

 *Special Cup-Final Supplement* —INSIDE!

No. 950. Vol. XXIX.

Week Ending April 24th, 1926.

The Magnet 2^d Library

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MONDAY



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TO & FROM YOUR EDITOR

KING CRICKET.

NOW that the Cup Final has been fought out it is natural that you fellows should turn to thoughts of cricket, and upon that subject I have a very important announcement to make. So successful has the Football Supplement been that I have persuaded Harry Wharton to go right on now with cricket. This will, I know, come as good news to you, for Magnetites, as far as I can gather from the thousands of letters I receive, are even more keen on cricket than they are on footer. And with the Australian test team in our midst this interest naturally is all the more pronounced. So in next week's issue of this paper you will find the first of the new supplement—a cricket one. In it will be found interesting and instructive contributions from those well-known and popular cricketers, J. B. Hobbs—the backbone of English cricket, as he has been styled, and rightly so—and Philip Mead, the Hampshire "left hander." In addition, there are some fine informative features dealing with the prospects of the coming season, and amongst them will be found a special "Paul Pry" article written around Herbert Collins, the man in charge of our friendly enemy, the Australians. I'll say no more. Indeed, Magnetites are so quick to respond to any "good news" I have to tell them that I feel confident in advance the new supplement will go like hot cakes. Till next week, then!

TWENTY READERS WIN OUR TOPPING TABLE GAMES!

I am gratified beyond measure to see the splendid enthusiasm with which Magnetites are entering the simple Footer Pars Contest, and it is with great pleasure that I announce the result of Pars No. 4. In case some of you have missed earlier announcements on "what to do" to win one of the splendid Table Football Games offered, I hasten to enlighten you. All you have to do, then, is to jot down on a postcard some interesting incident connected with football which you have either seen for yourself, or of which you have heard. That's all. Address your efforts to "Pars," No. 8, The "Magnet Library," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. For the best twenty efforts sent in I am awarding twenty table Football games. You might draw some encouragement from seeing the names of the prize-winners in Pars No. 4. Here they are:

E. Johnson, 109, Probyn House, Page Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1; E. W. Groves, 13, Arthur Street, Aldershot, Hants; Leonard Boyle, 29, Malmesbury Road, Southampton; George Morgan, 12, Birkbeck Road, Enfield, Middlesex, N.; Alfred John Webster, 55, Elsdon Road, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N. 17; Teddy S. Calvert, 74, Moorland Road, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent; William Garner, 29, St. James Avenue, West Ealing, W. 13; Frank Mashiter, 20, Holcroft Hill, Barrow-in-Furness; Leslie A. Booth, 103, Hall Street, Mansfield, Notts; Charles L. Newman, 186, Queen's Road, Dalston, E. 8; I. M. Edwards, 87a, Barndale Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool; E. Parsons, 8, Ashburnham Road, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W. 10; C. Stroud, 19, Chudleigh Road, Brockley, S.E. 4; Mervyn Raithby, The Imperial Cafe, High Street, Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs; George Rayner, 28, Paradise Place, Seoles Green, Market Lane, Norwich; K. Neale, Leasingham, Sleaford, Lincs; George Steventon, 9, Cornice Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool; E. Speake, 10, Brierley Avenue, Ardwick, Manchester; C. Godliman, 23, Pole Hill Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex; F. More, 14, Leas Road, Guildford.

For Next Monday.

"HARRY WHARTON'S FEUD!"

By Frank Richards.

This is an excellent sequel to the story you now hold in your hands. As it features Mossie and Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, there is little need for me to urge you to make certain of reading it. You'll do that off your own bats. Next week, then.

THE SUPPLEMENT!

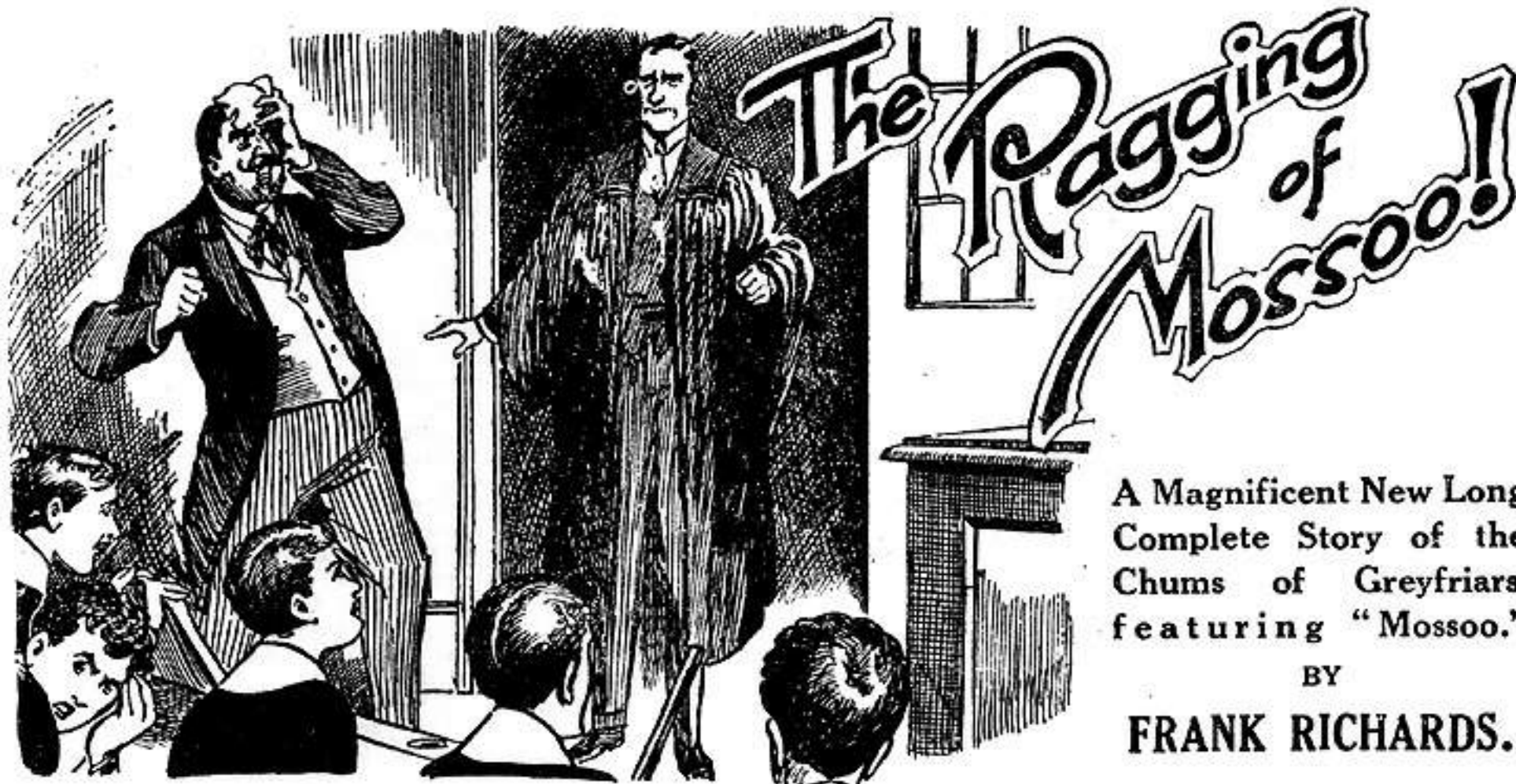
I have previously made mention of this new supplement. In passing, however, I would like to add that I'd be much obliged if you told your non-reader pal about it. Many thanks!

"THE PHANTOM OF THE DOGGER BANK!"

There will, of course, be another stirring instalment of this fine serial. Look out for it. Also No. 33 in the Portrait Gallery. Chin, chin, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

A BIT THICK! For Wharton, captain of the Form, to be accused of being the ringleader in a rag against Monsieur Charpentier when, actually, he has done his utmost to put a stop to it, is enough to make the best-tempered fellow ratty. And Wharton, in his anger, joins wholeheartedly in—



A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, featuring "Mossoo."

BY

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Remove Rag!

SMACK!
"Ow!"
"Oh!"

It was Monsieur Charpentier who smacked. It was Billy Bunter who yelled "Ow!" And nearly all the Remove ejaculated "Oh!" in their surprise.

Billy Bunter rubbed his head and spluttered with fury.

The Remove fellows stared at Monsieur Charpentier.

Mossoo stood rooted to the floor, surprised himself at what he had done.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The French class had not been orderly that afternoon. There were fellows in the Remove who made it a point to rag in the French class, relying upon the long-suffering good temper and almost inexhaustible patience of the French master.

But on this especial afternoon Monsieur Charpentier was not in his usual good temper, and his patience, so far from being inexhaustible as usual, petered out almost at the start.

Bolsover major drummed his feet on the floor, almost drowning the French master's voice; Skinner sprang a rattlo hidden under his desk; and both of them were surprised and enraged to receive heavy impots on the spot. Mossoo generally passed over little jests of that kind, affecting to notice nothing. Johnny Bull, carrying on an interesting conversation with Frank Nugent on the subject of the coming cricket season, had his knuckles rapped with a pointer, much to his astonishment.

But the climax came with Bunter.

William George Bunter had a rooted objection to work of any kind. In the French class, where nearly everybody slacked or ragged, Bunter was accustomed to taking things very easily. French he regarded as "rot"—not perhaps quite so rotten as Latin or maths, but indubitably rot! He was not likely to waste his time on French, if he could help it; and in Mossoo's class, generally, he could help it.

And it was a warm spring afternoon, and Bunter had had many snacks since

dinner. Naturally, he dozed. He often dozed in the French class—he had been known to snore in that classroom.

But on this occasion his awakening was sudden and startling. Thrice had Mossoo addressed him in vain.

"Buntair! Buntair! Buntair!"

Mossoo's voice had risen crescendo, and Bunter had not answered. And then that smack on Bunter's head had rung through the class-room like a pistol-shot!

Mossoo had lost his temper!

It was surprising that he did not lose his temper about twenty times in each class; but, as a matter of fact, it was very unusual for him to do so. Now, however, he had lost it, and that loud and ringing smack was the result.

Bunter yelled and rubbed his head, and sat up and took notice. The Remove fellows stared blankly.

The smacking of heads was quite unknown at Greyfriars as a form of punishment. The Remove fellows were astonished, and they were indignant. Bunter, of course, did not matter personally; as an individual, his unimportance was abysmal. But he was a Remove fellow, and Remove heads were not to be smacked.

"Ow!" yelled Bunter. "Ow! Wow! Wow!"

Really, Bunter was not much hurt. He was startled and he was annoyed; and he felt, too, that he had the French master at a disadvantage, because Dr. Locke would undoubtedly have condemned such a method of correction as the smacking of heads. So, on second thoughts, Bunter continued to roar, hoping that the Head might be passing the class-room door, and might step in to inquire what was the matter.

"Yow! Ow! Whoop!" roared Bunter.

"Cluck it, old man!" muttered Harry Wharton. "No need to raise the roof, you know."

"I'm hurt! Yaroo!"

"Look here, Bunter—" whispered Harry.

Wharton quite understood why Bunter was roaring; and he had a kindly feeling towards the French master, and desired to silence the roaring of Bunter.

But the result was unfortunate.

Monsieur Charpentier's eye was on the captain of the Remove at once.

"Wharton!" he rapped out.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"You speak in class, isn't it?"

"Oh! Yes."

"I give you five hundred lines of ze Henriade to write, Wharton."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Vernon-Smith, quite involuntarily.

Having overheard Wharton's remarks to Bunter, and divined the reason of them, the Bounder was immensely tickled at seeing the chopper come down like this.

"Smit!" shouted Mossoo.

"Oh! Yes, Mossoo," said Vernon-Smith, suddenly ceasing to laugh.

"You laff viz yourself in class! Take five hundred lines of ze Henriade!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Five hundred lines was no jest. Monsieur Charpentier was handing out impots at an amazing rate. Vernon-Smith, no longer in a merry mood, sat and glared at the French master.

"I vill keep ordair in zis class!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "I vill not have one garden of bears wiz me! Buntair, you shall cease to make zat noise!"

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Taisez-vous!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier. "Silence viz you, Buntair!"

"Ow! Ow! Wow!"

Mossoo grabbed up a pointer, and started towards the Owl of the Remove. Bunter's roaring suddenly stopped.

"Now, Buntair—"

"I'm hurt, sir!" moaned Bunter. "My head's aching frightfully, sir! I've got a fearful pain, sir. Mr. Quelch never strikes us like that, sir."

"It's against the rules, sir," said Skinner. "If the Head knew that you had struck Bunter, sir—"

Rap!

