid Pedrillo and his kidnappers. By the roadside lay Hobson's bike, curled up on its side—and but for the fallen bike lying there, Bunter would almost have supposed that the startling happening had been a

dream. But the bike lay there—and somewhere beyond the high hedges Pedrillo of the Remove, once the acrobat of Zorro's Circus, was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Startling News!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Collar him!"

Billy Bunter, hatless, breathless, gasping, spluttering, pounded at the school gates, perspiration streaming down his fat face.

He looked as if he had been running hard, and he staggered against the gate, pumping for breath.

Harry Wharton & Co. spotted him, and came up at a run. They had been watching the finish of the match between the Shell and the Fourth, kindly giving Hobson of the Shell a cheer for kicking the winning goal. They had been thinking of tea; but they forgot about tea at the sight of William George Bunter. They had a little score to settle with William George.

"Collar him!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Caught!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The catchfulness is terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "and the bumpfulness is the proper caper in the esteemed circumstances."

"I—I say, you fellows—"

Bunter gasped wildly.

"Leggo! Keep off! I—I've come to tell you—"

"To tell us what you've done with the fuck?" asked Bob. "We know what you've done with it, you fat spoofer!"

"Nunno! I—I— Hands off!" yelled Bunter desperately. "They've got him!"

"Eh? What?"

"Who's got whom?"

"Pedrillo!" gasped Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. became serious at once.

"Something happened to Pedrillo?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"They've got him! That Spanish chap, Zorro—"

"My hat!"

"Bagged him fairly under my eyes!" gasped Bunter. "I've run all the way from Redclyffe Lane to give the alarm! Oh dear! I—I feel quite faint! Oh crumbs!"

"Tell us exactly what's happened, Bunter," said Harry Wharton quietly. "If this is true, the Head must be warned at once."

"I—I saw them! They—" Bunter spluttered, and mopped perspiration from his fat brow. "Two of them—Zorro and another man! Oh dear! Pedrillo gave me a lift as far as Redclyffe Lane, you know, and then left me—though I told him I'd protect him if he stayed with me!"

"Fathead! Get on with it!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Get on with it!" roared Bob Cherry.

"They—they jumped on him, and grabbed him off his bike!" gasped Bunter. "They dragged him through a hedge—"

"And what did you do?"

"I was too far off to help—they were gone in a minute. I—I heard a motor-car across the fields. I think they got him into a car—it started up just after they got away with him!"

"My hat!" said Nugent, with a whistle.

"I saw it all, and—and—and—the fact is—"

"Well?"

"I—I rushed up," said Bunter—it

really was impossible for Bunter to keep to the facts for long—"I rushed on the scene regardless of danger—you know my way—"

"Oh, can it!"

"I knocked one of them senseless, and—and another into a ditch; but the rest of them—"

"The rest of the two?" shrieked Wharton.

"Did—did I say two?" stammered Bunter.

"You jolly well did!"

"I meant six."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The rest of the six held me back, while the others got away with Pedrillo— Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as Bob Cherry grasped him by the collar and tapped his head against the gate. "Yoop! Leggo! Wharrer you up to, you silly ass?"

"Now tell us what's happened, without any trimmings," said Bob.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"How many were there of them?" roared Bob, taking a tighter grip on Bunter's collar.

"Six—I mean two!"

"And they collared Pedrillo and took him away?"

"Yes!" gasped Bunter.

"You saw it from a distance?"

"I rushed up— Yaroooooh! I mean, yes, I saw it from a distance!" howled Bunter. "Ow!"

"And you heard a car immediately afterwards?"

"Ow! Yes! Hobson's bike is still lying there. I—I didn't go and fetch it to get home on, in case some of them might be hanging about the place—I—I mean Hobson's bike is too big for me, you know, and I thought I'd cut across the fields—"

"Yes, we know," agreed Wharton.

"Now, you fat bounder, if there's any truth in this, and you're not pulling our leg, you'd better go and tell the Head at once. Come on!"

"Right-ho!" gasped Bunter.

The Famous Five led him off to the House, still spluttering.

Bunter's inventive faculties were rather well known in the Remove, and Harry Wharton & Co. would not have been surprised had it turned out that the Owl had invented the whole story, as a means of escape from the ragging that was due to him.

They were quite prepared for Bunter to attempt to dodge away as they led him to Dr. Locke's study.

But Bunter marched up to the Head's door quite confidently, and it was borne in upon their minds that the tale was true.

Harry Wharton knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

Wharton opened the door, and gave Bunter a push into the study. By this time Bunter had recovered his breath a little, and he was swelling with a good deal of importance as the bearer of startling news.

Dr. Locke glanced at the juniors.

"What is it, Wharton?"

"Bunter says that he has seen Pedrillo of the Shell, sir, taken away by force by the circus man."

"What?"

"Zorro, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I saw it all, sir! They've got him, I think, in a motor-car!"

"Bless my soul!"

Dr. Locke rose to his feet.

"You did quite right to come to me at once, Bunter. Tell me immediately what has happened."

Harry Wharton & Co. retired, leaving Bunter breathlessly relating the startling occurrence in Redelyffe Lane.

In the corridor the chums of the Remove looked at one another.

"It's true, then," said Johnny Bull. "I more than half thought it was all gammon."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"True enough," he said. "Poor old Pedrillo! He's a decent chap, and everybody likes him here. I can't make out what the circus people want him for, when he doesn't want to go back to them, though. According to what he's told us, he won't be much more use as an acrobat since his accident."

"It's a giddy mystery," said Bob. "But it's plain that they do want him. This is the second time Zorro has tried it on, and this time he's got there."

"He will have to send the kid back if the Head calls in the police," said Nugent. "Pedrillo's English, and Zorro can't have any right to keep him in the circus against his will."

"That's so."

"This will be rather rotten for Hobby," said Bob. "He's got no end of chummy with Pedrillo since the kid has been at Greyfriars. We'd better tell him his bike's lying round Redelyffe Lane somewhere, too. He will want to get it back."

"Yes; come on," said Harry. "We'll tell Hobby, and then cut off to see the place where it happened. If they got the kid into a motor-car he's far enough away by this time; but we may pick up some trace of the rotters. We haven't been scouts for nothing. Come on!"

"Yes, rather!"

And the Famous Five, while Bunter was telling his breathless tale to the Head, hurried away to James Hobson's study in the Shell passage.

The sooner they told the Shell captain the news the quicker they could take action.

drooped over his forehead—a curl that cost Hoskins much labour. But when it was a case of a new and striking arrangement of minor ninths, even that artistic curl became a secondary consideration.

"We beat them!" repeated Hobson. The burly captain of the Shell tramped in heavily, full of victory over the Fourth Form, and regardless of minor ninths.

"Shush!"

"Eh?"

"I've got it!"

"Headache, old chap?" asked Hobson sympathetically, misunderstanding Hoskins' gestures as he ran his fingers through his hair. "Too bad! You ought to have given music the go-by this afternoon, and played in the Form match. We—"

"No! Yes! Rats! Shut up!"

"Oh!"

Hobson realised now that he had butted in at an inopportune moment.

Hobson proceeded to get tea on tiptoe.

Hoskins groaned.

He liked old Hobby—they were great chums. But when James Hobson came in at the door quiet flew out of the window. Hobson, even on tiptoe, made the whole study creak.

"I'll have tea ready for you when you've finished that symphony, old fellow," said Hobby. "Is it a symphony?"

"No! Shurrup!"

"A sonata, what?"

Hoskins gave another groan. The inspiration was gone—a very serious loss from Hosky's point of view. Possibly, however, the loss was not so great as he supposed.

He rose from the table and put his music away.

"Finished already?" asked Hobson fatuously. "Good! Now let's have tea. I'm a bit sharp-set after the game, you know."

"Right-ho, old fellow," said Hoskins, resigning himself to his fate. "Let's."

There was a tramp of feet in the Shell passage, and Harry Wharton & Co. looked in.

Hoskins gave them a glare.

He had not forgotten the incident in the music-room, though more important matters had driven it from the minds of the Famous Five.



Bunter sat staring with wide-open eyes and mouth as, in the distance, he saw Senor Zorro and another man—a stranger to him—rush at Pedrillo and drag him off his bike. "Oh!" gasped the Owl of the Remove. (See Chapter 3.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Famous Five Take a Hand!

"WE beat them!" said Hobson of the Shell cheerily.

James Hobson made that observation as he came into Study No. 3 in the Shell, and he addressed Claude Hoskins.

Hoskins was seated at the study table, with a sheaf of music-paper before him, a fountain-pen in his hand, a spot of ink on his nose, and a far-away look in his eyes.

He did not look up. It was easy to see that Claude Hoskins was in the throes of composition. He ran his fingers through his hair, and even disarranged the little artistic curl that

Hobson of the Shell lived chiefly for football in the present, and cricket in the near future; but he was very considerate to his musical study-mate, and indeed admired "old Claude" immensely. Hobson did not know the difference, if any, between a minor ninth and a major third, but he thought it was tremendously clever of Hoskins to know all these mysterious things.

"Disturbing you, old chap?" he asked.

"Oh, dear! Yes! Dry up!"

"Certainly, old fellow," said the obliging Hobson. "I'm going to get tea, but I won't make a sound."

"Bravo!"

"You cheeky fags!" he exclaimed.

"Pax!" said Harry. "There's some jolly serious news for you chaps, as Pedrillo's a chum of yours."

"Pedrillo! He hasn't come in yet," said Hoskins. "What—"

"He won't come in now," said Harry. Hobson's face was anxious.

"Has he had a spill on the bike? What—"

"That circus Johnny, Zorro, has got him. Bunter saw it, and he's reporting it to the Head now."

"That—that villain!" exclaimed Hobson; aghast. "He's got hold of Pedrillo?"

"Yes." "The awful rotter!" exclaimed Hoskins.

Harry Wharton explained concisely what he had heard from Bunter. Hobson of the Shell set his teeth.

"I'm going after him!" he said. "I'll take your bike, Hosky—"

"Take Stewart's, I'm coming, too," said Claude Hoskins.

"Come along with us," said Harry Wharton. "We're going. There's a chance of picking up some trace of the chap. They won't hurt him, of course. He's not in any danger. But—"

"I'm not so sure about that," muttered Hobson huskily. "What do they want him for? The Head believes that he was kidnapped by that Spaniard when he was a little kid—everything points to it. He's English, and he's told me that Zorro used to beat him for speaking English. The brute wanted him to forget that he was English. If they don't mean to harm him, I know they mean to get him out of the country. That villain Zorro is afraid of it all coming out now that the Head has taken up the matter. By gad! I—"

Hobson broke off and rushed out of the study, quite forgetting that he was hungry and wanted his tea.

Hoskins followed him.

"Come on, you chaps!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

And the Famous Five followed the two Shell fellows to the bike-shed.

In a few minutes more seven juniors were pedalling away for Redclyffe Lane.

Hobson of the Shell rode hard, keeping ahead, his usually ruddy face pale and set. It was evident that the kidnapping of his new chum was a heavy blow to Hobson of the Shell. Hoskins seemed to feel it almost as deeply. He ground away at his pedals as if he were riding for his life, all remembrance of minor nuths banished from his anxious mind.

After the chums of the Shell came the Famous Five in a bunch, and after them came half a dozen fellows who had caught something of the news.

"There's your jigger, Hobby!" called out Bob Cherry suddenly as the cyclists swept down the slope in Redclyffe Lane. Hobson jumped off Stewart's machine.

His bike lay beside the road, where it had fallen when Pedrillo was dragged from it by the kidnappers.

Hobson tramped into a gap of the hedge giving on a field, where trampling footprints were easily discerned in the mud, showing where the circus-schoolboy had struggled for his freedom.

The captain of the Shell stared across the field.

Only a number of sheep were to be seen there, and two or three cows in one corner, under a bunch of trees.

Harry Wharton joined Hobson in the field.

"That's the way they took him, according to Bunter," he said. "There's a road on the other side of the field; that must be where Bunter heard the car—"

Hobson gritted his teeth.

"If they had a car they're far enough away," he muttered. "But—"

"But they can be followed. We may find somebody who saw the car waiting," said Harry. "You see, they couldn't have known that Pedrillo was coming this way this afternoon; they could only have been hanging about on the chance of seeing him, and they may have been hanging about for hours—perhaps all day."

"In that case the car's been seen, most likely—if they had a car," said Hobson.

He started at a run across the field by the footpath. The other fellows followed, wheeling the bikes.

They came out into the road by a gate. By the gate-post an old countryman was leaning, smoking a pipe. He regarded the juniors sedately, and touched his hat as Wharton came up to him.

"We're looking for somebody," said Harry. "Have you been here long?"

"A couple of hours, sir."

"Then you must have seen them!" exclaimed Harry. "Did you see anything of two men, one of them a foreigner, and a schoolboy?"

The man nodded.

"Where did they go?"

"They got into the car, sir," answered the man. "I opened the gate for them; the lad was ill and his father was carrying him—"

"His father?"

"Leastways, the dark gentleman said that his son was ill, so I s'pose it was his father, sir."

"The villain!" muttered Hobson.

"Which way did the car go?"

"Lantham way, sir."

"The circus is at Lantham—or was," said Bob Cherry.

"Did you notice what the car was like?" asked Harry.

"A large car, sir, very handsome," said the man. "I don't know the makes of cars, but it was a big, expensive car."

"Ever seen it before about here?"

"Yes, sir," said the man. "I saw it on the Lantham Road last week, with a tall gentleman in it, with an eyeglass."

"Not one of the men you saw to-day with the schoolboy?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"What colour was the car?" asked Harry.

"Dark green."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry involuntarily.

Hobson looked at him.

"Do you know anything about it, Cherry? Ever seen it?"

"I—I—well, lots of cars are dark green," said Bob, reddening. "I don't suppose I've ever seen it before."

"That's so. My pater's car is dark green," said Hobson. "He came down to Greyfriars in it last week. Lots of them about. But this chap ought to tell the police what he's seen. The Head's sure to call in the police."

Hobson remained questioning the man, while the Famous Five remounted their bicycles and rode away in the direction of Lantham.

They had no hope of sighting the car on the road; but the Spanish Circus, when they had last heard of it, had been at Lantham, and it was there that they supposed Senor Zorro had taken his re-captured acrobat.

The Famous Five put on speed and

covered the distance to Lantham in great style.

But when they reached the field near Lantham railway-station, where the circus had been pitched, they found it vacant.

Zorro's Spanish Circus was gone.

A good deal of rubbish had been left about by the circus and its patrons, and a man was occupied in clearing it away. Harry Wharton called to him.

"How long has the circus been gone?"

"Three or four days."

"Oh, thanks!"

And the juniors turned their bicycles in the direction of Greyfriars, and rode back in the thickening dusk.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

What Bunter Knew!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Don't bother now, Bunter!"

"It's important!"

"Rats!"

Harry Wharton Co. were in Study No. 1. They had come in late to tea after their ride to Lantham, tired and hungry, and rather troubled in mind about Pedrillo.

They had finished tea, and were discussing the matter, when Billy Bunter rolled in.

The chums of the Remove were in no humour for William George Bunter, however, as their looks testified at once.

But the Owl of the Remove did not heed their looks. His fat face was unusually serious.

He came into the study and shut the door after him with a mysterious manner that made the juniors stare.

"I've got something to tell you fellows," he said in a low voice.

"Bother!"

"About Pedrillo."

"Well?"

"And Hobson's father."

"What?"

"I daren't tell Hobson," said Bunter.

"He's no end cut up about Pedrillo—seems to have liked him, or something—but if I told him what I knew, of course, he wouldn't believe a word of it, and he'd knock me down, as likely as not."

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"Mind, I haven't told the Head," said Bunter. "I didn't think of it while I was in his study, telling him about Pedrillo being collared. I've thought about it since, and wondered whether I ought to tell him. I want you fellows to advise me."

"Oh, cheese it!" said Johnny Bull gruffly. "This isn't a time for your thumping yarns, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"What has Hobson's father to do with Pedrillo?" asked Harry Wharton, with rather a strange look at the fat junior.

"He's had a hand in this."

"In what?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Kidnapping Pedrillo."

"You utter ass!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"The fatheadedness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The chuckfulness is the proper caper."

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "Let Bunter get on with it. Tell us what you know, Bunter—or what you think you know."

"But it's utter rot," said Johnny Bull impatiently.

"Let Bunter get on," said Harry.

"I don't say I understand it," said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five through his big spectacles. "It beats

me hollow. But I know what I heard Sir James Hobson say with his own tongue."

"Gammon!" murmured Johnny Bull. "You fellows remember we went over to Lantham last week to see the circus," said Bunter. "I got into a row on the railway, coming back, owing to losing my ticket—"

"Owing to bilking the company—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Get on, Bunter!"

