

# WHY SCOTLAND BEATS ENGLAND!

Special Signed Article by J. EWART, the Scottish International, inside.

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# The Magnet 2<sup>d</sup>

EVERY MONDAY

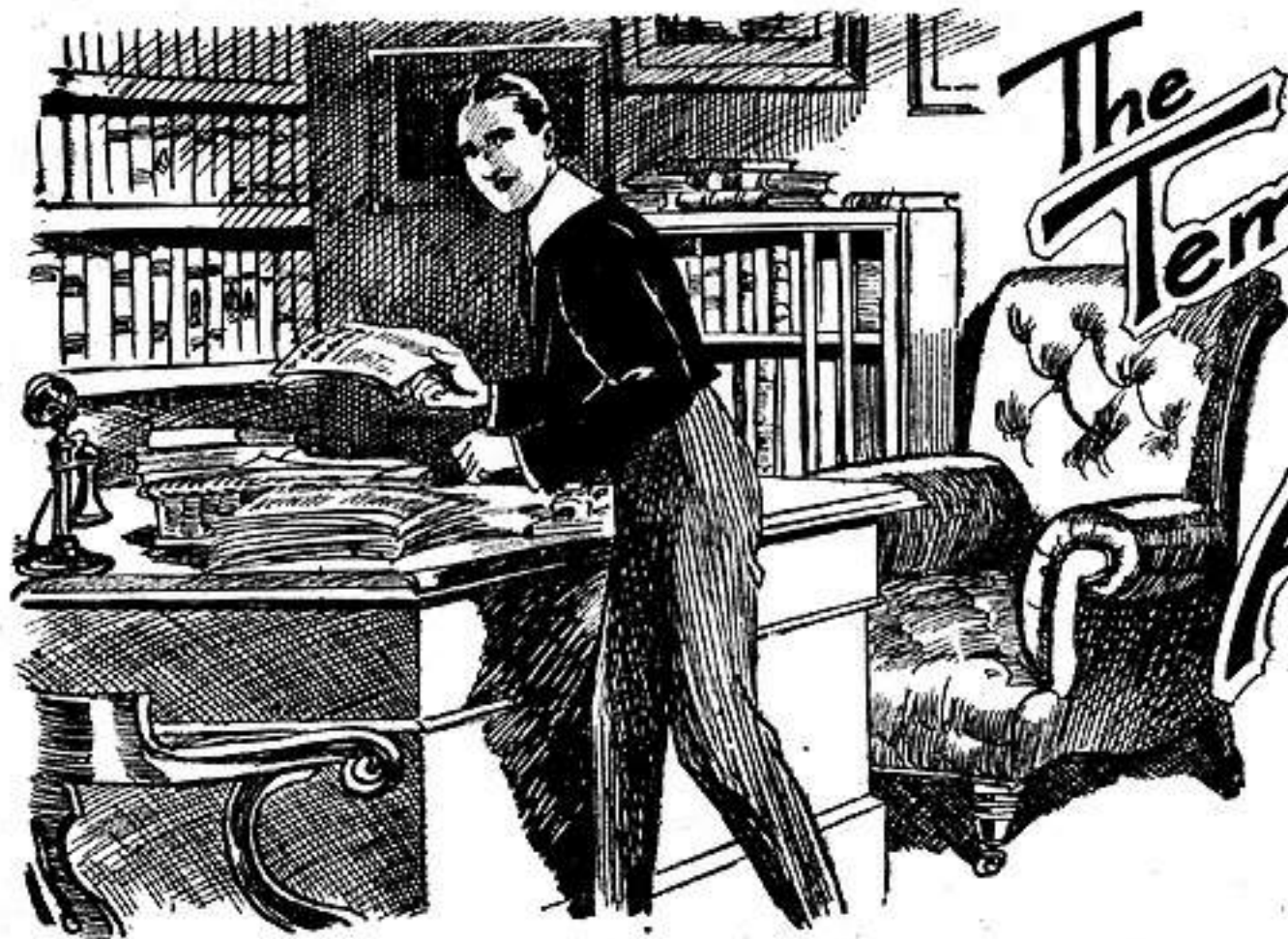
## Library of Complete School Stories



**WHAT BILLY BUNTER FOUND IN HAZELDENE'S POCKET!**

(A dramatic incident from the extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co. in this week's issue.)

**THE WILMOT-SNELL SCHOLARSHIP!** To the winner of this scholarship goes the useful money prize of fifty pounds. And Hazeldene, of the Remove, sorely in need of money, is tempted to win the prize by unfair means!



# The Temptation of Peter Hazeldene!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, with Peter Hazeldene filling the principal role.

By  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Trouble on the Horizon!

"**T**HANK goodness we're getting near Greyfriars at last—Wow!"

Bob Cherry yelped out the last exclamation as a twinge of pain crossed his usually cheery countenance.

It did not need any great observation to show he was limping. He was putting down his feet with tenderness and care; but even so, he looked far from happy. And when he accidentally kicked against a jutting stone, as he had then, his agony expressed itself vocally.

"Hard luck, Bob!" said Harry Wharton, grinning. "But cheer up! We're nearly there."

"Yes, the esteemed school is approachfully getting into sightfulness," murmured Hurree Singh consolingly. "But all the same, the hardness of the ridiculous luck is terrific!"

"Not half so hard as the hardness of this rotten road!" growled Cherry. "It's all very well for you to grin, Inky—"

Bob Cherry broke off, and winced again as his foot caught another stone. It was the first time he had realised that the road contained so many.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove—Harry Wharton, its captain, Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, Frank Nugent, and Bob Cherry—accompanied by Peter Hazeldene, also of the Remove, had walked over to Cliff House after dinner. And now they were walking back. It was a Wednesday, and a half-holiday, and as there was no footer fixture of particular importance, a ramble had been suggested.

Bob had voted that they should go over to Cliff House School, and that Peter Hazeldene should be asked to accompany them. It was at Cliff House that Peter's pretty sister Marjorie was a pupil, which probably accounted for Bob's suggestion—and also for the fact that he had delayed the rest of the Co. and Hazeldene while he spent half an hour changing into a very noticeable fancy waistcoat, an even more aggressive tie of many colours, and a pair of new boots.

It was the new boots that were troubling him now.

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"What the thump did you put those idiotic things on for?" grunted Johnny Bull in his bluff way. "You'll never get 'em off without machinery!"

"They went on easily enough," retorted Bob, breathing hard. "The trouble is that my feet have been getting bigger and bigger—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, they have been getting more and more swollen," he added hastily.

Bob Cherry was a fellow who was often twitted with the enormous size of his feet. It was a defect which he was inclined to recognise at times—but only to himself.

"Perhaps they'll burst the boots before we get to Greyfriars," said Hazeldene.

"I'll burst you if they do!" threatened Bob, with an attempt at a grin. "Pity you couldn't have told us before we started that Marjorie wasn't going to be there—Ouch!"

"Found another stone, Bob?" asked Hazeldene, with mock concern. "Still, I'm not my sister's keeper. I expect she's gone out with Clara. We might have had a fine walk along the cliffs on our own account," he added petulantly, "instead of having to turn back at once because of your boots!"

"I don't see why he had to change into 'em," remarked Frank Nugent.

"Or why he had to put on that jazz waistcoat," added Wharton.

"And the cleanliness of the esteemed collar is terrific!"

"Turn your coat-collar up, Bob, old man!" implored Nugent. "That tie of yours is like Joseph's coat-of-many-colours! It hurts my eyes!"

Bob Cherry coloured.

"All very well for you to taunt me, you chaps," he said, "but I think Marjorie would have liked this get-up. These beastly boots may be a bit painful, but they look neat."

"She would have been charmingly delighted," grinned the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur. "Fine feathers make the fine birds end in lovers' meetings."

Inky, besides his command of a weird and wonderful English, particularly prided himself on his knowledge of the English proverbs. It was the result of the teaching of the finest tutor in all his native India, so he said.

"They may look neat," grunted Johnny Bull, "but what's the use of

boots you can't walk a couple of miles in without creaking up?"

"Wish we'd come on our bikes," remarked Bob. "Or, better still, I'd prefer a motor-bike just now. You don't have to shove the giddy thing along with your feet. Still, the beastly boots are getting a bit easier, I think."

"What's up, Hazel?" asked Harry Wharton suddenly. "Why the look of agony, old man? Your own boots haven't started to worry you, have they?"

"No," replied Hazeldene, with a smile that was a trifle forced. "I—I thought of something, that's all."

"Seems a painful process," added Nugent. "Don't overdo it!"

Hazeldene did not care to confess it, but it was Bob's casual mention of the word "motor-bike" that had brought that look of distress to his face. Had his chums known it, motor-bikes were very much on his mind just then.

"I say, Hazel, what about all of us having tea in my study?" suggested Wharton. "We'll call in at Mrs. Mumble's and buy some grub."

"I've got a decent-sized plum-cake," announced Bob Cherry.

"Good!"

The suggestion was further discussed during the short time it took the six juniors to cover the intervening distance to the gates, and they all turned in off the road, intent on occupying the remainder of the afternoon with their preparations, and finishing up with a good spread.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as they came within hearing of the gatekeeper's lodge, occupied by Gosling, the Greyfriars porter.

The Removites stopped with one accord as they heard the sound of voices—the well-known tones of Gosling himself, and those of a stranger.

"Not if you was to search the place with a extra-magernifyin' mikerscope! Wot I ses is this 'ere—'o ain't on the premises! Which I told you already, it's a 'arf-holiday on Wednesdays, and 'e's gorn hout!"

"Gone to try and swindle someone else, I suppose?" retorted a second voice. "Hiring somebody else's machines he can't pay for, eh? I pities 'em if he smashes up theirs like he's smashed up mine! Ten pounds is the figure. Ten pounds damages—not a

penny less! He's had the bill, and now he's trying to bilk me!"

"Trouble on the horizon!" remarked Harry Wharton grimly.

"The esteemed Gosling does not give the soft answer that makes the clouds roll by," added Hurree Singh.

"Come on, you chaps! Let's get in quick!" said Hazeldene, pushing by hurriedly.

"What's up, Hazel?" said Nugent. "Why, you've gone white as a jolly old sheet!"

Hazeldene did not answer. He slipped from the little group and made for the drive. He seemed rather panicky, and avoided looking towards the porter's lodge as he went.

But as he came level he stopped abruptly. Two figures had emerged from the shelter of the high hedge in front of the lodge. Further evasion was useless. He had been spotted.

"That's him!" exclaimed the man whose voice they had heard, pointing straight at Hazeldene. "I'm sorry I disbelieved you, ole feller," he added to Gosling. "I see he was out, after all. But he's back now, and I want a word with him."

The Famous Five looked at the man. They had only recently seen him in Friardale, but did not know who he might be. A stocky, aggressive-looking individual he was, with huge hands that bore traces of black grease, despite the fact that they had been recently washed. He wore a suit of new but clumsily-cut blue serge, and it was plain that this outfit was not his everyday garb.

Johnny Bull mentally summed him up as some sort of an engineer, and he was not far wrong, for the man was the proprietor of the new motor garage which had lately been established at the end of the village. The workman-like state of his hands was due to the fact that he did most of his own repairing jobs in the workshop at the rear of the premises.

"What do you want?" asked Hazeldene sulkily, as the man approached him.

"You know that very well, my young shaver!" replied the man. "I've come here special a-purpose to see you to-day—"

"Come outside in the road, then."

Hazeldene led the way past his chums and out of Gosling's hearing.

Harry Wharton, with a nod to the other four, followed slowly after them.

"Hazel in trouble again," remarked Bob Cherry grimly. He had forgotten the pain of his boots, now that this unexpected situation had cropped up.

"Looks like it," agreed Wharton, frowning.

"Did you hear what that chap said about smashing up a hired machine?" put in Nugent.

"Ten quid!" exclaimed Bull briefly.

"The silly ass! I suppose he's done something footling again. He seems to be up to the neck in trouble," said Bob.

"And wants us to drag him out!" concluded Harry Wharton. "Got fed-up with behaving himself reasonably, I suppose. Too monotonous."

"Just like the esteemed and ludicrous Hazeldene," uttered Inky.

It was. Anybody who knew Peter Hazeldene would have admitted that his friends were not doing him any injustice. The strait and narrow path was one from which he was extremely liable to slip when anything attractive on the broader road offered itself—especially when he had the cash to pursue it.

"Must have been in funds," remarked Nugent.

"But not to the extent of ten quid, obviously," grunted Johnny Bull.

"If that's all the trouble, I think it's rather up to us, you chaps," suggested Bob Cherry, as they stopped a few yards from where Hazeldene and the visitor stood talking by the hedge. "After all, he's a Greyfriars chap, you know, and—and—well, we don't want to have Marjorie's brother in disgrace."

"Admitted," replied Harry Wharton, glancing at Hazeldene's white and troubled face. "Still, I wish the silly idiot would look before he leaps. Not much good regretting things when he's in the soup, and his money's all gone."

"He's straight enough," remarked Frank Nugent.

"Of course. We shouldn't have much sympathy for him if he weren't; but he's weak. If he were like Vernon-Smith, say, he'd go right through with the consequences. But old Hazel seems to crumple up, and it's a bit thick that we have to stand him on his feet again every time."

"Well, we haven't done our good turn for to-day," said Bob Cherry brightly. "What about butting in and coming to the giddy old rescue?"

"Lucky for him he's Marjorie's brother!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Inky, Harry Wharton, and Nugent grinned. And then, at a nod from Wharton, they all advanced slowly towards the pair farther along the road.

Hazeldene did not wave them away, so they approached and listened to what was going forward.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Money is Tight!

"WELL, for the last time, what are you going to do about it?"

Peter Hazeldene hung his head. His face was whiter than ever; his lower lip trembled.

He looked up again, and his mouth opened, but he did not speak. Instead, he glanced towards the Famous Five, as if in silent appeal.

"Speak up, my lad!" urged the man. "My time's valyorable, if yours ain't!"

"You'll be paid, Mr. Killip," gasped the junior, at last. "I—I've written to my father. I'm expecting a remittance."

The Famous Five grinned.

"Sounds like Bunter!" whispered Johnny Bull.

"What! Written to your father? That's what you told me a week ago! He could have sent an answer by now."

There was nothing blustering on the part of Mr. Killip, as his name appeared to be. In fact, he seemed very calm, if determined. He spoke as one having authority; as a man with right on his side.

"Excuse our butting in," said Harry Wharton civilly, as he walked up. "We're friends of Hazeldene's. Is there anything we can do? What do you say, Hazel?"

The Removite licked his lips.

"I—I don't know. You see—"

"We see you owe this man money. We see that all right!" broke in Johnny Bull gruffly.

"If that's all the trouble—" began Bob Cherry.

"It isn't!" muttered Hazel.

"Eh?"

"What the thump—"

"It's all the trouble, so far as I'm concerned!" announced the creditor.

"All I wants is my money. Ten quid is the amount—damages. He'll tell you all about it."

"How long has it been owing?" asked Harry.

"Since last Saturday week," answered the man. "Nearly a fortnight now."

"Well, that's not long to wait for ten pounds."

"True, it ain't. But what I objec' to is that I can't see no prospec' of getting it—ever. He ain't got ten quid, and ain't likely to have it, so far as I can see. But if you young gents are friends of his'n enough to sub round and 'lect the amount—why, I don't much mind where it comes from, so long as I gets it. That's me—Joe Killip."

Harry Wharton glanced round at the Co. But their faces were as hopeless as his own, so far as raising ten pounds was concerned.

"Stony, except for a few bob," muttered Nugent.

"Same here," said Cherry gloomily.

Johnny Bull shook his head, and even Hurree Singh expressed himself as being very short of the "ten-pound-fulness." Usually, he was quite well supplied, and about the richest member of the Famous Five. Wharton himself had a trifle under ten shillings, and their total wealth would not have come to much more than two pounds.

"I'm afraid it's impossible," announced the captain of the Remove. "At this present moment, anyway. Ten pounds is a big amount, you know. We very seldom have that amount between us, except, perhaps, at the beginning of term."

"All right, then," remarked the garage-keeper, without heat. "Now we know where we are, Master Hazeldene. I said in my letter that if you wouldn't pay up by to-day, I'd write to your headmaster. This is the last time of askin', so that is just what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' straight back to my shop to write the letter, and I'm goin' to post it to-morrow if I don't hear from you with the cash by the first mornin' post."

"I—I say—" gasped Hazeldene appealingly.

"That's all!" concluded Mr. Killip. "Good-afternoon, my lads! Good-afternoon, Master Hazeldene!"

And with that he turned his back and walked off down the road towards Friardale.

The juniors watched him go for some distance in silence.

"You silly idiot!" exclaimed Wharton at last.

"You burbling chump!"

"Of all the asses—"

"The assfulness is terrific!"

"What have you been up to this time?" demanded Johnny Bull gruffly.

"It's all very well for you to round on me now!" protested Hazeldene passionately. "It wasn't my fault! Have I got to be sacked just for an accident? We have to get back to this beastly school by lock-up, haven't we? Everything has been against me—and now you're turning on me! If the rotten fool of a milkman—"

"Steady on!" interrupted Bull. "Put the brake on a bit! What's all this about a milkman, and being sacked?"

"Yes, take it steady, Hazel," urged Wharton. "Tell us the whole thing, but not in one mouthful. You hired one of Killip's motor-bikes, didn't you, and had an accident?"

"Yes."

"And smashfully busted the bike," murmured Inky.

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"That's only half the trouble," said Hazel sulkily. "The Head wouldn't sack a chap for not paying ten quid a week or two after an accident. If this man writes to him, I shall be sacked. I shall be the victim of the rotten traffic management! It isn't fair! It might have happened to anybody! I—"

"There you go again!" broke in Bob Cherry. "Hold his head, somebody!"

"Why will you be sacked, then?" asked Wharton suspiciously. "Where did you have the accident?"

"Courtfield."

"Courtfield?"

The Famous Five looked at each other with significant glances.

The town of Courtfield was out of bounds to Greyfriars boys, and had been for three weeks past. There was a dangerous epidemic of diphtheria raging there, and until it had been suppressed and everything was safe again, Dr. Locke had strictly forbidden anybody from the school, masters included, from visiting the place.

Moreover, he had definitely stated that if anyone were found there without permission until the restriction was removed, he would expel him, without hope of appeal. He had made it perfectly clear that disobedience to this order would almost certainly imperil the health, and perhaps some of the lives, of the Greyfriars population.

"You prize idiot!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"We shall all be catching it now!"

Frank Nugent, who was standing closest to Hazeldene, uttered that remark sharply, and edged away.

"You can slang me as much as you like," retorted the troubled Hazel, "but you needn't treat me as if I were a leper! I went down to the doctor at Friardale on the quiet after dinner the next day, and he had a look at my throat. I haven't caught anything."

"Don't get ratty, Hazel!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "Tell us what happened, if you want us to help you."

"Nothing much. I merely hired the machine for a spin that Saturday, and it was getting late, when I found I hadn't much time to get back for call-over. So I had to take a chance and cut back through Courtfield. It was the nearest way, and I did it almost without thinking."

"Think a little; repent a lot," growled Johnny Bull.

"Shut up, Bull!" snapped Hazeldene. "Who are you to preach at me? You'd have done the same, but you wouldn't have had my rotten luck! There was a fool of a man with a milk-cart on the wrong side of the road, and I had to turn the bike into a lamp-post to avoid charging into him, that's all."

"And it happened in Courtfield?"

"Yes. Courtfield High Street. The front wheel was buckled, and the lamp smashed, amongst other things. A chap from a garage nearly opposite the place shoved the remains over the road and stored them until I could get back to Friardale and tell Killip what had happened."

"How did you get to Friardale and back to the school by call-over?" asked Nugent.

"I got a lift in a grocer's van."

"Was the owner of the bike wrathful?"

Hazeldene forgot his anxiety for a second and grinned.

"You should have heard him!" he said. "He had to send his van over for the bike. I've got the expense of that to pay for, too. But it isn't that that's worrying me!"

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"If you went into Courtfield deliberately," said Harry Wharton, "you're a bigger idiot than I took you for, Hazel. It's no credit to you that the whole crowd of us haven't been down with diphtheria!"

"I tell you I didn't go there deliberately!" shouted Hazeldene passionately. "That's right; now you turn on me! Everybody else has!"

"Don't be an idiot!" grumbled Johnny Bull. "How do you know this garage man will write to the Head? He may be bluffing."

"Does he look like a bluffer?" demanded Hazeldene.

"I'm dead certain he's not," said Wharton. "He was too quiet for that. But how do you know he'll tell Dr. Locke that you were in Courtfield? That part of it doesn't concern him. All he wants is his damages."

"That's all you know about it," rejoined Hazel. "He said he would have to send the whole lot of bills, to prove his claim. And one of the bills is from the Courtfield garage, for storing the machine. It's got their name and address on it—I've seen it. And the date, too."

Wharton frowned thoughtfully.

This was a facer, and no mistake! Hazeldene would certainly be deep in the soup if ever that information got to the ears of Dr. Locke.

"The hole will be hard to get out of exitfully," muttered Hurree Jamset Ram Singh dolefully.

His face was serious, as were indeed those of the rest of the Famous Five.

"I say, Harry, old chap," exclaimed Hazeldene appealingly, "you've helped me out before. Can't you suggest anything? It wasn't my fault, you know. If I'm sacked—"

"Have you told your pater about it?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I—I wrote and asked him for the ten quid, and told him about the accident. But I didn't say anything about—about being out of bounds. He's turned me down. I've gone miles beyond my allowance for this term already."

"What about raising it among the fellows—the moneyed ones?" suggested Nugent. "What about Mauly?"

"I've tried, and almost got it, but it came out about my being in Courtfield, and Vivian persuaded him not to. On principle, he said."

"Oh!"

Herbert Plantagenet, Lord Mauleverer was the individual referred to as Mauly. The richest junior at Greyfriars, and the easiest to obtain money from, he would have "parted up" like a shot had he been left to himself. But the urgings of his cousin and study-mate, Sir Jimmy Vivian, seemed to have made him tighten his purse-strings, on this occasion, at least, and Hazel had gone empty away.

Sir Jimmy was by no means vindictive by nature, but the revelation about Hazeldene having been in Courtfield must have caused him to act as he did, without thinking of the consequences.

"How about the Bounder? He's usually stiff with money."

"Not this time," said Hazeldene bitterly. "He said he was broke."

"Seems to me you're in a very bad sort of a fix, Hazel," remarked Harry Wharton at last. "You've tried everybody with money already, I suppose. There's only one thing to do."

"Yes?" said Hazel eagerly.

"Make a clean breast of it to the Head before the letter comes."

"Oh!"

Hazeldene appeared to be disappointed. He seemed to have expected some solution to his troubles, as from an oracle of old.

"Go in to the Head and ask for the sack, you mean?" he said scornfully.

"Not at all. If you own up, it'll be a very different matter from being found out. Tell the Head all that happened. After all, you weren't taking too much risk, rushing through the main street on a motor-bike."

"The riskfulness of catching the illness was smallfully nil," suggested Inky. "But the riskfulness of catching the accident was largely great."

Hazeldene was thoughtful.

Harry Wharton's suggestion seemed almost feasible. He hadn't looked at it in that way before.

"Come along to the School House, and we'll talk it over on the way," urged the captain of the Remove, as he saw his chum's trouble lift a little.

"Remember Marjorie!" warned Bob Cherry. "We don't want you sacked, you know, Hazel."

He slipped his arm through Hazel's, and, with Wharton on the other side doing the same, the three of them turned back towards the Greyfriars gate, with Hurree Singh, Bull, and Frank Nugent bringing up the rear.

It would need an effort, they knew, to make the weak-willed, self-pitying brother of the pretty Marjorie present himself at the bar of judgment, but if their persuasive efforts could do it, that feat would be accomplished.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Tempted!

**T**AP! It was a faint, indecisive sound that Hazeldene made on the door of the Head's study. His knuckles rapped on the thick panels gingerly.

There was no response. Hazeldene tapped again twice, a little louder.

His face was still pale and strained with anxiety. This was no pleasant ordeal he was screwed up to undergo, but he had decided to go through with it. Or, rather, Harry Wharton & Co. had decided for him.

Left to himself, he would have hung back and waited for the blow to descend. But under his friends' urgings he had been brought to the sticking-point. He had been made to realise that this was the better way. It was the harder way, too, as he was beginning to find. His face twitched as he waited for the reply to his knocking.

No sound came from within. He rapped again—more sharply this time. The loudness of the sound was startling to one already on edge. It made him jump.

Still there was no sound. Hazeldene felt a great surge of relief sweep over him. The Head was out; he could put off the evil day.

His hand dropped, and he was about to turn away.

But then he changed his mind. His moral fibre was weak, and his courage was at low ebb; but a sudden resolve upheld him. He realised that if he did not do it then, he would never do it at all. He grasped the door-handle and slowly pushed open the door.

The Head was not in the study!

It was plain at a glance that he had recently been there. A litter of papers lay on the desk, and the chair before it was half pushed back, as if the doctor had got up from the task that had been occupying him, leaving it uncompleted.