"Whoop!" roared Skinner as the pointer came down across his bony knuckles.

"Taisez-vous, Skinner! I vill have no impertinence in zis class!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier.

Skinner sucked his knuckles, and looked like a demon in a pantomime.

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Mossoo was in an extraordinary mood to-day; he was really not safe at close quarters!

"You shall not say zat I strike Buntair, Skinnair," said Monsieur Charpentier. "I smack him on ze head because he go to sleep in class! Buntair, you lazy boy—vous dormez, n'est-ce-pas?"

"No, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I wasn't asleep—I just closed my eyes to—to think over what you were saying, sir! I—I always think better with my eyes shut!"

"Vat? Zen you was to listen to what I say?"

"Certainly, sir; every word."

"And vat is it, zen, zat I have said?"

"Oh!"

"You cannot answer zat question, isn't it, Buntair?"

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir! I—I can't remember now that you have hit me on the head, sir! I—I feel stunned, sir."

"Shame!" roared Bolsover major.

Bolsover major was indignant. He had himself smacked Bunter's head times without number. Nevertheless, Mosssoo had transgressed the rules, and Bolsover was indignant. Also, he perceived the opportunity for a rag of unusual dimensions, with the whole Form in an angry and indignant mood.

Monsieur Charpentier swung round towards the bully of the Remove.

"You speak, Bolsover? You say——"

"Shame!"

"Shame!" shouted three or four other voices.

"I say, you fellows, I'm fearfully hurt!" howled Bunter. "Almost stunned! My head's singing like anything!"

"Silence!" shouted Mosssoo.

Tramp, tramp, tramp went Bolsover major's heavy boots on the floor! Tramp, tramp, tramp! went a dozen other pairs of boots, and the din in the class-room was uproarious.

Monsieur Charpentier almost tore his hair.

His glance went for a moment to Harry Wharton. Wharton, as head boy of the Remove and captain of the Form, often exerted himself to keep order in the French class, where more thoughtless fellows considered that they had a prescriptive right to let themselves go.

But Wharton, for once, failed to back up the persecuted little gentleman.

Having chipped in once, and received five hundred lines for his pains, the captain of the Remove was not in the best of tempers, and he did not feel disposed to chip in again.

He sat with his eyes on his desk and a frown on his brow, and joined in with the Form as a stamping of feet began.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!

"Vill you be silent?" roared Monsieur Charpentier, his face crimson with anger and apprehension. The din in the class-room could undoubtedly be heard all over Greyfriars; it was likely to reach the august ears of the headmaster in the Sixth Form room.

Often and often had the Remove fellows ragged in Mosssoo's class, but this rag was something like a record. The smacking of Bunter's bullet head had done it. The class felt that they had a moral right to kick up a shindy. And they did.

"Taisez-vous! Silence! Attention! Ordair! Mon Dieu! Zat you cease zis noise viz you! Ciel!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Books flew across the class-room and crashed on the walls. A Henriade whizzed so closely past the French master's head that he jumped.

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"Go it, you chaps!" roared Bolsover major.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Bang, bang, bang! went the lids of the desks.

"My esteemed chums," exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "we shall have the eminent and ludicrous Head here soon."

"That's what we want!" chuckled Vernon Smith; and with a heavy ruler the Bunder banged on his desk at a great rate.

"Silence!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier.

Tramp, tramp! Crash! Bang!

Monsieur Charpentier was almost dancing, by this time, with rage and excitement.

The uproar was at its height when the door opened.

The angular figure and severe features of Mr. Quelch, Form master of the Remove, appeared there.

"Cave!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

And silence settled with surprising suddenness on the room, and a pin might almost have been heard to drop as the Remove master strode in.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Heavy Hand!

"MON Dieu!"

Monsieur Charpentier mopped his perspiring forehead and almost moaned.

He was glad enough to see the Remove master enter, and restore order by his mere entrance. But he was chagrined and humiliated, too. His loudest voice, his most frantic gesticulation, produced less effect on the juniors than the mere footsteps of Henry Quelch. Why it was so Mosssoo did not know; but undoubtedly it was so.

The Remove fellows seemed suddenly to have turned from lions into lambs.

Billy Bunter tried to look as if butter would not melt in his mouth; Bolsover major kept his large feet glued to the floor, as if he had never dreamed of shuffling and stamping them; Harold Skinner hid behind him the hand that had an ink-pot in it. Every fellow was as good as gold all of a sudden.

Mr. Quelch surveyed the class grimly.

"Monsieur Charpentier!"

"Oui, monsieur!"

The little French gentleman almost quailed. Mr. Quelch had almost as terrifying an effect upon him as upon the juniors. Strength of character almost exuded from Mr. Quelch; a quality of which Mosssoo had little. His qualities of good temper, and patience, and gentleness were more lovable, but much less useful in dealing with a Form like the Greyfriars Remove.

But Mr. Quelch's manner was polite—a little icy, perhaps, but very courteous. Whatever he thought of Mosssoo's method of managing a French class, he was not likely to betray his unfavourable opinion in the presence of the pupils.

"I am afraid my Form is giving you trouble to-day, monsieur," said the Remove master.

"Ah, mon Dieu, mais oui!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "It seem to me zat zey are possessed, hein? Zey are very bad. Zey make ze grand noise. It is terrible!"

"I am sorry that my Form should be so unruly, Monsieur Charpentier, and as their Form master I apologise to you," said Mr. Quelch in his most icy and stately manner.

"Oh, monsieur!" murmured the French master.

"Perhaps you will have the kindness to leave them to me for a few minutes, sir!"

"Mais oui, cela va sans dire!"

"Thank you!"

Mr. Quelch turned to his Form.

His expression was like unto that of the Gorgon of old, and under his glance the Remove fellows indeed seemed almost turned to stone.

The juniors sat tight.

After Mr. Quelch had apologised for his Form they knew what to expect. This was the calm before the storm, and the storm was going to be "some" hurricane.

"Boys!"

Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but deep. It was heard distinctly in the farther corner; it made some of the fellows shiver.

"I heard the disturbance you have been making as far as the Sixth Form room, where I was speaking to the Head. Dr. Locke heard it also, and was aware that it was my Form that was making the disturbance."

"Oh dear!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The juniors waited dismally. They were no longer the French class in the hands of Monsieur Charpentier; they were once more the Lower Fourth Form in the hands of their Form master. The difference was enormous.

"Every boy who has taken part in this disturbance will be severely caned," said Mr. Quelch. "I imagine that the whole Form has taken part in it. Is not that the case, Monsieur Charpentier?"

"Mais, je le crois," said Mosssoo, blinking uneasily over the class. "Non; Linley, he is not noisy like ozzers; and Mauleverer, he sit still like one good garcon."

Mark Linley and Lord Mauleverer flushed uncomfortably. Mark had kept out of the rag from compassion for the persecuted little gentleman; Lord Mauleverer from sheer laziness, not feeling energetic enough to join in a rag. Neither, however, liked to be pointed out as shining examples to the rest.

"Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" answered Harry.

"As head boy in my Form, you should have made some effort to quell this disorder."

Wharton's face set.

"Did you do so, Wharton?"

"No, sir!"

"No doubt you joined in it?"

"I stamped my feet, sir," said Harry.

"Upon my word! I am very much surprised at you, Wharton. You will be punished with the rest, and more severely than the rest."

"Very well, sir!"

Skinner jumped up.

"May I speak, sir?"

"You may, Skinner, if you have any explanation to give of your disorderly conduct."

"It was a demonstration, sir," said Skinner. "We were shocked at what Monsieur Charpentier did, sir."

"What?"

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Mosssoo, his unhappy face crimsoning.

"Masters are not allowed to strike fellows, sir," said Skinner. "You never strike us, sir."

"Certainly not, Skinner; and how dare you suggest that Monsieur Charpentier is capable of anything of the kind?"

"He struck Bunter, sir!"

"It was ze leetle smack!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier. "Zee leetle smack on ze head——"

Mr. Quelch waved that aside.

"Skinner! Your statement is impudent," he said. "I shall punish you

especially for making such a statement, Skinner."

"It's true, sir!" bawled Bolsover major. "Mossoo hit Bunter on the head, didn't he, Bunter?"

"Yes, he did, sir!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I was stunned, sir—"

"What?"

"I mean, nearly stunned, sir. I've got a frightful bruise on my head, sir; a fearful swelling—"

Mr. Quelch's expression changed a little.

He realised that Monsieur Charpentier had been injudicious, and had given his unruly pupils the excuse they wanted for an uproar.

"Bunter! Step out before the class!"

"Yes, sir!" said Bunter. And he rolled out.

"Let me see your head!"

"M-m-my head, sir?"

"Yes; point out the bruise you speak of."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove felt over his head in a faint hope of finding something there in the nature of a bump. But there was nothing.

"Well, Bunter?" said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice.

"It's—it's gone, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "If Bunter expects Quelch to swallow that—"

"Silence, Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch picked up a cane from the desk.

Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles, with dire apprehension. William George Bunter's fertile imagination often landed him in trouble. The imaginary bruise evidently had to be paid for now.

"Bunter! Bend over that desk!"

"Oh, lor'!"

Bunter bent dismally over the desk. The cane rose and fell six times in Mr. Quelch's sinewy hand.

Six successive and fearful yells rang through the room.

"Now go back to your place, Bunter."

"Whoooooop!"

"If you make another sound, Bunter, I shall cane you again."

"Oh!"

Billy Bunter discovered that he could endure his anguish in silence.

He limped back to his place woefully, but without another sound.

"Skinner!"

Harold Skinner came out reluctantly. He had hoped to score over the French master by explaining the cause of the disturbance. Apparently he had only made matters worse.

"Bend over that desk, Skinner."

It was four for Skinner. He crawled back to his place when the cane ceased to whack, with an expression on his features that would have done credit to a Hun.

"The rest of the Form will file out," said Mr. Quelch, "with the exception of Linley and Mauleverer."

The Removites filed out, and were told to hold out their hands in passing, receiving two cuts each. Wharton received two extra, as head boy of the Form who had failed in his duty. To Mr. Quelch's surprise, he found Lord Mauleverer in the file.

"Mauleverer! You did not take part in the disturbance?"

"No, sir," said Mauleverer.

"Then why are you here?"

"If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to stand in with the Form, sir," said Mauleverer cheerily. "I should have

ragged with the others, sir, only it seemed a lot of trouble for nothin'."

Whack! Whack!

The two cuts that Lord Mauleverer received made him wriggle. His noble countenance was quite twisted as he limped away.

It was a dismal class after Mr. Quelch had finished with the cane. Monsieur Charpentier looked on with a face almost as dismal as any in the class. Severity was needed; but it jarred upon the sensitive little gentleman; he would have preferred the rag to the punishment of the ragers on these drastic lines. But it was impossible for him to intervene.

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane at last.

"I leave you now to Monsieur Charpentier," he said, breathing hard. Mr. Quelch was a fairly hefty gentleman for his age, but so wholesale an execution had "taken it out" of him a little. "Any further disturbance in this class will have very serious consequences."

And Mr. Quelch stalked out of the class-room.

There was dead silence when he was gone, broken only by an occasional murmur or gasp from some suffering junior.

Monsieur Charpentier coughed almost apologetically.

"Ve vill now resume!" he said.

And the class resumed in perfect order, but with black looks. It was an unhappy afternoon both for the French class and the French master.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lines for Two!

"COMING out?"

"No!"

"But—"

"Lines!" snapped Wharton.

"Oh!" said Nugent, and he paused. It was after tea in Study No. 1 in the Remove.