"That chap Pedrillo butted in, and paid my fare, and got me out of an awful scrape," said Bunter. "He's a decent chap. He helped me again to-day when you rotters were after me. Well, I'm not going to see him done in, after that. Who's old Hobson, I'd like to know? Looking at a fellow with his blessed eyeglass, as if a fellow wasn't there! I don't think much of baronets—with lords in my family—"

"Get on with it!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Well, with all his airs, and taking no notice of a chap who was willing to speak to him civilly, I can jolly well tell you that Hobson's pater will bear watching," said Bunter. "He's hand-in-glove with that circus johnny, Zorro, and I know it—see?"

"Rot!"

"The rotfulness is terrific!"

But Harry Wharton did not speak. To the surprise of his chums, excepting perhaps Bob, the captain of the Remove was listening to Bunter with deep attention.

"How do you make that out?" he asked.

"You fellows know that when the Spanish Circus first came to this neighbourhood old Hobson wrote to Hobby that he wasn't to go to it if it came near Greyfriars."

"Yes, yes."

"And when Pedrillo had his accident, and was brought into sanny here, after he got about, Hobson of the Shell kept away from him, and it came out that his pater had ordered him to."

"That's ancient," said Nugent. "What does it matter, anyhow? I dare say Sir James Hobson had his reasons—and it's no jolly business of ours, anyway."

"Isn't it?" said Bunter. "I thought it jolly queer when I saw old Hobson himself visiting the circus."

"Oh! You saw him?"

"That day at Lantham," said Bunter. "You see, a beast suspected me of trying to get into the circus tent without paying—"

"Saw you trying to do it, you mean?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"For goodness' sake get on!" said the captain of the Remove impatiently. "Don't interrupt Bunter, you chaps!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Johnny Bull. It was the first time on record that Bunter had been looked upon as a fellow who was not to be interrupted.

The Owl of the Remove grinned.

"Wharton's got more sense than you, Bull," he remarked. "He can see that it's jolly important."

"Rats!"

"Go on, Bunter!" said Harry.

"Well, with that suspicious beast after me, I dashed under a van," said Bunter. "I had to lie doggo for a bit—the beast was kicking me. Actually kicking a public school man, you know—"

"I hope he kicked you hard!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Look here—" roared Bunter.

"Are you ever going to get to the point?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"If Bull will shut up for a minute—"

"Rats!" growled Johnny.

"Cheese it a minute, old man," said Harry Wharton. "Get on with the washing, Bunter."

Johnny Bull snorted and relapsed into silence. The Owl of the Remove gave him a victorious blink, and went on.

"While I was under the van—it was Zorro's van, as it turned out—Sir James Hobson came along. He had been at Greyfriars that afternoon in his car, I believe, and came on in it to Lantham."

"That's so," said Nugent. "We happened to see him when we were going into the circus tent."

Johnny Bull nodded, and displayed at last a little interest in Bunter's narrative. He remembered having seen the tall baronet that afternoon at Lantham, and remembered how surprised he had been to see Hobson's pater there.

"Old Hobson told the man who was looking for me to fetch Zorro," went on Bunter. "The man fetched him out of the marquee, though the performance was going on. Well, he came to the van, where Sir James Hobson was waiting for him. They didn't know I

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was under the van, of course. And I heard—"

Snort from Johnny Bull. But he did not interrupt.

"I couldn't help hearing, when they were only a few feet from me," said Bunter. "I jolly well wasn't going to show myself, I can tell you. Well, I can't remember all they said; but old Hobson told Zorro that he had to get Pedrillo away from Greyfriars, somehow or other, because his son was there—that is, old Hobson's son. That's Hobson of the Shell, you know."

"Great pip!"

"And what did Zorro say?" asked Harry.

"He didn't seem keen on it, and he said something about it wasn't mattering after all these years," said Bunter.

"I don't know what he meant, but that's what he said. And old Hobson ordered him to do as he was told, as if he was a footman."

"And he agreed?"

"Yes; and a day or two after that, you fellows remember, I saw him hanging about the school, and warned you, and you ducked him."

"I remember."

"I haven't told anybody what I heard under the van," said Bunter. "I—I know Hobson wouldn't believe it."

"Of course he wouldn't," said Nugent. "If you told me that my pater was conspiring with a circus johnny I'd jolly well burst you. Hobby would feel the same."

"But it's true!" howled Bunter.

"True or not, you'd better not spin that yarn outside this study. You won't be believed."

"Think I don't know that?" exclaimed Bunter, greatly aggrieved. "Fellows would say I'd made it all up."

"And you haven't?" asked Nugent.

"No!" roared Bunter.

"You've shown more sense than usual in keeping it to yourself," said Harry. "You're a bit too well known as a romancer, Bunter. Nobody would believe a word of it, and Hobby would smash you into little pieces for spinning such a yarn about his father."

"And serve you right, too," said Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, it's true—"

"Gammon!" said Johnny Bull.

"The gammonfulness is terrific!"

Bunter blinked angrily at the Famous Five.

"You don't believe me?" asked the Owl of the Remove.

"No!" answered three voices in unison.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were silent.

"And if I'd told the Head what do you think he would have done?" asked Bunter anxiously.

Frank Nugent chuckled.

"Flogged you for trying to pull his leg, most likely."

"And if I told Hobson—"

"Don't—unless you're tired of life, old man!"

Bunter snorted.

"Just what I thought!" he exclaimed.

"Well, it's up to you, Wharton."

"Eh! What's up to me?" asked Harry, staring at him.

"You're captain of the Remove. I've told you just what happened. You take the responsibility. You can believe me or not, just as you like, but I've told you, and I wash my hands of it."

"They can do with a wash," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"But is that all?" asked Johnny in a sarcastic vein. "Didn't Sir James say, 'Once aboard the lugger, and the loot is ours'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No!" roared Bunter. "He didn't, you silly ass! Look here, Wharton, I've told you, as captain of the Form. You can do as you jolly well like about it—I wash my hands of it. See?"

And with that Billy Bunter rolled out of Study No. 1, and closed the door after him with a slam that rang the length of the Remove passage.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Poor Old Hobson!

HARRY WHARTON remained silent, with a thoughtful frown on his brow.

Bob Cherry looked at him without speaking. Johnny Bull gave a contemptuous snort; Nugent and the nabob were grinning. Three members of the famous Co., at all events, evidently looked upon Bunter's narrative as one more sample of his remarkable inventive powers.

"What do you think, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry at last, breaking the silence.

"Bunter's thickest yarn, so far—what?" asked Nugent.

"The thickfulness is terrific," chuckled THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 948.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The worthy and ludicrous Bunter has ex-celled himself."

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"It's true," he said quietly.

"What?"

"Rot!"

"My esteemed chum—"

"It's true, I think," said Harry. "There's a lot of things that bear it out. You think so, Bob?"

"Yes," said Bob Cherry slowly. "When that man at the gate described the car this afternoon that Zorro put Pedrillo into—"

He paused.

"What about the car?" asked Johnny Bull.

"It was an expensive, dark green car. You saw that car that Hobson's father came to Greyfriars in last week."

"Lots of cars look alike," said Johnny. "Sir James Hobson isn't the only man in Kent with an expensive, dark green car, I suppose?"

"No. But the man said that he had seen the same car on the Lantham road last week, with a tall gentleman in it who wore an eyeglass."

"Hobby's pater!" said Nugent, with a whistle.

"Well, it struck me," said Bob. "But—but to think that Hobson's pater would lend his car to Zorro for a kidnapping stunt—it seemed too thick, although—"

He paused again.

"Although what?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Although we knew already there was something between those two," said Bob. "Twice we've seen Sir James Hobson at Zorro's Circus—and it was queer, to say the least. He knows the man, we know that—and at the same time he was awfully anxious that Hobby should never see any of the circus people. And—and that day we ragged Zorro for hanging about the school, Hobby was with us, and Zorro warned him that his father wouldn't be pleased at what he was doing—"

"I remember that," said Harry.

"But it's impossible," said Nugent blankly. "Why should the father of a fellow in the Shell know or care anything about a circus acrobat? He's never even seen Pedrillo that we know of."

Wharton nodded.

"He may know something of him, all the same. The man Zorro has some strong reason for wanting to get hold of Pedrillo again. He can't want him for acrobatic stunts—he could get all the acrobats he wants—and more, for that matter. He can't want him for his company. Pedrillo's told us that he was a hard and cruel master, and never liked him. What does he want him for?"

"Goodness knows!"

"He never tried to get him back till after that day we were at Lantham," went on Wharton. "It's pretty plain that he never wanted him. That day, according to Bunter, he received orders to get him back—and it looks as if Bunter is on the wicket."

"Blessed if it doesn't begin to look like it," said Nugent. "But—but—but why?"

"It's a bit too deep for me," said Johnny Bull, shrugging his shoulders.

Wharton's brow was sombre.

"We know what the Head thinks about Pedrillo," he said. "He's kept him at Greyfriars since his accident, and put him in the Shell, and he's engaged an inquiry agent to find out if he can something about Pedrillo's people. Zorro pretends that he picked the kid

up as a starving waif, and took him in out of compassion. That doesn't agree with his being a hard master to poor old Pedrillo while the kid was at the circus. The Head's belief is that Pedrillo was kidnapped as a kid—and, in fact, there's nothing else to think. And it's pretty well proved by Zorro's anxiety to get hold of him again."

Nugent whistled.

"You're piling it on, old man!" he said. "That's all as good as saying that Sir James Hobson had a hand in the original kidnapping, and got scared at Pedrillo finding friends here who began trying to find out his relations."

"That's what I think!" said Harry.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Nothing else would account for what's happened," said the captain of the Remove. "Pedrillo fell into Zorro's hands as a mere kid, when the circus was travelling in England; he was taken to Spain, and Zorro used to beat him when he spoke English—he wanted him to forget his native language. And Pedrillo, of course, got into touch with English people whenever he could, so as not to lose his English. All that points to kidnapping. Somebody paid him to keep the kid out of the country and to keep him in ignorance of his own name. Who—if not the man who has now ordered him to get the kid away from Greyfriars at any cost?"

"I—I say, at that rate, Hobby's father must be an awful rascal!" said Nugent, aghast.

"I don't know; we don't know all the circumstances. But it does look like it," said Harry.

"But—but, if that's the case, the Head ought to know," said Frank. "Only—only he wouldn't believe it, you know."

"It sounds rather too thick," said Johnny Bull. "It begins to look true; but it's not a story I'd care to tell to the Head."

"And poor old Hobby!" said Bob. "What a frightful facer for him if it came out!"

Wharton contracted his brows.

"Least said, soonest mended," he said. "But Pedrillo is going to be got out of that scoundrel's hands—even if we have to let Hobby know about his father. But not a word at present—"

"No fear!"

Tap!

"Come in!" called out Harry, as a knock came at the study door.

It was Hobson of the Shell who entered.

The Famous Five could not help feeling and looking self-conscious. But poor Hobson was too deep in his own trouble to notice their looks. His rugged face was darkly clouded.

"Any news, old chap?" asked Harry.

"I came to tell you fellows," said Hobson. "I've just seen the Head. He's seen Inspector Grimes, from Court-field—I suppose you knew that—about Pedrillo. Now he's had some news on the telephone. Zorro's Circus is gone from Lantham, and Grimes has found it at a place about ten miles farther on towards London."

"And Pedrillo?"

"He's not there. Neither is the man Zorro. Senor Zorro has been away from the circus ever since it left Lantham, and nobody knows where he is. We jolly well know where the brute has been," went on Hobson savagely. "He's been hanging about Greyfriars, looking for a chance to nail Pedrillo. But where he is now goodness knows!"

"Then he's not taken Pedrillo back to the circus?" asked Bob.

"No; I suppose he knew the kid

would be looked for there first of all." Hobson passed his hand over his forehead. "It beats me, you chaps! What do they want him for? I dare say Zorro got him cheap as an acrobat, but that wouldn't account for it. Besides, they haven't got him at the circus now. What can they want him for? There's something behind it that a fellow can't understand."

The chums of the Remove were silent. There was something behind it that Hobson could not understand, at all events; and they hoped he never would.

"Hoskins thinks—" went on Hobson. "Hoskins is a rather cute chap, you know, though he's musical."

"What does Hoskins think?"

"Well, you know the Head believes that that Spanish scoundrel must have kidnapped poor old Pedrillo years ago, and it looks likely," said Hobson. "Of course, after so many years, the man wouldn't care much if Pedrillo cleared off—it was too late for the poor kid to find out anything—not even knowing his own name. What could he have done? Got a job in another circus, perhaps. But landing like this at Greyfriars, and making friends here, and the Head taking up his case, that made it dangerous for the awful villain who had him kidnapped, when he was a nipper—see? With the Head stirring into it, something might have come out. That's what old Hosky thinks—that the awful rotter, whoever he is, got alarmed, and made Zorro collar the kid again, just because he was among powerful friends, and the thing had become dangerous. What do you fellows think?"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

They scarcely knew what to say, and Hobby's rugged, distressed face touched them deeply.

Not for worlds would they have breathed a hint of what they suspected—or, rather, what they knew.

"You fellows think that Hoskins has hit on it?" asked the captain of the Shell. "He's jolly cute in some things."

"I—I think it's very likely," said Harry Wharton, with an effort. "But—but, in any case, Hobby, we'll get Pedrillo back all right. I'm certain of that!"

"I wish I felt certain," said Hobson. "He's such a decent chap, you know. A fellow can't help liking him. Hoskins thinks as much of him as I do, and you know what a clever chap Hoskins is. I say, that farmer's man has given the police a description of the car that was used, and another man's been found who saw it going through Woodend. From what I hear, it's a car exactly like my pater's."

"Oh!"

"Hoskins thinks that's a point, too," said Hobson. "It makes him suspect that—"

"Whom?" exclaimed Wharton, with a start.

"Oh, nobody! It makes him suspect that the car belongs to Zorro's employer—some rich rotter, you know. Hosky says it's too jolly expensive a car, from the description, to belong to a circus man. I hadn't thought of that; but old Hoskins thinks things out, you know. No end of a brain."

The juniors were silent.

"If we could find out the make of the car, Hoskins thinks an inquiry at the maker's might lead to something," said Hobson. "They might help to trace the man they sold it to. See?"

"I—I see."

"And Hoskins says my father—"

"Your father?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes; my father's car being so like it,

from the description, he says that my father may be able to help."

"Oh!"

"The pater's car is a Rolls-Royce," said Hobson. "If this car we're speaking of really is so like it, it may be a Rolls, too. Well, Hoskins suggests getting my pater to come down here in his car, and letting the two men see it, and then they may be able to say whether the car Zorro had was a Rolls—see? But—"

"But—" said Harry.

"The pater's so jolly stiff about these circus folks, and he seemed to dislike poor old Pedrillo, without even seeing him," said the distressed Hobson. "It's a bit difficult for me to ask him anything of the kind. Still, I'm thinking of it."

And, with a rather dismal nod to the chums of the Remove, James Hobson tramped out of the study with his heavy tread.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"Poor old Hobby!" said Bob Cherry, in a low voice.

"Not a word—to him, of all people!" said Harry.

"No fear!"

"If he knew that his father—" muttered Nugent.

"He mustn't know!" said Harry Wharton hastily.

"But—but Pedrillo! The kid has got to be saved from those rotters!"

"That's what we've got to think out," said Harry. "But not a word to Hobson about his pater! Poor old Hobson!"



THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Unknown!

PEDRILLO sat in the car, lost in wonder.

The big car was closed; the windows curtained; he sat in darkness, unable to obtain a glimpse of the road by which the car was travelling.

Senor Zorro was driving, and beside Pedrillo, on the cushioned seat, was the other ruffian, his grip on Pedrillo's arm.

Once the kidnapped schoolboy had called out at the sound of a passing car, but a fierce grip on his throat had silenced him.

After that he was silent, wondering.

How many miles had been covered since he had been placed in the car, since he had been taken away from the field by Redelyffe Lane, he did not know; but he knew that the distance was great. Darkness had long fallen, and still the car was whizzing on, driven by the silent, swarthy Spaniard.

Where were they taking him?

It was a mystery to the circus schoolboy why the Spaniard should seek him at all. But he had taken it for granted that Juan Zorro's motive was to force him back to the circus.

Now he realised that it was not to the circus he was being taken. It was a long journey that was being made—mile after mile had raced under the flashing wheels, and still the car was racing on. The circus had no doubt moved on from Lantham; but it could not have moved to so great a distance. But if they were not taking him to the circus, why was he taken at all—and where was he going?

Not a word was spoken by the circus proprietor, or by the burly ruffian who sat beside the kidnapped schoolboy. But the strong grip on Pedrillo's arm never relaxed.

Pedrillo could only wonder. He was not alarmed for his safety. It was only

With a scowl at the kidnapped schoolboy Zorro drew the door shut, leaving Pedrillo with the tall, sombre stranger whose face was masked with a silk handkerchief. The man broke the silence at last. "You are the boy called Pedrillo?" "Yes!" "What other name have you?" "I do not know," replied Pedrillo. (See Chapter 8.)

his liberty that was threatened. But why? That was a question to which he could find no answer.

The car slowed down at last. It halted, and Pedrillo understood that the destination, whatever it was, had been reached.