His tasselled cap hung on a peg, but his gown was not there. He was not outside the school buildings, then. Perhaps he had slipped out to confer with one of the masters.

Hazeldene took a pace or two into the room, and closed the door from force of habit. The Removite stood there, waiting. His eyes were fixed on a door in the farther wall; it was slightly ajar, and communicated with another room. Most probably Dr. Locke would return through that second door, but meanwhile no sounds came from that direction.

The junior began to pluck up courage, like a condemned man who hears of a temporary reprieve. His eyes began to stray around the room and the desk. The sight of the doctor's cane made him wince for a second. He looked elsewhere with a jerk, and his gaze fell on the assortment of papers.

Even from where he stood he could see that the upper sheets were written in Dr. Locke's own hand. He could read the words penned, in larger writing than the rest, at the top of one of them:

"THE WILMOT-SNELL SCHOLARSHIP."

Hazeldene's face flushed in the instant that he read those words and realised what they meant.

The Wilmot-Snell Scholarship! It was one of the most sought-after prizes that Greyfriars had to offer to juniors of the Lower Forms, so far as scholastic awards were concerned. It carried a money grant of £50 to the winner of it, besides the valuable prize volume which always went with the money.

Many of the Removites were already swotting for it. The exam was to take place in two days' time. Hazeldene himself had almost forgotten the existence of the thing; he was no great scholar, and because of the competition of such fellows as Redwing and Mark Linley, he had not so much as thought of entering.

But now he remembered. The £50 of the scholarship had seemed a mere figure to him before—something that existed only on paper. But now even a fifth of that very real sum would mean salvation to him.

Unconsciously he took a step or two nearer the desk.

It was not too late to enter his name. Applications would be accepted to noon of the next day, Thursday. The exam would occupy the whole of Friday. These must be the questions which had to be answered. He could see that Dr. Locke had been copying them out neatly from a roughly-scribbled draft that lay on the left, and the finished set was almost completed.

Hazeldene stretched out his hand and picked up the two sheets of paper.

He did not do it furtively, but with reluctance. It seemed as if some force other than himself was moving his hands and controlling his will. The thoughts which had flitted through his brain had seemed to come and go in a curious, detached way, but everything else was wiped out as he began to read the questions and take in the sense of them.

There were fourteen, all numbered and in order.

"Classical Section," he read. "Questions 1-12. Entrants will be allowed ten minutes for each question."

Hazeldene's hand half dropped to the desk again, as if to replace the papers. His face was burning. He had realised in a flash what he was doing.

But he did not replace the papers.



"I want the ten quid," said Mr. Killip, "and if I don't get it by the first post to-morrow morning, I'll write to your headmaster about it." "But—I—I say—" gasped Hazeldene appealingly. "That's all!" concluded Mr. Killip. "Good-afternoon, my lads! Good afternoon, Master Hazeldene!" (See Chapter 2.)

The movement towards the desk stopped, and then his hand began to come back.

"I—I must see them!" muttered Hazeldene through his teeth. "I must! I can't—confess!"

"Question One: What are the two favourite metres of Horace? After which Greek poet and poetess are they named?"

"Question Two: Which Roman Emperor—"

Hazeldene's eyes skimmed rapidly over the written lines. His brain was keyed up, working at terrific pressure. The sense of them he took in almost before they were read; the details burnt themselves into his mind.

The Classical paper—the geography and English sections—and finally the mathematical. Some of the last he paused to read twice. The figures and symbols had to be memorized perfectly.

Then the junior put the papers back on the desk. He felt a wave of guiltiness sweep over him, and he glanced at the farther door with startled eyes. He thought he had heard a slight sound. But nothing happened, and he turned round and stole out of the Head's study by the way he had come.

He gave a gasp of relief as soon as he got out into the passage, and a fit of nervous trembling shook him from head to foot.

"I've got to go through with it!" muttered the Removite grimly.

He slunk away, muttering the words, and casting an anxious glance behind him.

Soon he came to a secluded branch of the passage that was not used so much as the main corridor, and sat down in a broad window-seat that overlooked the

elms. He pulled two or three old letters from his pocket and a piece of pencil, and began writing down the fateful questions for the Wilmot-Snell Scholarship exam, almost word for word as he remembered them. They were quite fresh in his memory.

The handwriting was hurried, and some of the notes were sketchy and brief, but he had the gist of them. There was no mistake; it would be merely a matter of looking up the answers, and the money would be his, for, with the knowledge, had come temptation.

"I say, Hazel—"

Hazeldene whipped round sharply. His face was white and strained. The letters on the back of which he had been making his notes were thrust into his pocket again on the instant. Guilt was written all over him, had there been eyes to see.

But the only other eyes present besides his own blinked short-sightedly at him through the thick lenses that were perched on the fat little nose of Billy Bunter. Perhaps, after all, Bunter had not seen.

"He, he, Hazel!" cackled the Owl, rolling forward a yard or two. "You seem pretty quiet! Trying to get up pluck to go in to the Head?"

"Head?" repeated Hazeldene. "I—I—"

"I happen to know all about it," explained Bunter condescendingly. "I was going along the Remove passage and I heard Cherry talking about it just as I passed Wharton's study. You know what a voice he's got."

"I know what an ear you've got!" retorted Hazeldene, recovering himself a  
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little. "You fat, sneaking rotter! You listened at the keyhole!"

The Owl drew himself up haughtily. There was a look of injured innocence on his fat and fatuous face.

"Really, you know, Hazel—I hope I'm too well-bred to do anything like that! A chap brought up amongst titled relations—"

"Oh, shut up, you fat snob!"

Hazeldene breathed fast. Had Bunter seen?

"That's just your enviousness of my high social position!" Bunter snorted.

"But, really, you know, Hazel, I'm sorry about that motor-car you hired. Hard luck that you should smash it into a telegraph-pole, and all that."

Hazeldene gasped. Bunter was always liable to hear more than was meant for him, but it was seldom that his eavesdropping came out the same as it went in.

"I'm sorry you haven't got the money to pay for the damage, too," continued the Owl complacently. "I'd lend you a few quid, but I find I've been disappointed about a postal-order. I'm going to write and complain to the Postmaster-General about it. I expect the Head'll give you about a dozen with the cane for not paying up. He, he! I hope they don't hurt too much!"

"You fat sneak!" yelled Hazeldene, springing up from the window-seat. "I'll kick you down the passage if you don't buzz off!"

Billy Bunter backed away hastily.

"No offence, Hazel old man!" he exclaimed hurriedly, adjusting his big round glasses. "In—in fact, I came to cheer you up! I've got good news for you."

"Good news?"

Hazeldene echoed the words, and dropped his hands. Good news would be welcome just now from anybody, Bunter included. But he forgot for the moment that it was Bunter who was bringing it.

"Y—yes, good news, Hazel. I—I've wangled an invitation to tea for you. In Wharton's study, you know. Nugent and that beast Bull pressed me to join them, but I wouldn't consent unless they invited you, too."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Of course that nigger Inky will be there as well, but I could hardly ask them to kick him out, as he's such a pal of theirs," continued the Porpoise. "But I sha'n't mind putting up with him, if you will."

The Owl blinked amiably.

"You—you—" stuttered Hazeldene.

"That's all right, old man; you needn't thank me," said Bunter, with another fatuous smirk. "I always like to stand by my friends."

"You want me to take you along and then try and make out I invited you!" snapped Hazeldene, advancing with his hands raised to seize the Owl's fat shoulders.

"I—I say, keep off—"

There was a sudden tinkling sound on the linoleum. Hazeldene's sudden movement had dislodged something that had been half-dragged from his pocket when he took out the bundle of old letters. He glanced down and picked it up.

It was a small silver charm, such as is worn on a watch-chain. The length of it was almost an inch, and it represented an Egyptian scarab, with two tiny red stones for eyes.

Bunter focused his spectacles on it and glimmered interestedly.

"I say, Hazel," he said inquisitively,

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"I haven't seen that before, you know. Where did you get it?"

"Mind your own business! You haven't seen everything at Greyfriars, even though you are the nosiest fellow in the place!"

"Oh, rats! Anybody'd think you had stolen it, the way you shove it back into your pocket like that."

"Why, you fat toad—"

Billy Bunter backed a few yards, panic-stricken. Hazeldene looked threatening now. He turned and faced about while the other junior fumbled about, replacing the charm safely at the bottom of the pocket from which it had been dragged.

"I say, you're looking jolly white, Hazel!" he sniggered. "Serves you right—hiring cars under false pretences. I hope the Head lays it on thick!"

Hazeldene stared at him for a second; an idea had entered his mind—something that would stop Bunter's tittle-tattle about himself and the Head at the source; or, rather, that would make that tittle-tattle safe, seeing that it was bound to happen.

He bounded forward. His hand descended on Bunter's collar as the fat Ananias of the Remove started to scamper along the passage.

William George stumbled forward and then fell sprawling.

"Ouch!"

"Now, you sneaking, fat rotter, I've got something to tell you!"

"Ow! Leggo! You'll tear my collar off!"

Hazeldene rolled him over and knelt on the Owl's fat chest.

"I've been to the Head already, and I've had my dozen!" he said tensely. "I've taken my punishment, and now you're going to take yours! Bump!"

"Ow! Yarooooogh!"

Billy Bunter's head smote the linoleum with a dull smite.

"That's the first of your dozen!" announced Peter. "Eleven more to come!"

Bump!

"Ouch! Oh, you beast! Lemme up!"

But Hazeldene did not let him up. The bumping went on remorselessly, while the fat junior squirmed and wriggled.

"That's what you get for snooping around and gloating over a chap in trouble!" announced Hazeldene, as William George at last scrambled up.

"Beast!" yelled Billy Bunter, dashing off, with his fat legs twinkling beneath him. He was anxious not to stand upon the order of his going, but to go at once. In less than three seconds he had vanished round the corner of the passage into the corridor beyond.

Hazeldene watched him go, breathing hard. His face was grim and vengeful, but there was a lurking satisfaction in his eyes.

He had enlisted Bunter's unwitting aid in spreading the news that he had been in to the Head, and been punished for his misdeed. There would be no need to tell lies on his own behalf; the news would be all round the Remove in an hour, and all Hazeldene would have to do would be to silently agree that the thing was true. Bunter would probably swear to having heard howls of pain coming from the study, too.

The man from the garage could be fended off with a definite promise of the money on the strength of the scholarship, and the letter to Dr. Locke need never be posted. Harry Wharton would accept the news that he had been punished and let off with a few strokes of

the cane, the scholarship would be won, and the whole incident closed when the money was paid.

If he was to win, no one must suspect that he had been in the study alone—that he had gone there and found it empty. It might be thought strange that he should win the prize over the heads of such fellows as Redwing and Linley, but Bunter's evidence would safely lead suspicion away from him.

At least, that is what Peter Hazeldene thought; but he was overlooking the poet's statement about the schemes of mice and men that "gang aft agley."

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Interrupts!

"AHEM!"

Dr. Locke cleared his throat and looked round beneficently at the assembled school.

Big Hall was filled with the rank and file of Greyfriars, from the cheeky little fags of the Second, with their grubby and shapeless collars, to the mighty figures of the lordly Sixth. Most of the masters were there, too, and hundreds of eyes looked up at the doctor as he stood upon the big dais.

Evening prayers were just over, but instead of giving the signal to dismiss, the Head continued to gaze down at the concourse before him. He paused, as if trying to remember something.

"What's he waiting for?"

Bob Cherry whispered the question to Wharton, who stood beside him.

"S-sh!"

"Trying to think of a number," suggested Peter Todd.

"And then double it," added Frank Nugent.

There was a subdued titter at this, but Dr. Locke looked in that direction quickly, and the juniors' faces immediately became grave.

"Ahem!" coughed the Head again. "There are two announcements I wish to make to-night, boys, before we dismiss."

"He's thought of two numbers!" whispered Vernon-Smith dryly.

"The first concerns the Wilmot-Snell Scholarship, the examination for which is now imminent," continued the doctor. "Details of this have been—er—posted up on the school notice-board for the past few weeks. But, in case any of you have overlooked the notice, I repeat the information publicly, as is customary."

Dr. Locke paused and groped beneath his gown, producing a sheet of paper from his pocket. He affixed his spectacles, and began to read from it:

"The scholarship is open only to the Lower Forms, and the award consists of a handsome prize volume, together with the sum of—er—fifty pounds. Entrants will be required to answer papers on mathematics, history, geography, and Latin. Oh, and—yes—English."

"Nothin' doing, begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"S-sh!"

"The examination will be held the day after to-morrow, Friday, and those who wish to enter will hand their names—if they have not already done so—to their Form master by noon to-morrow at the latest. Mr. Quelch has, I believe, already notified what preparation is necessary."

"That is so, sir," said Mr. Quelch, who was standing at the side of the dais.

"Thank you. That is all I need say, then, about the scholarship. My other announcement is one of a more personal nature. I have had the misfortune to lose an—er—item of property. It is not

valuable in itself, but I am particularly anxious to regain it for—um—sentimental reasons. It was given to me many years ago by an old friend."

"It's a squashed rose, out of a book," whispered Skinner to Stott.

"This property is a small ornament, or charm, in the form of a scarab," continued the doctor, unaware of Skinner's sarcasm. "In case any of the boys of the Lower Forms may be in ignorance of what a scarab is," added the Head, peering benevolently to the farther end of Big Hall, where the fags were congregated. "I will explain the term."

A subdued scuffle between Gatty, Nugent minor, and Myers, of the Second Form, subsided hastily. Dr. Locke gazed sternly in their direction for a moment, and then went on:

"Scarab" is a contraction of "scarabeus," the name of a beetle which was venerated by the ancient Egyptians—the Scarabeus Sacer. It was often depicted in amulets, or charms of stone or metal, or inscribed upon seals; and many of these amulets, which have survived the flight of—um—centuries, have the names of their Egyptian owners upon them."

"Wisdom while you wait!" said the Bounder, in an undertone.

"He's forgotten to bring his magic-lantern slides," added Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"But this ornament of which I speak is not ancient, but a modern example of the work of the—um—silversmith," continued Dr. Locke. "I value it merely as a gift made to me by an old friend. It is of silver, and has two tiny red stones to represent the organs of vision. In case you may think these are rubies," he added, with a dignified smile, "I will hasten to add that they are only of—er—paste."

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, I dropped it from my person during this afternoon, somewhere between my study and the Sixth Form room, and, though I have consulted the domestics, I cannot discover that it has been found. Should any boy happen to pick it up anywhere within the precincts of the school, I shall be very obliged if he will return it to me. If anyone here has already found it, will he please raise his right hand."

Dr. Locke stopped, and gazed round expectantly.

The whole school stood motionless. No hands were raised.

"Very well, then," concluded the doctor. "I hope, now that my loss has been made public, someone will chance across the scarab, and return it to me. Dismiss!"

In a few minutes the Big Hall was empty.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Swallows His Words!

"I SAY, Hazel, is that right what Bunter's saying about you?"

"Not if Bunter's saying it," replied Hazeldene lightly. "What idiotic fibs is the fat toad going about with this time?"

Hazeldene spoke off-handedly enough, but his face somewhat belied him. His chums of the Remove had noticed, ever since the incident outside the gates with the garage proprietor the previous afternoon, that he was looking decidedly worried, and that at times he tried to throw off some brooding care with a display of forced gaiety and high spirits.

He was rather careworn now, Harry Wharton thought.

It was the first morning break, and Harry had waited in the quad some

minutes after the rest of the fellows had emerged from the Form-room, waiting for Hazel. The junior had not seen Harry Wharton until he came out into the open, but Harry had spotted him. Hazel's face, when he had thought nobody was watching him, was distinctly worried.

"Why didn't you come out with the other chaps?" asked Wharton, ignoring the question.

"What are you looking at me so suspiciously for, Wharton?" countered Hazel.

"Am I? I didn't mean to. I was only wondering why you were late."

"I stopped to speak to Quelch, if you must know," answered Hazel petulantly.

"Have you found the Head's scarab, then?"

Hazeldene stiffened, and glared at his chum searchingly.

"What do you mean?" he broke out passionately. "What are you hinting at? Has that cad Bunter—"

"Hold on, Hazel! Don't get wrathful! You're looking at me as if I'd accused you of stealing it. I expect it's only another one of Bunter's stunts."

"If you want to know why I stayed talking to Quelch," explained Hazel, controlling his anger with an obvious effort, "it was to give in my name for the scholarship. We've got up till noon to-day, you know."

Harry Wharton looked at him in surprise.

"The scholarship?" he repeated.

"You're not going in for that, are you? The other fellows made up their minds weeks ago, when it was first announced. They've been swotting for it ever since. You haven't, have you?"

"No," admitted Hazeldene. "But there's nothing to prevent a chap going in for it without swotting, is there?"

He spoke somewhat aggressively, yet it seemed to Wharton that somehow he was on the defensive.

"Why, no, I suppose not. But, still, you haven't got much chance against, say, Linley. He's going all out for it, and you know what hot stuff he is about exams."

"Is he?" exclaimed Hazeldene, with a touch of temper. And then, with an effort at lightness: "Anyway, if I sit for the exam, I shall dodge Form-work for the day. There's that to be said for it, even though I'm nowhere in it with Linley."

"That's why some of the others are going in for it. Still, you don't want to hand in a set of dud papers and get yourself into the Head's bad books so soon after yesterday. He won't forget he handed you a dozen for being out of bounds, you know."

"Is that what you mean about what Bunter's saying? Did he tell you I got a dozen?"

"Well, yes, he did say that. That was the only news we had about it, seeing that you were so mum. He said he happened to be going by the Head's study and heard you yelling inside."

Hazeldene grinned. "I was certainly in there," he admitted evasively. "But I wasn't yelling."

"But that wasn't what I meant about Bunter," continued Harry. "He said that yesterday; but to-day he's going about accusing you of having the Head's silver charm."

"Is he?"

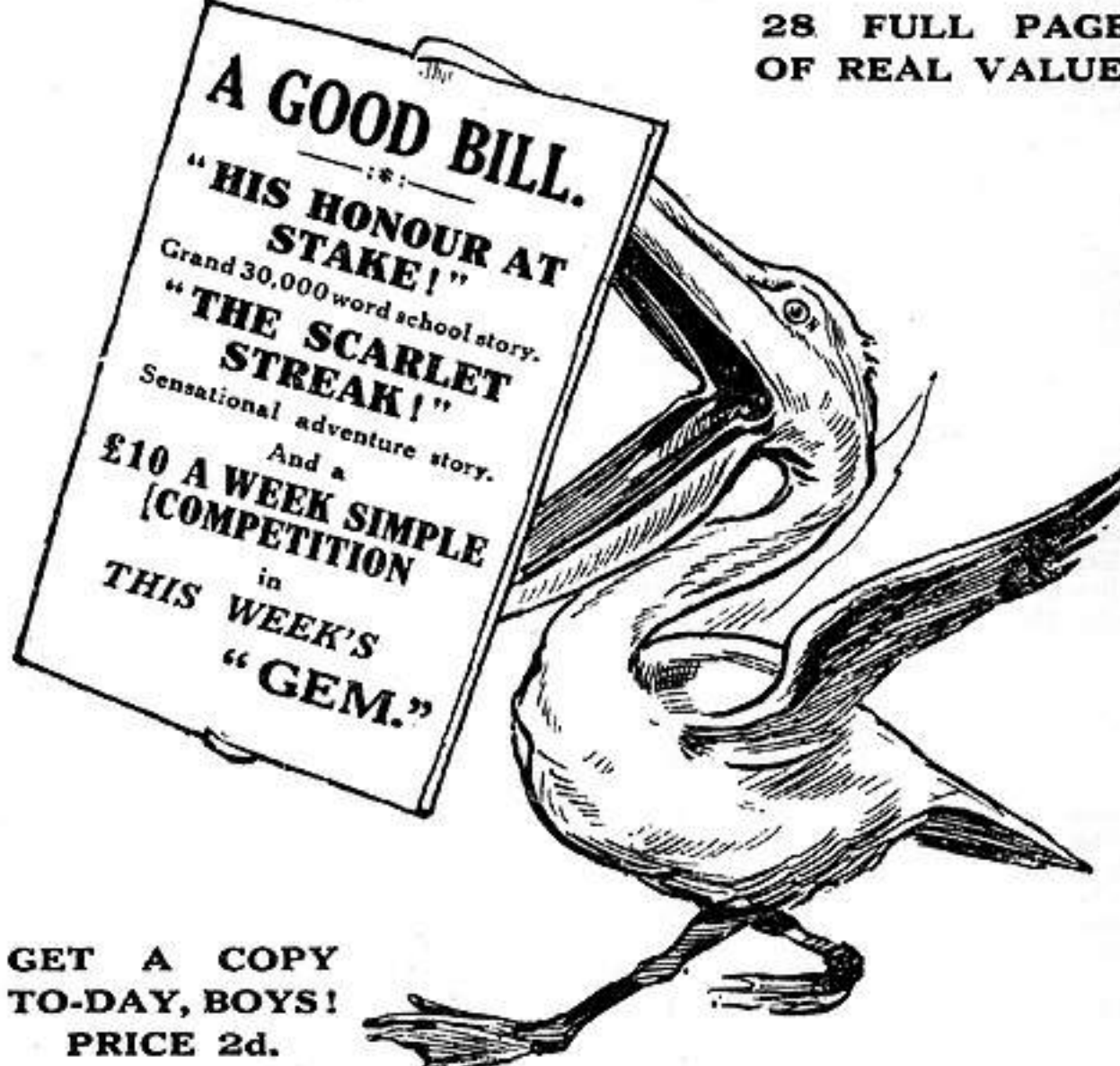
Hazeldene uttered the words coolly. The accusation did not appear to interest him. Wharton looked at him curiously.

"You take it pretty calmly," he said. "If I might suggest it, Hazel, I'd collar that fat mischief-maker without delay and make him swallow his lies."

Hazeldene considered for a moment.

"I don't see what good that would do," he said. "Everybody knows that if Bunter says a thing it is not so. And the more he says it, the less true it is."

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Besides, what should I want to keep the Head's charm for, supposing I'd found it?"

"He says that you found it in the study, or somewhere, and that you're keeping it in revenge for having a whacking. Of course, nobody believes such rot, but it might be serious if the lie got round to any of the masters. Actually, the Head let you off jolly lightly with a caning. After you'd broken the rule about going into Court-field, with that diphtheria all over the place, I expected—"

Harry Wharton stopped abruptly and looked behind him. Hazeldene looked also.

There was a sound of scuffling feet, and of the voices of six or eight juniors mingled with the grunting and howls of an animal in pain—at least, that is what it seemed to be; but when the two onlookers realised what was happening, they perceived that the weird noises were proceeding from the fat throat of William George Bunter.

The other juniors had attached themselves to his legs and arms, and were dragging him across the quad, face upwards, towards where Wharton and Hazeldene stood. Dragging is the correct word; it would have been impossible for such a small number to have carried him, so they dragged and hauled at his ponderous weight, and Billy Bunter's back and the seat of his capacious trousers made a broad groove across the gravel.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" boomed the deep tones of Bob Cherry. "Here he is! Now let us hear you say it in front of his face instead of behind his back!"

Bob Cherry was, together with Redwing, in charge of one of the Owl's arms.

"Let his legs down, Micky!" said Redwing. "Prop the fat Ananias on his feet!"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "Yow!" "It's Ananias he is, entirely, the spalpeen!" said Micky Desmond, as he signalled to the other three fellows to liberate the Owl's fat legs.

"This side up, with care—heave!"

"Ups-a-daisy!"

The weighty form of William George was hoisted upright, and his retreat cut off by an attentive rearguard as he tried to sidle away.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Say on, Bunter!"

"Now's your chance!"

"He, he! You will have your joke!" giggled the fat junior, with an oily smirk. "I—I can stand a joke as much as anybody!"

Billy Bunter straightened his spectacles on his little button of a nose, and blinked amiably.

"What's the giddy idea?" said Hazeldene.

"This fat fraud has an idea in his fat head," explained Bob Cherry. "He thinks that you've got the Head's thingumabob. The watch-chain ornament, whatever it was called, that he was spouting about last night. Go on, Bunter, cough it up. Say to Hazel's face what you've said behind his back!"

"Really, you know—"

"Grab hold, you fellows! We're going to bump him until it all comes back to him!"

"Ow! Leggo! You rotters! Yarooooogh!"

The ground quivered as the juniors lifted the great weight that was William George, and then let it descend with a dull concussion.

"Ouch! Yow! I say—"

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"Here let him up! Stand up, Bunter!"

Harry Wharton strode forward and half a dozen hands helped him to haul the dazed Owl to his feet once more.

"Do you still say you saw Hazeldene with the Head's property?" he demanded, shaking Bunter's fat shoulder.

"Y—yes. That is, n-n-no," chattered the fat Removite. "I say, Wharton, you n-n-needn't shake me like that."

"I'm going to shake the truth out of you somehow!" exclaimed Wharton. "Which is it—yes or no?"

"N-no," he stuttered.

"You haven't seen him with the charm? You've been telling lies?"

"I trust I am too well brought up to tell anything but the truth," said the Owl, drawing his rotund figure up and blinking with dignity. "George Washington—"

"George Washington was no relation of yours, you fat fabricator!" rapped Wharton. "Come on—out with it! Yes or no—do you say you saw Hazel with the Head's property?"