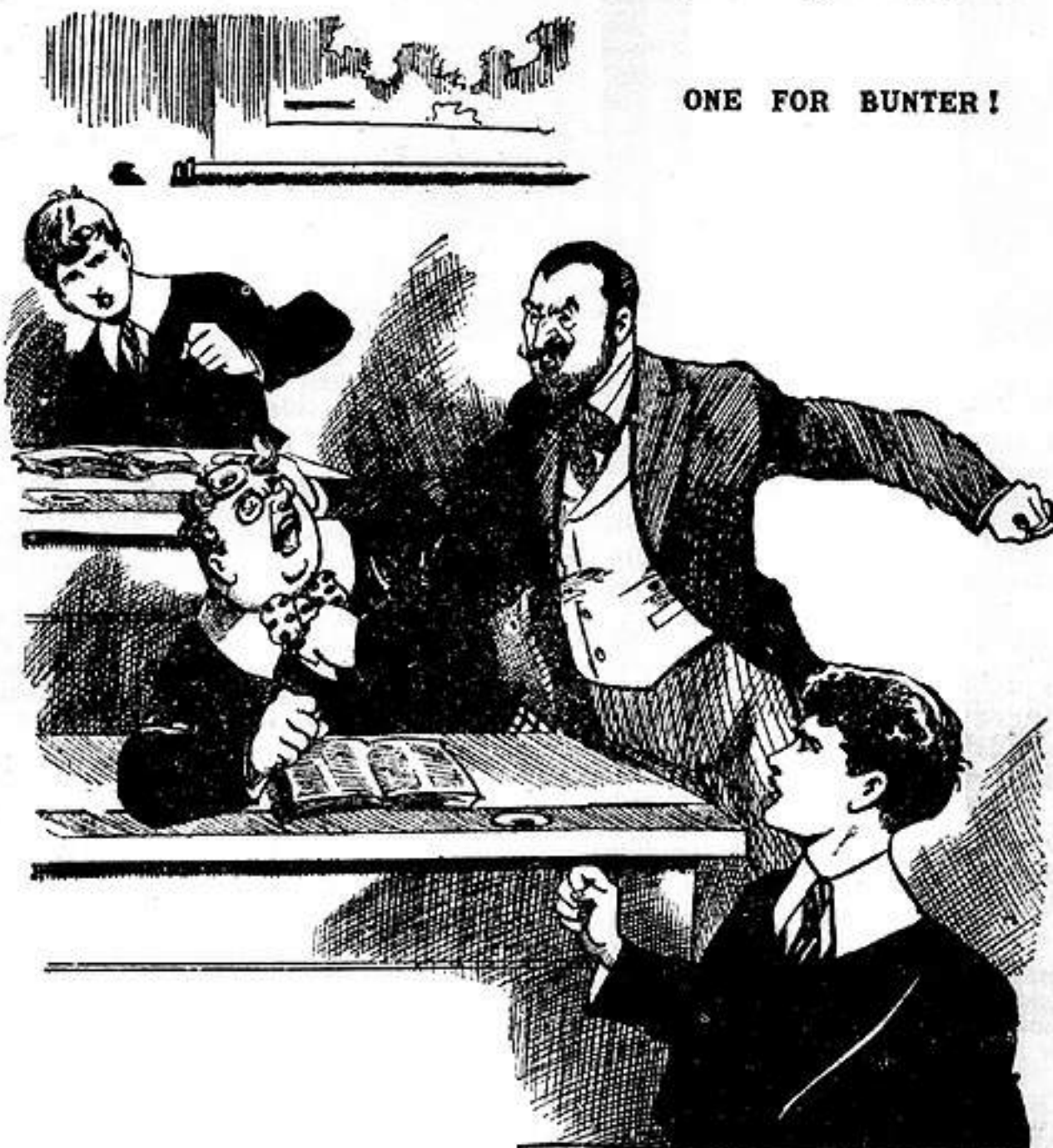
In the Remove studies, and the Remove passage, indignant voices could be heard; the juniors were still discussing, on and off, the happenings of the afternoon in the French class.

Most of them felt that the tremendous rag on the French master had been justified; or as near as need be. The drastic manner in which Mr. Quelch had handled the ragers had intensified the general indignation and resentment. But these wrathful feelings turned almost wholly upon the French master.

As Vernon-Smith remarked, Quelch was a Tartar, anyhow; fellows expected him to be Tartaric. Moreover, it was not of much use being indignant or resentful towards Mr. Quelch; he would pass such things by like an idle wind which he regarded not. But Mossoo was not so formidable a character as the Remove master. Mossoo could be made to sit up. Mossoo was within the reach of reprisals. And the Remove generally agreed upon a feud against Mossoo, till he had been made to sit up properly and feel sorry for himself.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not "down" on the idea, as many of the fellows expected they would be.

ONE FOR BUNTER!



Smack! "Ow!" "Oh!" It was Monsieur Charpentier who smacked. It was Billy Bunter who yelled "Ow!" And nearly all the Remove ejaculated "Oh!" in their surprise. The Owl of the Remove rubbed his head and spluttered with fury. "My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. (See Chapter 1.)

All of them had suffered at the hands of Mr. Quelch; and Wharton had, in addition, a heavy impot from the French master—an impot earned by his good-natured attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters in the class-room.

He was deeply irritated thereby; and on this occasion was certainly not likely to intervene on Mossoo's behalf.

His brow was dark as he pushed back the tea-things, and dragged out a volume of the *Henriade* and a stack of impot paper. Five hundred lines was a task to keep him busy for a long time.

"Let me help, old son," said Frank Nugent. "Mossoo isn't likely to spot my fist."

"Oh, you don't want to stay in!" said Harry.

Nugent laughed.

"Well, I don't want to; but I will!" he said. "I suppose you'd do as much for me?"

Wharton did not answer.

He sat down to his task.

Frank Nugent made a movement towards the door, frowning himself. But his kind, good temper saved the situation, as was very often the case in Study No. 1.

He came back to the table, where Wharton sat grim and lowering.

"Harry, old man, don't play the goat," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"It's hard cheese on you; but there's no need to rag an old pal. Not my fault, you know."

Wharton looked at him, hard and grim, and then his face relaxed.

"My fault," he said. "The fact is, Frank, I'm in a ratty temper. Mossoo had no right to give me those lines. I was trying to keep that fat idiot Bunter from bawling and making a lot of trouble for Mossoo; and that ass of a Froggy gave me five hundred lines for my pains!"

"I know. But—"

"So don't take any notice of my rotten temper," said Harry. "I'll be glad if you'll help me, Frank—jolly glad; only it seems a shame to keep you in on a fine afternoon like this!"

"That's nothing," said Nugent amicably. "But I was thinking, Harry, that if Mossoo knew, he would let you off the impot. Of course, he simply thought you were talking in class—and so you were, of course. He didn't know you were trying to bottle up Bunter."

"He might have known!" growled Wharton. "He knows I never join in ragging him."

"The fact is, Mossoo was out of sorts to-day," said Frank. "He's not been in his usual good temper for some days, I've noticed. May be seedy."

"No reason why he should give me lines!"

"No; but if you explained to him how it was, I'm sure he would let you off. Drop into his study and tell him. I know he'd take your word."

Wharton shook his head.

"I'm not going to beg off," he said.

"I don't see that it would come to that. You were trying to do him a good turn in the class, and he didn't know it. If he knew it he'd be sorry for having lined you."

"I'm not going to tell him."

Nugent compressed his lips a little.

Wharton was one of the best of fellows; but there was a proud and unbending strain in his temper which was rather a trial sometimes even to his best chum.

"Well then, let's pile in!" said Nugent as cheerfully as he could. "After all, it will do our French good and come in

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useful some time. I'll take the first part, and begin 'Je chante de ce heros qui regnait sur la France'; you begin a hundred lines farther on."

Wharton smiled.

"You begin farther on," he said. "The first bit had better be in my fist."

"Right-ho, then. Go it!"

The volume was propped up against the inkstand, and the two juniors set to work with racing pens.

Wharton's brow cleared as he worked.

His attention was concentrated on his task, and he had no time left to feel angry and sullen.

The imposition grew at a great rate, the juniors working rapidly by the glow of the westerling sun at the study window.

"I say, you fellows——"

Wharton waved an impatient pen at Billy Bunter, as the fat face and big spectacles of the Owl of the Remove glimmered in at the door.

"Hook it!" he snapped.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Cut!"

"I say, you fellows, Skinner's got a wheeze——"

"Bother Skinner and his wheeze! We're busy!"

"I say, it's up against Mossoo——"

"We've got lines to do!" roared Wharton. "Buzz off!"

"But it's no end of a wheeze, and I came to tell you fellows," said Bunter, in an injured tone. "Skinner's got some old clothes off a scarecrow."

"Eh! What on earth for?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove, staring at Bunter, his attention arrested for the moment.

Bunter chuckled.

"They're for Mossoo," he said. "That's the wheeze! You know how old his clothes are. He can't afford new trousers—he, he, he! Well, Skinner's going to send him some, as a present from the Remove! Make him feel no end of a fool—what?"

Wharton frowned.

"Just like one of Skinner's caddish tricks," he said. "It's the sort of thing Skinner would think of."

"I think it's a jolly good idea!" said Bunter.

"You would! Get out!"

Billy Bunter grunted, and rolled away. Frank Nugent laid down his pen and looked at the captain of the Remove.

"I say, that's jolly thick, Harry!" he said. "We all know that Mossoo is poor; it's pretty well known that he sends over a good slice of his salary to his family in France. It's simply vile to chip him about his old clothes!"

"Just Skinner's sort!" said Harry.

"Oughtn't we to chip in?"

"We've got these lines to do."

"But it's too thick, Harry, and you're captain of the Form."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"If Mossoo wanted me to look after him he shouldn't have kept me so busy with lines," he said. "I'm not going to interfere. Let Skinner do as he likes!"

"It's a beastly mean thing!"

"I know that."

"Well, then——"

"We've got three hundred or so more to do between us," said Harry. "If you want to go and punch Skinner on Mossoo's account, you can do it; I'm getting on with Mossoo's lines!"

Nugent hesitated a minute or so, and then he picked up his pen again and resumed the lines. Skinner of the Remove was left to his own devices without any interference from Study No. 1.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Just Like Skinner!

"H A, ha, ha!"
"Topping!"
"That will make him sit up, I think!" chuckled Skinner.

"Not much doubt about that," said Bolsover major. "But how are we going to get it to his study? Mustn't be seen!"

"My hat! No!"

"I guess Bunter ought to take it," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, really, Fishy——"

"Bunter's the man," agreed Skinner.

Billy Bunter winked a fat wink.

"No jolly fear!" he said. "Too jolly dangerous! You take it, Skinner; it's your stunt, you know!"

But Harold Skinner did not seem at all keen. Like the monkey in the story, he preferred a cat to pull his chestnuts out of the fire.

Nine or ten of the Remove were gathered round the table in the Rag. On the table lay a large bundle, wrapped in brown paper, and tied with string. A label was attached to the string, and the label bore the inscription, in block capital letters:

"A PRESENT FOR MONSIEUR CHARPENTIER."

Skinner had written that very neatly. Capital letters gave no clue to the writer.

The parcel contained the ancient garments which Skinner had raided from a scarecrow in a field near Greyfriars.

This allusion to Mossoo's old clothes seemed no end of a jest to Skinner and his friends. Undoubtedly it was likely to cause Mossoo quite as much pain as the Remove fellows had experienced that afternoon in a different way.

Skinner, so far, had been the leading spirit in this remarkable stunt. But now he was modestly desirous of resigning the leadership into other hands.

The idea was to convey the parcel surreptitiously to Monsieur Charpentier's study, and leave it on his table, to be found by him when he came in. It was, as Skinner explained to fellow after fellow, easy enough and safe enough. But the other fellows seemed to think that, if it was easy and safe, there was no reason why Skinner shouldn't take that parcel to Mossoo's study himself.

On this point Skinner did not agree with them. He was a very retiring youth, when it was a question of risks to be run. And his own arguments did not seem to convince Skinner himself that it was quite easy and quite safe.

"Well, it's got to go," said Bolsover major, looking round. "After all, it's safe. Mossoo's gone out—we saw him going——"

"He might come in," said Sidney James Snoop.

"Well, it's not really likely."

"Too likely for me!" grinned Snoop.

"Somebody else might drop into Mossoo's study," said Stott. "Quelch sometimes goes in to see him and jaw."

"It's got to be done," said Bolsover major. "This will make Mossoo simply cringe. And it's got to be done before he comes in. Now, who's going to volunteer? What about you, Fishy?"