Senor Zorro alighted, and opened the door of the car.

"Get down!"

Pedrillo, still with the grip on his arm, alighted. He stared round him in the gloom.

The car had stopped by a gate. Beyond, he dimly made out the shape of a bungalow, in a garden planted with trees and shrubs. From the distance came a low, dull, booming sound, and he knew that he was near the sea.

Senor Zorro grasped his arm, and spoke in a low voice to his associate.

The circus schoolboy was led up the path to the bungalow, and as he went he heard the car driven away.

Not a single light gleamed from the building.

The Spaniard opened the door with a Yale key, drew Pedrillo into the dark building, and closed the door again.

His footsteps awoke echoes in the house; but there was no other sound. The building was untenanted.

"What is this place, senor?" asked the circus schoolboy, breaking the silence at last.

Zorro made no answer.

"You are not taking me to the circus?"

"No."

"Then why—"

"Silence!"

The Spaniard groped his way across a little hall or passage, still holding Pedrillo's arm in a grip of iron.

The circus schoolboy was led into a room, and there his captor released him.

Senor Zorro struck a match and lighted a candle.

In the light, Pedrillo could see that he was in a large room with two windows, both shuttered on the outside.

He looked at the circus proprietor.

Zorro's face was dark and surly. He gave the circus schoolboy a scowl, but no word, and stepped out into the hall again, drawing the door shut after him.

"Am I to stay here, senor?" exclaimed Pedrillo.

"Si!"

"For how long?"

There was no answer to that question; Zorro slammed the door and turned the key in the lock on the outside.

Pedrillo stood staring at the locked door, lost in amazement.

He proceeded to make an examination of the room, but very soon ascertained that there was no possibility of escape. The walls were solid enough; the window-shutters were thick, and fastened on the outside. He sat down at last to wait. His brain was almost in a whirl with amazement.

Once or twice he heard movements in the bungalow; the Spaniard was still there. Pedrillo looked at his watch: it was half past eight. At that hour the Greyfriars fellows would be at prep, Hobson and Hoskins, in Study No. 3.

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in the Shell, wondering what had become of him.

What would they think of his absence? They would guess, perhaps, that Zorro had taken him. A search might be made at the circus. But he would not be found at the circus; and who was to guess that he was a prisoner in a lonely bungalow near the coast? What did it all mean?

The minutes dragged by slowly for the imprisoned schoolboy. But he could do nothing but wait. He realised that there was something to come—that Senor Zorro was not alone in this matter. The circus proprietor could have no imaginable motive for the kidnapping; the car and the bungalow could not belong to him. Someone else was concerned in the affair—some enemy of whose existence he had never dreamed.

Pedrillo gritted his teeth.

It was Dr. Locke's belief that the boy had been kidnapped in his early years, and the Head had set on foot an inquiry. Was that the reason for this lawless act—was there someone who feared that the truth might come to light? It seemed the only possible explanation; for it was obvious that Senor Zorro was acting under orders, and that the recaptured acrobat was not to be taken back to the circus. Not, at least, so long as the travelling circus was on British soil. He was certain that Dr. Locke would cause a rigorous search to be made for him; the kind old Head, having once befriended him, would not desert him now. It would be impossible for the search to be eluded, if he was with the circus, until Senor Zorro had crossed the sea again. That was why he had been hidden in this lonely building, at the orders of his unknown enemy.

There was the sound of a motor-car at last, and Pedrillo sprang to his feet.

"He heard Senor Zorro hurry to the door of the bungalow and open it. There was a heavy tread.

"The boy is here?"

Pedrillo heard that deep voice in the passage.

"Si, senor."

"There was no pursuit?"

"No, senor."

"All is safe, then—nothing is known?"

"Nothing."

"Good!"

"The senor's orders have been carried out," said the Spaniard, in his surly, sulky voice. "Fortune favoured me to-day—the boy fell fairly into my hands. He was cycling—alone. For days and days I have been watching, and at last the chance came—better than I could have hoped."

"He was alone?"

"Si, senor."

"And no one saw?"

"Nobody."

Pedrillo grinned as he listened.

Evidently Senor Zorro had seen nothing of Billy Bunter, sitting under the hedge devouring his raided tuck; but it was fairly certain that Bunter must have seen something of the kidnapping.

"It will be guessed that the boy has fallen into your hands, Zorro."

"They will not find him at my circus, senor."

"True."

"I shall be there—I shall deny all knowledge of the boy. From this hour he is ~~in~~ your hands."

"Enough! Where is he?"

The door of Pedrillo's room was unlocked and thrown open. A tall man

in a dark overcoat stepped into the room.

Pedrillo's gaze was fastened on his face at once. But the newcomer's face was hidden from his view. A silk muffler was drawn over it, with slits cut in the silk for the eyes and the mouth, completely masking it. Pedrillo could see nothing of the man but a pair of dark, penetrating eyes.

Zorro, with another scowl at the circus schoolboy, drew the door shut. Pedrillo was left alone with the tall stranger.

For some moments the man stood looking at the boy, scanning his handsome face in the flickering candle-light.

Pedrillo stood silent under his gaze.

There was something terrifying in the tall, sombre, silent figure, and the circus schoolboy felt his heart beating faster. The man broke the silence at last:

"You are the boy called Pedrillo?"

"Yes."

"What other name have you?"

"I do not know."

"You have never known it?"

"No."

"You speak English well."

"I am English."

"How do you know that?" said the tall stranger harshly. "You come from Spain, with a travelling circus. You bear a Spanish name."

"I know that I am English," answered Pedrillo quietly. "I was a child when Senor Zorro took me into his circus, but I spoke English then; and, knowing that I was English, I have always taken care to keep up my knowledge of the language. There were English and American performers in the circus, and it was easy—though the senor used to beat me for it. But I let him beat me."

The tall stranger muttered something under his breath.

"He beat you, you say?"

"He is a cruel man," said Pedrillo.

"He beats his horses—but in Spain they do not think much of that. He beat me—he would beat anyone who was not strong enough to beat him. If I were a man—" He broke off.

"The brute!" muttered the tall man savagely.

"It is by your orders that he has taken me away from Greyfriars and brought me here," said Pedrillo.

"Greyfriars is no place for you, my boy. You belong to the circus—why should you not return to it? You are not a child now—Zorro will not beat you again. I will give him orders—I will see that you are well treated. I will see that your pay is good. You shall have an easy life—easier than you have ever known. You will return to the circus."

Pedrillo shook his head.

"Never!" he answered.

"And why not?"

"Dr. Locke has been a good friend to me," said Pedrillo. "When I was hurt in an accident at the circus the good doctor let me be taken into the school hospital. I might have died for anything that Senor Zorro would have done for me. He did not care. He has told me that long ago he took me into the circus from pity—as a homeless waif; but I know that he lied. I know that he stole me as a child, though I do not know why—and Dr. Locke believes so, too. The good doctor is trying to discover my relations—my name; he has an inquiry agent at work. I will never leave England again—never!"

"You think that you have relations in England?"

"Why not?" said Pedrillo. "Every one has relations and a name. Why not I as well as others?"

"And if you have relations, do you think that they will desire to see you—a circus performer—an uneducated waif?"

Pedrillo crimsoned.

"I hope so," he said. "I shall not disgrace them. I have made friends at Greyfriars. I have made a good friend who is one of the best fellows in the school, the son of a titled man—a baronet. He calls me his friend—he is attached to me. I know that he will be distressed by what has happened to me. If he is not ashamed to call me his friend, my relations need not be ashamed of me."

"Who is the boy you speak of?"

"His name is Hobson."

"He is your friend?"

"The best friend a fellow could have," said Pedrillo, his voice and his face softening. "I never knew what it was to have a friend—but now I know."

The penetrating eyes gleamed at him from the slits in the muffler.

"You are attached to this boy—what did you say his name was?"

"Hobson."

"You are attached to him?"

"I would die for him, if there were need," said Pedrillo.

"And you say he is attached to you?"

"He is my chum," said Pedrillo proudly. "He has been the best friend a fellow could have. He has made everything easier for me—it was very strange for me at the school, at first. I am only a circus performer, a nameless waif, I know—but he does not think of that. He has made me his friend—and he is the captain of his Form, and wealthy, and the son of a titled man. And he does not care anything about my being a nameless waif."

The tall man moved away and strode to and fro in the room for some minutes in silence.

Pedrillo watched him, every now and then catching a gleam of the penetrating eyes turned upon him.

He waited; till the man came to a halt at last.

"We are wasting time, boy. You cannot remain at Greyfriars, and you must return to Spain."

"That is not for you to decide."

"What?"

"I am my own master," said Pedrillo steadily. "If I find that I have a father, he will give me orders; until then, I take orders only from Dr. Locke, my benefactor."

"You have no father," said the tall stranger harshly. "You have no parents, and no near relations."

Pedrillo's heart throbbed.

"You know that?" he asked.

"I know it, and I tell you so."

"Then you know my name?"

"What does that matter? The name you bear is Pedrillo, and that is the name you will always bear."

"Not if the good doctor should succeed," said Pedrillo. "He is doing all that he can for me; and when Zorro is made to tell what he knows—"

"Juan Zorro does not know your name. Your name is known only to me, and you are believed to be dead," said the tall stranger. "There is no one to miss you—you have no blood relations nearer than a second cousin—and that is far enough away."

"I have a name at least," said Pedrillo.

"Enough! You will return to Spain with the circus, and you will live as you have lived before—as Pedrillo. If you consent to this, everything will be made

(Continued on page 17.)



Harry Wharton's Football Supplement

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I have managed to secure the services of some of the finest football experts in the country as contributors to our new Supplement. MAGNET readers who follow it regularly can be sure of getting the very latest and most exclusive news, interesting gossip, and information.—H. Wharton, Ed.

Flag-Kicks and Penalties

PARS ABOUT FOOTBALL MEN AND MATTERS.

By The Man in the Street.

WHEN England and Scotland first met in 1872 the gate receipts just totalled £1,000. Since then nearly £7,000 has been taken at one match between the two countries. We have not, however, found any old player who thinks that the quality of the football is now so much better than it used to be.

It is said that the selectors of the Welsh team had so much difficulty in fixing on the men to play against England that the last few places were decided by ballot, putting the names of several men into the hat. Yet that Welsh team beat England by three goals to one, and the suggestion is that the English selectors might do better if they adopted the same method.

The Wednesday of Sheffield, who have made such a good fight in the Second Division, have about the youngest team in big football. Of their regular side no man is more than twenty-seven years of age. Surely an illustration of the old adage that youth will be served.

Voice in the crowd, addressing the referee time after time with these words: "Where's your dog?" At length the referee stopped the game, and went to the spectator and asked him why he kept on shouting "Where's your dog?" "Oh," said the spectator, "I always thought blind people had a little dog to lead them!"

How does this go for an up-to-date version of an optimist—the fellow who enclosed a stamped envelope with his football forecast?

There is a movement on foot to get the wages of the footballers reduced next season, but we have not yet heard that the suggestion has met with the unanimous approval of the players.

Bert Eggo, the captain of the Reading team, recently passed the century mark for consecutive appearances for his club. Not a bad Eggo, evidently!

William Lockett, the famous forward of Northampton town, recently gave a bit of advice to footballers. "Don't go bald too soon," he said, "because it is bad tactics." On the other hand, Jock Rutherford reminds us that hair and brains cannot exist together. What are we to do?

A player named Mutch was recently secured by Walsall from Falkirk. As he is a forward, it is expected that Mutch will score more.

Even when the England v. Scotland match is played in England Scotsmen usually parade the pitch before the start of the game with bagpipes. It really isn't fair to impose such a handicap on the nerves of the English players.

The General Purposes Committee of the Norwich City Council proposes to construct a new football ground for the Norwich City Football Club with accommodation for 30,000 people. The proposed site is in Unthank Road, but the Norwich officials say "Thank you!" very heartily.

England is the only one of the four countries of the British Isles which does not call on players operating in other countries for international matches. And that may be one reason why England doesn't often win.

"Crooks Progress Arrested" was the heading in a newspaper the other day. It sounded good, but it only referred to the exit of Crook Town from the Amateur Cup Competition.

The Romance of Swansea Town!

A STORY THAT SHOULD PUT COURAGE INTO EVERY FAINT HEART.

By William Hole (*The Welsh International of the 'Swans.'*)

IT was not surprising that when, in 1912, the notion of having a real Association club in Swansea was put forward there were people who called it a "mad idea." But Mr. Owen Evans—a man who had played the Association game in North Wales—having set his hand to the plough, he decided to go through with it, in spite of the fact that the faint-hearts of Swansea did not come forward with their cash for shares to the extent which had been anticipated. Nor did the Swansea public, even after the team had started in the Second Division of the Southern League, show any great tendency to flock to the ground in their tens of thousands. Indeed, I believe I am well within the mark when I say that the total receipts in that first season did not amount to one thousand pounds. That was only fourteen years ago, yet last season the club took over thirty-five thousand pounds in gate-money. And to-day the team is playing in the Second Division, with the gate open to the very highest class of football, and has created a sensation in the Cup.

Perhaps I may recall here some red-letter days in the history of the club. I don't suppose there was any event in the story of Swansea which did so much to fire the imagination of the people of this part of the world as that ultra-dramatic victory over Blackburn Rovers in the First Round of the Cup in 1915. Before the match this newly formed Southern Second Division club at Swansea hadn't a chance—on paper. But after a most remarkable game the Swans won by a goal to nothing, to set all the world talking about them—a world outside Swansea which had never previously mentioned the name of the club. The possibilities of Swansea as a centre of Association football seemed to strike the people from that moment, and there was more wild rejoicing in the Second Round, when they held Newcastle United at Newcastle, only to be beaten in the replay.

The years of war were bad for the Swansea club as for every other football club, of course; but there was another great day in the history of the side when, at the conclusion of the conflict, Swansea Town were voted to a place in the First Division of the then Southern League. We did pretty well, too, in that first season in better company, but one of the red-letter days which I personally shall never forget was at the end of last season. Out of the last two games at home we had to get three points to make sure of promotion. Reading put up a hard fight as the first of the two clubs, and it was not until the last five minutes of the game that we scored the goal which won the contest. That left us with only one point to obtain from the visit of Exeter City to "go up." As a matter of fact, we got two, and there was not so much excitement during the match as there had been against Reading.

What a scene there was in the streets of Swansea afterwards, though! Nobody could have failed to think back over the day when the launching of the Swansea Town club was hailed as a mad idea. This scene was made in another direction—mad enthusiasm for an objective attained.

As to the reason for Swansea's rise, who can say with any certainty? Perhaps that never-say-die spirit is the real secret.



W. HOLE.

W. Hole

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The Pride of the Orient

A YOUNG CENTRE-HALF WHO HAS EARNED FAME!

By "REFEREE."

THIS is the tale of Townrow, the tall, black-headed, centre-half of Clapton Orient, and conspicuous among footballers in that he is one of the two men who has ever risen to International fame with the Lea Bridge concern. Owen Williams, outside-left, was the other; but as Owen is now with Middlesbrough, we will leave him out of the question.

I may say at once that, of all my footballing acquaintances, John Townrow occupies a place of respect and esteem in my affections. He shares with Buchan and Clay and Walker and Cunningham a little niche in my regard which I have never found occasion to alter. For Townrow, as you see him on the field of play, is just the same man off—big and strong, with a quiet forcefulness and unruffled disposition that never, under any circumstances, changes, and which, just as it has carried him a long way up the ladder of football fame, has won him a strong and lasting place in the affections of all those who know him.



J. TOWNROW,

It was while he was with the Pelly Memorial School in that district that his junior ability brought his first laurels of football fame. In 1915 he was selected by the E.S.F.A. to captain England's side against Wales, and, after giving a brilliant account of himself, was selected by the same body to represent his country against the schoolboys of Scotland.

Thus early in his career did our now famous John commence collecting honours. After the War he was signed on by "Doc" Holmes, the late manager of Clapton Orient, and as a professional in the Orient's ranks settled down to make the centre-half berth his own. Since then he has played a steady; if not a brilliant, game, and such marked improvement has he shown that last season the English selectors woke up to the fact that a budding International lay under their very noses. They therefore gave him a try-out in an English trial match. The sequel to that trial was seen in the following April when, much to everybody's surprise, John Townrow was selected as the pivot of the English team against Scotland.

Now, of course, the talk is all of Townrow. Whatever may be said of his play, everybody is in agreement that he has the big match temperament, and, possessing such, is an invaluable acquisition to any side. Probably the selectors were thinking of that when they choose him again this year to fill the centre-half berth against Wales, and probably—who knows?—it will still be in their minds when the team to meet Scotland is decided upon.

Barson and a few others may be more brilliant individually, but for all-round thoroughness and reliability John Townrow, the pride of the Orient, has no compeer. Whatever may come his way, John thoroughly deserves the honours!

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OUR QUERY CORNER.

A. B. (Carshalton).—Albert E. Pickles is the secretary of Burnley F.C. He was appointed in January, 1925, and previous to that had been associated with the club eleven years.