Once again William George caught the eye of the Removite with whose name he had made so free. Hazeldene looked even more threatening than before.

"Nunno; sus—certainly not," stuttered Bunter, uncertainly.

"You confess you've been lying?"

"I—I might have made a—a slight mistake. But when the thing dropped on the floor I recognised it at once, because Doctor Locke offered it to me some time ago, you know. Pressed me to accept it, in fact."

"Eh?"

"Yes," went on Bunter, serenely, "as a present. But I had to decline it. Not my class, you know. Only silver. I never accept any jewellery less than gold—"

"What!" yelled Hazeldene, breaking out at last. "I'll smash you, you fat rotter, if you can't stick to the truth!"

"I—I mum-mean I didn't see you with it after all," amended the corpulent Ananias of the Remove hastily.

Harry Wharton turned to the other fellows.

"A chap can never tell whether the fat fraud's trying to speak the truth or not," he remarked.

"Yes you can," contradicted Micky Desmond. "If the fat spalpeen tried to tell the truth, it's burst he'd be, entirely, be jabbers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll leave it to you, Hazel," said Wharton. "We can depend on you, anyway. Everybody here would rather take your word than Bunter's. You can squash this rumour now, before it goes any farther."

Hazel nodded grimly.

"Well, then, just as a matter of form; have you got the Head's scarab, or haven't you?"

"No, I haven't," replied Hazeldene, deliberately. "I haven't got it; I've never had it; and I've never even seen it, to my knowledge!"

"Good enough!" said Wharton.

"On the ball!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Gather round, you chaps! We're going to bump this fat cad again, and then we'll roll him across the quad!"

"I—I say, you fellows! Really, Cherry—"

But Bunter's flow of protest was interrupted. A dozen hands grabbed him. His fat little legs were dragged from under his equally fat body, and he hit the gravel—hard!

"Ow! Yarooooogh!"

"All together!"

Bump!

"Ouch!"

"And again!"

"Er—what is the meaning of this unseemly conduct?"

A stern, thunderous voice came from behind the group of juniors.

Mr. Quelch stood in the doorway that gave access to the quad. He had come out of the Form-room to call the Remove back to their classes. His eye was grim and his manner frigid. Nobody seemed inclined to supply the answer to his question.

"Cease this horseplay at once!" he snapped. "Bunter, stand up!"

The weighty form of William George was hauled upright by the three nearest juniors. The Owl blinked happily as he straightened his spectacles once again. He gloated inwardly at those around him; he felt that they had been defrauded out of their vengeance, and that he was safe.

"Cherry, what is the meaning of this? You seem to have been the leading spirit in this—er—frivolous buffoonery!"

"Nothing, sir. We were—ahem!—bumping him. Trying to improve his eyesight, sir!"

"Eyesight?"

Mr. Quelch looked surprised.

"Yes, sir. Bunter has been seeing things that weren't there. We were trying to convince him—"

"That will do!"

The juniors awaited anxiously for the wrath to come. The answer was bold, and might have appeared even impertinent. But perhaps the Remove master had overheard more of what had gone before than the fellows suspected. At any rate, the blow did not fall. Mr. Quelch's lips tightened, but he addressed Bunter, and not Bob Cherry.

"I will not inquire further into this affair, Bunter," he said. "Knowing what I do of your habit of tittle-tattle, I think I can safely assume that your Form-fellows had good reason for—er—handling you as they did. But," he added, sweeping his glance round the group, "let us have no more of this horseplay. You will now all return to the Form-room."

With that Mr. Quelch turned and led the advance.

"Saved on the giddy scaffold!" murmured Bob Cherry, as he crowded in with the others some distance in the rear of their respected Form-master.

"Quelchy did us out of the fat freak's just punishment," added Redwing.

"He won't feel safe till he's back in class," remarked Wharton.

He pointed to William George, who was scurrying along well in front, on the heels of Mr. Quelch, like a very unwieldy cargo-boat being escorted by a lean destroyer.

But Peter Hazeldene walked behind the group of juniors, alone. He was thoughtful and glum, and took no part in the whispered comments.

He had relied on William George to gossip, but he had not expected him to gossip about the small silver charm which had fallen out of his pocket. At the time of the incident, it had meant nothing. But now that the Head had announced his loss, that trivial occurrence had a deep significance!

It had perhaps been dropped, Dr. Locke said, in his study. And if the fatuous Owl's accusations should get to any of the masters' ears, and thence to the Head himself, and Hazeldene should be taxed with the possession of

it, his presence in the study would have to come out, in all probability.

He himself had encouraged Bunter to say that he was in the study, but Dr. Locke knew nothing of that. And when he came to win the Wilmot-Snell scholarship from all competitors, that fact would begin to look exceedingly fishy. The Head could hardly have forgotten that he had left exposed the list of questions.

And if that unknown visit of his were to come out, the Courtfield business would come out, too. Nothing less than the sack from Greyfriars loomed in front of Hazeldene at that moment, and he groaned inwardly.

Stealthily he touched the outside of his jacket. A hard little lump showed that the scarab was still there. A sudden thought of throwing the dangerous thing away crossed his mind, but he suppressed it.

"I'll stick to it, whatever happens!" he thought grimly.

And then, with a beating heart, he followed his chums into the Form-room.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Barges In!

**C**REAK!

That sharp, metallic sound was wrung out of the protesting wires of a certain spring mattress in one of the beds of the Remov dormitory. This particular mattress was the most hardly used one in the whole school. It sagged nearest the floor, for its unfair duty was that of supporting the fat frame of William George Bunter.

Creak! Squeak!

The overloaded springs protested again. Their fat burden was awakening.

Bunter wriggled up so that his little blob of a nose showed above the bed-clothes, and his eyes opened and he blinked sleepily at the ceiling for some minutes.

Billy Bunter was trying to wrench himself into wakefulness.

The Owl was not in the habit of early rising. In fact, his inclinations were all the other way. He usually had to be assisted out of bed with the aid of a slipper applied to his fat person, or else tipped out bodily on the floor.

But this morning, for reasons known only to himself, it was different. He actually wished to be up early. Or, if not exactly early, at least earlier. He had a certain little job to do, but there would be ample time to do it if he arose with the first clang of the rising-bell, or perhaps a minute before.

Billy Bunter struggled to an upright position, and glimmered round the dormitory. In the half-light of that dull spring morning the room looked cheerless and uninviting, and it was chilly, too.

"Gug-gug-grooh!" murmured Billy Bunter through chattering teeth. "Oh, dear!"

Nobody seemed to be awake as yet except himself. All the beds were silent and motionless, except for the soft sound of breathing here and there.

The Owl slid his hand beneath his pillow and tugged out an object that was as fat amongst its kind as he was amongst his. It was a massive imitation gold watch of the turnip variety. Bunter often casually mentioned, with a smirk, that he had paid twenty-five pounds for it. Actually, however, it had originally cost something nearer seven-and-sixpence.

"Fifteen m-m-m-minutes to rising-bell," chattered Bunter, as he focussed his screwed-up eyes on the dial. His



Hazel rolled Billy Bunter over and knelt on his fat chest. "I've been to the Head, and I've had my dozen," he said tensely. "I've taken my punishment, and now you're going to take yours!" Bump! "Ow! Yaroooh!" Billy Bunter's head smote the linoleum with a dull smite. "That's the first of your dozen!" announced Peter. "Eleven more to come!" (See Chapter 3.)

spectacles were on the chair beside his bed.

Keeping the watch in his podgy hand, he dived feet foremost under the bed-clothes once more, and the springs squeaked and creaked alarmingly.

Warm once again, the comfortable Owl was several times on the point of dropping off to sleep, but he roused himself with an effort of will that was surprising in him. Obviously this little job he had in mind must be of importance!

The second time he referred to the costly timepiece Billy Bunter found that it was two or three minutes to rising-bell. Usually he would not have been able to tell the time with such precision without a lot of exhausting mental arithmetic, but he knew he was able to rely on it now, for the previous evening he had put his watch right by the school clock.

Billy Bunter therefore began to drag himself out of bed, and, shuddering as the chilly morning air closed round his thinly-clad person, he began to dress.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came the sleepy voice of Bob Cherry. "Whassup? Who's that?"

"S-sh!" hissed the Owl warningly, as he struggled into his jacket.

"That you, porpoise?"

"S-sh!"

"What's the matter with you? Feel ill?" demanded Bob, now quite awake.

"Really, Cherry— Can't a fellow get up early without—"

"Yes, but why? Usually we have to drag you out. Going to raid somebody's grub, or break into the tuck-shop?"

"Some people have no minds above mere food," replied the Owl haughtily. "Don't judge me by your own standards, Cherry. I believe in self-sacrifice. I am getting up before all you snoring beasts to serve the ends of justice."

"Eh? What?"

"The ends of justice," repeated Bunter, blinking.

"Oh!"

Bob Cherry sank back baffled. The fat and fatuous Owl always had some new stunt on, but getting up before he had to merely to serve the ends of justice was a remarkable one, and Bob Cherry was baffled.

The conversation had aroused two or three of the other fellows, and head began to rise from pillows, and drowsy exclamations of amazement greeted the novel sight of William George Bunter up and dressed before all the rest of the fellows.

"What's up, old fat man?" demanded Squiff, the Australian junior.

"His conscience won't let him sleep," suggested Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"Going to look for his postal-order," ventured Redwing.

"All wrong, you chaps," explained Cherry. "He said something about fleeing from justice—"

Clang, clang, clang!

The rising-bell broke out suddenly, and the Removites who had remained asleep began to stir.

"Here, what's the game?"

"The fat, thief—"

"Throw a pillow at him!"

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Without a word, Billy Bunter had tiptoed across the dorm, and was rummaging amongst the clothes by the side of Hazeldene's bed. And, as Hazel himself awoke, the Owl grabbed the Eton jacket and retreated with it to the middle of the room between the rows of beds before the owner could do more than get over his sheepy surprise at seeing the fat junior standing over him, already dressed.

With desperate haste Bunter dived his hand into the inner pocket. He was anxiously feeling for something, with one eye on Hazel, who was now scrambling out of bed.

"What the thump—"

"Collar him, Hazel!"

Bunter's hand came out of the pocket. So did several other things. A bundle of letters dropped to the floor, followed by the jacket itself. Bunter had found what he wanted.

He dropped everything except the little object which he held in his fat hand, and scuttled down the dorm as Hazel rushed up.

The junior's bare foot kicked out at him, but missed. Hazeldene did not seem inclined to follow him up. He was more concerned with collecting the bundle of letters from the floor and stuffing them back into his pocket. His face was white and strained. If any of the other fellows had had time to observe him they would have sensed that he seemed in the grip of some desperate fear.

But they were all concerned with the robber, not the robbed. Their eyes were fixed on William George Bunter. The letters meant nothing to them.

"He, he, he!" cackled the porpoise. "I say, you fellows, look what I've found!"

He held up a small shining article. It was a silver scarab. Its eyes were formed of two red stones—not rubies, as the Head had jestingly pointed out, but paste.

"The charm!" gasped Harry Wharton, who was sitting up in the nearest bed. "What the—"

"The fat brigand!"

"This proves I always speak the truth!" gabbled Bunter hurriedly. "I took it out of Hazel's pocket. You all saw me. He had it all the time. I—Ow! Leggo! Ow! Er-r-ugh!"

Hazeldene had come rushing down the dormitory at him. His bunched fist cracked against Bunter's jaw, interrupting the flow of Bunter's accusation. Hazeldene's eyes were blazing. Never had they seen even him in such a passion.

"You thieving cad! You pick-pocket!"

Smash! Crack!

Once again his fist flashed out, catching Bunter on the side of the head even as he staggered backwards over the bed-rail. He snatched back the fat paw that still gripped the scarab, and wrenched the object away, ignoring the Owl's yelp of anguish as his arm was twisted painfully. A third time his fist was raised to strike. Hazeldene seemed to be beside himself with fury.

"Steady on, Hazel!"

"Easy!"

Bob Cherry and Wharton arrived at Bunter's rescue at the same moment. They flung themselves between the pair, thrusting Hazeldene back.

"He—he robbed me!" panted Hazel. "The—the—"

"Is it true what he said?" demanded Wharton, glancing down at the junior's clenched hand that concealed the scarab.

"What's the game, Hazel?" exclaimed Cherry. "Is—is that the thing—"

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"No, it isn't! Mind your own business!" snapped Hazeldene. He glanced defiantly from one to the other, breathing hard. His face was white still, save for a flaming spot of red on either cheek.

"But we all saw it!" gasped Wharton.

"Ow! Oh dear! Oh dear!" groaned Bunter, the cause of all the trouble. He patted his aching jaw tenderly. Early rising and aiding the cause of justice were more painful than he had expected.

"Perhaps you did all see it!" retorted Hazeldene hotly. "But that doesn't make it your business. This charm's mine, and you can think what you like! And if that bloated thief comes crawling round picking my pockets again I'll—"

"Ow! Keep him off! Don't let him get at me, Harry, old fellow!"

William George jumped alarmedly as Hazel made a threatening movement, and edged behind Harry Wharton's back.

As for Hazel, he curled his lip in scorn and turned his back on the excited group at the end of the dorm. He continued down the gangway until he came to his own bed, where he started to dress.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter, coming forth from his safe harbourage. "That's the way to handle 'em! I say, you fellows, did you see how I put the wind up him? I'll go along and wipe the floor with him for two pins! Yah! Who stole the Head's watch-charm?"

"Shut up, you fat robber!" growled Bob Cherry sarcastically. "Hazeldene might hear you!"

But Hazeldene did not appear to hear. His face was flushed and red as he put on his clothes, and he muttered and scowled to himself. None of the others ventured to speak to him; they knew Hazel's passions of old, and on this occasion his temper was very near the surface. Harry Wharton almost decided to go straight up to him and demand an explanation, to know from Hazel himself whether Bunter's accusation was correct, but he refrained. It would be better to let his anger simmer down for a while, and approach him when he was in a better mood.

But there was a good deal of whispered conversation among the group of juniors around Wharton—who was still in his pyjamas—and many sidelong glances in Hazeldene's direction.

And as for Hazeldene, his thoughts were bitter.

This was the day of the fateful exam—the exam that he could so easily win. The exam that he must win!

Everything had been clear for him; every obstacle removed. He had the answers in his mind, waiting to be written down. The fifty pounds was practically his. Killip had been satisfied, and the fatal letter to the Head had not been sent. He knew that the man must have spoken the truth when he had told him that, or he would have been sent for by now.

Soon after the scholarship scheme had entered Hazeldene's mind he had managed to use Mr. Quelch's phone and to convince the garage-keeper that he had already won a scholarship, and had just been informed of his success. He had stated that the prize-money would not be available immediately, but that Killip could rely on receiving his damages during the following week.

And Killip had been satisfied with that. He was not vindictive; all he wanted was his money.

Thus far everything had been propitious. And now the fat, inquisitive Bunter had barged in! If Hazeldene should be accused of having the scarab, it would certainly come out that he was first seen with it near the Head's study, and at a time, moreover, when the study was empty and the exam questions were lying exposed.

And then good-bye to the Wilmot-Snell scholarship—to the chance of hiding his being out of bounds in the diphtheria area of Courtfield! Good-bye, in short, to Greyfriars!

It would mean the sack!

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Hazeldene Hardens His Heart!

"EXCUSE me, Hazel!" Hazeldene looked up with a guilty start as he heard those words. Harry Wharton was regarding him with a rather worried frown as he pushed his head round the door of Study No. 2. Wharton had reason for that frown; for, in addition to the embarrassing affair in the dorm at rising-bell, his eyes had not failed to notice the furtive movement Hazeldene had made in thrusting some papers out of sight when he had heard himself addressed from the open doorway.

"What do you want?" demanded Hazeldene sulkily.

"Didn't you hear me knock?" asked Harry pleasantly. "I thumped on the door several times, but nobody answered. I thought that the study was empty, so I just looked in to make sure. Hope I'm not disturbing you?"

"Well?"

Hazeldene cast a hurried look at the blotting-pad under which he had thrust the papers, and then got up from the table at which he had been sitting and stood with his back to it. He still appeared confused, and the vengeful sulkiness of the morning had not yet left him.

It was the half-hour between breakfast and morning classes, and Harry Wharton had taken this opportunity of seeking Hazeldene and saying what he had to say.

"I—I thought the study was empty," went on Wharton, "especially as most of the fellows are in the quad. But I'm glad I found you here alone. I want to have a word with you."

"Well?"

"It's about this rotten business this morning, you know. Bunter and that scarab thing. None of the fellows believe what that fat sneak said about your having—well, stolen it. But you must admit it jolly well looks like it!"

"Does it?"

Hazeldene's eyes glinted, and his fist clenched involuntarily.

"Don't jump to conclusions, Hazel!" urged Wharton. "Hear what I've got to say! Bunter has been talking since this morning. He says definitely that he first saw you with it in the passage near the Head's study. In fact, he tried to make out that he saw you stealing it, until we forced him to admit that it was a lie. He sticks to the other part, though."

"Oh?"

"Yes. We shouldn't believe even that—and we didn't yesterday, when he first said it—but the awkward part is that he produced it. Several of the fellows saw him take it out of your pocket—Bob Cherry, for instance. It's quite likely that he put it in first, of course, and what we think is—"

"What you think doesn't interest me," broke in Hazeldene coldly.

Harry Wharton looked at him fixedly. Marjorie Hazeldene's brother was a problem at such times as this. Weak where temptation was concerned, he was inflexible as iron where obstinacy and self-will set him on a captious course. He was like that now. His brows were contracted in a sulky frown, and his lips set doggedly.

"Until you deny what Bunter says, we shall have to think that it is true—that somehow you have got hold of the Head's scarab. We'll assume you've found it, not stolen it."

"You can assume what you like!"

"Don't be obstinate about this, Hazel!" pleaded Wharton. "Won't you settle this affair one way or the other?"

"No!"

"All right, then. I've done my best. As skipper of this Form, I've asked you to do the proper thing, and you've refused. We're going to allow you until to-morrow at this time to think it over. If you won't return the charm to the Head by then, or prove that Bunter is lying, well, then—"

"Then what?"

"Don't be a fool, Hazel! We don't want to have any unpleasantness in the Remove! The fellows are talking of cutting you unless you do the right thing. Think it over! I should hate to have to go to Dr. Locke and say that one of the Remove chaps had his property, but wouldn't give it up."

"Is that all you've got to say?" asked Hazeldene.

"That's all!"

"Then thanks for your interest in a matter that isn't any of your business," rejoined the junior. "You needn't trouble to ask me whether I've changed my mind this time to-morrow, because I'm not going to. Please close the door when you go out; I've got some work to do, and it'll be morning classes in a minute."

Harry Wharton was about to make a hasty reply, but he shut his mouth instead and left the study. And as he walked down the Remove passage he was even more worried than when he had entered it.

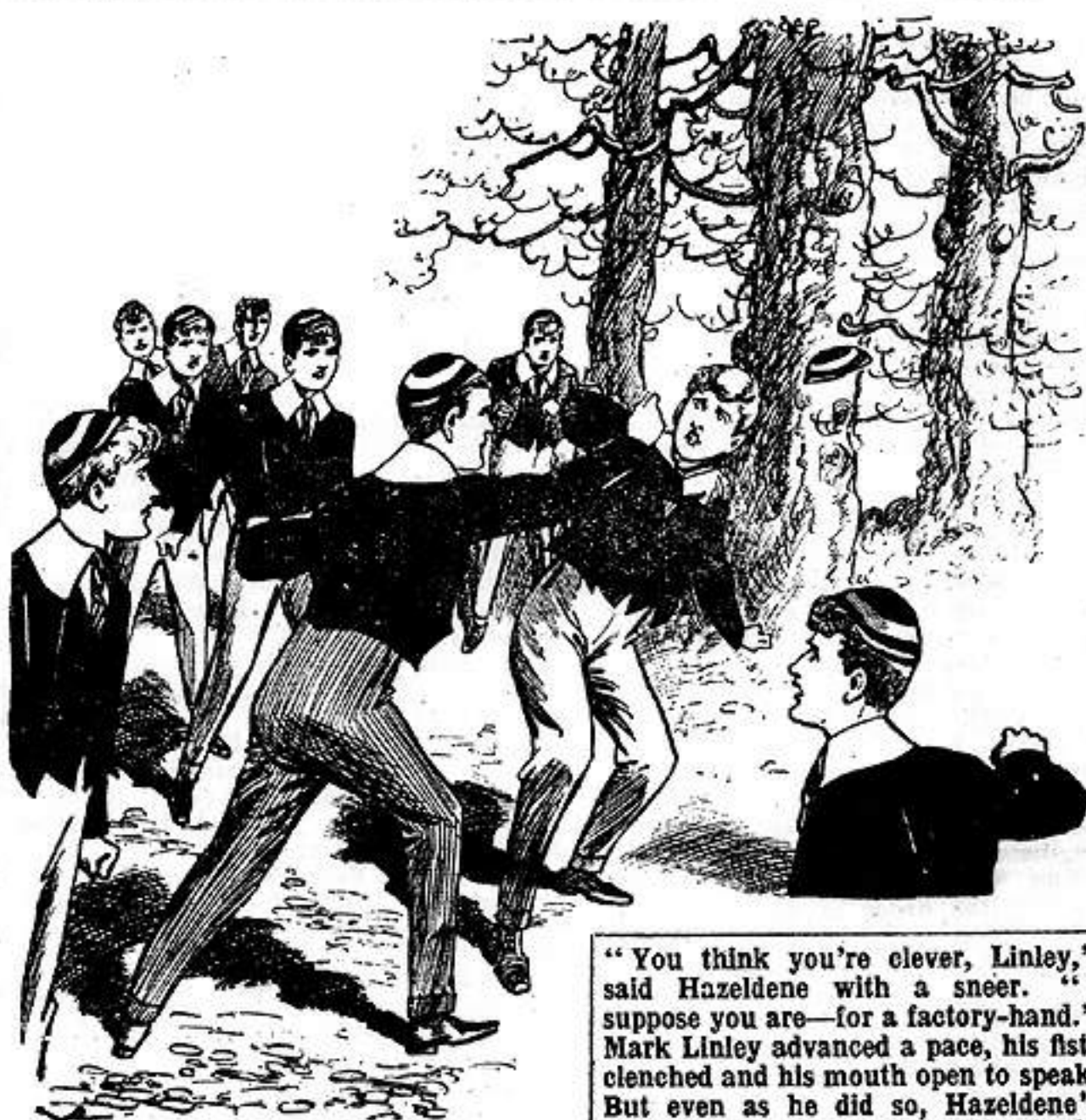
As the door closed behind the captain of the Remove, Hazeldene crossed over and turned the key in the lock. He had imagined it was turned before, and Wharton's entry when he had been absorbed in what he was doing had not added to his composure.

He returned to the table and took from under the blotting-pad the papers he had pushed there out of sight. They were the crumpled envelopes on which he had written down the memorised exam questions. He had not dared to copy them out afresh, in case he might be seen doing it, apart from the danger of being found in possession of such a plainly written document.

Even the scrawled envelopes had had a narrow escape when Bunter had dragged them out of his pocket on to the floor of the dormitory that morning. But, luckily, everybody's attention had been fixed on the scarab, and Hazel had recovered the envelopes without attracting attention.

Hazeldene was now going over them for the last time, so as to make assurance doubly sure. The exam would begin at the time of the first morning classes—a matter of minutes now—and he wanted to have the fateful questions, together with the answers which he had already prepared, perfect in his memory.

As he moved his left hand touched the hard lump in his jacket pocket, and



"You think you're clever, Linley," said Hazeldene with a sneer. "I suppose you are—for a factory-hand." Mark Linley advanced a pace, his fists clenched and his mouth open to speak. But even as he did so, Hazeldene's hand smacked sharply on his cheek. Linley fell back a pace, astonished and dismayed. (See Chapter 8.)

his thoughts, already disturbed by what Harry Wharton had said, flew back to the charm with full force. It had been worrying him ever since the door had closed, and it would have been a pretence to try and study the exam questions further.

Hazeldene dived his hand in his pocket, and drew forth the silver scarab.

He gazed at it earnestly, and his lip quivered tremulously, as he gazed.

That silver scarab was not the Head's property. It belonged to Hazeldene himself. It had been secretly treasured and hidden from his schoolfellows ever since he had come to Greyfriars. It was his mother's gift—the last thing she had given him before he left her to go to his first preparation school, and he had hoarded it ever since. The sight of it had comforted him when the pangs of separation were new and hardest to be borne; it was a link with home, a secret proof of the sentimental side of his nature that few of his chums suspected.

Yet the simple silver charm which had been a consolation to him so often in the past was now a veritable danger. So far as a verbal description went, it was identical with the one that Dr. Locke had lost. None of the fellows at Greyfriars had known he possessed such a thing, not even the inquisitive Bunter. And now that that nosey tale-bearer had seen him with it near the Head's study, it was quite understandable that they should think the one the doctor had lost was the one Hazeldene had always possessed.