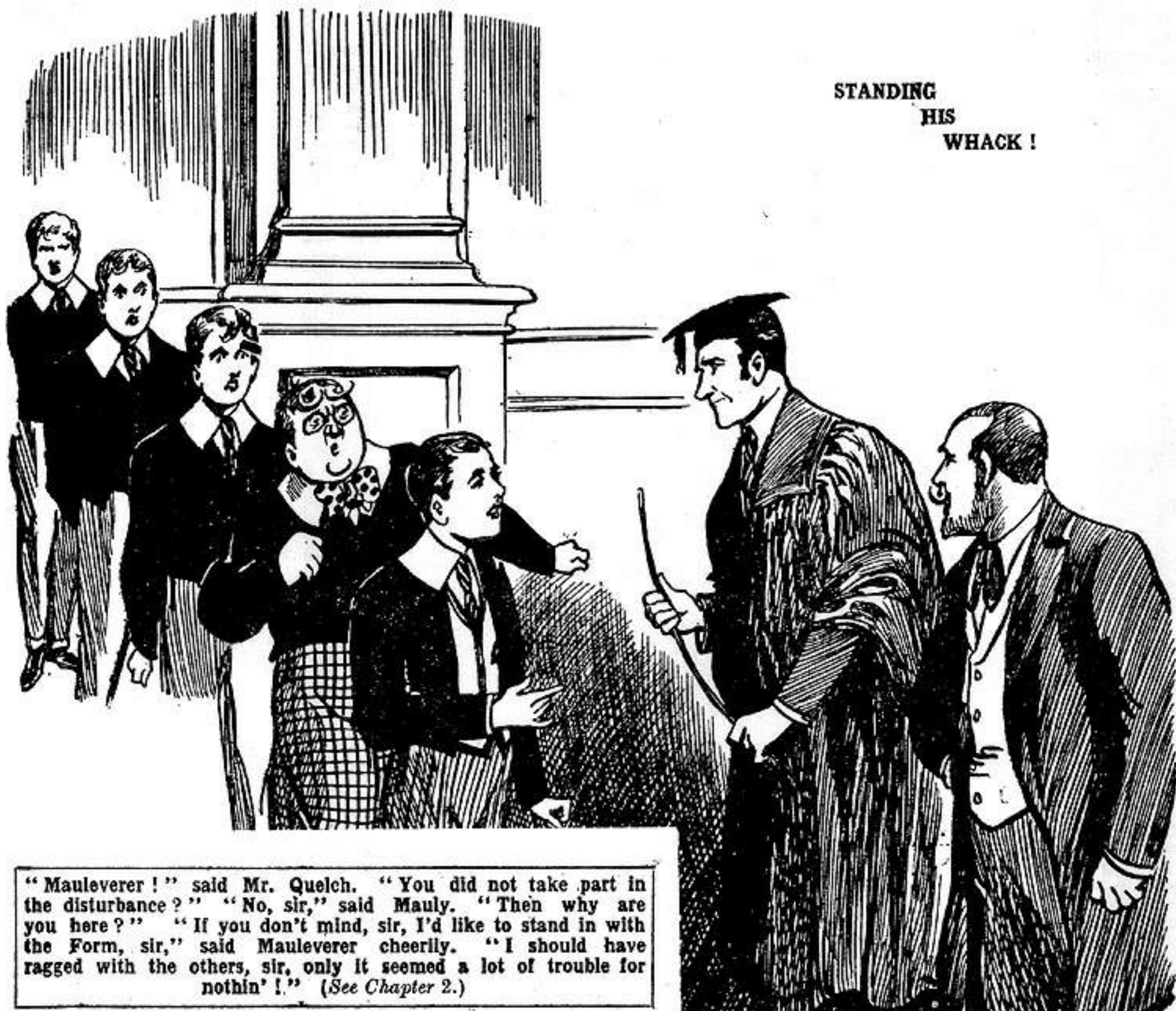
Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"Nothing about me, I guess," he answered. "Count me out."

"You, Stott?"

"Not quite!" grinned Stott.

"Look here! Don't all be funks!" growled Skinner. "I've taken a lot of trouble over this wheeze. I've thought



STANDING
HIS
WHACK!

"Mauleverer!" said Mr. Quelch. "You did not take part in the disturbance?" "No, sir," said Mauly. "Then why are you here?" "If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to stand in with the Form, sir," said Mauleverer cheerily. "I should have ragged with the others, sir, only it seemed a lot of trouble for nothin'!" (See Chapter 2.)

it all out, and got the stuff. It's only got to be landed on Mossoo now."

"Go ahead and land it," suggested Trevor.

Skinner did not seem to hear that remark.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the game?" asked Bob Cherry, coming into the Rag with Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Skinner winked at his friends.

"You're the man, Cherry!" he said. "Look here, old bean, we've got a present for Mossoo."

"A present for Mossoo!" exclaimed Bob, in astonishment. "After the way the little beast was ragging us to-day!"

"You see, we forgive him," said Skinner. "The idea is to heap coals of fire on his head, you know. Getting this present from us, he will feel that he has treated us badly. See?"

"That's how it is," chimed in Snoop. "Coals of fire, you know. Good for evil, and that sort of thing."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"Not much in your line, Skinner," said Johnny Bull suspiciously.

"Well, I suppose I'm as forgiving a chap as anybody else," said Skinner. "I never bear malice."

"My hat! That's a sudden change!"

"Look here——" roared Skinner.

"But what is the contentfulness of the estimable parcel?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, just some things we thought that Mossoo would like!" said Bolsover

major. "We want the parcel left in his study, as a sort of pleasant surprise—packet for him. Will you take it there, Cherry?"

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Bob.

"Leave it alone, you ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "It's some sort of a jape on Mossoo, and they want a catspaw."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob.

"The trickyfulness of the esteemed Skinner is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

And the three chums walked on.

"Nothing doing there!" grinned Snoop. "You'll have to take the giddy present home, after all, Skinner."

"Hold on! Here's Mauly," murmured Skinner. "Mauly isn't such a suspicious beast as those blighters. I say, Mauly?"

"Yaas!"

Lord Mauleverer had sauntered into the Rag, and he stopped at the table where the group of juniors stood. He sat on the table to listen to what Skinner had to say; his lazy lordship never stood if he could find anything to sit down upon.

"We've got a present here for Mossoo, to show him that we don't bear malice," said Skinner.

"Good!" said Mauly.

"Will you take it to his study, old bean?"

"Sorry. No!"

"Why not, you ass?"

"Too much trouble."

"Look here, you fathead, are you too jolly lazy to walk as far as Mossoo's study?" demanded Skinner.

"Yaas."

"You—you—you——"

"Why can't you take it yourself?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"You see, we're making this present anonymously. We don't want to show off," explained Skinner. "We don't want to appear personally in it at all."

"No fear!" murmured Snoop.

"You can just tell Mossoo that you were asked to bring it to him, without mentioning names," explained Skinner further. "That is, if he's in the study. If he isn't, just leave it on the table."

"Oh dear!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Be a good chap, Mauly! Look here, I'll write your next letter home, if you like!"

"Done!" said Mauleverer.

He slid off the table and picked up the parcel. Skinner & Co. exchanged blissful glances. They had found the necessary catspaw at last. There was not a single suspicion in the innocent mind of Lord Mauleverer. He loafed out of the Rag, with the parcel under his arm, and Skinner & Co. chuckled.

"After all, he's safe enough," said Bolsover major. "We all saw Mossoo go out, and he's not come in yet——"

"My hat! Look!" murmured Snoop, with a gesture towards the window.

"Phew! Mossoo!"

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From the window the juniors had a view of Monsieur Charpentier, coming towards the House from the gates. The trim little figure of the French gentleman, in his black frock-coat and silk-hat and little, polished shoes, whisked along briskly, and disappeared towards the big doorway.

Skinner whistled.

"He will just catch Mauleverer!" he remarked. "Lucky we didn't take the parcel—what?"

And Skinner's comrades agreed that it was lucky. Lord Mauleverer, probably, would not have regarded it as so very lucky; but that could not be helped.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

One for Coker!

"LOOKS jolly—what?"

Hobson of the Shell made that remark, as Monsieur Charpentier came into the House.

James Hobson was lounging in the doorway with his comrade Hoskins of the Shell. Both of them glanced at the neat little figure of the French gentleman as he came in.

Hobson's remark was sarcastic.

Monsieur Charpentier looked anything but jolly. His little sallow face, with its little pointed black beard, had a troubled and worried expression, as if most of the woes of the universe had fallen in a heap upon his slim little shoulders.

Claude Hoskins grinned.

"No end jolly!" he agreed. "He's growing to be a bad-tempered little beast lately. He ragged me in class yesterday. Actually kicked up a fuss because I had some music-paper in my desk and was jotting down a little melody that came into my head and forgot that he was handing out irregular verbs. As if a man ever works at French!"

"Cheek!" agreed Hobson.

"I hear he's been having trouble with the Remove, too," said Hoskins. "He will jolly well have trouble with the Shell, too, if he keeps on fussing. The Remove seem to have given him plenty to go on with, from his looks."

Monsieur Charpentier walked on without glancing at the Shell fellows.

His worries, whatever they were, occupied his whole attention. He whisked along the corridor, and almost ran into Coker of the Fifth, who was coming along with Potter and Greene.

"Whoa! Steady on!" ejaculated Coker.

Coker of the Fifth was a big and hefty fellow—considerably bigger and heftier than the French master. He put out a large hand and grabbed Mossoo's shoulder. The dapper little gentleman almost crumpled up under Coker's large and heavy hand.

"Mon Dieu! Vat do you, Cokair?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier angrily.

"Stopping you from running into a chap, sir!" said Coker coolly. "You might have knocked me spinning, sir."

Potter and Greene chuckled.

Monsieur Charpentier had about as much chance of knocking the burly Coker over as a grasshopper would have had of knocking over a traction-engine.

Monsieur Charpentier crimsoned. Coker's sarcastic humour was not lost on him. Like many gentlemen of diminutive stature, he was rather sensitive on the point.

"Cokair! You are insolent!" he exclaimed. "Is it zat you vish me to box you ze ears?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Coker. "Not at all, sir—besides, you couldn't reach."

Coker had had his own little troubles of late with Mossoo in the French classes. As a rule Coker regarded Henri Charpentier as a harmless little ass, to be tolerated with good-humoured disdain. But when Mossoo was ratty, and displayed his ratty temper to the extent of wanting to make Horace Coker work, the matter was different. In such circumstances Mossoo had to be put in his place. So the great Coker was putting him there!

Monsieur Charpentier trembled with wrath.

"Cokair! Name of a name!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker.

"Name of a name," in French, was something in the nature of a swear-word. But in English it sounded so absurd that Coker could not help laughing.

"Ha! You laff, isn't it?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Isn't it zat you laff viz yourself, Cokair?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "Name of a—ha, ha!—name! Oh, my hat!"

Smack!

Coker staggered.

The smack delivered by the enraged little gentleman would not in itself have made him stagger. Mossoo might almost as well have smacked the grey old tower of Greyfriars itself, so far as that went. But in sheer surprise and rage Coker staggered back.

Before he could recover himself Monsieur Charpentier whisked on and disappeared into his study and slammed the door.

Coker panted.

"My hat! He's smacked my head!" he exclaimed. "Smacked my head—me, a Fifth Form man! I'll slaughter him!"

Potter and Greene grasped their comrade just in time, as he was rushing in pursuit of the French master.

"Hold on!" gasped Potter.

"Let go!" roared Coker. "Do you think I'm going to have my head smacked by a Froggy? Do you think I'm going to have a paw poked at my napper by a blessed foreigner? Let go!"

"You cheeked him, you know," said Greene. "Chuck it, Coker!"

"Let go!" roared Coker.

"You'll get bunked if you touch him, you ass!" exclaimed Potter. "Come on! Drag him away, Greeney!"

"My head's been smacked—"

"Well, there's nothing in it to hurt."

"What?"

"I—I mean—"

"Do you think I'm standing it?" bawled Coker. "Why, I'll make shavings of the cheeky little beast! I wouldn't stand it from Prout, let alone that whipper-snapper—"

"Coker!" said a deep, fruity voice.

"My hat! Here's Prout!" murmured Greene.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, came up with a frowning brow. Coker calmed down a little in the presence of his Form master.

"Coker, what does this mean?"

"That cheeky little beast—"

"What?"

"I—I mean Mossoo, sir—"

"How dare you apply such epithets to a Greyfriars master, Coker!"

Coker gasped.

"He smacked my head, sir."

"What? What? What?" ejaculated Mr. Prout.

"Smacked my head!" gasped Coker.

"He was smacking heads in the Remove this afternoon, and there was a row. Now he's started smacking Fifth Form heads! I'm jolly well not going to stand it! I—"

"I can scarcely believe that Monsieur Charpentier has so far forgotten himself!" said Mr. Prout, in his portly, ponderous way. "Were you witnesses to this astounding occurrence, Potter and Greene?"

"Well, yes, sir," said Potter. "Mossoo seemed to be in a bit of a wax, sir, and he smacked Coker's head."

"Incredible!" said Mr. Prout, greatly shocked.

"Smacked my head!" gasped Coker. "Me, a Fifth Form man! I hear that he's been smacking heads all round in the Remove to-day. All very well for the fags! But a Fifth Form man—"

"I can scarcely believe my ears!" said Mr. Prout majestically.

"Well, he did, sir," said Greene. "He seemed to be rather annoyed about something, sir."

"Am I going to have my head smacked, Mr. Prout?" bawled Coker.

Mr. Prout gave a snort.

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"Certainly no boy in my Form shall be treated in such a manner," he said. "I shall speak to Monsieur Charpentier at once. You may leave the matter in my hands, Coker."

And Mr. Prout rolled away, portly and ponderous, to Monsieur Charpentier's study, leaving Potter and Greene grinning, and Horace Coker rubbing his insulted napper.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Monsieur Charpentier Receives His Present!