"Sid" (Plymouth).—The actual amount of the fee that Burnley paid for John Hill, their centre-half, has never been officially made public, but was rumoured at the time that it was close in the neighbourhood of £6,000.

"Mac" (Glasgow).—The Scottish Cup was instituted in 1873, and the first winners were Queen's Park.

J. W. A. (Swansea).—Cardiff City have won the Welsh Cup four times—in 1911-12, 1919-20, 1921-22, 1922-23.

B. W. (Salford).—The team representing the F.A. of South Africa toured England in 1924, and during that time played 26 matches, of which they won 16 and lost 10. The goal average was 82 for and 48 against.

A. McKim (Edinburgh).—The top scorer in Division I. of the Scottish League last season was Devlin, of Cowdenbeath, who finished with 33 goals to his credit. Second on the list was Gallacher, now of Newcastle United, and then of the Airdrieonians, who finished with 32. Perhaps the most praiseworthy performance of the two, however, is that of Gallacher, who registered 32 in 32 matches. It took Devlin 33 matches to collect his bag.

"Amateur" (Sydenham).—The Corinthians played 31 matches last season, of which 15 were won, 9 lost, and 7 drawn. In their Canadian-American tour during the summer months of 1924 they played 22 matches—10 drawn, 8 lost, and 4 drawn.

"Gunner" (Islington).—(1) Arsenal have never won the Cup or the championship of the League. (2) England did nothing in the last Olympic games, for the simple reason that they did not compete.

A. Jackson (Leeds).—The F.A. Cup must be restored to the Football Association by the holders before the first day of February following the year in which it was won.

"Simon" (Wednesbury).—(1) 1,192 goals were scored in the First Division last year. (2) Walsall's ground will hold 25,000.

G. R. W. (Southgate).—Have sent you a letter explaining in detail the present construction of the F.A. Cup Competition. The question is too lengthy to deal with here.

LIGHTNING SKETCHES OF FOOTER CELEBRITIES.



An impression of ALEC JACKSON, the famous Scottish International outside-right of Huddersfield Town, by Jimmy Seed of the 'Spurs.



KNOTTY problems crop up sometimes in connection with this game of football, and one of my readers has sent me one which I think is worth answering at length. The question is this: Should the footballer tell the referee when he has made a mistake over a certain decision?

It is a reader of Bolton who sends me the question, and the circumstances which gave rise to it are these: In a recent First Division match Dick Pym, the Bolton Wanderers goalkeeper, made a flying save, touching the ball with the tips of his fingers and turning it round the post. The referee gave the Bolton team a goalkick, when the proper decision should have been a corner-kick. After the game one or two critics took the Bolton goalkeeper severely to task for what they called a lack of sportsmanship on the part of Pym in not going to the referee and telling him that he should have given a corner, and not a goalkick. My correspondent wants to know if these critics were right.

My opinion is that the critics are wrong, and that to accuse the goalkeeper of Bolton Wanderers of lack of the sporting spirit because he didn't tell the referee is unfair. Examine the position carefully. The referee of a football match is appointed by the rulers of football to take charge, and to assist him in his task of giving correct decisions he has two linesmen.

Moreover, the players have been told in the straightest possible manner that they are not expected to argue with the referee over his decisions, but to accept those decisions as sportsmen without question. Personally, I think such an instruction was meant to apply to decisions given wrongly in favour of a side as well as decisions given wrongly against that team.

Suppose for a moment that Pym had gone up to the referee and told him that the decision in that particular case should have been a corner-kick, and not a goalkick. Such an act would have pointed out to the whole of the people present that the referee had made a mistake, and thus the confidence of the people in the referee would have been undermined. I know that the watchers of football often think that referees make mistakes, but it does not follow that the player is justified in pointing out to the crowd the mistakes made by the man with the whistle.

Again, supposing the goalkeeper had told the referee, and that the man with the whistle had changed his decision. Then, a few minutes later, perhaps, the referee had given a goal against the Wanderers in a mistake. Pym would have been justified in going up to the referee and telling him that he had made a blunder, and I submit that, if the referee had believed the player once and changed his decision, he would have had to believe the player a second time. Obviously, no referee could go on changing his decisions time after time because of the statement of this or that player. We should get argument matches instead of football matches.

You must remember that even on the field there is often difference of opinion as to certain incidents. I have heard players of the same side after a match arguing as to the correctness or otherwise of a decision against them. Some thought the decision a good one, others thought it a bad one. When players start to argue with a referee—and when the referee starts to listen to the players—confusion must follow as surely as the night follows the day.

So my conclusion is that it is carrying out the true spirit of sportsmanship for the players of every club to accept the decisions of the appointed official without question or argument. If every footballer carried out that ideal the task of our referees would be ever so much easier. The man with the whistle will make mistakes, but if he is worthy of the trust imposed in him the mistakes will be quite conscientious ones.



(Continued from page 12.)

easy for you—you shall prosper in every way. Is not that good enough for you?"

"No."

"If you refuse, you will be taken out of England, nevertheless, and handed over to Senor Zorro in Spain. Then he will deal as he likes with you—under orders to see that you do not escape at any cost—even at the cost of your life."

Pedrillo's lip curled.

"You cannot frighten me," he said. "Even if it is as you say, I will never leave England if I can help it. If I am taken by force, I will escape at the first opportunity."

"In that case you will have no opportunity."

"I shall take the chance."

There was a brief silence.

"You will have time to reflect upon the matter," said the tall stranger at last. "For the present you will remain here, well guarded. I shall see you again in a week, and hope to receive a different answer."

He moved to the door.

"One moment, sir!" exclaimed Pedrillo, following. "Why have you done this? Why did you give me to that ruffian when I was a child—"

"How do you know that I did so?"

"It must have been so, because you are afraid that it will all come out now that Dr. Locke has befriended me," said the circus schoolboy. "If you were not guilty you would not be afraid."

The gleaming eyes were fixed on him.

"You are afraid," repeated Pedrillo.

"Afraid of punishment for what you did then. But if you will set me free and tell me my name I shall not wish to punish you. I will forget all the harm you have done me if you will do me no more."

"Too late!" said the tall stranger. "Too late! What I did, was done for the sake of another—for my own sake I would have died sooner—it was for the sake of one worth a thousand such as you. It was a crime—and it was necessary, as it proved, for only a few years later, fortune came to me—all I needed for my boy, and more. But what is done cannot be undone—the past is the past." The man seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to Pedrillo. "It has weighed on my conscience—it has made me hard and bitter—to all the world but one! I did not know you were harshly treated." He looked at Pedrillo again. "I gave the scoundrel instructions that you should receive every care and kindness—he has drawn my pay all these years for that, and he has deceived me, from what you say. Listen! If you choose, you shall not return to the circus—you shall never see Zorro or Spain again. You shall go to America—you shall be rich—all that you have lost shall be restored to you—if you will be silent, and never return to England. Is not that good enough for you?"

Pedrillo shook his head.

"Take your choice, then!" said the tall stranger savagely. And he strode from the room, and the door was closed and locked again.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton's Problem!

"POOR old Hobby!"

Bob Cherry made that remark a few days later in the quadrangle at Greyfriars.

The Famous Five were walking in the quad after morning class, when Hobson and Hoskins of the Shell passed them.

James Hobson was looking gloomy and glum. Hoskins was trying to cheer him up, and the juniors caught the words "minor ninths," as Hoskins passed. Claude Hoskins was on his favourite topic, which apparently had a consoling and cheering effect upon himself. But it seemed to have no effect whatever upon Hobson of the Shell, who, as a matter of fact, was not even listening.

The days had passed without any news of Pedrillo.

Dr. Locke had taken every possible measure. The police had visited the Spanish Circus more than once—but they had not seen Senor Zorro. No doubt the Spanish showman had learned in time that the kidnapping of Pedrillo had been witnessed, and he had taken care to keep away from the circus.

Both Zorro and his victim had vanished utterly; no trace had been found of the dark green car. It was as if the circus schoolboy had disappeared into space.

Only Harry Wharton & Co. possessed a clue, in their knowledge of Sir James Hobson's intervention in the matter.

So far, they had kept their knowledge to themselves.

Whatever might be the baronet's motive, if really he was at the bottom of the kidnapping, it was impossible to suppose that any bodily harm was intended to Pedrillo. He was a prisoner somewhere, but he was in no personal danger. The certainty of that much gave the juniors time to think over the matter.

Billy Bunter, certainly, knew a good deal of the matter, but having passed on his knowledge to the captain of the Remove, Bunter was giving it no further thought.

If there was anything to be done, and any risk to be taken, Bunter's view was that it was up to Wharton, and he was quite content to leave it at that.

Indeed, after a few days Bunter had almost forgotten the matter; his fat mind was concentrated upon a postal-order that he was expecting—a much more important matter, to Bunter's mind.

Wharton thought the matter over a great deal and discussed it with his chums, but it was hard to see clearly.

To make such an accusation against a man in Sir James Hobson's position was serious enough, and if it came to proof, what proof was to be adduced? Chiefly the evidence of a young rascal who had overheard a conversation not intended for his ears.

The thousand little circumstances which confirmed the juniors in their belief would weigh little if repeated to others. It was scarcely probable that Dr. Locke would take such a story seriously.

But even that was not the chief difficulty. It was the fact that the suspected man was Hobson's father.

Hobson of the Shell missed his chum sorely. Even his interest in games seemed to have slackened down in his distress of mind. But what would Hobson's state of mind be if he learned that his father—the father whom he loved and respected—had had a hand in the kidnapping of his chum?

He would not believe it—he could not believe it! But if he was forced to believe it, what then?

Harry Wharton shrank from the thought of it.

He was on the horns of a dilemma. If he told the story and it was not credited no good could be done. If the suspicion was unfounded the less said about it the better. But if the story was taken seriously, and investigation proved it to be true, it would be an absolutely crushing blow for poor Hobson.

If matters were as the Famous Five believed, Sir James Hobson was a conspirator; he had outraged the law. The matter could scarcely be brought to light without the baronet's arrest following.

That meant the end of all things for Hobson of the Shell—a flood of shame and disgrace against which he could never again hold up his head. He would have to leave Greyfriars; he would never be able to look a Greyfriars fellow in the face again. Hobson of the Shell—rugged old Hobby, whom everybody liked, who never had an enemy—one of the best fellows at Greyfriars—branded for life as the son of a man stained with crime! Wharton's heart failed him as he thought of it.

"We can't act in a hurry, anyhow," he told his comrades, and they fully agreed.

"After all, the kid must be safe if it's really Hobby's pater at the bottom of it," said Bob Cherry. "Goodness knows what his game is, but he can't really be a villain. The kid's safe; and he'd rather wait, if he knew, than have his best chum ruined."

"If he knew, I believe he'd stand anything rather than have old Hobby disgraced for life," said Wharton. "I'm sure of it. Poor old Hobby! After all, they can't get the kid out of England, with the police hunting for him. We've got time."

"Only, what's to be done?" said Nugent.

"We've got to think it out."

"The thoughtfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "but the resultfulness does not seem to be great."

"Pedrillo may be found," said Harry. "That man Zorro is a foreigner. He will be noticed. He can't stay in hiding for ever. Pedrillo may be found without our chipping in at all."

"But if he isn't?"

Wharton's brows contracted.

"We shall have to do something. But Hobson's name will have to be kept out of it somehow."

"Poor old Hobby!"

Harry Wharton crossed over to Hobson of the Shell as he walked under the elms with the comforting Hosky.

Hobson gave him a glum look.

"No news?" he said.

"No," said Harry. "But you were saying the other day you thought of asking your father—"

"I've asked him. He has written to me that he has no time to come to Greyfriars, and that he is assured that Pedrillo has gone back to his friends, and that it is the best thing that could have happened."

"Oh!" said Harry.

"Of course, the pater doesn't know old Pedrillo," said Hobson. "He thinks he's some outsider, not knowing him, you know. I wish he could have seen him. Too late now!"

"Rotten!" said Hoskins.

"Not that it would be any good, as

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it happens, for the purpose I was thinking of," said Hobson. "I told the pater about Hosky's idea to show his car to the two men here who saw the kid-nappers' car. They might have been able to say whether it was the same make, and it would be a bit of a clue. Hosky thought so, didn't you, Claude?"

Claude Hoskins nodded.

"But the pater told me that he's sold his car," said Hobson, "so it wouldn't be any good. He's got a new car now—a Daimler. So that idea's knocked on the head."

"Rotten!" said Wharton.

He left Hobson with a thoughtful shade on his brow. If he had needed any further proof to convince him he had it now. Sir James Hobson had sold his car, and Wharton had no doubt whatever that he had sold it after hearing from his son that the police were seeking a dark green expensive car that had been seen near Greyfriars. Had Hoskins' idea been carried out Wharton had no doubt that the two witnesses would have recognised Sir James Hobson's car, and the baronet was not likely to put the matter to the test! Poor Hobson little dreamed of the effect his unsuspecting letter must have had on his father's mind. He was not likely to dream that in seeking to discover the kidnapper of his chum he was tracking down his own father!

Wharton bit his lip hard.

What was to be done was still a perplexing problem to him, but one thing seemed clear to his mind; he could not let fall the terrible blow that impended over the unsuspecting head of Hobson of the Shell.

It was by dint of hard thinking that Harry Wharton came to a decision at last, and that evening a letter was written in Study No. 1 addressed to Sir James Hobson, Baronet, in London, and duly posted in the school letter-box. And then the chums of the Remove waited patiently for what would come of it. And while they waited there was still no news of Pedrillo of the Shell. Still it seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed up the circus schoolboy without leaving a trace behind.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Putting It Straight!

"WHARTON!"

"Hallo, Hobby!"

"Bit of a surprise for you," said Hobson of the Shell.

James Hobson was looking surprised himself. In fact, he was looking amazed as he came up to Harry Wharton in the quadrangle on Saturday afternoon.

Wharton eyed him curiously. He was not surprised himself, though Hobson evidently expected it. He had seen a handsome Daimler car glide in at the gates, and he knew that Sir James Hobson was at Greyfriars again.

"What is it, Hobby?" he asked.

"My father's come—"

"Has he?" murmured the captain of the Remove.

"Yes. Only the other day he told me he had no time to come down to the school, and now he's butted in quite suddenly," said Hobson, with a perplexed brow. "But the odd thing is he wants to see you."

"Does he?"

"I didn't know you knew my pater, except by sight, of course," said

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Hobby. "But he's asked for you—Wharton, that's the name—and you're the only giddy Wharton at Greyfriars. Will you come in and see him?"

"Pleased," said Harry.

"He's in the visitors' room, waiting for you," said Hobby. "I'm afraid he's a bit—a bit—a bit crusty to-day. Fellows often misunderstand my pater—he's a bit crusty on the outside sometimes, but no end of a sportsman, really."

Harry Wharton smiled.

The captain of the Shell was not only surprised that his father desired to see Wharton, but seemed a little uneasy lest Wharton might find him particularly "crusty."

"It's all serene, Hobby," said the Removee. "I'll come in with pleasure—trot on."

"Jolly queer that he wants to see a Remove kid, isn't it?" said the puzzled Hobby as they walked to the House.

"I think your father knows my uncle, Colonel Wharton," said Harry.

"Oh, that may be it—a message or something. Don't mind if my pater snaps a bit—his bark is worse than his bite."

"I sha'n't mind," said Harry, smiling.

"Well, here you are," said Hobson as they reached the door of the visitors' room. "Father, here's Wharton."

"Thank you, James."

Wharton entered, and a tall gentleman rose to his feet from a seat by the window, and an eyeglass was turned on the captain of the Remove. Hobson lingered in the doorway.

"Do you want me, father?"

"No, James."

"Then I'll cut."

"Do!" said the baronet briefly.

And James Hobson accordingly "cut."

Harry Wharton closed the door of the visitors' room, and came across towards the tall baronet, his heart beating a little fast. But he was quite cool and collected.

Sir James Hobson stood like a rock, tall, commanding, grim, unbending. His eyes seemed to glint at the junior from his hard, grim, unsmiling face.

"You are Harry Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wrote a letter to me?"

"Yes."

"Concerning some circus waif who was taken into the school, and has since disappeared?"

"Yes, sir—Pedrillo," said Harry.

"You hint in your letter that I may be able to assist in the search for this missing boy?"

"I did not want to put it more plainly in writing, sir," said Harry. "I should have had to do so if you had not consented to come here and speak to me about it."

The baronet's jaw squared.

"I fail to understand you, Wharton—if that is your name. For what reason can you possibly suppose that I know anything of this nameless waif, whom I have not even seen at the school?"

"If you had known nothing of him, sir, you would not have come here in answer to my letter," answered Harry Wharton quietly, "and if you have not seen Pedrillo at the school, you cannot say that you have not seen him elsewhere."

"How can I have seen him?" exclaimed Sir James Hobson harshly. "What do you mean? Is this merely impertinence?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir."

"Then what do you mean? Speak plainly!" rapped out the baronet.