It was awkward. Indeed, it was disastrous that the discovery should have been made at this time, of all others. The possession of it was a danger; it stood between him and expulsion. Any stray bit of talk about it and him that should be wafted to the ears of any of the masters would bring him before the Head.

There was no risk of being accused of stealing it when once Dr. Locke had

seen it and failed to identify it as his own, of course; but Hazeldene knew that it was very necessary he should keep out of the limelight just then, at all costs. The moiest whisper of having been near the Head's study, and then of winning the scholarship—

No; he must stand by his guns, and go through with it!

Hazeldene drew out his watch. It was only a few minutes to nine. The exam would begin then.

He crumpled up the envelopes on which he had written the scholarship questions and laid them in the grate. Then he struck a match and set the flame to the paper. Smoke curled up, followed by little tongues of fire that twisted the mass as they licked around it. Soon nothing was left but ashes, and the junior stirred them about until they were reduced to powder.

Then, with one last look, he unlocked the door and emerged into the Remove passage.

Even as he did so the bell for morning classes clanged out, and he made his way moodily towards the Remove Form-room, towards which the rest of Mr. Quelch's pupils were already heading.

The Remove were on their best behaviour that morning. Even Bunter, the indolent, affected an air of smartness and interest in his studies. He made his entry into the room as if it were Mrs. Mumble's tuckshop itself.

The reason was simple—Dr. Locke himself was in attendance, waiting to assume charge of the scholarship entrants and lead them off to a spare classroom for the purposes of the exam.

Nearly half of the forty or so Removites had put their names down to have a shot at the Wilmot-Snell—some

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because they thought they stood a chance of winning it, and some because they would be dodging the ordinary Form work, and be able to return answers sufficiently plausible to get them through without exposing their real motives.

Skinner and Stott were among this hopeful band, and most of the fellows classed Hazeldene with them. There was not the slightest suspicion that this was not the case; in fact, Hazel himself had encouraged this idea.

But he clenched his teeth as he, with the others, followed the Head to the spare class-room. He was going to have a surprise for them, he reflected grimly.

The juniors were allotted their places, and the fateful papers distributed.

Hazeldene glanced at his set languidly. The questions that the others were scanning so eagerly were hackneyed to him. He was almost tired of reading them, and knew them almost word for word.

The one about the Roman emperor in the classical section; the one concerning the Early English poets in English literature; the otherwise puzzling query as to the location of the Wirral in the geography paper—Hazeldene hardly gave them a second glance.

"You will deal with the various papers in the order in which they are numbered," said Dr. Locke, sweeping his glance over the crowd of Removites and the sprinkling of fellows from the Upper Fourth who had also entered. "You will be allowed ten minutes to answer each question, and Wingate—Ah! Where is Wingate? Did I not send somebody for Wingate?"

"Ah! Here you are!" he added, as the door opened and the head prefect entered. "Wingate will supervise generally, and intimate when the time allowed for each section is up. One word more, boys. Answer the questions briefly, and do not put in other and irrelevant matter to conceal your—ahem!—ignorance."

And then, with a nod to Wingate, the Head rustled out and the exam began.

"Ready, kids?" said Wingate cheerfully, looking at his watch. "Then go!" All heads were bent.

Soon few sounds save the scratching of pens and the occasional shuffle of a foot could be heard.

The Wilmot-Snell scholarship was under way!

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Insult Direct!

"I SAY, you fellows! He, he! There he is! Let's tackle the rotter! Let's show him up!"

Billy Bunter's fat face was wearing an expectant grin as he uttered those words.

It was the day following the scholarship exam, a Saturday. Morning school was over, and the remainder of the day was a half-holiday.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not need to be reminded of the thing that William George Bunter was trying to bring to their notice. In fact, they had been hoping all the morning to avoid what he was now urging them to do.

In fact, the Famous Five, together with Mark Linley and Ogilvy and Herbert Vernon-Smith and a few others, were gathered in a rather serious group in the quad discussing the problem as Bunter came up.

"I say, somebody ought to expose him!" cackled Bunter excitedly. "What are we going to do about it, you fellows? If you take my advice—"

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"I'll take the scruff of your neck in a minute, you fat frog!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Buzz along, old barrel!"

"Run away and play!"

"Take a boot if you can't take a hint!" exclaimed Linley, as he lifted his foot and helped Bunter on his way.

The fat junior staggered and overbalanced as he tried to dodge, and sat down with a solid thump.

"Yarooooogh!"

"Scat! Buzz off, before you're slain!" grumbled Johnny Bull, making a feint of dashing at him.

"Yah! Bullies! Bullies and cads!" hooted Bunter, as he picked himself up and scuttled off. "You wouldn't have known anything about the beastly scarab if it hadn't been for me!"

"The fat cad's right. We shouldn't, worse luck!" said Harry Wharton sombrely.

"I wish we hadn't," chimed in Nugent. "Even though the puffed-up toad fished the charm out of Hazel's pocket, I can hardly believe that Hazel knew it was there, or meant to keep it."

"I couldn't have believed it, either," agreed Wharton. "But you know what I told you? Hazel himself as good as admits it. He flatly refuses to return the thing to the Head. I told him how the fellows felt about it, and gave him until this morning to think it over."

"Well, time's up," said Linley.

"Yes, but he told me yesterday he wouldn't change his mind. Told me to mind my own business."

"That's his peevishness," remarked the Bounder. "We all know Hazel's temper. Perhaps he's cooled down now."

"Well, we'll give him his last chance, anyway," said Wharton. "Come on, chaps."

Together the group of juniors walked in the direction of the elms.

Hazeldene was still where Bunter had pointed him out, sitting on one of the benches beneath the venerable trees, alone, and occupied apparently with nothing but his gloomy thoughts.

Even though the threat of cutting him had not been decided on, the tale of the scarab had gone round the Remove, and few fellows had spoken to him since the previous morning.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" greeted Bob Cherry cheerily, as the group arrived.

Hazel turned his head slowly and deliberately surveyed the juniors. He had heard their approach, but had fixedly looked the other way, pretending he was unaware of their intention to speak.

He sat staring at them for a space of seconds, but neither made reply nor stood up. The cheeriness disappeared from Bob's ruddy face; Hazel's reception of his friendly advances was far from encouraging. In fact, judging by the expression on his features it was almost hostile. Bob Cherry felt snubbed, and the other fellows felt the same, too.

"Hallo, Hazel!" chimed in Harry Wharton. "You don't seem very bucked with life this morning."

"Don't I? What's it got to do with you, anyway?"

Hazeldene's face flushed, and his tone was petulant.

"Oh, shut up, Hazel!" broke in Johnny Bull gruffly. "Don't play the goat! You're a decent chap when you're not in the sulks. What's the matter with you these last few days?"

"Who's in the sulks?" demanded Hazeldene hotly.

He sprang up and placed himself immediately in front of Bull, so that their chests were almost touching. Already

his fists were clenched. Obviously, he was in no peacable mood.

"Of course, you must butt in, Johnny!" interposed Wharton, thrusting himself between the two.

"Johnny is the Bull who buttfully charges into the china-shopfulness," suggested Hurree Singh.

There was a general grin, except on the part of Hazeldene and Bull, and the tension was relieved for a moment.

"Now don't get wrathful, Hazel!" pleaded Harry. "You know we're all the best of friends, and want to keep so. Johnny isn't as tactful as he might be, but he's right about your being a decent chap. We merely want you to be natural, and do the decent thing. You know what I mean."

"About the scarab?"

"Yes. We want to know whether you're going to return it to the Head."

"Well, I'm not!"

"You know what the consequences will be?" asked Wharton. "They won't be pleasant for you, or me either. I don't want to go to Dr. Locke and tell him that a Remove chap is concealing his property, but it's up to me as the captain of the Form if you don't do the sensible thing."

"Don't be an ass, Hazel!"

"Stump up!"

"What's the use of the thing to you, anyway?"

A chorus of exhortation dinned into the Removite's ears. His face, which had now turned white with the simmering passion that possessed him, confronted those of the group of fellows who were all eager that he should do the right thing. At least, it was the right thing in their opinion, not knowing the facts.

There was a tense silence. Hazeldene seemed to be wavering.

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell them the truth; to reveal the fact that this maro's nest which the fatuous Bunter had unearthed was putting them on the wrong track.

But where a stronger character would have come out with the reality, Peter Hazeldene's weakness and vacillation overcame him. He realised that he would have to convince them against their will; to combat their incredulity. His lip curled in scorn as his gaze flitted into the eyes of one after another of them, and he thought of their disbelief.

Besides that, too, was a stubborn pride and an overpowering reluctance to reveal the streak of secret sentimentality that none of them suspected in him. He imagined their jeers when he should say that the scarab was the gift of his mother years ago, and that he had treasured it all this time, keeping its very existence from even his nearest pals.

In that he was wrong. The jeers he anticipated might well have come from Skinner or others of his kidney, but the fellows before him represented the best element of the Remove, and his revelation would certainly have been safe with them.

No, he would have to stick it out. He was paying a big price for his immunity from being sacked from Greyfriars—the good fellowship of his chums, and the onset of a growing remorse at having cheated in the scholarship. It was hard to have to go through such a lot to get hold of ten pounds; his lip trembled with the beginnings of self-pity.

Finally, his eyes rested on those of Mark Linley, who hitherto had said nothing.

Hazeldene's lip curled again. Mark Linley—the fellow who reckoned to  
(Continued on page 17.)



# Harry Wharton's Football Supplement

No. 12 (New Series), Vol. 1.

April 17th, 1926.

*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.

**W**HEN Swansea Town are playing at home it is the custom of the spectators to sing "Land of My Fathers"—or, in other words, this can be regarded as the "Swans' song."

Recently a lot of Reading enthusiasts stayed up till one o'clock in the morning to cheer the players on their return from an away victory. If Reading win promotion we take it their supporters will make a whole night of it.

Different people have different ideas as to the correct pronunciation of the name Vizard, the Welsh International outside-left. Bolton enthusiasts all get over the difficult, however, by calling him the "Wizard."

Dick Pym, the Bolton Wanderers goalkeeper, is a fisherman. But even that scarcely justified a wit in saying, when he was chosen to play for England, that he had got his pla(i)ce on merit without any fluke.

Harper, the centre-forward of Blackburn Rovers, says he has never got so many knocks in his life as he has received this season. Evidently opponents think that his name should be Har-der, not Harper.

Ted Taylor, the goalkeeper of Huddersfield Town and England, once had this remark passed on his play: "You call yourself a goalkeeper! Why, you couldn't keep white mice!"

Scotland have beaten Wales by 3-0 this season, and Wales have beaten England by 3-1. What chance have the Englishmen to win this week-end?

Thirty-one different players named Jones have appeared in International matches for Wales—a family affair, obviously.

A proverb for all forwards: "Tis better to have shot and missed than never to have shot at all."

Latest news from Liverpool is to the effect that the Everton centre-forward, Dean, is to open a shop in which to sell all the things which have been "given to Dixie."

What is the play most frequently acted by football teams?—"A Comedy of Errors."

When certain alterations were being made at a football ground recently a set of false teeth were dug up. We understand that up to now efforts to find the body of the referee have not been successful.

Tunstall has registered nearly twenty goals from outside-left for Sheffield United this season. The sort of man to have on your (out)side.

Liverpool have tried nine different players at inside-right this season. No club can expect to win a lot of matches unless they get their "inside right."

Oswald Park, a young player who recently made his first appearance at centre-half, was recommended to the club by their former centre-forward, Appleyard. It is hoped he will turn out a peach.

## Should Goal Average Count?

**W**E are now within sight of the end of the football season. Some of the problems of championships and relegation have already been practically settled. Other big questions as to honours or "dishonours" may remain undecided until the very last kick of the season. In some of the big Leagues the clubs are grouped so closely together that it seems likely that goal average will settle in the end. This, of course, has happened in the past, and when it has happened there has usually been a suggestion from one quarter or another that such important questions as championships and relegation should not be settled on goal average when two clubs finish with an equal number of points. Hence the question—should goal average be allowed to count?

Let us admit quite frankly that it does seem hard that this or that club should lose a championship by reason of a goal average slightly inferior to the club which gains the honour. It is even more tragic when two clubs finish with the same number of points near the bottom of the table, and one of them has to descend by reason of a slightly inferior goal average.

### MISSED BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

Two seasons ago there was a terrific struggle for the championship of the First Division between Huddersfield Town and Cardiff City—a struggle which depended on the result of the matches on the last day of the season. Cardiff City were playing at Birmingham, and if they had managed to score from a penalty-kick they would have won the championship. They didn't manage to score, and the failure to get just that one goal cost them the championship. In that same season Derby County missed promotion by a hair's-breadth. If they had scored six goals in their last match they would have "gone up" instead of Bury; but they only managed to score five, and thus had to stay down in the Second Division—beaten in the promotion race by a mere fraction of a goal. Any club which loses a coveted position by such a small margin is deserving of all the sympathy which is invariably extended to them. It is hard lines. The fact that it is hard luck to lose honours or to suffer disgrace by a fraction of a goal does not necessarily mean that there is anything unfair in the system which permits this to happen.

### GOING ALL OUT.

After all, it should be remembered that at the start of every season the footballers know that goal average may count at the end if two clubs finish with an equal number of points. With this knowledge they ought to be induced to go all out in every game, struggling after a fifth goal even when they are four goals to the good and winning easily. I guarantee that the players of every club which has missed something by mere goal average would be able to look back and remember some game when they might have tried a bit harder to win by a bigger margin. Thus I think that the fact that these big problems may be decided on goal average has a tendency to improve the football from the spectators' point of view, as it still gives the players something to strive after even in a match which is well and safely won.

### SCOTLAND IN LINE WITH ENGLAND.

Another point about counting goal average when clubs are equal on points is that the system is exactly the same for all competitors. Therefore, there can't be any real grumble coming on the ground of favouring one side at the expense of another.

Instead of altering the system now in vogue, there are indications that it is meeting with greater favour than ever. For many years there was a rule to the effect that if two clubs in the Scottish League finished in the topmost positions, with the same number of points, a deciding game had to be played before the championship was awarded. Now, however, Scotland has come in line with England, and goal average decides north of the Border as well as south of it.

# The LONG and SHORT of IT!

**T**HERE are plenty of managers of football clubs who will tell you that there is always one fellow to beat the good little 'un, and that fellow is the good big 'un. There may be something in this generally accepted idea, but there is plenty of evidence to prove that when these managers find the good players they don't reject them because they are little. Indeed, there are few things more striking in big football than the contrasts which are provided on the field. Giants and pigmies struggle for possession of the ball, and the big man does not always have things his own way. Now let us look at the contrasts. The tallest man in big football at the moment is Albert Iremonger, the goalkeeper of Notts County, who stands six feet five inches. He says that his only trouble in being a footballer is that when they are travelling he finds it extremely difficult to get a bed which will "fit him." In spite of his many inches, Iremonger still manages to get down to the low shots, and, of course, the high ones are easy, seeing that he can touch the bar without the necessity of stretching his arms to the full length. It might be considered absolutely essential that a goalkeeper should be fairly tall, but there have been little fellows who have "kept" most efficiently. Teddy Davison, of Sheffield Wednesday, for instance, is about a foot less than Iremonger, while such famous goalkeepers as Jack Mew, Dick Pym, and Fred Hinton are less than the average height.

If there is one position more than another where inches would seem to be of real value it is at centre-half, because to this player the ball comes through the air so often. Harry Thoms, of Derby County, runs to six feet three, and there are plenty of other big men in the middle of the field—Gomm, of Millwall, Haslam, of Manchester United, and "Long John" Hill, of Burnley. All these fellows go beyond the six-foot mark, and I always feel sorry for the poor centre-

The Extremes in Football prove that size doesn't really matter.

forward of the stature of Gallacher, say, who has to stand by and watch when his lengthy opponent takes the ball on his head.

However, as all good footballers know, the game should be played on the ground, and not in the air. There are even some footballers, however, who manage to get the ball when it is in the air, though they are smaller than their opponents. Alec Lindsay, the Tottenham Hotspur inside-right, is quite a little fellow, but he has such a terrific jump, and at times he springs so well, that I have often seen him get the ball on his head when opposed to some opponent who could give him several inches.

Mention of the Spurs reminds me that for years they have had on their books the smallest player who has ever got into first-class football. I refer, of course, to "Fanny" Walden, who was only five feet two in his stocking feet. He has often told me how his parents laughed at him when he expressed his intention of becoming a professional footballer, but he triumphed over his difficulties to such an extent that he played for England against Scotland.

In these days Fanny Walden has many midget rivals in the outside-right position. There is, for instance, Joshua Williams, the hop-o'-my-thumb outside-right of Stoke City, while Crawford, who plays in the same position for Chelsea, can only give Walden about half an inch.

Although Nature has handicapped these little fellows in one way, she has thrown out compensations in another, for it is undoubtedly true that the midgets generally seem to be endowed with more cunning, and are quicker of movement than the big fellows; also, it is very difficult for the big fellows to charge the little ones fairly owing to the difficulty of getting their shoulders down properly. Thus the "long and short of it is" that no young player should consider that he is ruled out of big football because he hasn't sprouted to giant proportions.

**M**ANY times in the past have Manchester United occupied a place in the "spot-light," and this season they have done it again in the Cup competition, knocking out several clubs when the odds seemed dead against them. There are people who can remember when the club was more notorious than famous. They started at a place called Newton Heath, which is really a part of Manchester, but in those long ago days there was not much enthusiasm for the sort of football which was played by the members of the team. Indeed, the story goes that the wages of the players in those times were calculated according to the receipts at the turnstiles, and one player of the past is said to have looked round on going on to the field and then suddenly walked back to the dressing-room, with this remark: "I don't suppose the 'gate' to-day would amount to more than two pence per player, and I am not playing on this pitch for ninety minutes for two pence."



J. W. SPENCE.

Later the club moved to Clayton, and you may take it from me that when the searchlight was put on the Clayton pitch you found out why it was called Clayton. There may have been worse grounds in the country, but the oldest football follower I know has never been on one which was worse than the old ground at Clayton. One day at Clayton—years ago, of course—when the players came down to the ground for training, they found their billiards table being carried away by the bailiffs, and the club was literally in the bankruptcy court. But stout hearts survived. Half a dozen stalwart enthusiasts put their cash into a pool, and started the club again, and renamed it Manchester United, and to-day we find at Old Trafford one of the most up-to-date grounds in the country, and one of the most prosperous clubs playing thereon. There is accommodation for 70,000 people at Old Trafford, and this weekend the biggest International match of the season will be played on the ground—that between England and Scotland.

The players of to-day don't get paid according to the receipts, as Smith, the young inside-left, told me with some regret in his voice. If they did get so paid they would soon be retiring, for they have had 60,000 on the ground this season for a mid-week Cup-tie.

Putting the searchlight on these "United" players, in deed as well as in word, you find some of the most interesting personalities in football. That being so, it is appropriate that they should possess perhaps the most dominating personality in the game to-day. I refer to their captain,



F. MAN.

## INTERNATIONAL SNAPSHOTS

Quaint and Curious Facts about the Biggest Matches of All.

**T**HE record attendance for any football match, except for the Cup Final at Wembley in 1923, was at the International at Hampden Park on March 23rd, 1912. It was estimated that 127,307 spectators were present that day. The gate receipts amounted to £5,197 15s., stands and enclosures £1,800, making a total of £6,997 15s.

Here is England's complete International record from 1919 to March, 1926:

|                 | P. | W. | L. | D. | F. | A. | Pts. |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|------|
| v. Scotland ... | 6  | 1  | 3  | 2  | 8  | 13 | 4    |
| v. Wales ...    | 7  | 2  | 3  | 2  | 6  | 10 | 6    |
| v. Ireland ...  | 7  | 3  | 1  | 3  | 10 | 5  | 9    |
| Total ...       | 20 | 6  | 7  | 7  | 24 | 28 | 19   |

Anglo-Scots were first brought into Scottish teams in 1896.

John Reynolds played for both England and Ireland, and Bob Evans for England and Wales. Evans had played ten games for Wales before it was discovered that he had a birth qualification for England, and he played for England in all three games in season 1910-11.

When the first game was played between England and Scotland, England had nearly 100 clubs playing Association football; Scotland had 10; so that the goalless draw was a creditable performance on the part of the Thistle.

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The first game between England and Scotland was unique in one respect—it is the only one in which both sides failed to score. Nine goals have been registered on five occasions since then.

England first played three half-backs in the International match of 1885. Scotland adopted this formation in 1887.

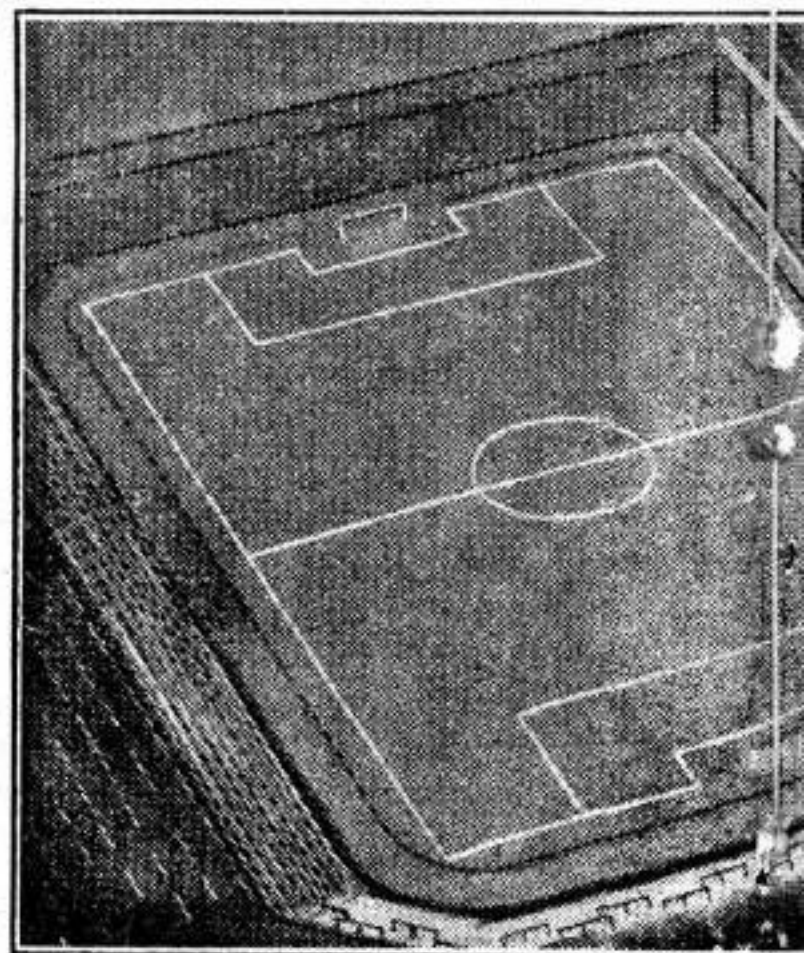
England holds the record for high scoring in International matches, Ireland being beaten by them 13-0 at Belfast in 1832. Wales' tallest score was 11-0, also against Ireland. Scotland's best is 11-0, also against the Irishmen, but it left nothing like the feeling of satisfaction engendered by the seven registered against England in 1878.

Steve Bloomer scored 28 goals in International matches—a record that will take some beating.

W. Meredith has 51 caps to his credit; 13 of these were against Scotland, and 20 against England.

During the course of the 1902 match between England and Scotland at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, one of the stands on the ground collapsed, causing the death of 25 persons. Twenty-four others were very dangerously injured, while 493 received minor injuries.

## WHAT BIRMINGHAM'S FOOTER GROUND LOOKS LIKE



[Reproduce

# rchlight on ester United

PAUL PRY."

(ing correspondent.)

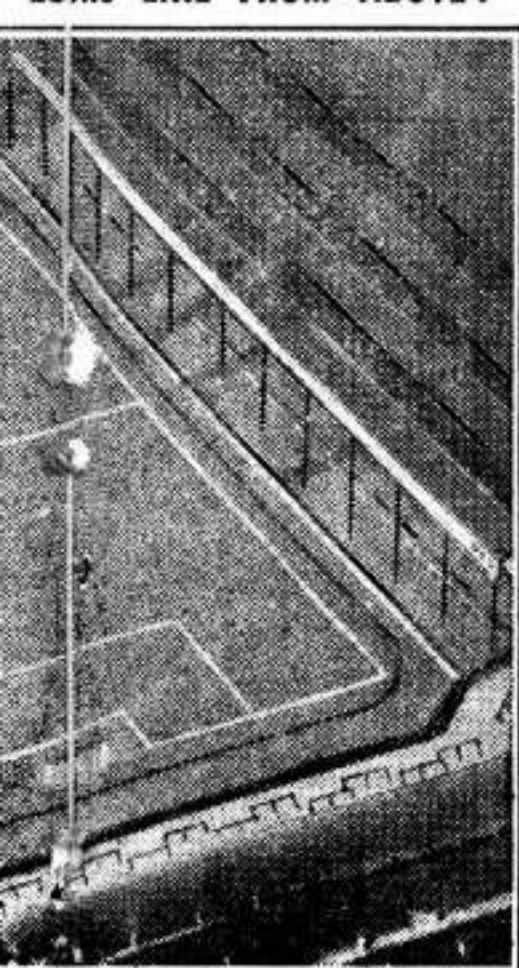
than, pected him to be a Beau Brummell "all over." You can't watch a match in which Frank Barson appears without knowing that he is one of Soccer's giants in the thinking of department. He served his football apprenticeship in a team. His school at Barnsley.

ers in The Arsenal have a manager named Chapman, and so do Manchester United. The Manchester "boss" is a player called John, and just as the Arsenal Chapman is the highest paid manager in football to-day, so his namesake at Manchester was the first manager to get a four-figure salary. He has made some astute bargains, this than manager, though, even though I am liking for Clapton Orient a former caused Rennox to tell me "that at one time Old Trafford seemed like a suburb of Homerton. It is Frank Mann ought to be at Manchester, obviously. He went to Huddersfield as a y forward, "but I got so bald," here he said, "that they thought I was too old to play in that department, so I went to half-back." "And he's a great Mann was in that position," said Charlie Hyton Hilditch, the long 'un, who had overheard our conversation.

being Manchester officials never object to their players having some business outside football. Frank Barson can play Half "mine host" most efficiently, and Jack Mew, the goalkeeper with the funniest legs you ever saw, is in a sports outfit, business with Cecil Parkin, the Lancashire bowler. Parkin himself reckons to be a bit of a goalkeeper. I can tell you that the buyers at the Parkin-Mew shop never lack a bit of fun, for Mew just bubbles over with life and wit.