"**M**AULEVERER! Vat you do here?"

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

Maully had placed the parcel on Mossoo's study table, finding the study vacant. Having done so, he was about to leave the study, when the door flew open, and Monsieur Charpentier flew in, in his rapid, excitable way. He almost cannoned with Mauleverer, who jumped back just in time.

The French gentleman fixed an angry and suspicious eye upon Lord Mauleverer.

"Vat you do here?" he exclaimed. "You explicate viz yourself—you explain him, hein?"

"You see, sir—" said Mauleverer soothingly, a good deal as if he were speaking to an excited infant.

"Expliquez!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier.

"Some fellows asked me to bring you this parcel, sir."

"Comment?"

"It's a present from some Remove fellows, sir, to show that there's no ill-feelin' over the trouble in class to-day, sir," said Lord Mauleverer amicably.

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier. "Vraiment? Zat is one surprise to me. I do not understand him."

"That's all, sir," said Lord Mauleverer. "Not findin' you here, sir, I was leavin' it on the table. Good-afternoon, sir!"

And his lordship quitted the study, leaving the French master with strange and varying expressions on his face. The door closed after his lordship.

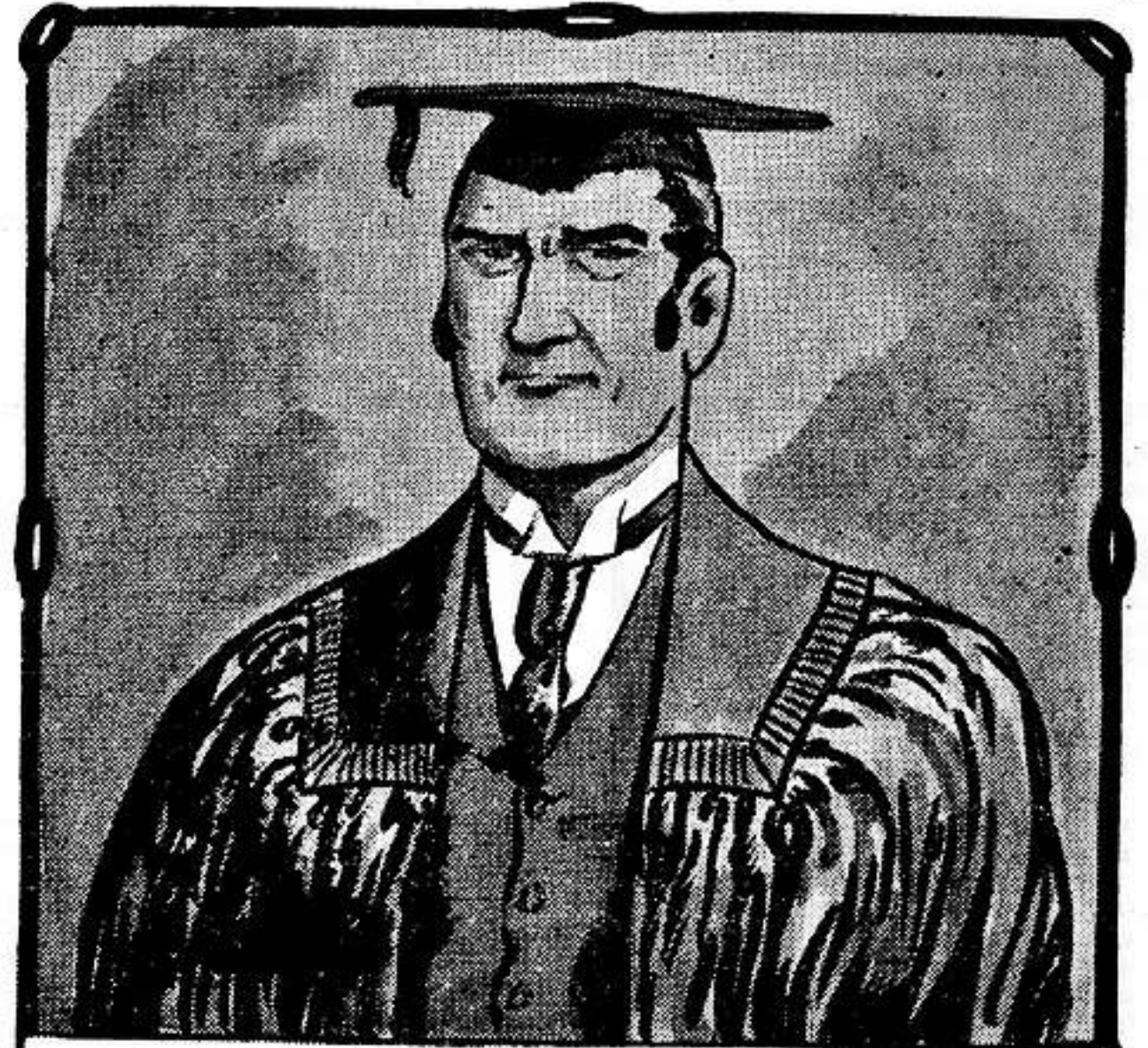
"Mon Dieu!" Monsieur Charpentier gazed at the neatly-wrapped parcel on the table, and then he walked to and fro in an agitated way. "Helas! comme j'avais tort aujourd'hui! I lose ze temper viz ze garçons, because I have some worry on ze mind, and zey forgive me! I cannot accept zis present from zese pauvres garçons, but it is kind—it is good—zey are good boys."

Monsieur Charpentier heaved a deep sigh.

Mossoo had a worry on his mind, undoubted; and anyone acquainted with his circumstances might have guessed that it was a worry connected with financial matters. Mossoo, a dry, unromantic little figure at Greyfriars, was not so dry and unromantic within as without. Walking the green old quad, or the grey old Cloisters, driving his beautiful language into reluctant boyish heads in dusky old class-rooms—Mossoo's thoughts often and often wandered to his own country, to a little white-walled house with green shutters on the banks of the Loire, where an ancient couple still thought of him as their "petit Henri," and where three or four black-haired urchins greeted him as "cher oncle" when he crossed the Channel in the school vacations—and never knew how hardly earned were the francs that

"MAGNET" PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 32—Mr. Quelch, M.A. (Master of the Lower Fourth.)



Respected by all the decent fellows under his charge, and feared by Skinner & Co., the black sheep of the Remove, Mr. Quelch must, from a scholastic point of view, constitute the ideal master. He rules firmly but wisely, and his judgment is impartial. Possesses what his pupils call the "gimlet" eye, being able to sift lies from truth, guilt from innocence with uncanny wisdom. His frown is enough to make his charges sit up and take notice, his smile is as friendly as the morning sun. Not very keen on sports, for "Quelchy" is essentially a scholar, but he likes to think that his pupils are sportsmen in every sense of the term, and is, therefore, very tolerant of the hours spent on the playing fields.

he brought with him on his visits, and which were so sorely needed there.

The most thoughtless fellow in the Remove would have borne a little more patiently with Mossoo's irritable temper, perhaps, had he known—but Mossoo was not likely to tell. Dry little figure as he was, almost comic to the eyes of the Greyfriars fellows in his dapper neatness, Mossoo was a hero in his own way—working hard, and living sparsely, to shoulder the burdens of a brother who had fallen in the War.

To the little urchins in the house by the Loire, he was dear uncle and earthly Providence; to Greyfriars generally he was a harmless little ass; to Coker of the Fifth he was an offensive little beast. So widely may the point of view differ on the same subject.

"I must take guard," Monsieur Charpentier murmured to himself, as he gazed at the parcel on his table. "I must take my guards, and be more careful—it is not ze fault of zese garçons zat I have had to borrow ze money, and zat zat moneylender he worry, worry, worry!"

Monsieur Charpentier passed his hand across his brow, as if to wipe away his worry, worry, worry, for the moment; and then cut the string of the parcel and

unwrapped the paper. His kind little heart was touched by a present from the Remove after the painful scene in the French class that day. Certainly, he had no idea of accepting it—but he was pleased by the kind thought of it—as he supposed. He would return it to the generous donors, with a little speech of thanks, and he would be very, very careful in future not to allow his private worries to affect his temper in dealing with his pupils, howsoever unruly or obtuse they might be.

And then—

He threw back the wrapping-paper and the "present" was disclosed to view. It consisted of an ancient coat, full of gashes and rents, and an equally ancient pair of trousers, torn and muddy, and "half" a bowler-hat!

Only a glance was needed, to ascertain that these garments must have been raided from a scarecrow. Even for a scarecrow they were very near the limit.

Monsieur Charpentier gazed at the wretched things, as if stunned. His face flushed a deep crimson, and then the colour faded away, leaving him pale and worn. He did not look angry; the insult was too deep for that, for the moment at least. He caught his breath with a

little choking gasp, and two tears rolled down his dry, sallow cheeks.

He did not heed, or did not hear, a knock at his study door.

The door opened after the knock, and a majestic figure marched in. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, fixed his majestic and accusing glance on Monsieur Charpentier.

The French master gazed at him dumbly. He was too overcome by the shock he had received to speak.

"Monsieur Charpentier!" said Mr. Prout, in his fruitiest voice. "A word with you, sir."

No answer.

"Coker, of my Form, has been struck, so he tells me, by you," said Mr. Prout.

"It is needless to point out to you, Monsieur Charpentier, that no Greyfriars master is allowed to lay his hand upon any boy in the way of chastisement. Even the cane is not used in the senior Forms, excepting upon very exceptional occasions. Should such an occasion arise, it would be my duty to consider the matter—not yours, Monsieur Charpentier. I repeat, not yours."

Mr. Prout was always oratorical. He grew more and more oratorical as he proceeded, encouraged by his own deep, fruity voice; somewhat like the political gentleman who was inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity.

"Had Coker given you offence, Monsieur Charpentier, it was open to you to report him to me—his Form master!" pursued Mr. Prout. "The administration of chastisement to a member of my Form, by any person excepting the headmaster or myself, is a thing that I could not think of tolerating, Monsieur Charpentier! I could not, sir, tolerate it for one moment—not for one instant. Yet it appears that you have struck Coker! I pause, Monsieur Charpentier, for a reply."

Having paused, like Brutus, for a reply, Mr. Prout waited for the reply—which did not come.

Brutus waited in vain for the reply for which he paused; and so did Mr. Prout.

Mr. Prout raised his eyebrows.

"Monsieur Charpentier!" he said, raising his voice to match his eyebrows. "I addressed some remarks to you! Will you have the goodness, sir, the civility, to acknowledge my remarks?"

"Mon Dieu!" murmured the distressed little gentleman.

Mr. Prout was about to recommence, more booming and oratorical than ever, when his lofty glance fell upon the ragged garments on the French master's table.

He started violently.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, forgetting for once to be oratorical. "What—what—what—"

He broke off, and stared at the garments. He stared also at the label by which the parcel had been accompanied, and he understood. Neat, dapper, even elegant, as the little French gentleman was, his clothes were only too obviously well-worn; only too evidently he extracted the last guinea's worth from them before he discarded them. Billy Bunter claimed to have seen the French master mending his "bags" with needle and thread. Undoubtedly all Mossoo's neat and dapper garments were well-mended. Mr. Prout had observed that fact, as indeed all Greyfriars had, and he understood the brutal jest that was conveyed by the "present" of the scarecrow garments.

His plump, portly face flushed red.

"Upon my word, this is outrageous!"

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he exclaimed. "Monsieur Charpentier, I regret that I entered your study at this—this inauspicious moment! I am sorry to see that you have been the victim of a cruel and unfeeling prank! I recommend you, sir, to report this outrage to the Head—I will, if you wish, accompany you now to Dr. Locke, conveying these hideous garments for his inspection."

Monsieur Charpentier could not speak.

He shook his head in silence, trying to overcome his emotion. The crimson was creeping into his pale cheeks.

Not for worlds would he have complained to the Head. Inquiry and dire punishment for the offenders would doubtless have followed—but even more certainly, there would have followed endless discussion and derision and laughter in the studies.

Poor Mossoo was only desirous of hushing up that insult, of burying it as deeply and as early as he could. It was a bitter humiliation to him that Mr. Prout should have seen what he had seen. Even his sympathy was another blow to the unhappy little gentleman.

"I will retire, sir," boomed Mr. Prout. "The incident of Coker, though a serious one, I will not trouble you with now. I will, sir, retire."

And Paul Pontifex Prout retired, greatly to the relief of Monsieur Charpentier.

Monsieur Charpentier was left contemplating the ragged garments with a grief and humiliation that gradually gave place to angry resentment.

Knock!

It was another knock at the door of the study.

With a hurried hand, Monsieur Charpentier threw the wrapping-paper over the ragged garments to hide them from view.