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"I will speak plainly, sir. Zorro, the circus man, was induced, or ordered, to kidnap Pedrillo, and take him away from the school by—"

"By whom?"

"You, sir!" said Harry.

Sir James Hobson stared at him, his face changing. Wharton saw his fingers clenching convulsively, in the effort he made to master his emotion.

"Are you mad, boy?" exclaimed the baronet at last.

"No."

"Do you want me to take you to your headmaster, and demand a severe punishment for this reckless insolence?"

"No, sir," said Harry quietly. "I hope that Dr. Locke need be told nothing, for Hobson's sake."

"For my son's sake?" repeated the baronet. "Do you mean that you are a friend of my son?"

"Not exactly a friend—we're in different Forms; and we have rows enough at times," said Harry. "But everybody at Greyfriars is Hobby's friend, more or less—everybody likes him!"

"Indeed," said Sir James, his hard face softening a little. "I am glad to hear that my boy is so popular."

"I've been no end troubled about this, sir, between knowing what I ought to do for Pedrillo, and being afraid to disgrace poor old Hobby," said Wharton.

"Disgrace! Do you dare to mention that word in connection with my son?"

"It is your fault, and not mine, sir, that I have to use such a word," said Harry calmly. "If it came out that Hobson's father had caused a boy to be kidnapped, it would brand him for life with disgrace. He would be done for at Greyfriars."

"How dare you suggest that I have done such a thing?"

"Because it is the truth," answered Wharton. "Because your talk with Senor Zorro, when you gave him orders at Lantham, was overheard, and for other reasons."

Sir James Hobson winced. He almost staggered to a chair and sat down in it. Wharton remained standing, facing him.

"Overheard?" breathed the baronet.

"Yes, sir. Why you have done this I don't know—you have some reason, I know, but it's a mystery to me. You know where Pedrillo is, and you must send him back to Greyfriars."

"Boy!"

It seemed, for a moment, that the baronet would strike the cool, resolute face of the junior standing before him. Wharton did not flinch, and the baronet's arm dropped to his side again.

"Have you said anything of this—this absurd suspicion, to my son?" asked Sir James; and his voice was almost husky.

"Not a word. It was to save him from knowing anything about it that I wrote to you," said Harry. "But for that I should have spoken out long ago."

Sir James Hobson sat silent for a few moments, staring hard at the junior.

"What do you know—or think you know?" he asked at last.

"I know that you directed Senor Zorro to get Pedrillo away from Greyfriars at any cost," said Harry. "I know that you lent him your car for the kidnapping. There are two men in

ANSWERS

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the neighbourhood who could identify that car if they saw it. I am quite sure that you have sold the car for that reason. There are other circumstances—"

"A childish tale."

"I may be mistaken," said Harry quietly. "If I am mistaken, there can be no harm in my going to the Head, or to Inspector Grimes at Courtfield, and telling all I know, or think I know. It is for Hobson's sake that I have said nothing. But if you, Hobson's father, tell me that there is nothing to be feared for Hobson—"

"Then you will keep this suspicion to yourself?"

Wharton smiled faintly.

"No, sir! I shall go to Inspector Grimes."

"And relate this absurd fable to the police?"

"If it is an absurd fable, so much the better," said Harry. "I leave it to you to decide, Sir James. If you know where Pedrillo is, and can send him back to Greyfriars, I shall make it a point to forget about the whole matter. I shall never speak a word of it. But if you tell me you can do nothing, I am bound to go to Inspector Grimes and tell him what I know—or what I think I know."

Wharton waited.

The baronet was in a cleft stick, and he knew it, and the junior knew it. There was only one answer that Sir James Hobson could make—now that he knew what the Greyfriars' junior knew.

There was a long silence.

The captain of the Remove waited patiently. If his suspicions, or rather certainty, was unfounded, it was obvious that Sir James would care nothing whether he went to the inspector at Courtfield or not. Indeed, if Sir James had nothing to fear, it was certain that he would proceed to Dr. Locke and demand the punishment of the junior who had insulted him.

But if the baronet was guilty, he had only one course to take—he dared not let what Wharton knew become known to the police. Above all, he dared not let it become known to his son. He dared not let the shadow of shame fall upon the boy who was all in all to him. If he was guilty, Wharton was offering him a chance to save his son from the shame of that guilt; a chance that would not recur.

"What do you ask of me?" said the baronet at last, in a low, shaken voice. "Suppose—suppose I can discover what has become of the boy, and help him to return to the school? Let us suppose that such a thing is possible. That ends the matter?"

"So far as I am concerned, yes," said Harry. "But—"

"But what?" said Sir James harshly.

"Dr. Locke has instituted an inquiry to discover Pedrillo's name and family. You must know who and what Pedrillo is, or you would not have acted as you have done. Now that I know that, I am compelled to let Pedrillo know in what direction to look to find out the truth. If you will not tell him what you know about his name and family, I must tell him, or the Head, that you have the knowledge, so that inquiry may be made in the right quarter."

Another long silence.

Sir James Hobson scanned the junior's face with something of wonder in his own.

The junior's knowledge of the facts was a stunning blow to him; it came

like a bolt from the blue. It mattered little how Wharton had learned so much—it was obvious that he knew; the baronet's cool, hard mind grasped that at once.

A few minutes' reflection convinced Sir James Hobson that he was beaten at every point; beaten by a junior schoolboy of the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars. It was bitter enough; but the hard, grim man wasted no time in futile anger.

He broke the silence at last.

"Have you spoken of this matter to anyone?"

"My friends know—but they are safe; they will say nothing, any more than I shall, if justice is done to the circus boy."

Sir James Hobson smiled grimly.

"I admit nothing," he said.

"I do not want you to admit anything, sir," said Harry Wharton. "I want you to admit nothing at all—to

his name and parentage. Whatever can be done, I shall do. Does that satisfy you, Master Wharton?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"I shall lose no time," said Sir James, rising. "You may tell my son, Master Wharton, that I have decided to engage in the search for the missing boy, Pedrillo, and that I hope to be successful."

"I will tell him, sir."

"Very good."

With that, and without another word, the baronet walked out of the room. His hard face was composed, almost expressionless, as he went out to his car.

A good many Greyfriars fellows glanced at the tall gentleman, sitting upright as a ramrod in the handsome Daimler, as the car glided away. No one guessed the thoughts that were passing behind the cold, hard mask of a



"Why you have caused Pedrillo to be kidnapped, I don't know," said Wharton quietly. "But you must send him back to Greyfriars." "Boy!" It seemed for a moment that Sir James Hobson would strike the cool, resolute face of the junior. (See Chapter 10.)

say nothing. I want Pedrillo to have his rights, whatever they are; that ends it."

Another long silence.

"My son seems attached to this boy Pedrillo," said Sir James at length. "He has written to ask me to make some move in searching for him. I have decided to accede to my son's request."

Wharton made no reply.

If the baronet chose to put it like that, it mattered little. In fact, the junior was glad to allow the defeated man to save his face as much as possible.

"I shall make every effort to trace the boy," continued Sir James Hobson. "as my son is attached to him, I shall make it my duty to do so. I hope that I shall be successful. I hope that, in finding him and helping him to return to Greyfriars, I may also be able to make some discovery with regard to

face. Least of all could Hobson of the Shell have guessed—and Hobson of the Shell was never to know.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Righted At Last!

"I SAY, you fellows!" yelled Billy Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"He's come back!"

"Who, fathead?"

"Pedrillo!"

"Hurray!"

It was Wednesday afternoon; four days since Sir James Hobson's visit to Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton and Co. had waited patiently. On Monday, Hobson of the Shell had left Greyfriars to go home, with special leave from the Head.

The chums of the Remove wondered
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whether Hobby's visit to his home had any connection with the baronet's "search" for the missing circus schoolboy.

It seemed very probable.

Hoskins of the Shell, deprived now of both his chums, comforted himself with minor ninths and consecutive fifths in the study, and with fantasias in F and marches in G major, in the music-room. With these weird resources to console him, Hoskins bore it very well.

Claude Hoskins was even now in the music-room, deriving solace from a terrific concatenation of unessential discords, when the news spread that Pedrillo had come back. To Hosky's credit, he it said, that although he was in the midst of a little thing of his own, he abandoned the suffering piano at once, and blessed silence descended on the music-room as he rushed out to greet his chums.

Harry Wharton and Co. gathered round the taxi that had brought Pedrillo from the station. Hobson of the Shell descended from the taxi with the circus schoolboy.

Hobby's rugged, simple face was beaming. Pedrillo looked very bright.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Here we are again!"

"Hobby, old chap—Pedrillo!" gasped Hoskins.

"Hurray!"

Hobson grinned joyfully.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed. "Let me introduce this chap——"

"Eh! We know the chap, don't we?" said Harry Wharton, shaking hands with Pedrillo.

"You jolly well don't!" chuckled Hobson. "You think you do, old man, but you don't. It's my Cousin Peter!"

"What?"

"Which?"

"How?"

"My hat!"

There was a buzz of astonishment.

"Ain't you my cousin Peter, old bean?" chortled Hobson, giving Pedrillo a joyful slap on the back.

"Ow!" gasped Pedrillo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ain't you?" roared Hobson.

"Si, si! Vedad! I mean yes, it is true," said Pedrillo. "Amigos, it is true! Hobson's father—my Uncle Hobson——"

"His Uncle Hobson!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Great pip!"

"My Uncle Hobson found me," said Pedrillo. "At least, he found Zorro,

and forced him to tell where I was, and fetched me away—that is, he made Zorro fetch me away and hand me over to him. As soon as he saw me he recognised me. Then he found out that I was his relation, and Hobson's relation. It's wonderful!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

They had wondered what was the truth of the strange mystery, but they had not expected this.

"Well, my only hat!" said Johnny Bull. "It beats the band!"

"The beatfulness is terrific."

"I am glad, but I am sorry," said Pedrillo, smiling.

"Sorry?" gasped Hoskins. "What are you sorry about, kid?"

"I am glad—very glad—that I am Hobson's relation——"

"Hear, hear!" grinned the joyous Hobby.

"But I am sorry that it will be a bad thing for Hobson in a way——"

"Rot!" said Hobby. "What do I care about the rotten money, you ass?"

"The money?" repeated Wharton.

"Hobson will lose half the fortune that would have come to him now that I have been found," said Pedrillo, with a cloud on his happy face. "I do not like that——"

"Bosh!" bawled Hobson.

"Oh, that accounts for the giddy milk in the jolly old coconut!" murmured Bob Cherry.

It was clear enough to the chums of the Remove now. They knew why Pedrillo had been kidnapped long years before; they knew why Sir James Hobson had schemed and run risks to keep him from discovering his name and his family.

Not a suspicion was in Pedrillo's mind of the true identity of the masked man who had seen him at the lonely bungalow. Not a suspicion occurred to honest old Hobson that there was anything more in the matter than met the eye. It was better so.

"I must go to the Head now," said Pedrillo. "Sir James has written to tell him of the discovery he has made. I owe it all to the Head's kindness. Had he not taken me in as he did this would never have been found out. And next to the Head I owe it all to Hobby, who made his father take up the search for me."

Harry Wharton smiled.

Pedrillo did not dream of what he owed to the captain of the Remove in the matter—and Wharton was not likely to tell him.

"Come on, Peter Hobson!" grinned Hobson of the Shell. "You're not Pedrillo any more; you're Hobson II.—see?"

And Hobson II. walked into the House with Hobson I. The Greyfriars fellows were left in a buzz.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, when the Famous Five were alone. "This does beat Banagher! Jolly glad it's turned out all right."

"Yes, rather!" said Harry.

"The gladfulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled up to the Famous Five. "I say, what do you think of this? I say, all that I told you in the study the other day was true—every word of it! And yet it turns out that old Hobson is Pedrillo's uncle, and he's found him and rescued him. It doesn't seem to fit together somehow."

"It doesn't!" grinned Nugent.

Bunter blinked anxiously at the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows, don't say anything about what I told you. It would sound—hem!—just as if I'd made it up,

"MAGNET" PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 31—Gerald Assheton Loder, Prefect.



The most unpopular Sixth-Former in all Greyfriars, Loder seems to take a delight in showing the worst side of his nature and in abusing his position as prefect. A bully of the first water, vindictive, unnaturally ambitious and unscrupulous, Loder would soon be stripped of his powers if the authorities at Greyfriars knew his real character. Enjoys the society of Carne and Walker, also prefects and "birds of a feather." If he knew what the term "sporting" really meant Loder would shine to advantage on the playing fields for he is quite a decent footballer and cricketer. As it is his vicious temper often spoils his play. His "sporting" propensities in other directions have, in more than one case, nearly ended in his being expelled from the school.

in these circumstances. It was all true, though I'm blessed if I understand how it's turned out like this! But Hobby would be frightfully wild if he heard anything of the kind."

"He would!" agreed Wharton.

"Keep it dark, you know," said Bunter anxiously. "Now that Pedrillo's back again there's no need to say anything. See?"

"I see!" assented the captain of the Remove.

"Hobby would pitch into me——"

"Very likely."

"He might tell his pater, and his pater might go to the Head and get me a flogging," said Bunter anxiously. "You see, nothing could be proved now that it turns out that it was Hobby's father who got Pedrillo away from the kidnappers. It would look as if I'd been making up a yarn, you know."

"And you hadn't?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"No!" roared Bunter.

Harry Wharton smiled.

"We'll keep it dark, of course, Bunter," he said.

"You see, I was speaking to you in confidence, wasn't I?" urged Bunter, in great anxiety.

"Of course!"

"And you won't say a word?"

"Not a syllable!"

Bunter breathed more freely.

"Honour bright?" he asked.

"Honour bright!" answered the Famous Five solemnly.

"That's all right, then!" said Bunter. And the Owl of the Remove rolled away, comforted. And the Famous Five grinned.

There was a celebration in Hobson's study at tea-time. Harry Wharton & Co. were specially invited as friends of Pedrillo, and there were half a dozen of the Shell. Hobson had apparently brought back to Greyfriars a handsome tip from his pater, for the study table was fairly stacked with good things. Hobson and Pedrillo and Hoskins beamed with good humour; and as somebody had hidden Hosky's fiddle and there could be no musical honours all the other fellows beamed, too.

Over the festive board Pedrillo told the story of his kidnapping so far as he knew it.

He had spent days and days shut up in a lonely bungalow—he did not know where. Zorro, the Spaniard, had taken him away at last and handed him over to Sir James Hobson. He had been taken in a closed car, and did not know where he had been kept a prisoner.

But that mattered little; for Pedrillo, in his happiness, had no desire to punish the kidnappers, and Sir James Hobson had advised him to let the matter drop where it was. Harry Wharton & Co. were not surprised to hear that detail.

"It seemed like a dream to me when Hobby's father told me who I was," said Pedrillo. "He recognised me—he was sure of it. Fancy Hobby's father being the one to find it all out!"

"Fancy!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"My pater is no end of a sportsman really," said the loyal Hobson. "He is a bit crusty at times, and fellows mis-judge him. But he's no end of a sportsman. Look at the way he landed on Zorro and made him hand Peter over, when the police could do nothing—simply nothing!"

"Downy old bird!" agreed Hoskins.

"I should have thought that he would want to give the kidnappers jip, though," said Stewart of the Shell.

"He looks like that," said Hoskins, with a nod.

"He was so happy to find me, for

Hobby's sake," said Pedrillo simply. "He is really a kind-hearted man, isn't he, Hobby?"

"You bet!" said Hobson. "Only fancy, you fellows, that Pedrillo—I mean Peter—is a kid cousin of mine who was kidnapped when he was a nipper, and was supposed to be drowned! I'd heard of him, you know; but you can bet I never dreamed I'd ever see him. And here he is, by Jove! His death was presumed, as the lawyers say, because the body was never found—and here's the jolly old body, healthy enough—what?"

"And there was money in the case, was there?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Lots!" said Hobson. "It was queer, too! You see, that was before my father came into the title and the Hobson money. We were pretty hard up in those days, I can tell you—when I was a nipper. And all my cousin Peter's money came to us, and set us going all right. It was years after that that my pater came into the baronetcy, and ten thousand a year along with it."

"I—I see!" murmured Wharton.

"Of course, Peter's money will all be accounted for—every penny!" said Hobson of the Shell. "We've got enough without bagging any of Peter's, luckily—though it wasn't so at one time. Peter will have as much as I shall when he's of age."

"But I do not like——" began Pedrillo.

"Rats!" said Hobson cheerily. "But I say, isn't my pater a real sportsman? Some men wouldn't be glad to see a giddy lost relation turn up like this and bag such a whacking sum of money—what?"

"Some wouldn't!" agreed Wharton.

"Not my pater, though; he's jolly glad!"

"Oh!"

"So am I," said Hobson. "No end glad! What does the money matter? Here's my cousin Peter, worth tons of it! Ain't you, Peter?"



Hobson held the door open for Pedrillo to alight. "Let me introduce this chap," he said. "We know him, don't we?" said Wharton. "You jolly well don't," chuckled Hobson. "It's my cousin Peter!" (See Chapter 11.)