Mew showed me his proudest football possession—a medal which he had made when he first played for England. In the ordinary way he would have received six pounds, but he asked the F. A. to give him a medal instead. "There is one other thing about that International match which pleased me as much as the medal," said Mew. "That is, it was played at my native Sunderland, and my father and mother were there to see the game." No opponent ever fell in the course of a game without Mew dashing up to see what was the matter—he has the soft heart of the real sportsman. He has also a hard head, which doesn't seem to mind being kicked. I reminded him when I was at Old Trafford that on the previous Saturday he had nearly been killed through dashing out. "Well, you have to do it, you know," was all Mew said.

LOOKS LIKE FROM ABOVE!



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Frank Barson. I wouldn't go so far as to say that the cap which Barson usually wears goes well with his gold tooth, but Frank isn't the sort of fellow who cares what people think, and when I told him that the cap didn't go with his perfect suit, he asked me if I expected him to be a Beau Brummell "all over." You can't watch a match in which Frank Barson appears without knowing that he is one of Soccer's giants in the thinking of department. He served his football apprenticeship in a team. His school at Barnsley.



J. MEW.



DAVID MORRIS.  
Captain of Scotland against England last season.

# Why Scotland Beats England!



S. J. WADSWORTH.  
Captain of England against Scotland last season.

By J. EWART,

the famous Scottish International Goalkeeper of Airdrieonians, who says that the difference between the two countries lies in the way the lads are taught.

IT is a truism that the onlooker sees most of the game, and behind that general statement must be found my excuse for writing of football tactics in general. To a very large extent the goalkeeper is in the position of the onlooker. Of course he has his work to do at times, and it is not part of my business here to suggest that the man between the sticks has a "money for nothing" job. All the same, the goalkeeper is to some degree an onlooker. He must watch, of necessity, the game being played before him, and inevitably forms general opinions as to the schemes which usually bring him the biggest bundle of trouble. So here for a few minutes I should like to talk, about football from what I call the International point of view, and especially the difference between Scottish and English ideas.

## THE TWO BIG COUNTRIES.

After all, when you come to think of it, in discussing the difference between English and Scottish ideas you are really discussing the differences between football as found in all the big Leagues of England and Scotland, for though it is true that Ireland and Wales take part in the International championship, most of the players who appear in those matches have had experience with English or Scottish clubs, and to this extent subscribe to the Scottish or English ideas.

## A STUBBORN FACT.

From time to time we are told, in no uncertain language, that English football is far too fast for the players of Scotland in particular. That is true, but when it is hinted that in consequence Scottish players are useless to English sides, then I suggest that the idea won't hold water. If Scottish football, as compared with English, is so slow as to be useless for match-winning purposes, then perhaps you can tell me how it is that Scotland so often beats England in International contests. On the last occasion on which these countries met Scotland beat England by two goals to none, and the result, according to the unanimous view of the men who took part in that game, did no more than bare justice to the winning side.

## THE ALL-SCOTTISH SIDE.

That particular result cannot even be excused on the ground that Scotland triumphed by the use of players who had been tuned up in England to the English pace. As a matter of fact there was, in that last victorious Scottish side, only one player with any actual experience of football in England, and this player was McMullan, who had a spell with Maidstone United, which club can scarcely be described as typical of English football. So the Scots won by Scottish methods, and demonstrated what we ought to accept for all time as a fact: that the merits of footballers should not be judged solely by the speed at which they can travel.

## ON THE WRONG FOUNDATION.

I am not going to say one little word against the value of pace in the footballer. If a man can do wonderful work with the ball at a faster pace than his opponents can do the same work, then it follows that he will have an additional value. But, having played in both countries, it has often struck me that English players, or their trainers, or managers, or somebody, has got the root principle wrong. The play of the English footballer is built around pace. They are largely the slaves of speed instead of making speed serve their more subtle purposes. To put the matter in one phrase, it seems to me that ball pursuit instead of ball control is at the base of English football. I am not

criticising the idea of England in general, because I know that English players give their managers and their supporters what they ask for. But what I do want to insist upon is that you have not necessarily created the most effective footballers merely because you have turned out the fastest and the fittest set of men.

## THE REAL TEST.

Sometimes I think we are apt to indulge in a certain amount of confused thinking on this matter of speed in football. We see the ball banged as hard as it can be banged by a full-back of the one side, and we see the forwards of that side race after it helter-skelter. Before they get to the ball, however, it is banged back by an opposing full-back, and there is a helter-skelter in the other direction. We describe this sort of thing as fast football. I submit, my friends, that it is nothing of the sort. It may be fast running, but before you can have fast football you must have the ball retained in the possession of the men who are making the pace. I have seen Scottish forwards in many a League game transfer the play from one end of the field to the other at as fast a pace as it has ever been transferred in English play. But it has been done by quick forward passes: from man to man, with every movement taking the ball definitely in the direction of the other goal. Moreover, these short, sharp transfers have had the effect of getting the defenders into a more or less hopeless tangle.

## FASTER THAN EVER.

In one or two chats I have had with English footballers during the present season I have heard it said that the game in England is faster than it has been before, consequent on the alteration of the offside rule. If this is true, then all I have got to say is that the new pace must indeed be staggering. But frankly I fail to see how it can be real football if the men who are playing the game at this break-neck pace have not been taught, first and foremost, the art of ball control. I do not care how fast a man can go down the wing. The important point is—or should be—how fast can he go with the ball under control? Obviously, if he hasn't the ball under control, I don't see how his speed is going to be of real service to the side, because he can neither centre accurately nor shoot with any degree of subtlety.

## SUBTLETY OF THE SCOT.

And the last sentence brings me to another point, which is a personal one. During my career I have found it easier to size up the intentions of the average English forward than the average Scottish forwards, because the former is so apt to shoot, straight and true, while on the run, while the Scot, having the ball under complete control, is much more subtle and succeeds in disguising his intentions much more completely.

## WHAT MANAGERS THINK.

Really, of course, it all comes down to a matter of training. In Scotland the first duty of the footballer, as it is taught by the trainer, is to be able to control the ball. In England the speed is the thing. To wind up, there is this all-important question to be asked: If English methods are right, how is it that managers of English clubs travel to Scotland for ready-made players?



J. EWART.

*John Ewart*

# The MAN WHO CAME BACK!



The football life story of Tom McNally, who is helping the Scottish Celts to make club history.

By "REFEREE."

**T**HERE are three clubs in Glasgow whose history of success will vie with any other clubs in the football firmament, and these three clubs are Celtic, Rangers, and Queen's Park. The latter, as amateurs, have seen their day, however, and the battle for supremacy now lies between the two professional organisations, with Celtic so far easy leaders. It is no purpose of mine to delve into Celtic's history in this article, but, as a preliminary, I would like to draw your attention to their record since 1919-20.

This is it:

- 1919-20.—Runners-up League Championship. Reached Fourth Round Scottish Cup. Won Glasgow Cup and Charity Cup.
- 1920-21.—Runners-up League Championship. Fourth Round Scottish Cup. Winners Glasgow Cup and Charity Cup.
- 1921-22.—Winners of League Championship. Reached Third Round of Scottish Cup. Runners-up Glasgow Cup.
- 1922-23.—Third in League Championship. Winners Scottish Cup. Runners-up Glasgow Cup.
- 1923-24.—Third in League Championship. Semi-Final Scottish Cup. Won Glasgow Cup and Charity Cup.
- 1924-25.—Fourth in League Championship. Won Scottish Cup. Runners-up Glasgow Cup.

I want you to examine the League record especially, for League results are the only method by which you can judge the consistency of a team. You will see in this respect that the last three seasons have been Celtic's rottenest, which means that their standard has not been as high as heretofore. And that is true. During the last three seasons the old sting, so characteristic of the Parhead heroes, has gone, and only with this season has returned again. I am not one of those who maintain that one man will make a team, but I would certainly like to voice the opinion that the Celt's record of non-success in the League during those three "dull" periods was largely because McNally was absent.

Don't pooh-hoo that! The record speaks for itself. In the three seasons prior to 1922-23 Tom was centre-forward of the Celtic club, and scored most by far of their goals. In the next three seasons they have had to be content with two third and one fourth position. This season, now that Tom is with them again, they are running strongly for the Championship and the Cup, and have already played in the Final of the Glasgow Cup. The comparison, therefore, is eloquent. I don't say that Tom was entirely responsible for the Celt's success, but I do say that he was, in a large part, responsible for it.

And now to his history. Tom is a member of a footballing family who first saw the light in Glasgow, and in which town he developed his football. It was as a centre-forward in the ranks of the junior club of St. Anthony's that he first came into prominence, and from that club William Maley, the astute manager of the Celtic, secured his transfer in 1919-20. As a centre, then, Tom joined the famous Glasgow combination, and as a centre he soon began to make a name for himself. Indeed, it is almost certain, had it not been for the consistent brilliancy of Andy Wilson—who at that time was Scotland's first choice for the centre-forward's berth—that he would have earned his cap.

And so, improving and improving. Tom  
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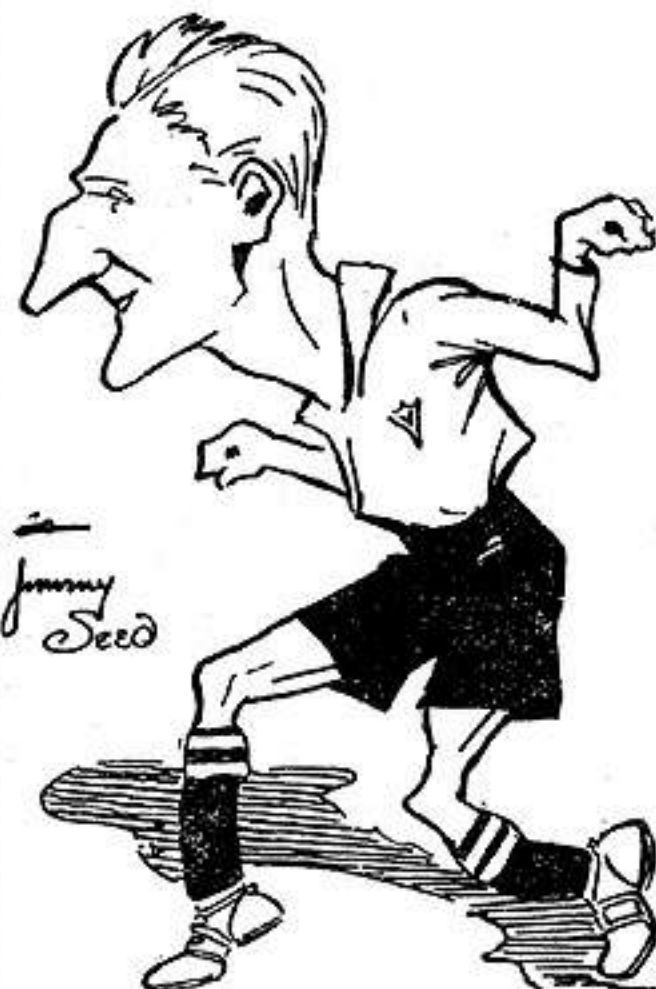
won his spurs with Glasgow's famous Leaguers until, during the season of 1921-22, came his unfortunate severance, which, having its inception in a bar-racking incident, finally resolved itself into a question of terms. Failing to obtain satisfaction from his old club, Tom asked to be put on the transfer list.

You who remember the incident will also remember the throng of eager managers who testified themselves anxious to negotiate for this young player's signature. A list of them would take up a considerable amount of the space at my disposal, so I do not propose to worry you with them here. Suffice it to say that, after a great deal of correspondence and telephone talk, Tom did not go to an English club as was anticipated, nor did he go to the Scottish junior club of Arthurlie which was also anticipated. No. The following season—that of 1922-23—saw him in the colours of Third Lanark, the sum of £3,000, it was reputed, having been paid by that club as the amount of his transfer.

And so with Third Lanark Tom remained. Though satisfied, however, his heart was with his old club, and so it is not surprising to find him re-signing for Celtic during last close season. His value to the club, as I have indicated, is inestimable, and as an inside-left, he has no serious rival in Scotland. Those who saw his display in Scotland's match against Wales last February are all unanimous in agreeing that Scotland has found a new forward whose dash, enterprise, and superb skill should help keep the country at the top of the International table, and help the Celtic to wrest further laurels from the wreath of football fame.

Off the field Tom is just the sort of chap you would imagine him to be—a thorough sportsman in every sense of the word, with an ever-ready smile and an immediate attention to anything you might have to say. At Celtic Park, management, players, and spectators alike love Tom. It is quite safe to say, indeed, that the Scottish team of all the talents has no more popular man on its books.

## LIGHTNING SKETCHES OF FOOTER CELEBRITIES.



JOHN ELKES, the inside forward of the 'Spurs, as seen by his colleague, Jimmy Seed.

## OUR QUERY CORNER.

**L. Davey (Stepney).**—The time of play in a football match can only be extended to permit of a penalty-kick being taken. Apart from this, if the full ninety minutes have been played—allowing for stoppages—the referee is correct in blowing for time, even if the ball is travelling from the foot of a player towards the net. Consequently, the referee was right in not allowing the goal in the Millwall match you mention. Time was up, and the whistle had gone; but it was hard lines, of course.

**C. F. Davis (West Bromwich).**—It does not say in the rules that play shall be continued until the ball goes out after a player has been injured. It is left to the discretion of referees as to whether the injury is sufficiently serious to warrant an immediate stoppage. In the Leicester match you mention the referee evidently considered this to be the case. Once he had blown the whistle for a stoppage he could not allow a goal to count.

**C. Jones (Manchester).**—In the old days there were many Cupties in which the winning side scored more than eleven goals, but there have not been any since the War in which the total of fifteen, registered by Manchester City and Crystal Palace in their match this season, has been equalled.

**R. Hedley (Sunderland).**—If a player taking a penalty-kick sends the ball against the upright or the crossbar, and then scores from the rebound, the goal would not be allowed, but a free-kick given against the man for playing the ball twice without any other player having touched it.

**James Logan (Leeds).**—It is not permissible for players to remove the flag when taking a corner-kick. As a matter of fact, most right-wing men take corner-kicks with their left foot, and left wingers use the right foot. Those who take corners in this way don't find the flag a nuisance.

**F. Bradshaw (Swansea).**—No club is allowed to give players a rest from a League match in order that they may be kept fresh for an important Cuptie. Clubs are expected to play top strength in every League encounter; and a couple of years ago Newcastle United were fined £750 because they failed to observe this regulation just prior to the Cup Final.

**S. Sanderson (Sheffield).**—You are quite right. So far as it is possible to ascertain, the oldest Association football club was at Sheffield, founded in 1855.

**"Royalty" (Sunderland).**—His Majesty King George has been present at more than one Cup Final, and he has attended one League match in the provinces—between Manchester City and Liverpool in 1920.

**Alfred McPherson (Glasgow).**—There is nothing in the rules to say how a team shall be made up. All that the book says is that there shall be eleven players on each side; but no side need have a goalkeeper if they don't want one.

**"Magnetic" (Dunfermline).**—Strictly speaking, it is against the rules for a goalkeeper to swing on the crossbar as the ball is passing over, but it is very often done, and I have never yet seen a referee penalise the offender.



carry all before him at Form-work. No doubt he thought he was the winner already!

"Play the game, Hazel!" said Linley, seeing that the other was regarding him. "Don't let the Remove down!"

"I suppose you think you're going to keep it up?" retorted Hazeldene, with a sneer. "You think you're going to make a good impression by winning the scholarship?"

"I don't know about that," replied Linley quietly. "We'll wait and see."

"You think you're clever, don't you?" flung back Hazeldene again. "Cleverer than all the rest of us? I suppose you are—for a factory-hand!"

It was the insult direct. The fellows gasped; it had been so utterly unprovoked. Even Mark Linley himself did not know what to think for a second. He advanced a pace, with his fist clenched and his mouth open to speak.

Crack! Hazeldene's hand smacked sharply on his cheek; a back-handed blow.

Linley fell back a pace, astonished and dismayed. The fellows crowded around and between them. There was a jabber of excited talk. Hazeldene, thrust back by Wharton, Inky, and Nugent, panted and glared at the unoffending Removite. Many eyes were directed at the windows overlooking the spot, in case any master might have happened to notice what was taking place, and intervene.

Hazeldene's temper had suddenly boiled over. The mere sight of the impeccable Linley, with his scholarship attainments, had been a nameless accusation against him. He hated Linley just then just as a poor man hates the beggar who demands money of him that he cannot afford to give. The beggar reminds him that he is poor, and Mark Linley reminded Hazeldene that he was a cheat. Hazel's conscience demanded that Linley should be made to suffer as Hazel himself was suffering.

The clamour suddenly ceased. Linley was speaking. His tone was quiet and controlled.

"I'm not going to stand that," he said. "You saw what happened? I didn't start it."

"No, you didn't!"

"Hazel's mad!"

"Deserves all he gets!"

"Spiteful rotter!"

Sympathy was all on Linley's side. Hazeldene stood glaring around, defiant and tight-lipped.

Harry Wharton thrust himself into the centre of the group and cleared a space. The two antagonists found themselves face to face again.

"You two'll have to settle it properly," he said. "A proper fight!"

Both Hazel and Linley nodded, and glanced at each other grimly.

"Lucky it's Saturday; they can get it over and done with to-day," put in the Bouncer dryly.

"What about the footer?"

"Directly after dinner, before the footer starts."

"In the space behind the chapel."

There was a chorus of approval to these suggestions.

Wharton glanced from one to the other of the combatants. There would

be plenty of time for the scrap before the matches began.

"Agreeable?" he said.

They both nodded.

"Right! You'll have to have seconds. Everything in order, you know. Who'll be second for Linley?"

Half a dozen signified their willingness. Wharton chose the nearest.

"All right, Johnny. You for Linley?"

"Good old Markie!" grinned Bull,

clapping his principal on the shoulder.

"Now, who for Hazel?"

There was not the same enthusiasm this time. The juniors eyed Hazeldene with reluctance. Finally Vernon-Smith spoke up, and Wharton allotted him to Hazeldene.

"We'll have to have a timekeeper and referee, and all that," said Wharton. "But that can be settled later. I'll take on the job, if necessary, or you can, Bob."

Bob Cherry grunted his agreement.

"All right, then, fellows!" said Wharton. "After dinner, in the space behind the chapel. Now break away; we're beginning to attract attention."

The original little group was now swelled by the addition of fully a dozen other juniors, some from other Forms. Many of the fellows in the quad had noticed the group congregated about the two. They had sensed a fight, and had closed in. The outskirts of the little crowd was now noisy with questions, above which the excited cackle of Bunter could be heard.

But, luckily, the dinner bell rang just then, and the whole assembly broke up. Mark Linley walked off surrounded by a knot of sympathisers, but Hazeldene shook off the few who would have spoken to him and stalked away, glum and alone.

Already he had repented of his rash action, but his temper was still bubbling and seething within him.

After dinner, in the space behind the chapel!

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Proper Scrap!

"TIME!"

"Go it, Linley!"

"Smash him, Markie!"

"Go it, Hazel!"

The voice of the Bouncer raised itself above the clamour. As a second, he was loyally backing his principal, but his was almost the only encouragement that Hazeldene received. It was clear where the fellows' sympathy lay, and the few who called his name at all did it with the purpose of egging the combatants on; or, in the cases of fellows like Skinner and Snoop, because they did not favour such a straight and industrious chap as Linley.

But the fighters needed no urging. They were most anxious of all to come to blows.

Vernon-Smith, on one side of the irregular, cleared space, and Johnny Bull on the other, slipped back when their men advanced into the ring, and pressed backwards against the surging crowd behind. Nobody else had claimed the job of referee, and Wharton was undertaking that duty. Bob Cherry stood with a watch in his hand, and it was his stentorian voice that had announced time.

It was a well-organised affair. The grassy space behind the School chapel had been the scene of many fights in the past, but none could have excelled this in interest, and in the intensity and numbers of the onlookers.

The news had flown all round the school almost before dinner began, and the tables had fairly buzzed with whispered discussion of the coming conflict.

"Pile into him, Linley!"

"Give him beans!"

Suddenly the shouting stopped. The pair had met.

Smack!

Thump!

A swift right from Mark Linley; a smart parry by Hazel, and a flashing body-blow in return, that landed on Linley's chest audibly.

The spectators let go their breath. The fighters drew apart, circling round, watching for an opening.

They had peeled off their jackets, and waistcoats, and braces. Round their trousers' waists they wore gym. belts, which each had brought along, and they had also provided themselves with rubber shoes, in place of the boots which their seconds were holding, as well as their other garments.

Linley seemed to have the advantage, so far as physical stature was concerned. He was three inches taller than his opponent, and pounds heavier. Not only was his reach longer, but his arms had served a stern apprenticeship in workshop and factory before his scholarship had brought him to Greyfriars, and he was tough, and knew how to endure punishment.

But Hazeldene was no fool. He knew enough about boxing to realise that the man with the temper is the man who goes down, and he had got his passions under now that the fight was on. He was even cool and alert, and what he lost in reach and stockiness he almost made up for in springiness and good footwork.

Hazeldene was dodging about, side-stepping and feinting, wearing his man steadily back against the onlookers that formed the ring. Linley, on the defensive, strove to get away. The line pressed back and back till it could go no farther. Linley was almost cornered.

He was aware of his opponent's tactics, but he had his own, too. He was willing to let the other do all the forcing, as yet.

Suddenly Hazel stepped in.

A brisk left to Linley's jaw—turned aside.

Mark felt hands thrust against his back now. He could retreat no farther.

Smack!

A feint with his own left to the body, that landed on the face over Hazel's guard, brought the lighter junior up all standing. A swift side-step, a smashing right hook to the side of the head, and Hazeldene staggered and lurched slightly.

The instant's respite was enough for Linley. He squirmed out of his corner and faced round as Hazeldene turned to defend himself. The positions were reversed.

As if he sensed the danger of being driven where he had driven his antagonist, Hazel took the offensive. They came together almost in the centre of the ring, and dropped for a few seconds into a clinch.

"Hit him! Hit him!"

"Break away, there!"

But the pair were in no mood for a hugging match. Hazeldene leapt back, and came in again before Linley was ready. A double concussion sounded. One of Hazel's fists landed on the body and one on the mouth.

Linley leaned backwards at the impact. The silence was complete, except

for the panting of their breath and the low muttering of the crowd. Obviously Hazel was meaning business!

Mark Linley recovered his balance, keeping his feet well under him. He shook his head, as if pulling himself together. Hazel's double blow had shaken him, but he had plenty of power in reserve.

He leaned his head aside, and let another of Hazel's lefts go by, and countered with a smashing short-arm jab on the other's ribs, following it up with a resounding tattoo, left-right, left-right, to the body, taking no notice at all of two vicious face blows that Hazel got in return.

Hazel leapt back lightly in time to avoid another jab from Mark's muscular right, and sprang about nimbly on the defensive as Linley came after him.

Flash! Hazel's right came round in a deadly right hook—his favourite punch—but the other's head was not there. Linley had ducked, and swung in a right-hook of his own that connected more accurately.

Hazel's feet shot from under him on the slippery grass. The impetus of his own missed blow and the impact of Linley's punch sent him sprawling forward and sideways on his face. He lay panting, with his mouth in the grass and his arm outflung.

"One," began Harry Wharton—"two—"

"Time!" snapped Bob Cherry.

The seconds jumped in as Hazeldene began to scramble up, and the men resumed their corners. A babel of talk broke out amongst the onlookers—Removits, fags from the Second and Third, chaps from the Upper Fourth and Shell, and a sprinkling of the Fifth and even the lordly Sixth.

The first round was over—brisk while it lasted, but undecided as yet. There was a lull whilst everybody discussed the contest so far.