The door opened, and he turned a flushed face to the newcomer. It was Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove had a sheaf of written sheets in his hand.

Monsieur Charpentier fixed a glittering glance on him.

That the "present" had come from the Remove he had no doubt, especially as a Remove fellow had brought it to the study. He had little doubt that the whole Form were in the scheme to humiliate him; and Wharton was the captain of the Form, generally the leader in anything that went on in the Lower Fourth. And Wharton, contrary to his usual custom, had shared in the rag in the French class that day. Monsieur Charpentier was not, therefore, in a mood to receive the captain of the Remove genially. Wharton's glance fell for a moment on the half-wrapped parcel on the table; and Henri Charpentier had no doubt that he knew what was in it, and had been a party to the whole thing.

His eyes gleamed at Harry.

"Vat you vant, Wharton?" he snapped.

"How dare you come here?"

Wharton looked at him.

"My lines, sir!" he said coldly.

"Vat! Hein?"

Poor Mossoo had forgotten the lines.

"You gave me five hundred lines, sir," said Wharton sarcastically. "I did not know you had forgotten them, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier bit his lip.

"It is vun excuse to come here and see—" he began.

"To see what?" exclaimed Wharton in astonishment.

Monsieur Charpentier opened his lips and closed them again. His impression was that Wharton had made the lines the excuse to come to his study just then to witness the effect on him of the "present" from the Remove. But it was

barely possible that the junior was not in the scheme, and if he did not know, Mossoo did not want to tell him. He pushed the wrapping-paper a little more closely over the offending garments.

"I don't understand you, sir," said Harry. "I came here to bring you my lines, as you ordered. I did not want an excuse for coming. I did not want to come."

"That will do Wharton!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "Taisez-vous—zat you be silent! I will look at zese lines."

"Am I to wait, sir?" asked the Removeite, with sarcastic politeness.

"You are to wait, and to wait in silence!" snapped the French master.

"Very well, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier was not accustomed to searching over an imposition with a meticulous eye. But on this occasion he searched—or, rather, hunted—for faults to find. He could not punish the senders of the "present" without making the affair the talk of Greyfriars School, and he shuddered at the thought of that. But he could punish a Removeite if his imposition was not up to the mark.

Unfortunately, Wharton's impot was very far from being up to the mark. Nugent, in lending Wharton his aid, had counted upon Mossoo's habitual easy-going carelessness in such matters.

Monsieur Charpentier looked up from the written sheets.

"Wharton!" he snapped out.

"Yes, sir," said Harry quietly.

He knew at once that the difference of hands had been detected.

"Did you write zis all of yourself?"

"Eh?"

"Did you write him all of your own hand?"

"I don't quite follow, sir," said the captain of the Remove, with cool impertinence. "If you would put it in English, sir—"

"Vat?" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier.

"Who is the 'him' to whom you are referring, sir?" asked Wharton. "It is a little difficult to follow you, sir. I'm trying to understand."

Monsieur Charpentier breathed hard and deep.

His English was, as a matter of fact, a little mixed. But the captain of the Remove had never before failed to understand his meaning.

"Zis is impudence, Wharton!" he gasped. "You pretend zat you do not understand viz yourself. I ask you vunce more if zis paper he is written all entirely by yourself?"

Wharton's lip curled.

"You know it isn't, sir!" he answered.

"Vat, vat?"

"If you are trying to catch me out, sir, you needn't take the trouble," said the captain of the Remove disdainfully. "A friend helped me to write the lines, as you have found out already."

Monsieur Charpentier flushed.

"It is you who are bad garcon, to zink zat I try to trap you, Wharton," he said. "You admit zat you do not write him all by yourself?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Harry carelessly.

"You are vun bad boy, Wharton."

"Indeed!" said the captain of the Remove, with an air of polite interest.

"Do you think so, sir?"

Monsieur Charpentier made a motion with his hand.

Wharton's eyes glittered.

Bunter's head might be smacked with impunity, and even Coker's, perhaps. But had Monsieur Charpentier given way to that angry impulse, with Wharton's head as the object of his wrath, the outcome would have been rather serious, especially for Wharton!

Fortunately, Monsieur Charpentier

controlled his impulse. Perhaps Mr. Prout's rolling eloquence had done him good.

"Wharton, I shall take you to your Form master."

"Very good, sir."

"Take up zose papers and follow me."

"Pleased, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier whisked out of the study, and Harry Wharton picked up the offending impot and followed him.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Going Through It!

"**M**ORE trouble?" asked Bob Cherry.

Wharton's friends were waiting for him at the corner of the passage. They looked rather dismayed as the angry French master whisked by, with Harry following in his wake.

Wharton nodded and smiled.

"Lots!" he answered. "I'm for it! Mossoo has spotted that somebody helped me with the lines."

"Oh, rotten!" muttered Nugent. "Why, we've done it lots and lots of times for Mossoo."

"The dear man is rather ratty these days," yawned Wharton. "Something seems to have gone wrong with the works. Never mind. I can stand a jaw from Quelehy."

"Hadn't I better come?" asked Frank anxiously.

"What's the good? I shouldn't get any the less."

"That's so," said Johnny Bull. "Stand clear, Franky! But I say, I'm getting fed-up with Mossoo."

"The fed-upfulness is growing terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, shaking his head. "If this goes on, we shall become infuriated."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's got on to Mauly now!" murmured Bob Cherry. "What the thump can Mauly have done?"

Monsieur Charpentier was looking round, about to call to Wharton to come on, when Lord Mauleverer appeared in the offing. Instantly the French master's eyes fixed on his innocent lordship.

"Mauleverer!" he rapped out.

"Eh! Yaas?" said his lordship, coming up. "Yaas, sir?"

"You come to my study some time ago, Mauleverer, and you bring viz yourself one parcel."

"Yaas, sir. Present from some fellows, sir."

"I shall not go to ze Head about him, Mauleverer."

"Eh?"

"I shall say nozzings."

"Wha-a-t?"

"Only I speak to you and say vat I zink," continued Monsieur Charpentier. "You, Mauleverer, you are nobleman—gentilhomme, as we say in France. You should be a gentleman, Mauleverer. But you are none."

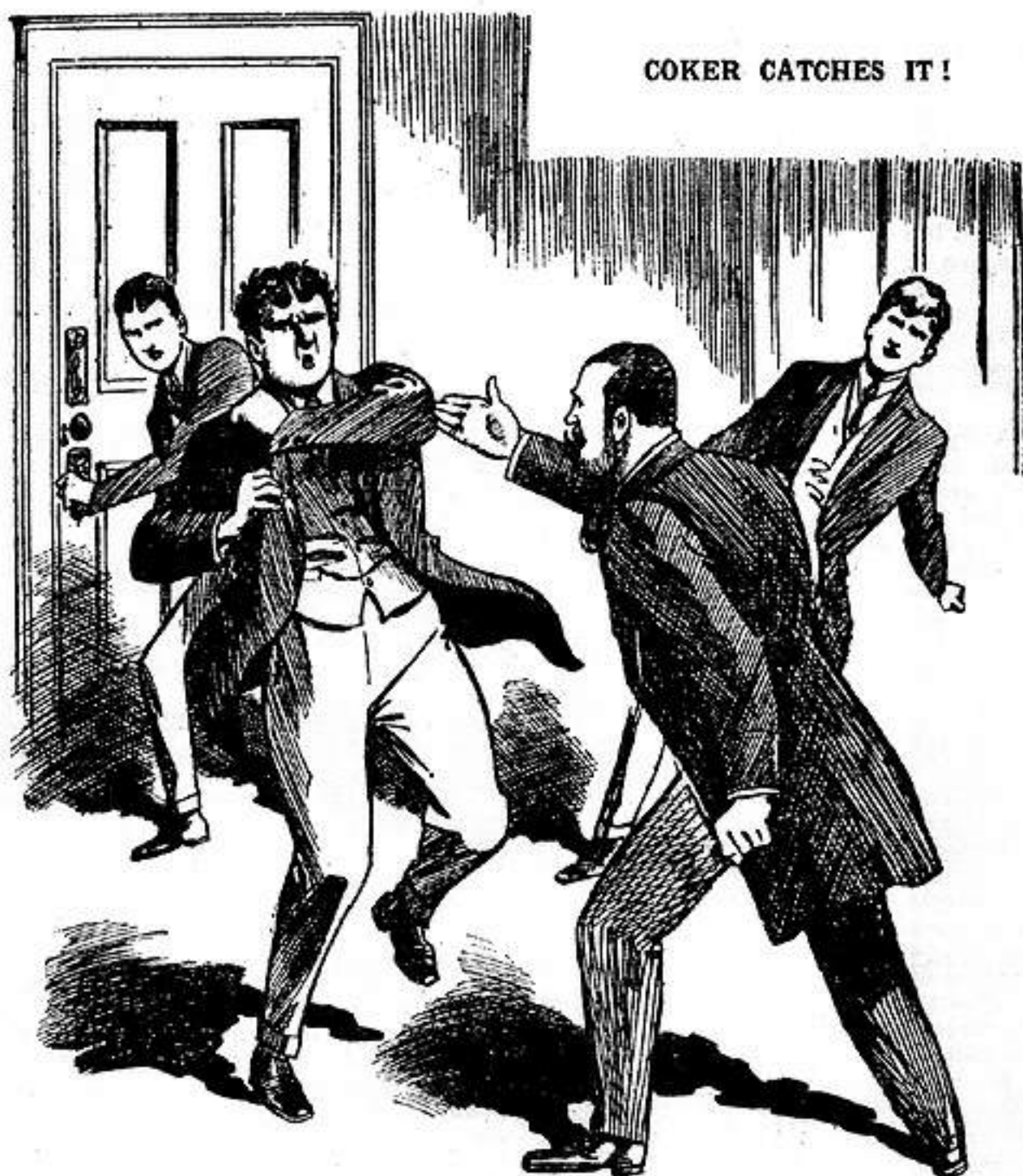
"What?" gasped his lordship blankly.

"I despise you," said Monsieur Charpentier. "Vat you have done is unworthy, and you are no gentleman! Zat is all—I say no more! Pas un mot! Allez! Wharton, do you keep me to wait for you?"

"Coming, sir!" drawled Wharton.

The captain of the Remove followed the French master as he whisked on, leaving Lord Mauleverer staring and rubbing his chin with amazement.

"Great gad!" said Lord Mauleverer, blinking at the chums of the Remove. "What's the matter with Mossoo?"



COKER CATCHES IT!

"Cokair! You are insolent! You laff, isn't it?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Isn't it zat you laff viz yourself, Cokair?" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fifth-Former. "Oh, my hat!" Smack! The French master's open palm smote Coker on the side of the face. In sheer surprise and rage the great Horace staggered back. (See Chapter 5.)

"Goodness knows!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"But what's bitin' him?" asked his lordship helplessly. "He tells a fellow he's no gentleman—that's rather thick, you know. I don't know whether I ought to punch his blessed nose. What would the Head say if I punched Mossoo's nose, you men?"

The juniors chuckled.

"Something rather emphatic, I fancy!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Leave his nose alone, Mauly."

"Yaas. But it's rather thick, you know."

"Mossoo's fairly on the warpath these days," said Nugent. "He's never worried over a fellow's impot before. He always was a good little beast."

"And now he's a little beast without the giddy adjective!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Let's follow on and see what happens."

And the juniors followed on to Mr. Quelch's study.

Mr. Quelch, with a grim brow, was listening to the French master's excited exposition of the state of affairs. The door of the Remove master's study was half open, and Monsieur Charpentier's shrill voice floated out into the passage.

Mr. Quelch made a gesture at last, and the French master's shrill tones ceased.

"Wharton!" came the deeper voice of the Remove master.

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Monsieur Charpentier gave you five hundred lines for your share in the disorder this afternoon."

"He gave me five hundred lines for nothing, sir," answered Harry.

"He speak in class—zey all speak in class—I have no respect viz zese boys—"

Monsieur Charpentier gesticulated excitedly; his hands seemed to be playing several invisible instruments all at once.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur Charpentier," said Mr. Quelch icily. "I am not likely to heed Wharton's impudent remark."

"It is the truth, sir," said Harry.

"Do you venture to deny that you were speaking in class, as Monsieur Charpentier states?"

"No, sir. But—"

"That is sufficient. Now it appears that you have attempted to palm off on Monsieur Charpentier an imposition not wholly written by yourself. How many of these lines did you write, Wharton?"

"About half, sir."

"And who wrote the others?"

"A friend helped me, sir."

"His name?"

No answer.

"I demand the name of the boy who helped you in what almost amounts to a fraud!" thundered the Remove master.

Wharton's lip curled.