"Verdad?" smiled Pedrillo. "I hope so, Hobby."

It was a merry party in Hobson's study.

Harry Wharton & Co. were smiling when they left, after the spread was over.

In Study No. 1 in the Remove they looked at one another.

"All serene now!" said Bob.

"The serenity is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "And the silentfulness of our esteemed selves is also to be terrific, my ludicrous chums."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Not a word!" he said. "Not a syllable! But Hobby's pater must be a pretty hard case! I fancy it was for Hobby's sake that he did it, but—but—well, as justice has been done it's better for everybody's sake that nothing should come out. I dare say his conscience has given him some punishment, too."

"Must have, if he's got any," said Johnny Bull. "Anyhow, punishment would hurt Hobby more than it would hurt him—and it would hurt Pedrillo, too! Least said soonest mended!"

"Anyhow, it's not for us to say anything," said the captain of the Remove. "Silence is golden! Let's forget it."

"A still tongue is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well, and saves a stitch in time," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And from that hour the Famous Five said no word on the subject even among themselves, and did their best to forget what they knew—what was never to be known to Hobson of the Shell, or to his newly-found cousin, Hobson II., once Pedrillo of the Circus.

THE END.

(Now look out for "The Temptation of Peter Hazeldene!"—next week's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co. It's a winner, boys.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 948.

Like some huge shadow a mysterious, nameless vessel steals across the North Sea, leaving in its wake a trail of havoc and destruction. In hushed tones the fisher folk refer to it as ———



The Opening Chapters of an Amazing New Detective Serial, featuring Ferrers Locke and his boy assistant, Jack Drake.

Out of the Mists!

THE steam-trawler *North Star*, bearing the letters *LT* on her funnel, above the number, thus denoting that she fished out of Lowestoft, rolled sullenly in the troubled sea as she steamed slowly ahead, her trawl down, and the Carr fishing fleet diligently following her lead.

The *North Star* was the vessel of the admiral of the fleet, and the admiral was the finest fisherman on the banks. Blaize Proctor was his name, and though now a grey-bearded, peace-loving man of fifty-eight, in his smacksman's days he had been a bit of a terror, thus earning for himself the name of "Blazes" Proctor.

He stood in the glass-windowed wheel-house, staring towards the east. By his side stood the mate of the trawler, a burly hulk of a man with a big red scar down the right side of his face, the legacy of a wild scene in a smack years before, in which Proctor, too, had played his part. Scar Hosking was the name of this man, and he was second only to Blaize Proctor in his knowledge of the banks.

"Thickenin' up!" muttered the skipper, as he watched the darkness falling. "Nothing new for the Dogger, this, but a thick night's no good for fishing. If we get real fog, so that the fleet can't see our lights, I'll signal to lie to till it clears."

"This'll be the sort o' weather for our passengers to see something excitin', skipper," said the mate, accompanying his words with a guffaw.

"Ye mean the Phantom?"

"Ay, an' I do! 'Tis nights when the weather's been thick like this that that durned Iclander has come flittin' about amongst the Carr boats."

Skipper Proctor shook his head slowly, with a rather worried expression on his face.

"I fear nothing on land or sea but two things, Scar, an' that's fog an' the Phantom," he said. "Well, keep the

deck, will 'ee, and let me know if the fishin' lights astern become invisible. Then I'll order the haul, 'an' signal the fleet to lie to. I'll get below for a spell."

Scar Hosking nodded, and Skipper Proctor left the wheel-house. As he passed down to the deck, Hosking looked askant at the hand at the wheel, and the latter replied with a like glance. There was meaning in it.

Blaize Proctor, rolling to the motion of the big trawler, passed aft to his state-room, a palatial little apartment which would not have been amiss as the cabin of the captain of a big steamship. He opened the door and passed into the place, which was brilliantly lit by electricity.

At the little table sat two people, and Proctor rumbled a laugh in his beard as he took off his sou'-wester and threw it on to a locker, meeting the eyes of his "passengers" as he did so.

"It's prime weather for the Phantom, sir," he said, as he sat down.

"You think she'll show up?" asked Ferrers Locke, the famous Baker Street detective, for it was he; and his companion was Jack Drake, his live-wire boy assistant.

"Almost sure to," replied Proctor. "But not for an hour or two. She was nowhere visible before dark, but I reckon she was lurkin' about beyond the horizon somewhere."

The owner of the fleet of which Skipper Proctor was admiral—John Carr—had sought the services of Ferrers Locke in an endeavour to get to the bottom of this mystery of the Phantom of the Dogger. The Phantom was a big steam trawler, a boat of great power, and of the design which trawlermen know as "Iclander." She could outpace any trawler on the banks, and, though she had been built for trawling in the the bitter waters of the Far North, it appeared as if all her activities were directed towards the Dogger Bank. This, as John Carr and his trawler-masters knew to their cost, was to cause damage and destruction to Carr boats

and gear whenever safe opportunity to do so presented itself.

Thus it came about that Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake had "signed on" for a trip on the *North Star*, in order to start their investigations in the case, which promised to be particularly difficult and baffling. Although they had signed as trawler-hands—this, of course, because trawlers are not registered as passenger ships—all the crew of the *North Star* realised that they were really passengers. Sightseers on the trawlers are not uncommon, so the presence of Locke and Drake, unknown, of course, in their real capacity, except to Proctor, caused none but the usual comment: "Go out on the banks fishin' for fun, and ye'd go to blazes for a pastime!"

"Well, you'll tell us when we should get out on deck and watch?" said Locke.

Proctor nodded.

"Ay, ay!" he said. "We'll keep our trawls down unless it thickens up more. But I'm warnin' ye, ye'll see no more than we have, scores o' times. Just the white, ghost-like outline o' the Phantom, which will appear to starboard or to port, pass by, and then nothing for a bit, till we begin to get signals from the fleet that gear has been lost or damage caused in some way."

The detective and Proctor discussed the case for some time.

"I fancy we'd better get out, sir, an' watch," said the skipper at last, glancing at the clock as he spoke.

Ferrers Locke and Drake rose, donned oilskins and sou'-westers, and at the heels of Proctor passed out into the clammy night air.

The steamer was still lurching on at slow gait, the motion denoting that the gear was dragging heavily in fairly deep water.

The three walked to the lee veranda, just under the wheel-house, and stood there expectantly, the mist-wraiths coming out of the darkness forward, twirling round them and the wheel-house, then passing astern, to be swallowed up

in the darkness there, as the trawler slowly bored her way onwards.

There was something forbidding and sinister about everything, it seemed. But that was due to the tension of the moment. The occasional swash of the water at a heavier wallow of the trawler would have excited no notice normally. But now it seemed an ugly and sinister sound. The men, whispering forward near the winch, would, in ordinary times, have talked loudly. It was weather for the Phantom, and all aboard expected her.

Jack Drake peered astern at the misty glow of the fishing-lights carried by the other boats of the fleet. They seemed to nod and dip to each other as the big fleet drew its trawls across the sand. Occasionally a few of the lights would be blotted from view by a heavier patch of mist. But they would appear again, misty, each with its own halo, and weirdly continue their nodding and dipping.

For a tense half-hour the men watched, occasionally an extra thick swirl of mist-wreaths making a stir amongst them. But they were all false alarms. No Phantom appeared.

The time was getting on. They would be hauling trawls soon, and, with the gear stowed on the trawlers' decks, even the Phantom could do them no harm. And the whispers of the men strengthened to ordinary talking gradually.

"She'll no come the night," the three at the lee veranda heard from forward.

"I reckon it promised to be too thick, an' she'd find us with our trawls stowed. That's why."

"Don't be too sure yet, mate!"

Again a period of silence. Then all were frozen suddenly to tense attention. An ominous "slough-slough" sounded from ahead, coming down the wind, the unmistakable sound of a powerful cut-water tearing into the waves at speed. A vessel without lights steaming straight for them. Nearer—

A warning came from the look-outs forward. Sea-boots thumped heavily on the iron decks as the men rushed aft. A babble of talk broke out—alarmed shouts, nervous mutterings.

"The Phantom! The Phantom! She's nigh, skip, an' goin' to pass to port!"

"Stand by all, an' try to recognise something about her!" Skipper Proctor's voice bellowed out above all the rest.

"By heaven, she's close!"

"There she is! I see her, sir!", exclaimed Jack Drake swiftly, pointing to port. "By jingo, she's not more than twenty-five yards distant, and steaming straight for our bows!"

"Let Go for Your Lives!"

SKIPPER PROCTOR'S great horny hands gripped the rail hard as he watched the ghostly white shimmer in the water ahead. But he said nothing at first. Locke and Drake watched, too, wondering what the next few moments would reveal. There was what looked like a flying wraith of white just below the glimmering white of the outline of the trawler. This they knew to be a smother of foam lashed away from the big Iceland's powerful bows.

Men were now blundering about forward on the North Star, staggering and stumbling on the rolling deck.

"She's slewin' round," muttered Proctor in his beard. "Now she's pointin' for our stern—"

The skipper was interrupted as the air above began to vibrate so that it could be felt, the vibration resolving it-

self into the bellowing of the North Star's siren—two long blasts.

"Why two?" demanded Ferrers Locke of Skipper Proctor. "I thought one blast followed by the jangling of the bell was the fog warning of a vessel trawl—"

Ay, ay, so 'tis," muttered the skipper, his eyes following the Phantom as the ghostly form swerved round, describing a semi-circle round the North Star. "But I reckon Star's nerves are at high tension, like the rest o' us."

The explanation did not seem to satisfy the Baker Street detective; but there was hardly time to think, let alone to argue at the moment, for the ghostly-looking craft on the port beam was now lunging and storming towards the North Star's stern. She grew clearer in outline as she drew nearer.

"Why don't Harper strike up the glim—" began Skipper Proctor testily. "Ah—"

As he spoke, the powerful beam of a searchlight on the North Star's anchor deck stabbed into the darkness, and lit up the mysterious trawler to a white, gleaming glow.

"Number hidden, no name—as usual," muttered Proctor.

"Not a sign o' a livin' soul aboard o' her," growled a man standing just below Locke and Drake. . . . "She's passin' astern—"

"Look at the wheelhouse!" shouted another man. "Ye can see the spokes o' the wheel movin', but no man there—"

"'Tain't natural, matey!"

"Wish to thunder we could recognise her, an' get her in law for steaming without lights an' covering her number, at all events," growled Proctor.

"Do you recognise anything unusual about her—I mean in design?" asked Ferrers Locke swiftly. "A fitting on the deck, the rake of the wheelhouse, and so on—"

"Nothin', 'cept that she be one o' them Iceland fishin' steamers," replied Skipper Proctor. "They be as like as two peas, Icelandmen; turtle deck forward, high bows, heavy gallews for the trawl. . . . Well, sir, she's gettin' out o' view even o' the searchlight now. We'll soon know by signals whether anything in the way o' trouble happens in the fleet. I reckon it will."

The skipper slipped aft and poked his head into the wheelhouse, giving an order there. Then he advanced towards Locke and Drake once more, and bellowed to the men forward.

"All hands! Stand by to haul trawl. Winchman, there, get busy. . . ."

The electric light hanging from the line suspended between the wheelhouse and the foremast was switched on, throwing its glow, shaded from the after quarters and the anchor deck, on to the big winch which worked the drum for winding in the steel trawl warp. The winchman stood to his post, and the great wire cable was wound in rapidly.

It was the first haul and, despite the hubbub of excitement on the appearance of the Phantom, Jack Drake felt a lively interest in the fishing operations. He had never before seen the bag of a big trawl hoisted, swung inboard, and the catch shot out into the "round" on the trawler's deck. So he walked forward to the side of the trawler so that he could see the trawl appear.

"Here she comes," cried a man close by Jack. "Now, lads, manhandle the net 's if your life depended on it!"

Jack saw the shimmering silvery mass of fish as the great net was drawn along-

side. The bellying bag of the net was rising and falling on the water.

"By hokey, 'tis a great haul—"

"Slack away! It's a mine! Slack away, boys, for your lives. Let go, all!"

A trawl hand's voice boomed out in startling power, and the men let the net slip from their fingers. Jack Drake well knew the peril they were all in, for he had seen the rounded surface of a big mine amongst the fish; the evil-looking horns sticking up from the net.

"What was it?" asked the skipper as the steam winch rattled off fathom after fathom of the warp, the net sinking from view below the surface.

"A durned great mine, skip!"

Skipper Proctor started.

"By heaven, steady at the winch, there!" he bellowed. "Slacken speed steadily, steadily. . . . Not too sudden-like—"

The skipper's sentence was clipped short.

The blackness of the night seemed torn into two by a rising streak of foam and fire. The trawler reeled from the shock, and the men were blown down flat on the deck as a frightful explosion sounded.

Jack Drake was hurled yards, and he landed on the steel deck with a bump, only to go slithering down owing to the terrifying list of the vessel. He felt stunned, his brain numbed and useless. The deafening explosion had been like a smash on either side of the head with iron bars. And here was the trawler listing over further and further till almost on her beam ends, with showers of torn fish and debris descending about the prone, sliding bodies on the deck. And with it all came a cataract of falling water and fine, driving spray like mountain rain!

Foul Play!

IT seemed as if everyone had been stumped by the shock of that terrible explosion. Slowly the trawler lifted her side from the lashing waters, her decks a shambles of mutilated fish and helpless, senseless men, washing about in the water near the starboard scuppers.

As the vessel's deckline was lifted from the sea, the scuppers roared like a dozen newly-opened sluices, and objects on the deck were swirled towards the openings, some to go sucking through, others—and the bodies of men were amongst these—to get jammed tightly across the scupper-ports, the water hissing and creaming about them as it drained away.

A few hands now came labouring aft in the pother, gripping their less lucky companions, and in a few cases preventing them from going completely over-side.

Ferrers Locke, though he had been knocked senseless with the others who had been close by in the hauling of the trawl, was the first of those aft to come round. His senses seemed to clear like magic. The detective's keen brain never remained fuddled for long once his limbs were capable of movement.

He remembered seeing Jack Drake flying backwards, six feet in the air. He remembered where the boy had pitched, and, one purpose only in his mind, he clawed his way to where he thought his young assistant would be lying.

There was not a single light on the deck. The explosion had blown everything out. Even the fishing lights above had been extinguished, and Locke shouted to a man who came labouring round the wheelhouse at that second.

"Go and get a lantern," ordered the detective. "Tell the others to get lanterns, too. We'll do ten times as much work with a bit of light on the subject. Come back here, will you, as soon as you have some sort of a light?"

The man clumped away towards the lamp-room, and Ferrers Locke continued his search for Drake. His fears lending him additional strength, he shifted a great weight of debris at each pull of the torn netting.

A sharp exclamation at last escaped his lips. He saw something dark caught on the top of a belaying-pin. It was a fragment of his assistant's coat. The boy must have caught up there as the water swirled him forward when the trawler began to lift. Hence he had not gone completely overside as the trawler drove her starboard side under. There was hope yet!

Locke drew back from the scuppers and stood thinking for a few seconds, trying to visualise the rush of water as the vessel lifted.

"He would have been carried forward," mused the detective. "He was swept past this pin in a forward direction. There's a raffle of net and rubbish near the gallows. That'll be the most likely place."

The detective was now joined by the man he had sent for a lantern. Skipper Proctor accompanied the man. The old trawler master's face was cut and bleeding, and one sleeve of his oilskin was ripped right up to the shoulder.

"Thank Heaven you're safe, sir!" gasped Skipper Proctor. "Bilt, here, tells me as you've lost—"

"If he's aboard he'll be over there, near the gallows," cut in Locke.

The three men soon cleared the mass of debris collected near that particular scupper-port. At first it appeared as if they would draw a blank. But Locke at last felt something solid in his hand. He gripped and pulled, gently, and with a glad cry drew Jack Drake from the raffle of torn net and fish.

Although in a terrible state, the detective could see that the boy was not, in any case, very badly damaged. The blood upon him might be that of fish, and Locke gently wiped his face clear with his hand.

With the united efforts of Proctor and Locke Jack was borne aft—no easy matter on that slippery, lifting deck. The hand carrying the lantern lighting the way.

"Into my cabin, sir," said Proctor. "Someone's switched on the lights already. Ah, 'tis you, Scar! Well, go an' see to the ship, can't ye?"

Scar Hosking, looking confused, lurched out, shutting the door behind him, and Jack was deposited carefully on the floor. Ferrers Locke at once busied himself examining the boy. As he was running his long, lean hands over Jack's limbs the engine-room bell clanged, and the steady stamping of the engines again sounded.

The door of the cabin opened, and the head of a deck hand appeared.

"The fleet's overshootin' us, skipper," said the newcomer. "Scar's got her movin' again, an' will keep her in the lead, for the present. The Sirius, the Castor, and the Aldebaran have been signalling us. Scar's replied as we don't need assistance. Mac says the engines are all right. We be leakin' a bit somewhere, but 'tis nothing to worry about."