The general opinion was that Hazeldene was putting up an exceptionally good show, but that he was not in the same class as Linley. Their respective records showed that, apart from guesswork. Hazeldene was smarter on his feet, and perhaps a bit quicker than Linley, but he had not the ex-factory lad's skill, or his courage, or his endurance.

"Hazel must have been mad to smack him on the face like he did," said Ogilvy.

"Mad as a giddy hatter!"

"Linley'll eat him up—you see!"

"Well, he asked for it."

Bob Cherry glanced from his watch to Vernon-Smith, and then to Johnny Bull in the opposite corner.

"Time!" he announced; and the principals got up off their seconds' knees and came out again.

"Linley! Linley!" shouted the onlookers.

Hazeldene set his teeth. Nobody was shouting for him! His sensitive nature noticed that fact quickly, and his self-control weakened. He began to forget what he had striven so hard to remember and guard against—that the fellow who loses his temper loses the fight.

There was the popular favourite, he realised, in front of him. He himself was spurned, and of no account. Well, he would show them!

He leapt forward.

Smack!

His fist flashed past Linley's guard and landed fairly on the cheekbone. Mark staggered a moment. He had not been taken unawares. Hazeldene had been merely quick; he had jumped in

with sudden passion, and landed the blow, despite his shorter reach.

Hazel's eyes gleamed with more than the excitement of the fight.

He disdained to dodge back and recover himself. He pressed forward, his arms going eagerly, but rather wildly. That much was obvious to everybody.

Linley fended off one of Hazeldene's body-blows, let another go past his head, and regained his balance. He blocked another whirling rush with both fore-arms, and steadied himself with a jab to Hazel's ribs.

Then his lips set grimly.

Hazel's control had broken loose already. He was delivering himself into his opponent's hands.

There was a sudden hush as the pair fell into a clinch for a few seconds. Nothing could be heard save their heavy breathing and the occasional muttering of those who watched. The onlookers seemed to sense what Linley himself had sensed.

"Go it, Linley!" yelled several voices, suddenly breaking the silence.

"Buck up, Hazel!"

The last came from Vernon-Smith. Hazeldene's second was the only one who had any encouragement for him then. Anyone else who might have done so was perhaps too absorbed in the fight.

The clinch broke.

Hazel was thinking of something else for a moment. That lone call to him, perhaps. His arms flailed unsteadily as he stepped back.

Mark Linley jumped forward, and his right shot out.

The blow was not guarded, but deflected accidentally by Hazel's wind-milling. It caught him on the left shoulder, spinning him round.

He tried to recover himself, but Linley gave him no chance.

Crack!

Mark had followed him up, and a well-timed upper-cut caught his opponent under the jaw, to one side of the chin.

Hazeldene's feet flew from under him and he hit the turf squarely with his back.

Wharton began to count. The seconds were dimmed into his ears as Hazel lay with his face towards the sky and his hands flung wide on the grass.

The ring of onlookers pressed forward, watching eagerly.

On the count of six Hazeldene pulled himself together, and tried to rise. He was sobbing in great gasps, partly for breath, and partly from a sense of humiliation.

At nine he made a supreme effort and dragged himself up.

A cheer broke out. He was game, if nothing else. Everybody could see he was "all in."

He took a tottering step towards his opponent. Linley stepped back a pace, ready, but not aggressive. Hazel's hands rose again, and then he seemed to crumple up. He dropped once more, and this time he stayed down.

The ring broke up in confusion, and everybody crowded in. Above the din Harry Wharton tried to make his voice heard, giving Linley the decision; but there was no need for that. Vernon-Smith, Bob Cherry, and a few more were clearing a space round the vanquished, trying to restore him.

The fight was fought and won—the insult was avenged!

Mark Linley extended his hand as Hazeldene sat up. The beaten junior looked at it for a moment and his lip curled. He seemed to be in no humour for peace.

But then in a flash his better nature came on top, and he realised what a

fool he had been. His hand grasped that of the fellow he had insulted.

"That's the idea!" said Wharton. "I knew you'd do the right thing, Hazel! After this, you'll do the right thing about that rotten scarab, too, that all the trouble was about. We—"

But Hazeldene shook his head.

"No," he murmured. "That's different. That's my affair."

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Disaster!

THE remainder of that day and the Sunday and Monday that followed it were dark days for Peter Hazeldene.

The pain of his bruises was as nothing to the feeling of ostracism and loss of popularity that he had to undergo because of his refusal to deliver up the silver scarab.

He had not been marked much in the fight, luckily. The worst injuries were a bruised jaw and a lip cut by a tooth, causing a swollen lip. Though these pained him for two whole days, they were a source of consolation in another way. Wharton had decided to refrain from reporting the matter of the lost charm to the Head until all signs of the fight should have disappeared from his face, lest he should get into additional trouble.

Meantime, the Remove studiously avoided him. That was Hazeldene's biggest burden—a burden he had to bear, but which he knew was unjust.

The Remove was right, according to their lights. In their view, it was a case of a fellow who had found something belonging to somebody else, and stubbornly refused to return it, although the thing was of no use to him. They could see no sense in such an attitude, and the fellows agreed with Wharton that Hazeldene had had every chance, and, therefore, he should be left alone till he came to his senses.

And Hazeldene grimly resolved to tread the path he had marked out for himself. It was either that, or being exposed as a cheat in the scholarship—and the uncovering of the out-of-bounds incident. Which was merely another name for the sack.

In a day or two he would be the central figure in another sensation. He would be announced as the winner of the Wilmot-Snell scholarship. Perhaps by then the fellows would begin to come round to his side, and the silver charm business would blow over.

Thus Hazeldene thought, in his weak fashion, and the thought buoyed him up between his periods of remorse and self-pity.

The climax to his troubles came on Tuesday evening, after call-over.

The Head himself rustled into Big Hall before the names were called, and in his hand he held a sheaf of papers.

"The scholarship!" whispered Bob Cherry to Squiff, the Australian junior.

Samson Quincey Ifley Field nodded.

"It doesn't interest me," he whispered back, with a grin. "Didn't enter for it."

"Linley or Redwing's got it," said Bob. "Even chances between 'em."

Hazeldene, who was standing within earshot, clenched his teeth.

There was a sudden silence as Dr. Locke raised his hand.

"Ahem!" he began, looking up and down the packed length of Big Hall.

"Ahem!" echoed a squeaky voice from the direction of the Second Form.

The Head stopped and stared at Mr. Twigg's pupils with a frown.

"If any boy is suffering from a cold he should at once visit the matron!" he said sternly. "Is it you who has contracted catarrh, Pettifer?"

"No, sir," piped up James Pettifer.

"Ahem!" began the doctor again, staring at the Second. "I have here the results of the recent Wilmot-Snell Scholarship, and I propose to announce the names of the successful entrants before calling-over is proceeded with."

He shuffled the papers, and regarded them over his spectacles.

"The boy who obtained the highest number of marks," he said, "is—"

Dr. Locke paused and gazed at the papers again. Hazeldene stiffened and tried to gain control of his trembling legs, which were quivering with excitement. He braced himself up for the ordeal which was to come. The Head looked up again and turned his eyes on the Remove.

"The highest number of marks," he continued, "is Mark Linley of the Remove Form."

He smiled benignantly, trying to locate Linley, who had modestly moved his head sideways out of sight behind the fellow in front.

Hazeldene, as soon as he heard Linley's name, went suddenly white, and the room seemed to swim before his eyes. Linley had won! But why—how?

"I congratulate you, Linley, on your total of ninety-two marks out of a possible hundred," resumed the Head. "Redwing and Ogilvy come next, with a total of eighty-eight."

There was a burst of hand-clapping, and the three juniors who had been named were thumped on the back by the fellows nearest them.

"It is a great credit to the tuition of Mr. Quelch that the three first places have been gained by his pupils," went on Dr. Locke; and Mr. Quelch, standing near the dais, bowed. "The next two places have been taken by representatives of the Upper Fourth—Phipps and Tomlinson."

This Hazeldene hardly heard. His brain was in a whirl. He had braced himself for an ordeal, but not for a shock. He hardly knew what was going on around him.

His heart, that had almost stopped when he had heard the name of Linley, instead of his own, now began to beat a wild tattoo against his ribs. He saw everything in a blur. The Head, with a genial nod to the master in charge of the duty to go on with the calling-over, stepped down from the dais and strode out of Big Hall. Call-over went on with his mind in a daze, until finally the Hall gradually emptied

and Hazeldene found himself, with other of the Removites, outside.

He had not won! Linley had come out on top, and he was nowhere!

Killip could not be paid now; that was a certainty! Hazeldene, who had a few minutes ago imagined himself on the brink of solving all his difficulties, was now faced with ruin. Exposure—and then the sack!



Smack! A swift side-step, a smashing right hook to the side of the head, and Hazeldene staggered and lurched dizzily. (See Chapter 9.)

He slouched along gloomily, the prey to an agonising remorse.

"What a fool I've been!" he muttered. "What a fool! I wish I'd never seen the rotten motor-bike, or the exam papers, or—or anything! It's not fair to shove temptation in a chap's way like that. I'm the victim of a rotten conspiracy; everybody's down on me for nothing. Anybody would have done the same as I did."

There was an excited clamour as he climbed the stairs to the Remove passage. There was a group of fellows, all talking at once. They surrounded Mark Linley, congratulating him.

"Good old Linley!"

"The Remove again!"

"I guess that two hundred and fifty dollars sounds good!" drawled the nasal voice of Fisher T. Fish. "Say, Linley, you oughter lend a galoot a few durocks on account."

Several of the juniors turned as they noticed Hazel's approach, but they let him go by in silence. For an instant passionate anger surged up in Hazeldene's heart, but his mood was now changed from what it had been when the factory lad had humiliated him in the ring. His schemes had come crashing about him, and remorse had set in in full tide. He was subdued;

the error of his ways was plain. The caddishness of his conduct was now apparent to him for the first time.

Impulsively he turned. He thrust aside two or three who stood in his way, and strode up to Linley, and thrust out his hand.

"Congratters, Linley," he said in a steady tone. "I'm glad you won!"

"Thanks, Hazel!" replied Mark eagerly, grasping the outstretched hand.

He looked Hazeldene straight between the eyes, and his own expression showed that this quiet congratulation was more welcome to him than all the vociferous demonstrations of the others.

Hazel's eyes dropped, and he avoided Linley's gaze.

"I want to apologise, too," he said,

"I deserved that thrashing; I acted like a cad. It was my temper."

"That's all right, Hazel. Forget it. There's no malice on my side. The whole thing's closed from now on."

Hazeldene nodded, and, with his eyes still downcast, shouldered his way out of the group suddenly, and made for his own study—No. 2.

Linley took a pace after him, but stopped. He had been about to speak—to ask whether, now that Hazeldene was looking at things in a different light, he was going to do anything about returning the Head's charm.

But there would be time for that later, he realised. Hazeldene would certainly resent his trying to force the pace and take advantage of his penitent mood.

Hazeldene was at the far end of the Remove passage. To get to Study No. 2 he had to pass all the higher numbers. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 949.

bers. And, as he went by Study No. 7, he heard the excited tones of William George Bunter shouting his own name.

"Have you heard the latest about Hazeldene?" bawled the Owl.

The tone was pitched above his usual cackle. Evidently he was trying to get his message into the head of Tom Dutton, his study-mate, who was hard of hearing. Hazeldene stopped, but Dutton's reply was inaudible. Like many deaf people, he often spoke in a low voice.

"No, you deaf idiot!" came Bunter again. "I didn't say anything about any old bean. Ha-zel-dene!"

Pause.

"Stole a motor-car, and smashed it up against a tree."

Pause.

"No, you fathead! He didn't blame it on to me! Collision—against a tree! He's got to pay ten pounds damages!"

Pause.

"No, you beast, I haven't been listening outside keyholes! I happened to be going by Wharton's study, and the door was open."

Hazeldene stretched out his hand for the doorknob; but he changed his mind. No purpose would be served by going in and punching the fat sneak's head. That would not stop Bunter's tongue. In a few hours the distorted story he had picked up would be all over the school—if it were not already.

His lip curled in scorn, and he resumed his way to Study No. 2. But in those few paces between Study No. 7 and Study No. 2 a great determination came to him. He felt in a reckless mood. His scheme for covering up his disobedience in going out of bounds had collapsed. The whole thing was bound to come out now.

Wharton's advice came back to him—full and frank confession to the Head about his Courtfield escapade. He would still owe the money, true, but perhaps a voluntary admission of his guilt would save him from the thing he most feared—the sack from Greyfriars. Killip's revelations to the worthy doctor would come a little late in the day, and the blow would be softened.

But about the scholarship papers he could not dare to confess.

Then another idea came. He would yield up the silver scarab his mother had given him so long ago. Perhaps Dr. Locke would mistake it for his own, if it were at all similar. At any rate, that act would put him right with the Remove. There could be no danger of his being accused of stealing it from the Head's study, now that he had not won the scholarship, and that act would perhaps soften the blow of his Courtfield confession.

He walked past his own study with a firm step, and knocked at the door of Study No. 1. There was no sound from within, till somebody called, "Come in!" The occupants were at prep.

Wharton and Frank Nugent looked up as the door opened, but they spoke no word of greeting. They merely waited for Hazeldene to speak.

There was an awkward pause while the newcomer fished in his pocket and produced the small silver charm about which all the trouble had been.

"I'm going to take this to the Head, Wharton," announced Hazeldene evenly. "If you two chaps like, you can come and see me do it—or, at least, you can come to his study with me."

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"Good man, Hazel!" exclaimed Wharton, springing up. "You're going to do the sensible thing at last? Why the thump didn't you do it before, you silly ass?"

"I wish I had!" replied Hazel. "Well, are you coming, or do you prefer to take my word for it?"

"We'll come—eh, Frankie, old man?" said Wharton. "Not that we disbelieve you, Hazel—only for moral support."

"Right-ho, then!" said Hazeldene. "I'd like you to. You can be my witness for the other fellows."

And without further argument the three left Study No. 1 and made their way along the passages to the Head's study.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Good for the Soul!

**H**AZELDENE'S throat was dry, and the muscles of his knees twitched as the door of Dr. Locke's study closed behind him, leaving his two chums on the farther side.

He had to undergo an ordeal now that his weak and yielding nature would require every shred of its firmness to carry him through.

The study was not unoccupied this time. It was the voice of Dr. Locke that had bade him enter, and it was the kindly eyes of the doctor that regarded him now; but there was a hint of sternness in that kindness, too.

Hazeldene advanced to the side of his desk. His mouth opened, and he strove to speak. But nothing but a croak came rasping through his arid throat. His face was white and set.

"Well, my boy?" said the doctor. "I—I've come, sir," gasped Hazel at last, "to—to tell you—"

"Yes, my boy? Don't hesitate," urged Dr. Locke. "You have come to make a confession, eh?"

Hazeldene started guiltily. How did the Head know? He had intended to reserve the matter of the joy-ride in the diphtheria area till he had broken the ice by means of the scarab. Had Killip written to Dr. Locke already?

"Y-yes, sir!" admitted the junior. "But, first of all, I was going to say that I have found your silver charm."

He opened his hand and placed the scarab on the desk.

This time it was the doctor who was taken by surprise.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured, adjusting his glasses and peering at the object.

He picked it up and turned it over doubtfully.

"It certainly appears to be mine," he said. "But—but—"

Dr. Locke bent down and opened one of the drawers of the desk at which he was sitting. From it he drew—another silver scarab!

"They are the same," he muttered.

"No, not exactly the same, but similar—very similar. Bless my soul, this is remarkable!"

Hazeldene was staring at the two silver scarabs with hardly less interest than the doctor himself. As the Head had discovered, they were almost identical. They were not of the same manufacture; but a scarab is of such a conventionalised design that it was not really astonishing that two examples of it should be so alike.

"I thought at first that I had lost it again," remarked Dr. Locke, looking

up with a frosty smile. "But such, I find, is not the case. This specimen of the—ahem!—silversmith's art must be the property of someone else, Hazeldene. Bless my soul, what a coincidence!"

The Head handed it back to the junior. Hazeldene took it with something of relief.

"It is indeed strange that two such ornaments should be lost in this school in the space of a few days," said Dr. Locke. "I suggest that you announce its recovery by a notice on the board."

"Yes, sir," replied Hazeldene meekly. He reflected inwardly that he would do no such thing, however, now that he had unexpectedly got his own property back.

"I notified my loss when I missed my own specimen," went on the Head. "but I omitted to announce the fact that it had since been found. Indeed, it had never really been lost. It was lying on my desk here, amongst some papers, and somehow contrived to get swept off. It fell into one of the drawers which was beneath it, presumably, and which must have been partly open. There it—ahem!—reposed until yesterday, when I myself happened upon it."

"Indeed, sir!" said the Remove. "I—I'm glad to know you got it back."

There was a pause. Hazeldene was seized with an impulse to flee—to shirk the dreaded confession. But the thought of Harry Wharton and Nugent on the other side of the door behind him made him pause.

"The day on which I last saw the scarab—the day it was amongst the papers—was last Wednesday," remarked the Head irrelevantly.

"Yes, sir," agreed the junior, taking the plunge. "But—but there was something else I came about, too, sir. I've got something on my mind, sir. I want to own up—"

"Yes; go on, my boy," Dr. Locke admonished. "I am relieved to find that you come to me voluntarily to confess to it."

It! Hazeldene trembled inwardly. Apparently the Head knew of his escapade already. How could he know, except that the garage man had written demanding his damages?

"It's been worrying me, sir," he went on haltingly. "This diphtheria bizney—er—epidemic, sir. I broke bounds a week or so ago, when we were forbidden to go into Courtfield."

"Indeed?" The Head stiffened in his chair. A hard light came into his eyes.

"Proceed, boy!"

Hazel proceeded. He told how he had hired the motor-bike, and how he had not intended to go anywhere near Courtfield, but it was a case of either cutting through the town or being late for calling-over. He laid stress on the fact that when he was coming to the place he realised there could be no harm of contracting the disease by passing through the main street without stopping, and that he had had his throat examined by a doctor the very next day, so as to make certain on that point.

Dr. Locke nodded, but remained silent.

Hazeldene gulped. The hardest part was yet to come. With a preliminary stammer, he then launched out on an account of the real cause of his troubles.

Characteristically he minimised his own share of the blame for the accident,

although there was no question of punishing him for that, in any event.

"The long and the short of it was, sir, that I smashed this man's bike up, and he has been asking me to pay the damage. There has been a bit of delay, so he threatened to write to you and tell you all about it."

"So you thought you'd come first—eh?" interrupted the doctor, with another frosty smile.

Hazeldene nodded.

"The money'll be all right, sir," he added hastily. "The man hasn't got the patience to wait till I can get it from my father. But I'd rather come to you and own up, rather than be sent for."

He stopped. There was an awkward silence. It flashed into Hazel's mind that the tale was not all told. That he might have added that he had come to make confession before, but that he had fallen into temptation instead. He glanced at the place on the desk where the fateful exam papers had laid, and then snatched his eyes away, as if the Head might read his thoughts.

He was oppressed and flurried by the Head's continued silence. He felt impelled to say something to fill up the portentous pause. The only thing he could think of was the exam papers, and he was on the brink of blurting out a second and even greater confession when at last the doctor spoke.

"Is that all?" he asked.

Hazeldene looked scared.

"Y-yes, sir. I think so."

"Are you sure? Think, boy! Open confession is good for the soul, and though I punish the wrongdoer to the fullest extent justice demands, I deem that the offence is largely expiated if he comes openly to admit his guilt. Have you anything to add to what you have just told me?"

"Yes, sir," muttered the Removite. "I cheated in the scholarship exam. I copied the questions." Hazeldene's head was downcast, and his face was white. The words seemed to be wrung out of him.

"Ah!"

Dr. Locke tapped the desk with his spectacles.

"I've been waiting to hear you tell me ever since you came into this room!" he said sternly. "Your guilt was known to me!"

"Known, sir?" gasped the junior.

"Yes, wretched boy! It was known to me that somebody had been tampering with my papers," went on the Head. "When I returned to this room last Wednesday I found them in a different order from that in which I had left them. I suspected that someone had been here in my absence, though I hardly dared to think that such base use would be made of the knowledge that had evidently been gained."

"But such evil designs—if they existed had to be frustrated. I altered two of the questions."

"Altered them, sir?" gasped the junior again. He could hardly believe his ears. He could have sworn the questions were the same on the exam papers as they had been on the envelopes on which he had made his rough copy of the doctor's draft.

"Yes, altered them. But they were altered in such a way as to make the alterations hardly noticeable. Questions about the same things and places and people as in the first list were asked in the second, but different answers were demanded. I judged that the slight variation would have passed unnoticed by the person who was already familiar with the original questions; that, seeing

the same names, he would naturally imagine they were the same questions."

Hazeldene nodded dispiritedly.

"That apparently was the case," resumed Dr. Locke implacably. "I did not need to wonder further whom the guilty party could be when I received the set of answered papers after the examination. I disqualified you immediately, of course. Your paper, Hazeldene, contained answers every one of which would have been right had I not balked your despicable design. I announced the real winner of the scholarship to-night, as you know; but, as you do not know, I have been considering, in the meantime, what punishment to inflict on you."

Hazeldene stood still and silent, wondering what blow was going to fall.

"I have carefully reviewed your character, wretched boy, and I believe that there is no real vice in you. I am amazed to think that you could have stooped to such a despicable act. What, then, was your motive? Why did you copy the questions?"

"I thought I was going to get the same to be expelled, sir," mumbled Hazeldene. "The garage-man threatened to write to you about the ten pounds, and I came in here to—"

"To forestall him?" suggested the doctor.

"Yes, sir. And I saw the papers, and I thought that if I won the scholarship, I—"



"Have you anything further to say, Hazeldene?" asked Dr. Locke. "Yes, sir," muttered the Removite. "I cheated in the scholarship exam. I copied the questions." Hazeldene's head was downcast, and his face was white. The words seemed to be wrung out of him. The Head tapped the desk with his spectacles. "I've been waiting to hear you tell me this," he said sternly. "Your guilt was already known to me!" (See Chapter 11.)

"I see—I see!" broke in Dr. Locke reflectively. "You were fearing expulsion. A sudden temptation. This puts a different light on the matter."

He spoke as if to himself. Hazeldene remained silent, seizing on every low-spoken word. The situation seemed a little easier.

There was a long silence, during which the junior remained stock still, dreading to move.

Finally the Head spoke.

"I am very relieved," he said sternly, "that you have come to make full and open confession of your fault, Hazeldene. Had you not done so, the penalty must have been expulsion. I can harbour no cheats in my flock. It appears from what you say—and it bears the stamp of truth—that you were not a wanton cheat, however. That you lapsed into sudden temptation rather than undergo a painful ordeal."

Hazeldene raised his head hopefully.

"Perhaps it was weakness rather than vice," the Head continued to himself. And then, to the Removite: "I can come to no immediate decision. I must consider this matter in all its aspects, and I shall defer judgment until to-morrow. Attend me here after morning lessons. I will acquaint you of your punishment. You may go."

Hazeldene turned, with a muttered: "Thank you, sir!"

"Stay! Send Linley to me here at once!"

"Yes, sir," said Hazeldene, wondering what the Head wanted with Linley.

And then he realised, with a stab of envy. Linley had won the scholarship; the scholarship carried a money grant. Probably Dr. Locke wanted to discuss that with him.

(Continued on page 27.)

**AT GRIPS WITH THE PHANTOM!** Leaping towards the Stormcock came the armoured bows of the Phantom. She would strike the midship plates of the Stormcock at right angles. But the brave men aboard the latter never quailed. All they wanted was to get to grips with their mysterious foes!



**A Magnificent Story of Detective Adventure, featuring Ferrers Locke, the celebrated private investigator, and Jack Drake, his boy assistant.**

#### Desperate Tactics!

**A**S the Phantom came surging towards the Stormcock, Ferrers Locke kept a tight hold of Jack Drake's arm. It looked like certain disaster. Already the men were tugging and wrenching at the boat on its chocks astern, shouting wildly as they worked.

The great bows of the Phantom would tear through the Stormcock's side like ripping into paper! There would be a rending crash, a sudden heave to starboard, then the yells of men as they leapt overside into the sea, to struggle clear of the sinking fabric that had once been the steam-trawler Stormcock.

Of all on that vessel Locke and Jack Drake seemed the coolest. Ferrers Locke shot a glance towards the bridge, and he had a glimpse of the bleak, bearded face of Proctor, staring wide-eyed towards the approaching Phantom. His big hand shot out to the bridge telegraph, and the engine-room bell clanged.

Full speed astern!

The engines responded instantly, the engineer on duty sensing that something extraordinary was happening above. The great power of the Stormcock was felt at that minute. She quivered in every stringer to the sudden powerful thump of her propeller, and the water below where Locke and Drake were standing was churned cream-white as the powerful engines, as if in desperation, forced the propeller round at speed in the resisting water.

Skipper Proctor had swept the man at the wheel aside by one movement of his powerful right arm. And, instantly following his snatch at the telegraph handle, he ground the wheel over, over, till he could not move it another spoke.