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The Remove master might think that one fellow helping another with an impot amounted to a fraud, if he liked; but no schoolboy was likely to agree with him.

It was one of those points upon which schoolboy and schoolmaster were never likely to see eye to eye.

"You hear me, Wharton?"

"I hear you, sir."

"Give me the boy's name."

Silence.

"If the boy's name is not given, Wharton, I shall take you to the headmaster and request him to deal with you."

"Very well," said Harry quietly.

The half open door was pushed wide open, and Frank Nugent of the Remove stepped into the study.

"It was I, sir," he said.

"Indeed! You, Nugent, helped Wharton to write these lines?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"At his request?"

"No, sir; I offered."

"Very well. Then you are both equally guilty," said Mr. Quelch. "You have practically attempted to deceive Monsieur Charpentier."

"We don't look at it like that, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Probably not, Wharton; but that is how the matter stands. Both of you will be severely punished. Monsieur Charpentier, will you have the kindness to take my cane?"

"Mais oui, monsieur."

"Wharton, bend over that chair!"

Wharton stiffened up, and his hands clenched. For a moment it looked as if he would resist the order. Frank Nugent's imploring glance had more effect on him than the sense of danger or the knowledge of the futility of resistance. With a set face and set teeth, the captain of the Remove bent over the chair.

"The matter is in your hands, Monsieur Charpentier!" said the master of the Lower Fourth.

Monsieur Charpentier switched the cane.

The fellows outside the study looked at one another. They knew the mild, good-tempered little gentleman so well that they could scarcely believe that he was going to administer a severe castigation, in Mr. Quelch's own drastic style. They were not aware, yet, of the "present" the French master had received from the Remove, and of its embittering effect on his already troubled and excited temper.

For once the French master was in a vengeful mood; in caning Wharton for that imperfect imposition he was, so to speak, caning the Remove, in the person of their captain, for the insult of the scarecrow garments.

Whack, whack, whack!

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry, catching his breath as the lashes rang from the study. "He's going it!"

"Ferocious little beast!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

Whack, whack, whack!

It was "six"—as severe a six as the captain of the Remove had ever experienced. He rose to his feet with a pale, set face.

"Nugent!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

Frank Nugent quietly bent over the chair in his turn. The cane swished in the hand of the French master.

Three or four fellows came along the passage to listen. Skinner of the Remove was amongst them.

"What's the jolly old rampus?" asked Skinner.

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"That little beast Mossoo, taking it out of Wharton and Nugent," answered Johnny Bull.

"Oh, my hat! What a game!"

Skinner grinned ecstatically. It flashed into his mind at once that this was the outcome of his precious "present" to the French master.

"Game, is it?" growled Bob Cherry savagely. "Go and grin somewhere else, you cad!"

And, with a powerful shove of his arm, Bob sent Skinner spinning along the wall.

Whack, whack, whack! rang from the Remove master's study. There was a faint cry in the room; poor Nugent was not made of stern stuff like the captain of the Remove.

Harry Wharton, looking on at his chum's punishment, breathed hard and deep. His own punishment had been severe enough, but it is true to say that he felt Nugent's more severely. Every lash of the cane on the slim, bent figure was like a blow at his own heart.

As Nugent gave that faint cry Wharton clenched his hands convulsively and made a step towards the French master.

"Wharton!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Are you out of your senses? Stand back at once!"

Nugent looked round anxiously.

"For goodness' sake, Harry! It's all right—I can stand it."

Wharton clenched his hands till the nails dug into his palms. He was in a mood for any reckless act.

Monsieur Charpentier lowered the cane. It did not occur to Harry at the moment that that low cry of pain had gone to the French gentleman's heart also.

"Assez!" said Monsieur Charpentier.

"Zat is enoff zen!"

He laid the cane on the Remove master's table.

"Very well!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Nugent, Monsieur Charpentier has dealt with you more lightly than I should have done. You may both go; and I trust that this will be a warning to both of you."

The two juniors left the study in silence—Nugent's face pale and twitching; Wharton's black with rage.

"Merci, monsieur!" said the French master in a low voice, and he also quitted the study.

Lowering looks were cast upon him by the Remove fellows as he went. As he walked back to his own study a hiss followed him.

The French master spun round, stung by the sound.

The group of juniors did not budge. They stared at him steadily and defiantly, and Johnny Bull deliberately hissed again. For a moment Monsieur Charpentier gazed at them, with a flushed and troubled face, and then he turned quickly and hurried into his own room and shut the door.

"Come on, you chaps!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Let's get out of this!"

Wharton took Nugent's arm and led him away. Frank was wriggling painfully as he walked.

"Hurt, old chap?" muttered Wharton.

Nugent made a grimace.

"I'm not made of iron, like you, old fellow," he said. "Fancy the little

beast laying into a fellow like that! Who'd have thought it?"

"We'll make him sorry for it!" said the captain of the Remove through his set teeth.

"Oh, it's all right! After all, we did spoof him about the impot, you know," said Frank, trying to smile. "No need to make a fuss about it. We help one another with impots, but the beaks always make a fuss if they spot the wheeze."

"Mossoo's never made a fuss before."

"No; something's happened to upset his jolly old equanimity, I suppose. He's been ratty for days and days; they've had his giddy temper in the Shell and the Fifth."

"He will find that he can't take it out of us because somebody else has upset him," said Harry.

Nugent looked at him.

"Chuck it, old chap!" he said in a low voice. "You had it rather hard—but you're not the fellow to make a song about a licking."

"I'm not thinking of my own licking, and you know it, Frank."

"I do know, old chap! But—"

"Never mind now, at any rate," said Harry. "Come up to the study."

Nugent nodded, and they went up the Remove staircase. Neither felt in a mood for the company of the other fellows in the Rag just then.

"I can't quite understand Mossoo these days," Nugent remarked, as they went into Study No. 1. "I fancy he must have some private trouble on his mind, Harry, to make him so jolly rusty."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. He was not in a humour to care much about Henri Charpentier's private troubles.

"Don't you think so?" asked Frank.

"I don't know—and I don't care much," said the captain of the Remove. "I know that he's licked you for helping me with my impot. That's all I want to know at present."

"I'd rather you forget all about that, old chap," said Nugent uneasily. "Chuck it, old man!"

"Right-ho! Let's chuck it," said Harry, with a smile.

And the subject dropped; but if Harry Wharton said the less, he thought the more, and his face grew harder and darker with his thoughts.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Up to Mauly!

"No gentleman!"
"Really?"
"Yaas—his very words! No gentleman!" said Lord Mauleverer in tones more of sorrow than of anger.

There was a general grin among the Remove fellows in the Rag.

Lord Mauleverer seemed to be taking the matter to heart, but to the other fellows the seriousness of it was not so apparent. In fact, Mauly's seriousness seemed to entertain them somewhat.

"Awful!" said Bob Cherry, with portentous solemnity.

"The awfulness is terrific."

"Did Mossoo really say that you were no gentleman, Mauleverer?" asked Skinner.

"Yaas!"

"Observant chap!" said Skinner.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose that's meant for a joke, Skinner," said Lord Mauleverer. "Of course, it wouldn't have mattered if

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
Every Saturday — PRICE 2:



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

FINAL TIES!

By The Man in the Street.

THE most dramatic goal ever scored in an English Cup Final tie was that obtained by Tufnell for Barnsley in the last minute of extra time against West Bromwich Albion in the replay at Sheffield in 1912. Better late than never!

The losing team in the Final has failed to score on thirty-four occasions. The winners are not in the mood to give anything away.

There were fifteen entries for the first competition for the Cup, but of these three clubs subsequently scratched.

It is not generally known that a Cup Semi-Final has been played at Edinburgh. In 1885 Queen's Park and Notts Forest drew at Derby, and afterwards met at Merchiston Park.

When Bradford City won the Cup in 1911 there were only two Englishmen in the team. Another was Irish, but the rest were Scotsmen. No wonder it is not really called the English Cup!

In 1873-4 there were but twenty-eight competitors for the English Cup, Sheffield and Shropshire Wanderers being the first clubs from the North and the Midlands to join the competition. They were paired together, played two draws, and then tossed as to which should go on.

In 1893 a rule was drafted whereby the F.A. took all the receipts in the Semi-Final and Final, the competing clubs being allowed travelling and hotel expenses. This held good for two years.

Tottenham Hotspur is the only Southern professional club whose name is engraved on the Cup. That is perhaps why they are called hot Spurs.

Wolverhampton Wanderers, Notts County, and Barnsley are the only clubs to win the Cup while members of the Second Division of the Football League.

Extra time has only been played once in a Final tie since the War—in the game between the Villa and Huddersfield in 1920—and the players declared that they never want to have that extra half-hour again.

The Football Association officials don't like the knock-out competition referred to as the English Cup. The real title is the Football Association Challenge Cup. Yet when Burnley won the trophy in 1914 the players were given medals on which the English Cup was mentioned.

Yorkshire lost all direct interest in this season's competition at a very early stage—the Second Round. But it is a Yorkshire Cup all the same, having been made in Sheffield to the order of a Bradford firm.

In last season's Cup Final—between Cardiff City and Sheffield United—there were fourteen International players on view. The game ought to have been a classic, but it wasn't.

Only one footballer still playing has three Cup-winners' medals—Clem Stephenson, of Huddersfield Town. His watch-chain is the envy of all the players he meets.

NERVES!

Players who suffered from stage-fright in the last great round.

By "LINESMAN."

JUDGED purely from the standpoint of football, there are precious few Final ties which are really worth watching. But that doesn't worry the followers of football. Whatever is lacking in the way of the finer points of the game is compensated for by the excitement of the occasion—by the fact that the most coveted trophy in the world of sport is at stake.

How is it that not one Final tie out of three produces as good football as can be witnessed in any ordinary League game? There can only be one answer to that question, and the word "nerves" supplies it. Men don't play good football in Cup Finals because they are too excited, too anxious to win, and too highly strung.

When Preston North End and Huddersfield played at Stamford Bridge some four years ago I saw a well-known player—it would scarcely be fair to give his name—in such a state of nerves before the match that he had to get the trainer to tie his bootlaces for him. His hands were trembling to beat any aspen-leaf I have ever seen.

Do you know that the one ambition of every trainer in charge of a Cup Final team is to keep the men from thinking too much about the contest before it actually takes place? The trainer knows that the more the players think about it, the less likely are they to play their natural game. I remember the trainer of Newcastle United, the first time that club went to the Final tie, almost tearing his hair in despair. Try as he would, he could not get the lads to talk or think about anything but the Final tie which was on hand, and when the day came—well, it was only a shadow of the real Newcastle which we saw. There were eleven men with stage-fright.

It is an amazing thing that the Newcastle United team reached the Final tie five times in the seven seasons between 1905 and 1911, yet only once did they win the Cup in those five tries, and even then they only succeeded in the replay. I asked one of these Newcastle United players the reason for their repeated failures, and this was his reply. "We have all suffered from what I call Finalitis. We have got it into our heads that the Crystal Palace ground is unlucky for us, and I don't think we should ever win there if we got to the Final every season for twenty years."

That there may have been something in this explanation of Newcastle failures is evidenced by the fact that, although they played at the Palace five times, and never won once, they were victorious on the only occasion when they played at Wembley.

Those who witnessed last season's Final got a clear view of the effect of Cup Final nerves. During the first half Wake, the young half-back of Cardiff City, got the ball in such a way that he had plenty of time to clear. Suddenly, though, it seemed that his feet became things of lead. He just couldn't kick the ball, and while he was struggling in vain to get it away, Tunstall came dashing up, took the ball from him, and scored the goal which won the match. Not once in a thousand ordinary League games would Wake have allowed Tunstall to get the ball from him.

So when you see a Final tie full of indifferent football, I want you to feel sorry for the lads who have stage-fright. Sympathy should also be extended in another direction—for the losers. Of all the galling experiences in the world of sport, to have been in a Final tie and then lost must be about the worst.

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The Romance of a Cup Final from the Newspaper point of view

By "REPORTER."

IT is certain that the Cup Final of next Saturday will be witnessed by an assembly of nearly one hundred thousand people, for practically that number of tickets has already been disposed of. Thus there will be a hundred thousand lucky people who will have first-hand knowledge of the proceedings.

Apart from the hundred thousand who will look on, however, there are millions of folk scattered all over the world who will be at Wembley in spirit, and on land and sea there will be anxious ears and eyes waiting for the result. The business of telling the world all about the Cup Final is a fascinating side of the struggle for the trophy which is seldom touched upon.