"Right-ho! I'll be on deck in a minute, Tom. Tell Scar to keep the lead, an' after those that have been hurt

are seen to, get to clearin' the decks and h'ave all the rubbish overside—"

"Wait!" said Locke, holding out his hand. Then he said a few words to the skipper.

"Ay, ay, you're right, sir! Tom, on'y h'ave over any fish rubbish. We might find something in the debris that will tell us a bit about that there Phantom. Only the fish rubbish, mind!"

"Ay, ay!"

The man left, and just at that second Drake opened his eyes.

"How do you feel, my boy?" asked Locke anxiously.

"Great!" replied Jack weakly. "Was it a steam-roller went over me, sir, or has my birthday come?"

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"You've had a very narrow escape, my lad," he said. "I fancy that your peril has been greater than that of anyone else on this vessel to-night. Do you think—"

"Oh, I'm all right, guv'nor!" said Jack. "I—I feel stiff and sore, of course, but I don't think I'm hurt much. Did the mine burst, then?"

Skipper Proctor's relieved "Ho, ho, ho!" rang out in the cabin.

"Did you think it was someone bursting a paper bag alongside your ear?" he laughed. "I reckon you're lucky to be all whole and alive-o!"

Locke and the skipper helped Jack on to one of the seats in the state-room.

"If you can let me have some dry clothes, skipper, you can leave Drake to me," said the detective. "I expect you're itching to get on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir; I reckon I'm anxious to have a look over things wi' my own eyes. There's plenty o' clothes in that there cupboard. They'll be a bit roomy for the young 'un, but I reckon they'll be better than these here fishy an' wet things he's got on. I'll be careful as anything that might interest you, sir, don't go overside. I'll have to get the old ship home after that little bit of a bang. She may be shook to pieces, you see, even if she isn't leaking very badly. Right-ho, sir; I'll leave you now."

Jack Drake, for all his words to the contrary, was almost helpless, but with Ferrers Locke's aid he stripped, had a wash down, and then got into Proctor's roomy but comfortable clothes. Once in his dry things, and with his own messy garments pitched out on to the deck to be washed, the youngster felt a great deal better.

Silence reigned in the skipper's state-room as Locke studied a fishing chart he had picked up from the floor. Jack closed his eyes, thankful to be able to rest. The trawler was lifting steadily over the seas, the engines stamping slowly, occasionally the swish of washing water sounding as a wave-crest came aboard.

Before long Skipper Proctor came in.

"I reckon things aren't so bad, sir," he said. "Our trawl has been blown to blazes, o' course, but there's no one fatally hurt, thank heaven. Are ye just havin' a look at the chart, sir?"

"Yes," replied Locke. "This is where you were trawling, I take it—just above this place called Brucey's Garden, with a bottom of fine grey sand with black specks?"

"Ay, ay, that's the spot. Forty-six fathom o' water, an' we had a hundred an' fifty fathom o' warp out—"

"Ah, that's what I wanted to know. Well, skipper, it has struck me that this trouble might well have been foul play by the Phantom."

"Ay, we don't doubt it for a second."

"On the other hand," continued

Locke, "it might have been a War mine strayed from the area where we know they still exist. This part shaded pink on the chart marks such an area, I take it."

"Ay, ay!"

"Well, that's not so far off where we were drawing, is it? You know, we mustn't jump to conclusions. Mind, I don't believe it was anything but the Phantom, but it may have been one of those undiscovered War mines broken adrift—"

Both men suddenly swung round as a cold blast of air struck them from the doorway. There they saw the deck-hand called Tom Harper, an expression of great excitement on his face.

"'Twasn't no War mine, then, sir," he cried, evidently having overheard Locke's last words. "Just you come up on deck, skip, an' see what we've found!"

A Man Worth Watching!

JACK DRAKE instinctively started up from his couch; but Ferrers Locke gently pushed him back again.

"You must rest, Drake," said the detective.

Then he slipped out of the state-room on to the wet, slippery deck of the trawler.

The man led Proctor and Locke well forward, where a group of men were bending over something at their feet. They looked up as the newcomers arrived, and made way for Proctor to see.

"Fury take that murderin' Phantom!" growled one of the men. "Jest look at that, skip! That ain't an old mine, but one fresh from a blinkin' mine factory, though what mine factories is doin' functionin' now I don't know!"

Locke and Proctor bent over the fragment of the mine on the deck. It was not crusted, but fairly smooth, and was obviously a new mine.

Ferrers Locke closely examined the fragment of casing, and turned it over on the deck.

"Hallo!" he said suddenly. "Here's a bit of the mooring cable still attached—"

"'Tain't a bit, sir, but the whole shoot o' it—ay, an' the moorin' block at the end. We can't understand it. That ain't how the War mines were moored. See, an' the steel cable's o' new stuff, too! An' this spherical moorin' block is a knockout!"

"It is really very mystifying," said Locke, straightening his back, and signing to Skipper Proctor with his eyes to come back to the state-room.

"Have you a safety device in your trawl to prevent mines from entering?" asked the detective as soon as they were back with Jack Drake.

"Ay, sir, you bet we have! We never fish in or near those mined areas without it. It fair knocks me over how that there mine got into the net."

Jack Drake had raised himself on his elbow, keenly anxious to hear what had been seen on deck.

"Well, now, attend to me, for a minute," said Locke. "You say you were fishing in forty-six fathoms of water with, roughly, three times that length of trawl-warp out? We saw the Phantom sweeping round astern of us, did we not, while the trawl was down?"

"Ay, ay!"

"When the Phantom was well on our quarter the trawl-warp—ours—would have been about fifteen feet below her," continued the great detective impressively. "Say that mine was then dropped overside and towed along in the water by its cable till they felt



The blackness of the night seemed torn into two by a rising streak of foam and fire. The trawler reeled from the shock and the men were blown down flat on the deck as a frightful explosion sounded. (See page 23.)

it foul our warp. The spherical weight would then be let drop, it would descend the other side of our warp, the cable thus being looped over, and holding the mine and weight thus. The mine, of course, would be so ballasted that it would sink by itself."

"Well, I don't get what you're drivin' at—"

"Now, imagine us hauling, with that mine's cable looped over our warp," continued Locke. "The mine and its cable would slip along our warp as we hauled, to the end, be caught on the bridle-shackle, and then the mine would swing towards our otterboards or the net. It would only have to touch one of its horns on something hard—"

Skipper Proctor brought his great fist crashing down on the table.

"By Heaven, you've got it, sir! The murderin' villains. That's how it was, for sure!"

"It is at least a likely reconstruction, skipper," said the detective. "Now, I've another matter to talk about. Where was Scar Hosking when the mine burst?"

"Somewhere safe!" growled Proctor. "'Twasn't in the wheelhouse, for all the glass was broke. He didn't even get wet!"

"The mate ought to be supervising the haul, is that not so?"

"Ay, ay! But we're no sticklers for doin' things by numbers out here on the banks. We leave that to Army an' Navy people—"

"Still, does Hosking usually supervise the haul?"

"Always, before this, sir," replied the skipper. "An' I'll have a word or two to say to him for not doing it this time. But we surely can't howl too loud about a small point like that, considerin' the confusion."

"Quite so," said Locke, thoughtfully rasping his chip with his long fingers. And Proctor dismissed the point from his mind from that moment.

But Ferrers Locke had not. Neither had Jack Drake. Both had made a mental note at the same instant—that Scar Hosking was a man worth watching.

And watch him Ferrers Locke did. The result of his vigilance was that he heard Scar Hosking talking to the man who had been at the wheel as darkness fell—a short, thickset man called Jim Bellew.

The pair were near the taffrail, and Ferrers Locke was lying comfortably on the bottom-boards of the boat which was carried by the trawler on the chocks under the mizzen-sail which is often used to steady the trawler in her steaming.

"I didn't reckon as they meant to use it on the North Star's gear," Hosking was saying, his voice very low, but with a note of smouldering anger in it. "Otherwise, I wouldn't have voted it such a durned fine idea. Nearly blew us all up, it did!"

"An' ye gave them the signal, too," replied Bellew, with an oath. "Two long blasts on the siren. 'Tain't playin' the game. Nearly did for us both, they did, an' might have done so, for all they knew—an' cared!"

"Stromsund'll hear of it, by thunder!"

rasped Hosking. "By Heaven, we'll have a tale to tell if he don't come to an understandin' with us arter this—"

"I reckon ye'd better get forrard now, Scar, or someone'll be wonderin' what we're gatnin' about aft here."

Ferrers Locke laughed softly to himself as he got out of the boat when the way was clear, and made for the skipper's state-room. The red light of the Corton Lightvessel and the lights in the towers at Lowestoft Ness were in view. He and Jack Drake had something useful to work on. On no account must Scar Hosking be lost sight of, once ashore.

He might prove a most capable guide, as Locke told himself, with a quiet laugh, to lead Jack Drake and himself to the root of all the trouble on the Dogger Bank.

And, as the detective had surmised, Scar Hosking lost no time in severing his connection with Proctor's fleet once he was ashore, for the mate of the North Star had, as he thought then, better prospects offered him elsewhere.

Phantom Meets Phantom!

IT was three days later and the North Star had arrived at Lowestoft and was now in dry dock. Ferrers Locke had given Jack Drake the task of watching Scar Hosking, but so far the man had merely carried out his duties. Jim Bellew, too, had done nothing out of the ordinary. The twain had posted letters, but to whom these letters were sent or

what they contained, Drake had had no opportunity of discovering.

Now Ferrers Locke and Skipper Proctor had called on Mr. John Carr, the owner of Proctor's fleet, for the third time since the North Star had docked.

"Well, I have her, Mr. Locke," said the trawler owner with satisfaction. "But I was run up to a terrible figure at the roup (the sale) by a man called Stromsund, who bought the sister ship. My agent, who, in accordance with your advice, is not known to have any connection with me, but has hinted that he is buying for a New Zealand firm, says there is little, if anything, to choose between the two vessels. It is lucky they were to be sold separately at the roup. I've got the Stormcock, and Stromsund has the Trumpeter. Both boats are splendid types of Iceland trawlers, high pressure boilers, brand new, and triple expansion engines of unusually high power."

"That is good hearing, Mr. Carr," remarked Locke. "You say you have already warned a crew to work in secret with Proctor and me?"

"Yes, yes. Practically the crew, engine-room, and stokehold men of the North Star. They know old Blazes here and will go there with him if he tells them to!"

Mr. Carr laughed jovially and gave his old admiral a heavy dig in the ribs. Proctor laughed with his employer. In other years these two men had fished together. Mr. Carr had been a smacksman, and he looked it. His heavy-jowled, strong face was clean-shaven, and his brown eyes had that piercing look of the seafarer. But fortune had smiled on John Carr, and for many years past he had spent his time in the swivel chair in his comfortable office, directing the business of his company.

"It has meant a big outlay of capital, Mr. Locke," continued the trawler owner seriously. "But the evil work of that Phantom, too, has meant a big outlay of capital. Many a time has Proctor given chase. But always he has been out-steamed by the Phantom, and what can one do then? No, ruination stares me in the face unless we

can settle these Dogger disgraces once and for all. Set a phantom to catch a phantom—eh? 'Pon my soul, I wish I could come with you. But the affairs of the company have got into such a state that I must just spend more time than ever in the office."

Mr. Carr stared moodily out of the window, and his face clouded as he thought of Scar Hosking. That one of his employees should have proved treacherous filled the old trawler owner with a burning anger. At last he flashed round on Ferrers Locke, who had been sitting quietly, saying little.

"I wish you would let me have that villain arrested, Mr. Locke," he burst out. "It goes against my grain—"

"Be patient, Mr. Carr," replied Locke, holding up his hand. "I doubt that anything could be proved against him to begin with, and whether he would talk, if cornered, is too doubtful for us to rely on it. I must insist on my only link with the perpetrator of those Dogger outrages being left unmolested for my own particular use. Hosking will get his deserts in the long run, never fear. But remember he is merely a tool—"

The door of Mr. Carr's library opened following a knock, and the manservant announced Mr. Jack Drake.

Locke looked up swiftly. So Drake had left his task! Something important must have happened!

Drake came in.

"I've been watching the Trumpeter in Trawl Basin all the morning, sir," he said to his chief after a formal greeting to the company. "Hosking has not come ashore, and now there are signs that steam is up on the vessel. A policeman on the fishmarket beat is keeping an eye on the trawler now, and he'll tell me when I get back if any man has left her. I've run round quickly, sir, because I believe the Trumpeter is going to haul out."

Mr. Carr uttered a sharp exclamation, and Ferrers Locke shot a glance in the direction of the trawler owner.

"Proctor, old friend," said Carr suddenly, putting his hand on the old trawlermaster's shoulder, "get busy. I charge you to keep track of that vessel and that villain Scar Hosking."

"We'll haul out close in the wake o' the Trumpeter, sir," replied Proctor. "I've got a head o' steam up on the chance o' some such order. Now, Mr. Locke, perhaps you and your assistant will just pack yourselves aboard, and be prepared for a long trip at sea. The bunkers are full, an' I'll not give up the chase till the furnaces are beggin' for fuel."

Ferrers Locke nodded approvingly, and Mr. Carr shook hands all round then hurried the party to the front door. It was plain that the trawler owner was strung up with excitement, and that he was desperately afraid that Scar Hosking would get away in the Trumpeter and so disappear. For it was the opinion of Carr and Proctor—and Ferrers Locke agreed—that the Trumpeter had been bought to be skippered by Hosking, with the idea of another "phantom" being at work on the Dogger, thus causing double the damage to the Carr fleet.

On the way down to the boat Proctor, dodging into a tavern where it was agreed his men should sit tight and be ready for action at a moment's notice, was like a boy again. His keen eyes shone, and there was a ring in his voice as he spoke.

"Glory, my old friend John meant what he said when he wished he could come with us, Mr. Locke." Proctor slapped his hands together as he walked, and rubbed the horny palms one against the other in evident relish. "Them days wi' John Carr on the smacks were lawless an' cruel; but they were brave days, sir, brave days. An' it looks to me as if we're to see braver before the Trumpeter and the Stormcock have been to sea very long."

Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake laughed. It was good to see the hearty old skipper so excited in anticipation of goodness knew what!

"By hokey, we'll make the Stormcock move, sir!" rattled on the skipper. Then, "Ah!"

Skipper Proctor halted dead and pointed out towards the entrance to Trawl Basin. The Trumpeter was just steaming through.

"Can we get out before he tops the horizon, skipper?" asked Ferrers Locke.

"There'll be a line o' black smoke from the Stormcock's smokestack blowin' thin out towards Yarmouth before he's got the Newarp Light astern of him," replied Proctor grimly. "Here come the boys merry and full of beans. Come on, sir. Let's get aboard. I see Mac's been stokin' up heavy in anticipation o' the sort of order I'll give him soon's we set foot on deck."

Within three-quarters of an hour the Stormcock slewed round for the harbour entrance, pointed out, then went storming through for the open sea.

"There's our Trumpeter, sir," said Proctor, pointing to a smudge of smoke on the horizon to the north-east as soon as they were in open water. "There she is, wither her skin. Don't it do you good to feel the pulsing power of this vessel, sir? I reckon the Trumpeter don't dream as she is being chased, so we'll make up alongside of her during the night—"

"Hold hard, skipper," laughed Locke. "What will you do then? Shout out 'Boarders away!'? No, no, don't let your fervour run away with you. Keep her in sight only, please, and don't let her know she is being followed. She's leading us to her headquarters, remember. Don't forget what we've talked about."

Skipper Proctor laughed.

"You're right, sir. I do reckon I'm gettin' a dodderin' old fool. But I'll cool down soon, Mr. Locke, never fear. And your orders shall be carried out to the letter."

But they were not. That was not Skipper Proctor's fault, however. Contrary to all expectations and shipping reports, fog descended on to the Eastern Fishery District during the night, and the Trumpeter was quite lost track of.

Proctor raged like a madman. But Ferrers Locke, as he and Jack Drake stood with him in the cabin, calmed the old trawler master.

"There's a phantom still out on the Dogger, skipper," said the detective. "Let there be another. Make for the Northern Dogger where the Carr fleet is, and we'll get on the track of that steamer which nearly blew up your North Star, and us with her."

Proctor quietened down at once, and instantly went to the wheelhouse to set the new course. He was eager to get to grips with his enemies, it was plain to see.

And the next evening, the falling dark.



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ness thick with mist, ideal weather for their work, they drew up with the fleet. The Stormcock had weighted plates lowered over her name and number, and the marks on the funnel, too, were covered.

Her appearance amongst the fleet caused much consternation. All aboard her kept from view, for it was inadvisable to let even friends know what was happening. And the crew, as they lay hidden under the bulwarks, guffawed as they distinctly heard the shouts and the yells of rage from the trawlers they passed.

"The Phantom! The Phantom!"

But the Stormcock passed on, as mysterious and sinister as did the other evil-doer, manoeuvring about somewhere near the fleet.

At midnight Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake were standing near the gallows, keeping a keen look-out, and with their ears on the alert.