The Phantom was now only a matter of ten yards distant, and smashing on at greater speed. But the Stormcock, too, was moving astern, her rudder swerving her steadily round. And her

great engines stamped as they had never stamped before.

"My boy, keep away—keep away!" shouted Locke, dragging Jack from the trawler's side.

"She's striking, sir!" cried Jack. "It's—"

Crash!

The Stormcock listed heavily at the impact. But a rending, grating sound followed the first shock of collision, and the great white turtle-deck of the Phantom slid towards the stern, doing little damage to the smooth side of the trawler, which is kept clear of all protruding fittings for the purpose of easily handling the trawl.

"A glancing blow!" shouted Locke, leaping towards the bridge. "Proctor has saved us. Men, stand by forward!"

The deck-hands came lurching and slithering towards the bows again, headed by Tom Harper, who had often proved such a useful man to Proctor on the North Star.

"They're grappling!" shouted Ferrers Locke. "They mean to board. Stand by to beat them off!"

The Phantom was indeed resorting to desperate measures. Locked to the Stormcock's side by grappling-irons, which had been thrown over to keep the vessels together, going full ahead as she was and the Stormcock full astern, both trawlers moved swiftly, lunging into the seas, their sides grinding hard.

Spray swept over the Stormcock's stern, sheeting past the mizzen-sail which boomed and bellied on the mast. And as Locke and Drake reached the bridge, Skipper Proctor pulled the engine-room telegraph-pointer to "Stop."

Instantly the engines ceased their throbbing, and now, the Phantom still going full ahead, the boats began to describe a wide circle on the dark sea.

"They're boarding!" shouted Locke to Proctor, as he sprang to the skipper's side. "Stand by on the bridge. We'll jump down to where the fight is hardest!"

In front of the wheelhouse, shouting directions to the men below, Locke and Drake and the skipper stood waiting to see where best they themselves could be useful. For the Phantom's men were leaping aboard here and there along the length of the Stormcock. And a big struggle was already being forced by the fishermen, who were furious at the outrageous daring of the Phantom.

To and fro swayed the men on the steel decks. Handspikes and belaying-pins were used freely. Tom Harper was dealing out terrible blows with a fair-sized iron block at the end of a rope. And many an attacker went down to the deck felled by a blow which he would for ever remember.

"Skipper," ordered Locke swiftly, "we are greatly outnumbered. The Phantom is swarming with men. You get aft to where the grappling-iron is holding there. Smash your way to it, and as the vessels roll together, thus slacking the chain attached to the iron, throw it loose. I'll do the same forward, where the other grappling-iron is. Drake, you'll stand in the wheelhouse, and as soon as you see the grappling-iron cast off, ring for full speed ahead, and handle the wheel so that we'll shoot clear."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Proctor. "'Tis our only chance. Get to it!"

Jack Drake whisked into the wheelhouse as Locke and Proctor leapt clean over the bridge-rail to the deck below. Noting which way to slam the handle of the engine-room telegraph, Jack, his heart beating heavily with excitement, stood by and watched.

Ferrers Locke had landed in the middle of a knot of fighting men, and Jack saw his hard fist shoot out once, twice, three times. Each time a man went down.

Dodging and ducking, his agility saving him from terrible blows again and again, Ferrers Locke fought his way forward.

Tom Harper had ranged up alongside the detective, and together, shoulder to

shoulder, they forced a path towards the forward grappling-iron.

Jack saw Harper turn and face the men closing in behind them. The iron block failed in the air, and the men, momentarily checked, fell back. Then the Stormcock rolled towards her enemy.

The chain attached to the grappling-iron looped down, and Jack saw Locke's lean, strong hands stretched to the prongs of the iron. One quick wrench and the iron was free. It fell with a slight splash into the creamy water between the two vessels.

Jack now flashed round and looked astern. Proctor was not making much headway towards his own particular goal, and the men from forward were now crowding aft, to keep the other grappling-iron from being thrown loose.

"Jingo! They'll not do it!" muttered Jack to himself. "And if Mr. Locke and Harper leave their place forward, they'll grapple there again."

Swift thoughts passed through Jack's brain. The Phantom was still threshing full ahead, circling the locked boats. Could he not, with the command of the engines and the wheel, sever the last remaining chain?

"By Jove, it's worth a shot!" gasped Jack to himself, his eyes gleaming.

Then his hand shot out to the handle of the telegraph, and he slammed it over "full astern."

He heard the clang of the bell, faintly above the clamour on the decks, felt the Stormcock quiver, and saw the chain of the grappling iron loosen as the Stormcock began to move astern, thus relieving the pull of the steaming Phantom.

When the chain was at its slackest, Jack took a deep breath, watching closely the while, then circled the telegraph-handle right over to the opposite side, "full ahead."

The powerful throbbing of the engines stopped, then recommenced almost instantly. Jack spun the wheel over to starboard, and as the Stormcock gathered headway the chain of the grappling-iron suddenly tautened.

There was a snap that could be felt, and a wild surge of joy welled up in Jack's breast. They were free!

The men of the Phantom who had boarded the Stormcock now took wild alarm.

"We're free! We're free!" they shouted. "Back, boys! Jump for it!"

While those on the Stormcock had before been fighting to keep their enemies from boarding, they now fought with redoubled vigour to keep them from getting back to their own craft again.

### A Prisoner!

**M**OST of the men from the Phantom managed to get back before the vessels had drawn beyond leaping distance of one another. But quite a number still remained, and these the men of the Stormcock fought hard to keep prisoners.

One man among the boarders elected himself leader.

"The wheelhouse! The wheelhouse!" he shouted. "Take the wheelhouse!"

A rush towards the bridge followed, and Jack Drake set his teeth as he stood to the wheel. But Ferrers Locke and Skipper Proctor, with a few of the Stormcock's hands, closed in on the wheelhouse to protect it.

The plate-glass windows received blows, and some of the panes were smashed as the fight raged about the little structure. One splinter of glass seared across Jack's knuckles as his

hands retained their steady grip of the spokes, and the hot blood dripped steadily to the white planking of the deck below.

The gap between the Stormcock and the Phantom was growing wider and wider. But the Phantom had now come round and was steaming along in the wake of the Stormcock. The struggle was not yet over.

Suddenly the boarders altered their tactics. Three men broke away from the struggling throng round the wheelhouse, and slipped aft towards the boat.

This they found thrown loose and ready for sliding off its chocks, and they yelled to their companions as they heaved the boat into position for launching.

Jack glanced over his shoulder as a wild shout sounded from the men, and saw the crew of the Phantom stampeding for the boat. They were closely followed by the crew of the Stormcock. But four of the boarders lined up and stemmed the rush of the Stormcock's men in their endeavour to prevent the escape of the others in the boat.

The boat splashed overside, and was tugged along by her painter. Then the invaders tumbled into her, one after another.

At last Ferrers Locke and Skipper Proctor broke through the defending line, and headed the men of the Stormcock towards the stern. One big fellow leapt into Ferrers Locke's path, and Jack saw the detective's fist connect with the man's jaw.

Down dropped the man like a sack of flour, and Locke and Proctor turned to keep the remaining three from escaping. But these men sprang to the rail and leapt overside into the water, and Jack saw the boat astern in their wake pick the men up.

The men of the Stormcock, talking excitedly, came aft in a body. The senseless form of the man Locke had knocked out was taken below into the

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### NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

Engaged by JOHN CARR, owner of the Carr Fishing Fleet, to put a stop to the destructive raids made upon his fleet of vessels by an armoured Iclander which, by reason of its mysterious comings and goings, is dubbed the Phantom, FERRERS LOCKE, the celebrated detective, and his live-wire assistant, JACK DRAKE, sign on for a trip aboard the North Star, which is captained by Blaize Proctor. As is usual, the Phantom makes its appearance, but Locke can see nothing aboard her to give him a clue as to her identity. But scarcely has the Phantom passed the Carr fleet when the trawler-net of the North Star is found to contain a live mine. Follows a terrific explosion, and, partly disabled, the North Star hobbles back to port. Meantime, Ferrers Locke has convinced himself that the mate of the North Star, SCAR HOSKING, is a traitor, and the detective determines to keep him under observation.

Carr, Blaize Proctor, and Ferrers Locke hold a council of war, and it is finally decided that the best way to round up the Phantom is to set another Phantom on its track. Accordingly, Carr buys an Iclander, the Stormcock, and, with a picked crew aboard under Skipper Proctor, the vessel, at the head of the ordinary fleet of fishing trawlers, sets sail. The sister ship to the Stormcock, which is named the Trumpeter, is purchased by a man named Stromsund, and on this vessel Hosking is alleged to have set sail. At midnight the look-out aboard Locke's ship reports that a vessel carrying no lights is bearing down upon them. It turns out to be the Trumpeter. Upon learning the identity of the Stormcock, the Trumpeter is set on a course that will drive her through the Stormcock amidships!

"By hokey," roars Proctor, "she's going to ram us!"

(Now read on.)

crew's quarters, and the detective and the skipper came into the wheelhouse.

"Well done, Drake!" cried Locke heartily. "You have undoubtedly saved the Stormcock from falling into the hands of those villains this night!"

"That was a neat move, slackin' the chain an' then drivin' full ahead to snap it!" said Skipper Proctor heartily, slapping Jack on the shoulder as the boy handed over the wheel to a hand.

"We got one prisoner, anyway," chuckled a man standing by the wheelhouse door. "That wor a fight if ye like!"

"Tain't the sort of fight I'll like too many of, though," said another man, who had fared rather ill in the struggle. "Bad cess to them Phantoms! And we ain't out o' the wood yet. When they've picked up the boat they'll chase us."

"But they won't catch the Stormcock, matey," broke in Tom Harper. "Not wi' Blaize Proctor on the bridge and old Mac below at the engines. Did ye notice how sudden the signals from the bridge was obeyed below? Pretty, I call it."

"Well, we've lost our boat!" growled Skipper Proctor to Jack and Locke.

"They'll abandon it," replied Ferrers Locke quietly. "They wouldn't keep such damning evidence of what they've done this night. She'll be set adrift, and probably be picked up by one of our own fleet to-morrow."

"We have one of their men, anyway, sir," said Jack Drake, "so even if the boat is not found again the exchange will be a good one for us. That man may be useful in this case."

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"I was determined we would have one prisoner, at all events," he said. "Did you notice a light ahead, skipper?"

"Ay, ay, sir, that I did!" replied Proctor as he peered through one of the broken panes of glass in the wheelhouse. "We be closin' in on the fleet, sir. Better get the sidelights out. Hi, Tom, busy around and get them sidelights put up! We're hard by the fleet."

It appeared as if the Phantom had given up the chase, for though the Stormcock lay to for three hours, her lights shining, no Phantom appeared.

Daylight broke, misty and grey, revealing a bald, tumbling sea, with the Carr Fleet ahead, diligently fishing.

"I reckon we'd best patrol the fleet, sir," said Proctor. "They'll think we are the real Phantom, an' won't wish us any good. But the less talk we have about last night's business the better."

"I entirely agree with you, skipper," said Locke. "Drake, you'd better turn in for a few hours. I'll rouse you at about midday, then I'll have a spell below. We must get all the sleep we can during the hours of daylight; for darkness means work for us henceforward."

"You're right, sir," said Skipper Proctor. "I'll go on the same tack wi' the men. I think we'd better keep distant from the fleet, reservin' our fuel and restin' the engines an' boilers. To-night we'd do well to cruise among the trawlers, and, if we see the Phantom up to more of her games, take a heavy hand in the business."

"That is what I was going to suggest," replied Ferrers Locke. "Well, get below, Drake. You and I will work watch and watch together."

Jack was pleased to be able to turn in on the locker seat assigned to him in the skipper's cabin, and he was soon asleep. He was roused at midday, and

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kept on the alert while Ferrers Locke slept.

As darkness fell the Stormcock, without lights, closed in on the fleet, and waited for signs of the activities of the Phantom.

Ferrers Locke signed to Jack Drake to come forward with him.

"We'll have a little talk with our prisoner, my boy," said Locke. "But I'm afraid we'll learn little from him. The men say he has been sullen and defiant ever since he came round."

Locke and Drake entered the crew's quarters and found the big man whom Locke had knocked out sitting up on the floor, drinking tea from a thick bowl.

"What's your name?" demanded Locke sharply.

"Find out!" returned the man, scowling.

Locke and Drake looked him over for a few seconds. He was massively built, and had the heavy, pale features of a north man.

"You realise, I suppose," continued Locke dispassionately, "that you can be charged with a very serious crime?"

"I reckon I obey orders just like any other seaman!" growled the man.

"Well, you are our prisoner, and will most certainly be handed over to justice. But it will be in your favour if you assist us to settle these outrages on the Dogger—as they will be settled, whether you help or not."

"Ye mean ye want me to give information?"

"Exactly!"

The man laughed. It was a mirthless, hard laugh. But there was an unmistakable ring in it that told Locke better than words could that they would get no information from this man.

Locke turned to go.

"Better have the man secured in some way," he said to Tom Harper, who was listening interestedly.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Harper, grinning. "He be too pretty a specimen to have loose amongst us, I reckon."

Locke and Drake mounted to the bridge.

"Can't get anything out of him, I s'pose?" asked Proctor.

"No. I can see he'll never inform against his fellows," replied Locke.

"Thought as much, sir. I've seen him meself, and I reckon he wouldn't split if he was put on the rack. Well, we be well up to the fleet now. But, so far, things seem all right."

The skipper, together with Locke and Drake, leant on the rail, staring at the fishing lights of the trawlers. They did not converse, for they were anxious to hear any unusual sounds from the fleet.

The Stormcock had been manoeuvred so that the fleet would be to windward. So any unusual sounds would come down to them.

At last Ferrers Locke held up his hand.

"Listen! What's that?" he said swiftly.

A weird muttering noise was coming down the wind.

"Sounds to me like distant voices shouting," said Jack Drake.

"That's what it be, sir, I reckon!" whispered Skipper Proctor, curving his hand behind his ear.

"I think we'll go in among the fleet," voiced Locke. "It may be the Phantom up to her tricks, destroying the fishing gear as it is towed along the bottom."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Skipper Proctor rang for half speed, and turned the Stormcock's head towards the trawlers.

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The lights grew clearer, and the shouting could not now be mistaken for anything else.

"She be there, sir, for sure, playin' old Harry wi' the gear!" growled Proctor. "What's the lay, Mr. Locke? We can't board her. Her crew's too strong for that."

"We must at least chase her off, skipper," said the detective. "And we must keep in touch with her till she heads for home. Then, without ourselves being seen, we must follow her and see where she goes."

Within half an hour the Stormcock was well in the heart of the Carr fleet. Trawls were being hauled in hot haste as they headed for the centre of the fleet, and whenever they came into the view of men on a trawler, savage shouts and wild threats were hurled at them across the water.

Skipper Proctor gave a rumbling laugh.

"I reckon we're puttin' the wind up them just as much as the real Phantom does!" he said. "We'll have to—"

"Look, look! Over there!" cried Drake, pointing to starboard. "I saw her, sir!"

"The Phantom?"

"Yes!"

"Point over, skipper!"

"Ay, ay!"

Skipper Proctor rang for full speed, and the Stormcock veered round in the direction indicated by Jack Drake.

"Right ahead, sir!" came a hail from the bows.

The skipper, Locke, and Drake peered from the wheelhouse, and soon they saw the Phantom, rolling gently in the swell.

The Stormcock leapt towards her enemy; but the Phantom was quick, too, and forged ahead rapidly.

Jack Drake watched the ghostly form of the big Iclander ahead. His heart was thumping heavily. Would they come to grips again? Or would the Phantom continue to run, allowing the Stormcock to hold her in chase?

### Northward Ho!

ALL the next day the Stormcock kept the smudge of smoke from the Phantom in view on the horizon. Skipper Proctor, on the advice of Ferrers Locke, had coaled



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the Stormcock with "smokeless" fuel, such as warships use. Thus, they could follow the Phantom and yet keep out of view themselves.

The Phantom was evidently bound for somewhere north of the Orkneys. She steered on a hair-line course, and Skipper Proctor was in fine fettle.

"She hasn't any doubt about where she be goin', sir," he said, rubbing his hard palms together. "Mebbe Shetland, mebbe the Faroes, mebbe Iceland. We'll see. This here smokeless coal stunt o' yours is great!"

"Well, what about night-time, skipper?" smiled Locke. "We sha'n't be able to see her smoke then, shall we?"

Skipper Proctor's eyes twinkled.

"We be well up the Long Forties now, sir," he replied. "By evening I'll be able to judge for certain whether she be pointin' for Fair Isle or to the east'ard o' Shetland. We'll just have to hold our course during the dark hours, that's all, an' pick her up again the morn. After all, the night up here on'y lasts for three hours this part o' the year!"

Northward led the Phantom—ever northward. A fleet of trawlers busy on the Fladen Ground was passed—Leith boats, rolling and wallowing in the seas as they towed their trawls along the bottom.

In the late afternoon it breezed up considerably, and the wave-crests broke into hissing spray. The big turtle deck of the Stormcock was constantly in a mist of driving spray as the stout trawler smashed her stem into the seas.

On she pressed, climbing and falling. A carrier, floundering like a cow in a bog, was making in from the Viking Bank to the north. And as evening fell, and the smudge of smoke ahead became hardly discernible, the passenger steamer from Iceland, bound for Leith, passed them, hurrying along with the following sea lifting her under her stern.

Skipper Proctor was in splendid trim.

"We've got him, sir," he said to Locke. "He's steerin' to pass Fair Isle on the starboard hand. It's Iceland, for sure!"

Dawn saw all hands eagerly searching the widening horizon ahead.

"There she is, skip!" shouted Tom Harper from the crow's-nest above the bridge. "Better slacken speed a bit, or we'll be spotted. We've hauled up to her a bit during the night."

The Stormcock was brought down to half speed as the light strengthened, and when clear daylight was broad over all, the Phantom was little more than a smoke-smudge on the horizon again.

"Faroes well astarn of us now, sir," said Proctor, jerking his head towards a hazy outline to the south-east. "We'll be looking out for Portland by the afternoon. By hokey, this is like old days! I haven't been up round Iceland for over ten year. It's been the Dogger most all the time leadin' the Carr Fleet."

The Stormcock scotched up the Phantom a bit more closely when Mount Hekla, Iceland's volcano, was in view. Just before darkness fell the Phantom disappeared from view. She had steamed inside a cluster of islets, which Proctor pointed out as the Westaman Isles.

All were puzzled, but Skipper Proctor had a possible explanation.

"I know of a fjord bearing nor'-nor'-east from the Tin Opener—that's one o' the isles," he said. "That's maybe



lowed, closing in a little now that darkness was falling.

The men turned into a narrow valley, or gorge, and the detectives followed. The light was now very bad, but Jack could make out the wooden gable ends of two houses, or huts, farther along. The roofs were grassy, and a couple of sheep, contentedly munching the grass, seemed to find the roofs quite a good pasture ground.

"They've gone in there, sir," said Jack. "I wonder if they have an appointment with anyone?"

"I am inclined to believe they have, my boy," replied Ferrers Locke. "Well, we must get forward without sound to a position where we can listen, and, if possible, see."

"Up where the sheep are, I should think, sir," grinned Jack.

"We will approach and see," replied Locke.

Carrying their shoes in their hands, the Baker Street detective and his assistant advanced towards the buildings.

The one into which Scar Hosking and his companion had passed had been built into a cutting in the rock face, and it was possible to step from the land behind right on to the low roof.

But the two sheep already there were a problem. If they were startled they would most certainly give the alarm. However, fortune favoured Ferrers Locke and Drake at that moment, for one of the sheep slipped on the roof-slope, and Hosking and his companion, accompanied by a typical Iclander, wearing a cap with ear-flaps, rushed out.

"It's only them durned sheep!" growled Hosking. And Locke and Drake, sitting, hidden by a boulder, heard him swearing roundly.

"Well, let's get 'em off it," returned the other man, whom Locke judged to be the skipper of the Phantom. "Here, you, get to blazes out o' that!"

The words preceded a whizzing stone, which thumped on the ribs of the sheep. Both animals took fright, and scampered for the hillside once more. Then the men went into the house again.

"Now!" whispered Ferrers Locke. "We will get on to the roof and lie flat near the eaves. Follow me, Drake!"

With infinite care, moving only inch by inch, Locke squirmed forward on his stomach on the grassy roof of the building. Jack Drake followed closely. And soon the pair were in position at the eaves.

Drake, peering over and down into the window at that end of the building, found to his delight that he could see into the room—for room it was—low-ceilinged, with a rough wooden floor.

The Iclander with the ear-flapped cap on was hauling in some wood to the wide fireplace. A stupid-faced woman was busying about at the farther end of the room. Scar Hosking and his companion were sitting on a form near the window.

"I never knew him to be to time yet," grumbled the thin-featured man. "He comes by pony. He won't have us up at Ingholdt, though I do know he's got a fine, comfortable house there. But what a hole to live in! Iceland! And the Hekla country, too."

"It's the loneliest part, an' that suits Stromsund's purpose, I s'pose," growled Hosking. "There's the fjord handy, too, for the boats which don't belong to his reg'lar fleet at Reykjavik."

"Well, I dunno what he wants us up so suddenlike for. 'Course, he'll have a

lot to say to you, Hosking, bein' new to the game."

"And to you, I reckon, for that clash last time on the Dogger. An' he'll want to know why you've lost Blayne."

"Better Blayne than some o' the others," growled the other. "Blayne's a man'll bite his tongue off rather than speak."

"Are ye sure as the Stormcock didn't follow ye?"

"We shook her off at the outset. Hallo! Here's the chief!"

There was a clatter of feet in the gorge outside the buildings, then the door burst open, and Hosking and his companion rose to greet the newcomer.

But they fell back in surprise, and Locke and Drake on the grassy roof stiffened in every muscle as they watched; for the man who had burst in was the man they had captured from the Phantom. He must have escaped from the Stormcock. And now he was here.

"Langley," gasped the man, gripping the forearm of the thin-featured skipper, "the Stormcock scotched you up right to the isles. Ferrers Locke's aboard o' her, or was. He an' his assistant left this mornin'; don't know what for. To ferret you out, I expect, for they know where you put in. They be in Ingholdt Fjord at the moment. It's—"

"Outside an' search round this shack!" shouted Scar Hosking, the great weal down his face turning white. "They may be spyin' on us even now!"

*(Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake crouched low in their hiding-place, watching and wondering. Their discovery seemed imminent! Look out for some startling situations in next week's thrilling instalment of this powerful serial, chums!)*

## TO AND FROM YOUR EDITOR!

**T**HIS week I have several extra interesting announcements to make. First and foremost there will be in our next issue further amazing happenings in connection with "The Phantom of the Dogger Bank!" This serial is a real tophole mystery of the deep. Get next week's MAGNET and see for yourselves. You will be sure to do that. It would be a neat wheeze to nail a second copy for a pal so that he may read of the weirdest wonder of the sea.

### INTERESTING PARS.

Now, what about our Football Pars Competition? Don't pass this by. It is a really grand chance for you all. Every fellow tumbles on some taking little incident at a footer-match. He may hear of some little event which can be described in a short paragraph. Better still to see it. Just jot down in plain language some point which strikes you as worth talking about. That's easy enough. Pars should be about three hundred words in length. Address all efforts to "Pars" No. 7, The MAGNET Library, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. I am awarding twenty table football games each week for the twenty smartest

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entries, as doubtless you know. But please look alive. Mind you are not behind the fair! You see, I have only a certain number of these games, so this opportunity won't wait, any more than Time, the train, or trade. Below you have the latest list of prize-winners. Why not have your name in a future list?

### RESULT OF "PARS" COMPETITION No. 3.

A Table Footer Game has been awarded to each of the following twenty readers:

Richard Harrington, 20, Hawthorn Road, Ribbleson, Preston, Lancs; Edward Armstead, 32, Sunbeam Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds; Clifford Walker, 17, Michell Street, Durham; John Wilson, 163, Broomloan Road, Govan; S. Scotney, 35, Windmill Street, Whittlesey, Cambs; J. Davis, 41, Holbeach Road, Catford, S.E. 6; Arthur Clarke, 247, Monton Road, Monton Green, Eccles, near Manchester; G. Rodick, Fairview, Balgore Lane, Squirrels Heath, Essex; David Brown, 9, Old Grey Street, Sunderland, co. Durham; H. McKnight, 196, Cromwell Road, Patricroft, Manchester; Arthur L. Birchley, 4, Lansdowne, Upper Welland, Malvern Wells, Wores; S. H. Barker, 8, North Street, North Walsham, Norwich, Norfolk; James Cash, 18, Bradgate Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs; B. L. Barraclough, 15, Chapel Terrace, Crossland Moor, Huddersfield; Master E. C. Kilbee, 95, Coppet's Road, Muswell Hill, N. 10;

George Harrad, 46, Eagle Street, Coventry; Master A. Hendry, 1, Charlotte Place, Paisley, Scotland; William E. Foot, 74, Caversham Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W. 5; R. Goffin, 77, Manor Way, Uxbridge, Middlesex; John Elliott, 107, Lanang Road, Sheffield.

### For Next Monday.

#### "THE RAGGING OF MOSSOO!"

By Frank Richards.

Frank Richards always had a warm corner in his heart for the French master. Next week you have the great authority on French verbs and all the other problems incident to the mighty French lingo in a rare old difficulty. If M. Charpentier does not have the time of his life, well it comes jolly near it! Don't miss this fine yarn, boys!

#### "THE PHANTOM OF THE DOGGER BANK!"

For this treat, see above. There is a big draught felt by somebody drawn on this bank.

### SPECIAL CUP FINAL SUPPLEMENT.

By Harry Wharton & Co.

They reach me in shoals—letters of praise for the footer supplement. This new edition takes the palm for all-round excellence. Look out for it!

YOUR EDITOR.

# "THE TEMPTATION OF PETER HAZELDENE!"

(Continued from page 21.)

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Exit Mr. Killip!

**A**FTER a night and a morning of gnawing suspense, and after a week of anxious scheming, Hazeldene was almost happy at last. He had been dunned for money; he had been guilty of a contemptible action that roused his conscience more than it calmed his fears; he had been shunned by the Remove—and all his plans had collapsed and failed.

The night before he had confessed; now he knew his fate. His punishment had been decreed, and a load was off his mind. He came out of the Head's study and out into the quad looking pale; but the worried expression was gone.

Morning lessons were over. It was the beginning of the Wednesday half-holiday. The quad was dotted with groups of fellows, lounging about, or making for Big Side.

In the distance he saw a feminine figure, surrounded by four or five fellows. It was his sister Marjorie, and the others were Cherry and Wharton and a few more. She had come over from Cliff House, as she sometimes did, to ask him to go for a walk, perhaps. Hazeldene made in the direction of the group.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" greeted Bob Cherry, as he approached. "Here's the giddy long-lost brother!"

"Hallo, Marjorie!" said Hazel.

"Looking for me?"

"Yes, Peter. Aren't you coming for a walk?"

"I'm sorry, Marjorie—" began Hazel.

"We're sorry, too," broke in Wharton. "We've got to apologise to you, Hazel."

"Rather!" added Linley, who was one of the group. "We're downright sorry, Hazel, old man. Why did you act the goat like that? You could easily have told us."

"Told you what?"

"About that scarab thing."

"Eh?"

"We happened to mention it to Marjorie," explained Cherry. "I told her what it was like, and said that you had found it and returned it to the Head."

"And then it came out," added Wharton.

"What—about the—"

Hazeldene was on the verge of saying "fight."

"No. About it being your own property, you ass!"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"Of all the footling chumps—"

"Marjorie told us that your mater gave it to you a long time ago," said Cherry.

"She gave me one, too," chimed in Marjorie. And she pulled at a silver chain around her neck and brought into view a scarab similar to the one the Removites had seen in her brother's possession.

"That's just the same as yours, Hazel," said Wharton. "The one you took to the Head."

Hazeldene nodded.

"Then why the thump did you take it to him? Why didn't you tell us it wasn't his at all? Look at all the trouble you've caused. That scrap—"

"I expect he had his reasons," interrupted Linley. "I'm sorry now, Hazel, that we came to blows over the thing."

Marjorie looked concerned, but appar-

ently she had heard all about the fight already, and wasn't so shocked as she might have been.

"Yes, I had my reasons," agreed Hazeldene grimly. "I'd rather you didn't ask me what they were. That incident is closed now. I—"

He stopped, and looked past the group at an approaching figure. His face set. It was Mr. Killip, the garage man. Hazeldene hurriedly asked his sister to withdraw a little distance with Bob Cherry. He wanted the coming interview to be out of her hearing. Bob took the hint with alacrity.

"Good-afternoon, Master Hazeldene!" said Mr. Killip, as he came up, glancing from Hazel to the others.

Hazeldene acknowledged his salutation curtly.

"You know what I've come for?" said Killip. "I don't seem to have heard from you with that ten quid. This is absolutely your last chance before I goes to your headmaster. What about my damages out of your scholarship money?"

"I—I haven't won any scholarship!" he blurted.

Mr. Killip looked menacing. He glanced at the school buildings, as if seeking to discover which was the Head's window.

"Here, half a mo!" put in Linley. "We know how you're fixed, Hazel, but what's this about scholarship money?"

"I promised to pay him if—I won the Wilmot-Snell."

"Ten quid, isn't it?" pursued Linley.

"Yes."

"And you haven't got it?"

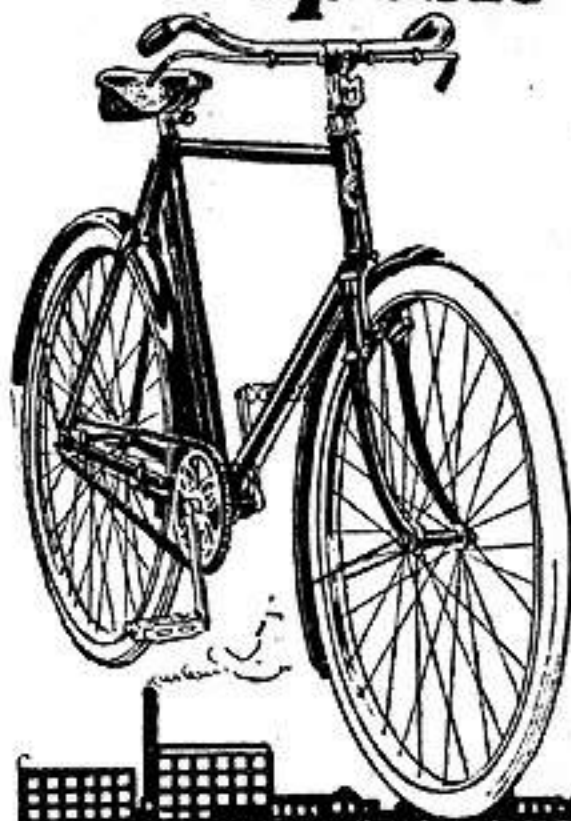
"No. And no chance. And he can do what he likes."

"Hold on a minute," went on Linley eagerly. "I'm feeling generous to-day,

(Continued on the next page.)

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## "THE TEMPTATION OF PETER HAZELDENE!"

(Continued from previous page)

Hazel. Besides, it'll do something to make up for putting you through it on Saturday. The Head sent for me last night about the scholarship money, and he gave me just ten quid on account of the fifty. I'll square this—"

"No, no!"

"But I say yes!"

Mark Linley was imperative. The argument that arose was fierce at first, but the Lancashire lad soon had his way, and it was finally decided that he should do as he proposed. Mr. Killip was unconcerned as to where the money came from, and he and Linley started off across the quad for Linley's study, where the money could be paid and a receipt made out. Hazeldene was for going, too, but Linley waved him back. He did not want any further argument; he was determined to do what he intended. Linley felt that it was up to him to wipe out the lingering bitterness, if any remained, of his fight.

"What's up, Hazel?" asked Bob Cherry, coming up with Marjorie when he saw the man depart.

Hazeldene explained rather evasively.

He didn't want his sister to know more than she need.

"Well," she said, when he had finished, "what about that walk?"

"I'm sorry I can't come, Marjorie," replied her brother. "But perhaps Wharton and Cherry would be glad. And Linley, when he comes back."

"But why can't you come?"

"I'm gated."

"Gated?"

"Yes; for the rest of the term," added Hazeldene.

"For this Courtfield bizney?" asked Wharton, understandingly.

"Yes, partly."

"Only partly?"

"Yes; there was something else, but if you don't mind, I'd rather—"

"That's all right, Hazel, we're not curious. But it's hard luck being gated for the rest of the term."

"It's better luck than I deserved," said Hazeldene quietly.

And, a quarter of an hour later, as he saw Linley and Wharton and Bob Cherry pass out of the gates with his

pretty sister in the wake of Mr. Killip, who had departed thence some minutes before, he realised that those words were true.

The shadow had passed over him, and though he was condemned to spend his half-holidays within the boundaries of Greyfriars for many weeks to come, he knew that he was indeed lucky to be still within them at all.

And, not least, the overhanging trouble of the debt had been lifted by the staunch generosity of Mark Linley, and the outraged Mr. Killip had brought his threatening presence into the place for the last time, so far as he was concerned.

Hazeldene's heart was light, even though he faced a prospect of holidays within the walls.

Perhaps the thing that had been involved in his troubles had changed his bad luck into good, and brought him safely through. It was a mascot now—the Silver Scarab!

THE END.

(If it's a treat you want, it's a treat you'll get in next week's MAGNET. Make a note of the title of the magnificent yarn of Greyfriars: "RAGGING MOSSOO!" By Frank Richards. One world-famed author undoubtedly hits the target full in the centre in this rattling fine yarn. Don't miss it, whatever you do!)

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# The LONG and SHORT of IT!

THERE are plenty of managers of football clubs who will tell you that there is always one fellow to beat the good little 'un, and that fellow is the good big 'un. There may be something in this generally accepted idea, but there is plenty of evidence to prove that when these managers find the good players they don't reject them because they are little. Indeed, there are few things more striking in big football than the contrasts which are provided on the field. Giants and pigmies struggle for possession of the ball, and the big man does not always have things his own way. Now let us look at the contrasts. The tallest man in big football at the moment is Albert Iremonger, the goalkeeper of Notts County, who stands six feet five inches. He says that his only trouble in being a footballer is that when they are travelling he finds it extremely difficult to get a bed which will "fit him." In spite of his many inches, Iremonger still manages to get down to the low shots, and, of course, the high ones are easy, seeing that he can touch the bar without the necessity of stretching his arms to the full length. It might be considered absolutely essential that a goalkeeper should be fairly tall, but there have been little fellows who have "kept" most efficiently. Teddy Davison, of Sheffield Wednesday, for instance, is about a foot less than Iremonger, while such famous goalkeepers as Jack Mew, Dick Pym, and Fred Hinton are less than the average height.

If there is one position more than another where inches would seem to be of real value it is at centre-half, because to this player the ball comes through the air so often. Harry Thoms, of Derby County, runs to six feet three, and there are plenty of other big men in the middle of the field—Gomm, of Millwall, Haslam, of Manchester United, and "Long John" Hill, of Burnley. All these fellows go beyond the six-foot mark, and I always feel sorry for the poor centre-

The Extremes in Football prove that size doesn't really matter.

forward of the stature of Gallacher, say, who has to stand by and watch when his lengthy opponent takes the ball on his head. However, as all good footballers know, the game should be played on the ground, and not in the air. There are even some footballers, however, who manage to get the ball when it is in the air, though they are smaller than their opponents. Alec Lindsay, the Tottenham Hotspur inside-right, is quite a little fellow, but he has such a terrific jump, and at times he springs so well, that I have often seen him get the ball on his head when opposed to some opponent who could give him several inches.

Mention of the Spurs reminds me that for years they have had on their books the smallest player who has ever got into first-class football. I refer, of course, to "Fanny" Walden, who was only five feet two in his stocking feet. He has often told me how his parents laughed at him when he expressed his intention of becoming a professional footballer, but he triumphed over his difficulties to such an extent that he played for England against Scotland.

In these days Fanny Walden has many midget rivals in the outside-right position. There is, for instance, Joshua Williams, the hop-o-my-thumb outside-right of Stoke City, while Crawford, who plays in the same position for Chelsea, can only give Walden about half an inch.

Although Nature has handicapped these little fellows in one way, she has thrown out compensations in another, for it is undoubtedly true that the midgets generally seem to be endowed with more cunning, and are quicker of movement than the big fellows; also, it is very difficult for the big fellows to charge the little ones fairly owing to the difficulty of getting their shoulders down properly. Thus the "long and short of it" is that no young player should consider that he is ruled out of big football because he hasn't sprouted to giant proportions.

## INTERNATIONAL Quaint and Curious Snapshots Facts about the Biggest Matches of All.

THE record attendance for any football match, except for the Cup Final at Wembley in 1923, was at the International at Hampden Park on March 23rd, 1912. It was estimated that 127,307 spectators were present that day. The gate receipts amounted to £5,197 15s., stands and enclosures £1,800, making a total of £6,997 15s.

Here is England's complete International record from 1919 to March, 1926:

|             | P. | W. | L. | D. | F. | A. | Pts. | Goals |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|------|-------|
| v. Scotland | 6  | 1  | 3  | 2  | 8  | 13 | 4    |       |
| v. Wales    | 7  | 2  | 3  | 2  | 6  | 10 | 6    |       |
| v. Ireland  | 7  | 3  | 1  | 3  | 10 | 5  | 9    |       |
| Total       | 20 | 6  | 7  | 7  | 24 | 28 | 19   |       |

Anglo-Scots were first brought into Scottish teams in 1896.

John Reynolds played for both England and Ireland, and Bob Evans for England and Wales. Evans had played ten games for Wales before it was discovered that he had a birth qualification for England, and he played for England in all three games in season 1910-11.

When the first game was played between England and Scotland, England had nearly 100 clubs playing Association football; Scotland had 10; so that the goalless draw was a creditable performance on the part of the Thistle.

The first game between England and Scotland was unique in one respect—it is the only one in which both sides failed to score. Nine goals have been registered on five occasions since then.

England first played three half-backs in the International match of 1885. Scotland adopted this formation in 1887.

England holds the record for high scoring in International matches, Ireland being beaten by them 13-0 at Belfast in 1882. Wales' tallest score was 11-0, also against Ireland. Scotland's best is 11-0, also against the Irishmen, but it left nothing like the feeling of satisfaction engendered by the seven registered against England in 1878.

Steve Bloomer scored 28 goals in International matches—a record that will take some beating.

W. Meredith has 51 caps to his credit; 13 of these were against Scotland, and 20 against England.

During the course of the 1902 match between England and Scotland at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, one of the stands on the ground collapsed, causing the death of 25 persons. Twenty-four others were very dangerously injured, while 493 received minor injuries.

MANY times in the past have Manchester United occupied a place in the "spot-light," and this season they have done it again in the Cup competition, knocking out several clubs when the odds seemed dead against them. There are people who

can remember when the club was more notorious than expected him to be a Beau Brummell. They started at a place called Newton Heath, which is really a part of Manchester, but in those long, long ago days there was not much enthusiasm for the sort of football which was played by the members of the team. Indeed, the story goes that the wages of the players in those times were calculated according to the receipts at the turnstiles, and one player called John, and just as the looked round on going on to play manager in football to-day, the field and then suddenly his namesake at Manchester walked back to the dressing-room, with this remark: "In four-figure salary. He has don't suppose the 'gate' to-day made some astute bargains, this would amount to more than manager, though, even though twopence per player, and I am like for Clapton Orient not playing on this pitch for me caused Rennox to tell me ninety minutes for twopence." That at one time Old Trafford



J. W. SPENCE.

Later the club moved to a place called Ardwick, and you may take it that Frank Mann ought to be at from me that when the searchlight shone on Manchester, obviously. He went light was put on the Clayton from Huddersfield as a pitch you found out why he was called Clayton. There he said, "that they thought I may have been worse grounds was too old to play in that de- in the country, but the oldest partment, so I went to half- football follower I know has back." And he's a great Mann never been on one which was in that position," said Charlie Hilditch, the long 'un, who had overheard our conversation. Manchester officials never object to their players having some business outside football. Frank Barson can play the bankrupty court. But stout hearts survived. Half a dozen stalwart enthusiasts put their cash into a pool, started the club again, and renamed it Manchester United, and to-day we find at Old Trafford one of the most up-to-date grounds in the country, and one of the most prosperous clubs playing thereon. There is accommodation for 70,000 people at Old Trafford, and this week-end the biggest International match of the season will be played on the ground—that between England and Scotland.

The players of to-day don't get paid according to the receipts, as Smith, the young inside-left, told me with some regret in his voice. If they did get so paid they would soon be retiring, for they have had 60,000 on the ground this season for a mid-week Cup-tie.

Putting the searchlight on these "United" players, in deed as well as in word, you find some of the most interesting personalities in football. That being so, it is appropriate that they should possess perhaps the most dominating personality in the game to-day. I refer to their captain,

## A Searchlight on Manchester United

BY "PAUL PRY."  
(Our Travelling Correspondent.)

Frank Barson. I wouldn't go so far as to say that the cap which Barson usually wears goes well with his gold tooth, but Frank isn't the sort of fellow who cares what people think, and when I told him that the cap didn't go with his perfect suit, he asked me if I expected him to be a Beau Brummell. The Arsenal have a manager named Chapman, and so have Manchester United. The Manchester "boss" is

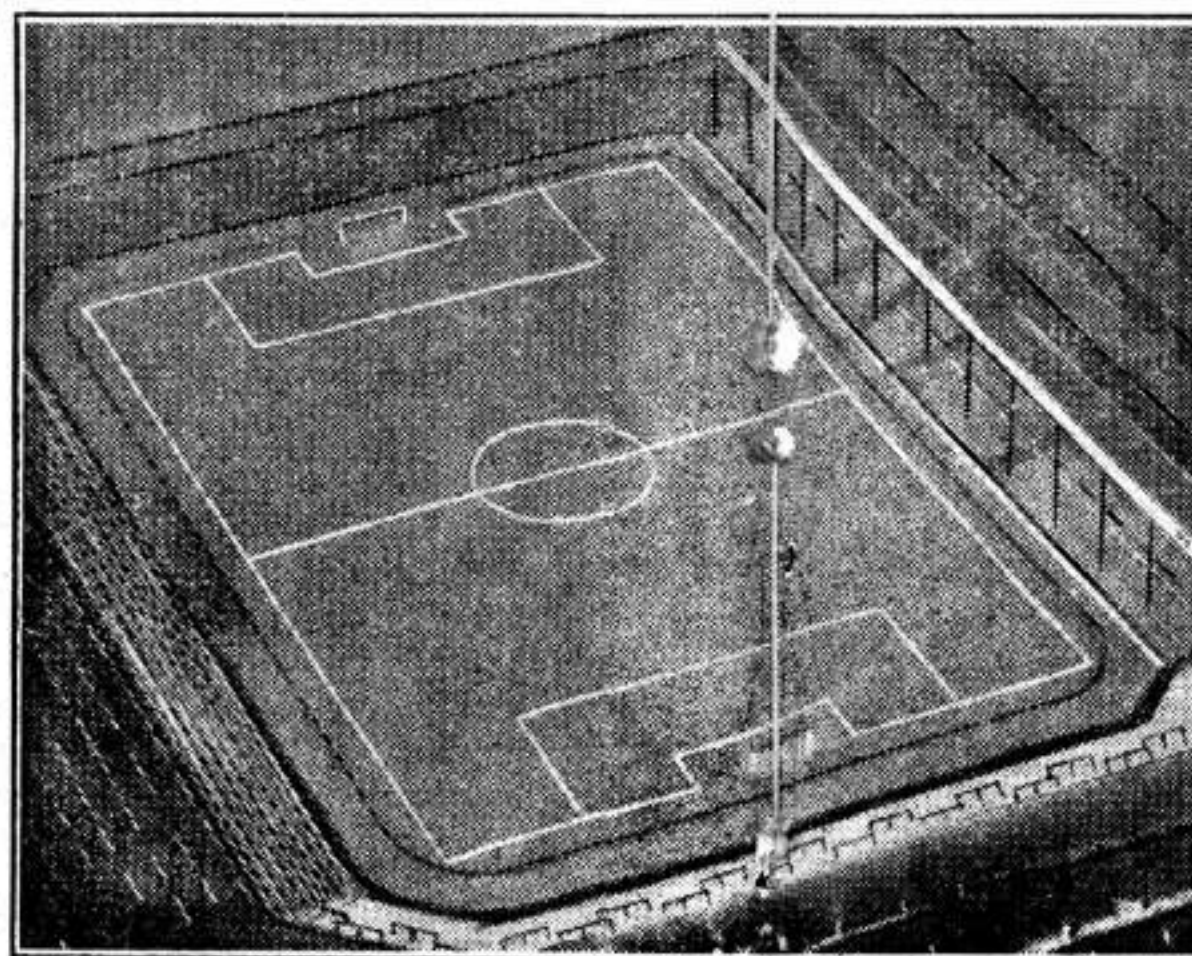


J. MEW.



F. MANN.

## WHAT BIRMINGHAM'S FOOTER GROUND LOOKS LIKE FROM ABOVE!



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## Why Scotland Beats England!

DAVID MORRIS.  
Captain of Scotland against England last season.

By J. EWART,

S. J. WADSWORTH.  
Captain of England against Scotland last season.

the famous Scottish International Goalkeeper of Airdrieonians, who says that the difference between the two countries lies in the way the lads are taught.

IT is a truism that the onlooker sees most of the game, and behind that general statement must be found my excuse for writing of football tactics in general. To a very large extent the goalkeeper is in the position of the onlooker. Of course he has his work to do at times, and it is not part of my business here to suggest that the man between the sticks has a "money for nothing" job. All the same, the goalkeeper is to some degree an onlooker. He must watch, of necessity, the game being played before him, and inevitably forms general opinions as to the schemes which usually bring him the biggest bundle of trouble. So here for a few minutes I should like to talk about football from what I call the International point of view, and especially the difference between Scottish and English ideas.

### THE TWO BIG COUNTRIES.

After all, when you come to think of it, in discussing the difference between English and Scottish ideas you are really discussing the differences between football as found in all the big Leagues of England and Scotland, for though it is true that Ireland and Wales take part in the International championship, most of the players who appear in those matches have had experience with English or Scottish clubs, and to this extent subscribe to the Scottish or English ideas.

### A STUBBORN FACT.

From time to time we are told, in no uncertain language, that English football is far too fast for the players of Scotland in particular. That is true, but when it is hinted that in consequence Scottish players are useless to English sides, then I suggest that the idea won't hold water. If Scottish football, as compared with English, is so slow as to be useless for match-winning purposes, then perhaps you can tell me how it is that Scotland so often beats England in International contests. On the last occasion on which these countries met Scotland beat England by two goals to none, and the result, according to the unanimous view of the men who took part in that game, did no more than bare justice to the winning side.

### THE ALL-SCOTTISH SIDE.

That particular result cannot even be excused on the ground that Scotland triumphed by the use of players who had been tuned up in England to the English pace. As a matter of fact there was, in that last victorious Scottish side, only one player with any actual experience of football in England, and this player was McMullan, who had a spell with Maldstone United, which club can scarcely be described as typical of English football. So the Scots won by Scottish methods, and demonstrated what we ought to accept for all time as a fact: that the merits of footballers should not be judged solely by the speed at which they can travel.

### ON THE WRONG FOUNDATION.

I am not going to say one little word against the value of pace in the footballer. If a man can do wonderful work with the ball at a faster pace than his opponents can do the same work, then it follows that he will have an additional value. But, having played in both countries, it has often struck me that English players, or their trainers, or managers, or somebody, has got the root principle wrong. The play of the English footballer is built around pace. They are largely the slaves of speed instead of making speed serve their more subtle purposes. To put the matter in one phrase, it seems to me that ball pursuit instead of ball control is at the base of English football. I am not

criticising the idea of England in general, because I know that English players give their managers and their supporters what they ask for. But what I do want to insist upon is that you have not necessarily created the most effective footballers merely because you have turned out the fastest and the fittest set of men.

### THE REAL TEST.

Sometimes I think we are apt to indulge in a certain amount of confused thinking on this matter of speed in football. We see the ball banged as hard as it can be banged by a full-back of the one side, and we see the forwards of that side race after it helter-skelter. Before they get to the ball, however, it is banged back by an opposing full-back, and there is a helter-skelter in the other direction. We describe this sort of thing as fast football. I submit, my friends, that it is nothing of the sort. It may be fast running, but before you can have fast football you must have the ball retained in the possession of the men who are making the pace. I have seen Scottish forwards in many a League game transfer the play from one end of the field to the other at as fast a pace as it has ever been transferred in English play. But it has been done by quick forward passes: from man to man, with every movement taking the ball definitely in the direction of the other goal. Moreover, these short, sharp transfers have had the effect of getting the defenders into a more or less hopeless tangle.

### FASTER THAN EVER.

In one or two chats I have had with English footballers during the present season I have heard it said that the game in England is faster than it has been before, consequent on the alteration of the offside rule. If this is true, then all I have got to say is that the new pace must indeed be staggering. But frankly I fail to see how it can be real football if the men who are playing the game at this break-neck pace have not been taught, first and foremost, the art of ball control. I do not care how fast a man can go down the wing. The important point is—should he—how fast can he go with the ball under control? Obviously, if he hasn't the ball under control, I don't see how his speed is going to be of real service to the side, because he can neither centre accurately nor shoot with any degree of subtlety.

### SUBTLETY OF THE SCOT.

And the last sentence brings me to another point, which is a personal one. During my career I have found it easier to size up the intentions of the average English forward than the average Scottish forwards, because the former is so apt to shoot, straight and true, while on the run, while the Scot, having the ball under complete control, is much more subtle and succeeds in disguising his intentions much more completely.

### WHAT MANAGERS THINK.

Really, of course, it all comes down to a matter of training. In Scotland the first duty of the footballer, as it is taught by the trainer, is to be able to control the ball. In England the speed is the thing. To wind up, there is this all-important question to be asked: If English methods are right, how is it that managers of English clubs travel to Scotland for ready-made players?



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