"Listen, sir!" said Jack Drake at last.

Ferrers Locke turned his head sideways and listened. The powerful slough-slough of a cutwater was faintly audible. Proctor had heard it, too, and he gave orders to stop the engines.

The Stormcock, wallowing like a log in the seas, slowed down, and at last lay to, rolling heavily. The vessel ahead carried no lights. Was it the Phantom? If so, she must be allowed to pass with no knowledge of the presence of the Stormcock. When passed, they could keep on her track. She was making for the fleet, so they would soon find out if she were the dreaded Phantom or not.

But the surging of the water at the approaching boat's forefoot grew louder and louder. Proctor walked softly towards Locke and Drake.

"I fear she's comin' dead on for us, sir," remarked the skipper.

"It will be an extremely unlucky chance if she does come close enough to see us," replied Locke. "However, it is out of the question to start the engines again now, and remain undiscovered, so we must just lie to and wait."

Fortune, however, did not favour the Stormcock that night. The approaching vessel came surging on straight for her. At last she was seen, and a shout or two were heard on the other craft. She slowed round suddenly and lay wallowing in the seas, her great bows facing the Stormcock. She was undoubtedly the Phantom, for her name and letters and numbers were covered.

At last came a hail across the water.

"Trumpeter ahoy!"

Locke started. So they were mistaking them for the Trumpeter, sister ship to the Stormcock? The detective's brain worked quickly, while Proctor stood by, his great hands gripping the rail hard.

"Order all to conceal themselves, Proctor," snapped Locke. "Leave this to me." Then, slipping into the wheelhouse and returning with a megaphone, he raised the instrument to his lips.

"Ahoy!"

Came the answer faintly across the water.

"Thought you were bound for home to fit out for the Dogger?"

"Stormsund often changes his orders," shouted back Locke, disguising his voice. "We're to work this side o' the fleet, you t'other."

"Who's speaking?"

"A new skipper on a new phantom. You'll know me well soon."

The other craft had forged slowly ahead as the talk went on and she was now quite close. The megaphones were dropped. The talk of the men could be distinctly heard.

"Are you Sam Hocking?" now

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shouted the master of the Phantom. But an excited shout on the Phantom interrupted the conversation. At the same instant, the wireless operator on the Stormcock came slithering and lurching towards Locke.

"Just picked up a broadcast message, sir!" gasped the young operator. "Strange call letters, but I guess it was meant for the Phantom and came from the Trumpeter. It reads: 'Ice-landman Stormcock bought by Carr. Watch out for her on the Dogger.'"

"Their having received this message too, is the cause of the excitement aboard the Phantom," said Locke swiftly. "Skipper, to the wheelhouse and stand by to command. Listen!"

Proctor blundered to the wheelhouse, and as he did so all heard the engine-room bell of the Phantom clang. The throbbing heart of the powerful vessel could be heard. She gathered speed, and seemed to leap towards the Stormcock.

"We know ye!" was bellowed out from her deck, through a megaphone.

"By hokey, she's goin' to ram us!"

"Look out!"

"Stand by the boat! We're done!"

Ferrers Locke gripped Drake's arm tightly, as he and his assistant stood by the gallows and watched the powerful flaring bows, armoured to smash through ice when necessary, leaping towards them! They would strike the midship plates of the Stormcock at right-angles! What chance would that comparatively weak part of the Stormcock stand against the heavily armoured bows of the Phantom?

(It was a terrible ordeal, but the crew of the Stormcock awaited their fate bravely. Look out for some startling developments in next week's thrilling instalment of this powerful serial. Perhaps your chum would like to read this new detective story—tell him all about it.)

WILY WHEEZES ON THE FOOTER FIELD!

IT is the unexpected move that counts every time in Soccer.

A player who has only one method of play—and that the common or garden variety—gets sized up by an opponent in no time, with disastrous results to his performance.

Closely watch any famous footballer, and you will soon see where he rises above the level of average players. In most cases he is no born genius; his skill has been obtained by careful thought and practice alone.

Suppose you have the ball at your toes, and, being unable to pass to advantage, you decide to dribble through. The average player in such circumstances may get up a speed, and trust to that to force him a way through. In nine cases out of ten, however, the run doesn't come off. All a defender will probably do is to stick his foot in front of the ball, allow his opponent to fall over it, and then clear.

A much better method of beating a defender is to feint in one direction—say, to the right, tap the ball past him on the left, then double round him on the right and snap up the sphere. Such a ruse is bewildering to a defender, and invariably "comes off." The famous Fanny Walden frequently gets through in this way.

In junior football not nearly enough is

made of a throw-in. The thrower usually directs the ball to one of his side, and trusts to luck that the receiver may find an opportunity of getting rid of it advantageously.

Several ruses are well worth trying. One is for the winger to go up the field a little way, but to stand about three yards off the touchline. The man who marks him will invariably stand immediately in front of him. That is all to the good!

What the thrower should then do is to fling the ball upfield parallel with the line—not the winger—at which the latter should dash after it and carry on. The man who marked him, having been nearer to the thrower, would be left standing.

Another good wheeze is for the thrower to pitch the ball on to the head of one of his own side, for that player to nod it back to him for clearance to the winger.

A free-kick is likely to be more successful if one player runs forward as if going to take it, but jumps over the ball instead, and is immediately followed by the man who really takes it.

Goalies have few chances of making use of ruses, except those consisting of feints when trying to dispose of the ball. One, however, which sometimes succeeds is worth remembering when a penalty-kick is being taken.

Instead of taking your stand in the dead centre of the goalmouth, crouch a little nearer one upright. The taker of the kick will then usually aim for the space beyond the centre-mark. Knowing this, though, you can be prepared to dive in that direction—an advantage which by far outweighs the risk of leaving the middle of your charge.

Now for a tip to penalty-kickers. Take a few seconds' look at one end of the goalmouth, as if contemplating exactly where to send the ball, and then slam it true and hard at the opposite end. You may not catch the same goalie twice in that way, but on future occasions he will not know whether to take any notice at all of the direction in which you look.

Good use can invariably be made of a kick-off at the centre in the following way: Instead of the centre-forward tapping the ball to an inside man, for him to transfer it to the winger—but probably to get it intercepted by a rival half—the inside man should turn quickly and pass back to the centre-half. Meanwhile, the rest of the forwards should dash well ahead, and be ready to receive beyond the opposing halves.

The centre-forward who finds himself too well marked whilst a corner-kick is being taken should retreat several yards out of goal as if expecting the ball to drop some, where near the penalty spot.

When the leather comes sailing over, however, he should dash forward to the best position, and utilise his impetus to head the ball into the net. Half-backs can also often score by adopting this ruse.

Very often an inside forward may rush goalwards, waiting for a winger to centre the ball, and then find it landing behind him. In such a case valuable time is going to be lost by turning, capturing the ball, and then turning again—time in which the defence may get into position. If it is at all possible, therefore, attempt an overhead kick at the goal. Such shots always catch a goalie napping.



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Toesing for Dressing-Rooms.

Toosing for Dressing-Rooms.

The Bramall Lane ground—where Sheffield United play—is, as doubtless you are aware, a popular venue for "neutral"-ground games, such as Semi-Finals. There are two dressing-rooms there, of course, one for visitors and one for the "home" team. The one labelled "visitors" has gained the reputation of being unlucky, and, so it is said, no club in a Semi-Final which has used that dressing-room has ever won at Bramall Lane. This is probably a slight exaggeration, but the fact remains that bad luck is invariably associated with that particular dressing-room. I remember that before one Semi-Final which was played there some years back both clubs wanted to fight shy of the unlucky room, and the only way in which the question could be decided was by the managers of the two clubs toosing for choice.

Red Buttonholes.

It doesn't take a great deal to convince a football club that they can regard some little incident as being unlucky. Three times in three years the Liverpool club have had to go to Southampton to play a Cup tie. On the first occasion they stayed overnight at Winchester, and from a particular shop one

Rad Buttonholes

It doesn't take a great deal to convince a football club that they can regard some little incident as being unlucky. Three times in three years the Liverpool club have had to go to Southampton to play a Cup tie. On the first occasion they stayed overnight at Winchester, and from a particular shop one of the directors bought the players a red flower each. The Liverpool club colours are red. In the two succeeding years the same formula was gone through exactly, because the red flower was supposed to be lucky. And I can assure you that if Liverpool happened to be playing a particularly important match this week somebody connected with the club would send to the shop at Winchester for red buttonholes for the players.

Even Shirts.

There is scarcely any football club in the country whose players do not think it equally unlikely to be compelled to change their jerseys because the usual ones clash with the colours of their opponents. One of the players of Aston Villa told me quite seriously that he thought they would have beaten the Arsenal in the Fifth Round of the Cup at Highbury this season if they had not been compelled, in order to avoid clashing, to play in white shirts instead of their usual claret and blue.

Yet the strange thing about this imposition is that clubs stick to their colours which they know will clash with those of some of their competitors.

The Winning Tune.

Crowds, too, quickly get their jinks and dislikes. The other week, when I was at Bolton for a big match, I was amazed at the tremendous cheer which greeted the first notes of a tune which the band played before the start of the match. There didn't seem to be anything particularly striking about the quality of the band, so I naturally asked what all the excitement was about.

Calling for the Rent at
Craven Cottage

THAT'S right, and some things which cannot be said against the Fulham football ground. One of them is that, unless you can afford a taxi cab, there is a certain amount of walking to be done to get there. Equally, however, there are points in favour of the Craven Ground, the most picturesque of the clubs. As you sit in the seats across the river Thames you can see the boats sailing past there on the day when they will watch the "Battle of Britain" match.

When I called in not so long ago, I was promptly informed that the "Battle of Britain" was the name of a football team. And when you

Calling for the Rent at Craven Cottage



A. PAPE.

A. PAPER

to Worthing, where they did their training for the Cup, and there wasn't a dull moment.

As we sat around in the smoking-room after the day's labours on the golf links—Beecman treated us to ‘tunes’ on the mouth-organ, you know Beecman, of course, the baby of the party—the boy with the smiling face. ‘Haw! any lad in football ever had a like experience?’

In the early part of the present season he was fourth goalkeeper on the books; signed on from Hertford town in case he should develop into a good man by-

and-by- Well, circumstances so ordained it that Beecham was in the first team before Christmas, and twice in succeeding rounds of the Cup he was carried off the field shoulder-high by his enthusiastic admirers—the saviour of the Fulham side. Beecham's first name is Ernest—a good one; his second name is Cromwell—a better one; and his third one, well you talk about being 'worth one'; and his box—some of his saves have been worth thousands of pounds.

I can't fill up the whole space at my disposal with the story of the boy Beecham. He is most entertaining, loves goal-keeping, and he told me how he first started. One day he went to a fair at Hertford, and as a part of the fair there was a man with a football and a goal, getting money with two a penny shots.

"Is there anybody about who would like to stand in the goal and save them?" asked the showman. Beecham readily volunteered, and saved the shots so well that the showman gave him two shillings. "Which I immediately proceeded to spend on the roundabouts," Beecham added.

By the way, and remembering that one of Beethoven's names is *Cromwell*, I must also tell you of another player of Fuldham whose name is *Oliver*.

He is the right-half, and *Twist* is the other given. All that he asks for on the field is more—more work.

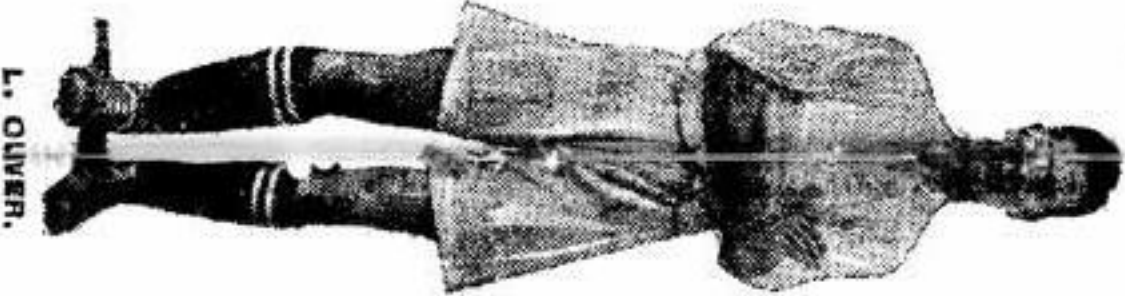
Then I ran into big David McNair and wished I hadn't, because I bounced off like a cork as many opponents have done since this big fellow arrived from Portsmouth. David has a brother playing with Liscard, and, as you know, Liscard and Fulham met in the Cup a few weeks back, so the two brothers were opposed to each other. In the course of the match David had a free kick given against him for tripping his brother—accidentally, of course.

Almost immediately afterwards, the Liverpool McTab was tripped again, and David went up to the Fulham man who did it, and remarked: "I shouldn't do that if I were you."

"But," protested the Fulham player, "you had a foul given against you just now for tripping your brother."

"Ah," was David's reply; "that was different. You see, I shouldn't hurt my brother, but you might."

L. O.



L. OLIVER.



A. CHAPLIN.

A. CHAPLIN.

The Players who are Most in

The Gonlie.

If there is one thing more obvious than that a mother in football of the present day is a goalkeeper, that there are very few vacancies for goalkeepers. I could name half a dozen football absolutely efficient goalkeepers in English Leagues football at the present moment who are absolutely top class, and yet they haven't even got a chance of playing in an international match because there are others who have caught the eye of the selectors. Men like McInroy, of Sunderland, Hutton, of West Ham United, Fennenger, of Notts County, and others who could be named, might all play for England without the slightest risk of the side being let down. But above these there are Ted Taylor, of Huddersfield Town, and Richard Pym, of Aldershot Wanderers.

A "Safe" Position.

There is another reason why good goalkeepers have often, to kick their heels in the reserve team—because in the ordinary way goalkeepers don't get hurt, so frequently as players in other positions do. Menemoo vacations only occur at long intervals. As Wood, the goalkeeper of Clapton Orient, has played in every match for his club for over three seasons. What chance is there for the average man to prove his worth? This idea that good goalkeepers are plentiful is shown by the comparatively few pensions for whom big transfer fees are paid. The Arsenal goalkeeper for Harper, it is true, but for the most part goalkeepers are considered sufficiently plentiful to render the payment of large sums for their transfer an unnecessary expense.

The Leader of the Attack.

Undoubtedly the biggest model in present-day football is for efficient centre-forwards. It is not going too far to say that during the present season half the big football clubs are not satisfied with the man who is leading the attack, but they carry on with their centre-forward because they can't find a better one for love or money. The coach who could turn out half a dozen complete centre-forwards every season would be



E. TAYLOR
(Huddersfield).

ARE YOU for the
EMPTY SPACE?



The Players who are Most in Demand in Modern Football.

worth ten thousand pounds a year by way of salary. Since the War—that is, in the last six years—England has played something like fifteen different players at centre forward, and still the hunt for the ideal man goes on. Bullock, of Bury, was the last England centre-forward. He is a good player but not ideal. The facts given above may lead some young player to the conclusion that he will begin right now to train himself out as a completely efficient centre-forward. It would not be a bad decision, either, Bury believe me, the task is no easy one.

A Difficult Job.

I am going to tell you why there are so few really good and satisfactory centres forwards. It is because the man who plays in that position has, without any question, one of the most difficult jobs in football. He really ought to be several players rolled into one. He must be a deadly shot; he must be able to dribble well enough to enable him to slip round defenders; he must be able to kick as equally well with either foot to enable him to score goals from any position as well as to distribute the ball to the right man, as to the left. He must have speed, too, and, in addition to all these other things, the ideal and the complete centre-forward should have the weight which will enable him to hustle the opposing backs, give hard knocks as well as take them.

Result task of all.

mean, however, that he is the hardest worker on the field. In this modern football the inside wing men do most running about, and there is plenty of room for football for really good inside men—yellow who have the stamina to fall back and help with their half-backs while being still fast and energetic enough to get back to their place in the forward line when their own side is attacking.

Inside Men:

sure the alteration in the outside half has become increasingly common for the centre-half-backs in big football to turn themselves into defenders almost purely and simply. And to make up for the fact that the centre-half is now largely a centre-half-back, the inside wing men have to drop in back, the inside wing men have to drop in back to act as fetchers and carriers for the rear to forward and the extreme wing men. It will be found that the best team of to-day are those which have at least one controlling genius in an inside wing position.

The Speedy Back.

Although, as I have said, the centre-half job has changed in recent times, I am still convinced that there is room for the attacking centre-half so long as he can lend his assistance to the attack whilst still holding a watching brief on the opposing centre-forwards.

As the game has become faster than ever, so necessarily has arisen for quicker full-backs, and I put it to everybody who thinks of making good as a defender that he must not neglect the pace side of his training. In the old days we never looked or asked for speed in a full-back. In this modern football the full-back must have pace. Sumner, then, the men the game needs most to-day are speed, full-backs, attacking centres, half-backs, complete centres forwards, and brainy inside wing men.