Here, therefore, I propose to describe how this business of telling the world is done. Away at the very top of the huge stand at Wembley there is a long corridor with nearly two hundred little seats, and desks in front of them. To gain admission to this section of Wembley you must possess a ticket on which is the magic word "Press." It may surprise you to know that at every Cup Final there are something like two hundred busy people whose job it is to write up the Cup Final from every point of view; and as a matter of fact, these two hundred busy scribes there are scores of messengers—boys and telegraphists. So that, in all, it is not an exaggeration to say that there are some five hundred people at a Wembley Cup Final who have a greater concern than merely watching a game of football; their job is to tell the world what happens.



JOE SMITH, captain of Bolton Wanderers.

Many there will be to envy the lucky messengers—lads their post, and who will think that it would be rather nice to have the job of telling the world all about a Cup Final. But, believe me, it is not all honey and jam. So far as many of the reporters are concerned, their job certainly comes under the heading of hard work.

The fellows who have to work hardest of all are those connected with the newspapers of the towns which are directly interested in the Cup. Here is a man from an evening paper at Manchester. Let us watch him. He will probably send to his paper, in the course of the game, three thousand words or more of detailed description, telling graphically the incidents as they happen, so that those people who have not been able to travel from Manchester may know all about how their favourites played. He won't write these three thousand words. He will speak his report—dictate it—over the telephone-wire which has been reserved for the exclusive use of his paper for the whole of the afternoon. Think what this means—that at the very moment when Tom Brownell, say, is kicking a goal on the pitch at Wembley they are beating in the newspaper back, don't you?

THERE are two very excellent reasons for taking a look at the Stadium at Wembley this week. The first is that beyond all shadow of doubt, it is in many respects the most wonderful arena on which any football match has ever been staged. The other reason is that the final tie which will be played at Wembley this week-end is, in all probability, the last big sporting event which will ever be decided there.

PAUL FREY AT WEMBLEY!

As I looked round Wembley, I considered how nearly it came to being the ideal arena. I felt an additional jump in my heart when it occurred to me that the people who pay the minimum price are in a very short time that wonderful arena may be falling to bits under the relentless hand of the house-breaker. It has not, of course, been definitely decided that the Cup Final will be played at Wembley. When the F. A. and the game between Bolton Wanderers and West Ham, agreed to play the last big Cup Final there, it was on the understanding that the Exhibition would be a thousand years in the making. But for twenty years, at least, Wembley would be a thing of the past. The gates, which should have kept the Exhibition match out, had to be made to the Londoner's satisfaction. The gates, which should have kept the Exhibition match out, had to be made to the Londoner's satisfaction. The gates, which should have kept the Exhibition match out, had to be made to the Londoner's satisfaction.

It will certainly be a thousand years if the Stadium at Wembley is to be a place where the Cup Final can be played. It will certainly be a thousand years if the Stadium at Wembley is to be a place where the Cup Final can be played. It will certainly be a thousand years if the Stadium at Wembley is to be a place where the Cup Final can be played. It will certainly be a thousand years if the Stadium at Wembley is to be a place where the Cup Final can be played. It will certainly be a thousand years if the Stadium at Wembley is to be a place where the Cup Final can be played.

Watching a Wembley final from the heavens—or at least that was my impression—and it seemed as if, for down below, there were many plumes, at play, quite little figures dodging hither and thither. The Press seats are right at the top of this stand, which runs up into the realm of the stars; and that may account for the fact that when Newcastle scored their first goal, two years ago, there was a terrific cheer from the heavens.



An aerial picture of Wembley Stadium taken before the Cup Final of 1925, showing the enormous crowd, and the rival teams being led to the Duke and Duchess of York.



Final Ties which have been won by goals that were hotly disputed.

By "OLD 'UN."

JUST a casual glance at the results of Cup Finals of recent years is enough to convince anybody how close these games usually are—how little there is to choose between the competing teams. It may surprise you to know—but it is, nevertheless, a fact—that of the last eleven Cup Finals which have been played, no fewer than eight have been decided by the same score—one goal to nothing. Almost equally amazing is it to find that not once in those last eleven seasons has the side which lost the Final succeeded in scoring a single goal. Thus it can be said to be demonstrated that the team which scores the first goal in a Cup Final has, to all intents and purposes, won the Final.

I want to drive home that point about the closeness of Cup Finals as a rule, because when you get the idea stuck in your mind that one goal usually decides the destination of the trophy, you will really understand how vital it is that correct decisions should be given regarding goal-scoring incidents, or alleged goal-scoring incidents. It is also easy to understand why there should have been many occasions in the past when hot debates have followed the award of a doubtful goal to this or that side in the Cup Final.



J. SYKES, who skippered Swansea.

The last Cup Final played at Stamford Bridge—in 1922—led to a scene without parallel so far as my experience of Final ties goes. Huddersfield were playing Preston North End, as you may remember, and it was a close fight. Indeed, the word fight is about the best possible description of that worst Final I have ever seen. In the second half Billy Smith, the outside-left of Huddersfield Town, came dashing along to the attack, and cut in to get a clear shot at goal. He was unfairly tackled by Hamilton, the Preston North End full-back—tripped beyond the shadow of doubt. The referee awarded a penalty-kick to Huddersfield, but thousands of people felt that he had made a mistake, because they were convinced that the offence took place a foot or so outside the penalty-area. However, the penalty-kick was duly taken, and a goal scored by which the match was won.

TWO MANCHESTER STARS!

Brief biographies of Frank Barson, Manchester United's stalwart captain, and James McMullan, who skippers Manchester City.

THERE are few people who have not heard of Frank Barson, and fewer still who do not think that his recognition as England's centre-half is not long overdue. Barson, without doubt, is the most brilliant centre-half that England possesses to-day.

He is also the man to whom Manchester United are indebted for their position in the Football League to-day; he is the man who has lifted them up out of the Second Division into the First, and who has been mainly responsible for their fine achievements in the Cup this season.

He is also the man who helped the Villa to win the Cup in 1919-20, and the man who was England's pivot against Wales in 1920. That incidentally, at the moment of writing, is his only International honour, though it is probable, by the time you read this, that he will have played for England against Scotland.

Barson is a native of Sheffield, though it was as a player with Barnsley that he came into prominence. That was in 1919-20, when the Villa, languishing at the bottom of the First Division table, set about looking for new blood to help them up. Their chief choice fell upon Frank; for a fee of £2,700 he was induced to swap Barnsley's colours for the famous claret and blue of the Villa. I have already mentioned that the Birmingham club won the Cup that year; I now mention that they finished the season in the top half of the table. All due to Barson? No; but Frank had a lot to do with it.

Right-ho, then! Until the season of 1922-23 Barson remained with the Villa, and then, owing to some difficulty regarding his lodging—Frank wanted to live in Sheffield, where he had business interests; the Villa wanted him to live in Birmingham, so as to be within easy reach of the club—he was transferred. Manchester United was, of course, the club to get him, and they counted themselves fortunate when they obtained his signature for a consideration of something like £5,000.

And so, with the United, Frank has settled down and has made the team into one of the most dominant among all the big football battalions of to-day. Big and strong, Frank is always a conspicuous figure on the field, where he usually gets through the work of three men or more. His chief value to the United, however, lies in his fine generalship. Frank is a skipper to be proud of. He has a thorough knowledge of his duties, and does not confine those duties to the tossing of the coin at the commencement. His men love him. So does everybody else who knows a really good footballer.

A MIGHTY MIDGET.

Switching over to James McMullan, of Manchester City, I find it difficult indeed to crowd into this short article a detailed story of his career, for McMullan's history—in a football sense, at any rate—would fill a small-sized volume. A half-back of International renown, James, a few seasons ago, vied with Andy Wilson and Jock Marshall for being the most notorious footballer of the day.

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McMullan was born in Denny, Scotland, and there presumably learnt his football, though it is not as a footballer that his parents decided he should blossom. James came of mining stock, you see, and when he was old enough, into the pit he went, filling in the intervals by playing for the local Hibernian club. It was there, in 1913, that certain representatives of Partick Thistle discovered him, and, anxious to sign him on, persuaded him to append his signature to a professional form.

Being a real son o' Scotland, James did not let such an opportunity slip. He signed on, and thereafter Firhill Park became his football home, and the mine was dead for ever. In the following season he developed with his new club to such an extent that International honours were prophesied for him, and it is certain that he would have got them had not the War intervened. After the War, however, James and his club had a dispute, the upshot of which was that McMullan scooted to England, and threw in his lot with the Kent League team of Maidstone. Here, as player-manager, he remained until the season of 1923-24, and then, being prevailed upon to return to Scotland, patched up his differences with Partick, and signed for his old club once more.

In the February of this year, however, James was transferred to Manchester City for a sum which is rumoured to be very near the £5,000 mark. With the City he has made good, and has shown that, despite a tendency to put on flesh, that he is the ideal man for the left-half berth. It is questionable, indeed, if there is another man in football to-day who can beat him in that position.

As footballers go, McMullan is on the small side, being only 5 ft. 5 ins. in height. But what he lacks in inches he more than makes up for in speed, skill, and all-round ability. A glance at his International record shows that, for James is already the proud owner of seven caps, with, possibly, many more yet to follow.



JAMES McMULLAN, of Manchester City, as seen by Jimmy Seed, of the 'Spurs.



By the Editor.

HERE we are, you chaps, at the cross-roads. Behind us we have to leave the football season, ahead of us there is the cricket season. These are the two games which, for players and for watchers, have no equal in this country. Some people think that football encroaches on cricket rather more than it ought to do, but at the moment cricket is certainly looking sufficiently healthy to be able to take care of itself. Why, we have even been discussing cricket in the very heart of the football season!

During the past few weeks I have, in this Supplement, tried to keep you all alive with interest in the football season, and in this connection there are two things I want to say. The first is to express my gratitude to the many leading footballers who have lent me such a ready hand. Because they have so nicely responded to my request to write for the MAGNET I have been able to give my readers the benefit of the experience of the fellows who have risen to the top of the tree.

The other thing I want to say in connection with our Football Supplement is a word of thanks to all my readers who have written telling me how pleased they have been with our efforts to satisfy them in the direction of football hints, news, and gossip. I have tried to make our Football Supplement unique in its way, and it is good to know that my readers think I have succeeded.

That there is real interest in football among my boy readers is shown by the number of letters I have received asking for advice on this or that phase of the game. The greater the number of these questions I receive, the better I am pleased.

Now I am going to let you into a secret. I have made arrangements which will, I am confident, enable us to go one better with our Cricket Supplement than we have done with our Football. You want to know what the top-notchers are doing, what they are thinking, and how they do it. We have got them "on the staff," refusing to be satisfied with anything less than the very best.

I am not going to introduce Jack Hobbs—you know him. Well, during the summer there will be contributions in our Supplement by Jack Hobbs. What Jack Hobbs is to English batting, so is Maurice Tate to English bowling. Maurice himself is also booked to do some articles for me. All about the Australians will be told, too, and my readers in far-off Australia will therefore have something to interest them.

My cricket bag includes surprises which will amuse, articles which will instruct, and contributions which will recall matches that have gone down to history as classics. On top of it all, of course, if there is any problem you wish answered, and phase of your play which you are desirous of improving, all you have to do is send me a line. If you want a speedy reply, and will send me a stamped addressed envelope, you will get it.

My innate modesty prevents me from blowing my own trumpet, of course; but when I look over the arrangements which I have made for my cricket readers—and how many have I who don't take an interest in cricket?—I tell myself that I have arranged the very best programme possible.

Our Cricket Supplement will, in a word, prove worthy of the occasion, and, believe me, this is going to be "some" cricket season. We have got to try to snatch those "Ashes" from the Australians. Whether we shall do it or not remains to be seen. But it is as certain as anything can be that even Wembley itself would not be big enough to hold all the people who will want to see the fight for those "Ashes." A last word: Order your MAGNET to be delivered every week! Tell your pals that we are giving them a Cricket Supplement which will "bowl out" all the others!



(Continued from page 12.)

he'd said it to you! But it's a bit thick to say such a thing to a gentleman!"

"Why, you cheeky ass—" exclaimed Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One for you, Skinney!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"But what did the man mean?" asked Lord Mauleverer plaintively. "So far as I know, I've done nothin' to offend him. The fact is, I've always treated the little beast with respect. There isn't much of him, but what there is of him is good stuff—at least, I've always thought so. But he says I'm no gentleman! That's a thing no fellow can stand."

"Coffee and pistols for two!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what's a fellow to do about it?" asked Mauly.

"Strew the hungry churchyard with his bones!" suggested the Bouncer; and there was another laugh.

"It's all very well to cackle," said Mauleverer. "But I can't let it rest at this. I haven't done anythin', but he thinks I've done somethin'. Either I owe him an apology, or he owes me one. What does a man mean by suddenly roostin' on a chap in a corridor and jerkin' out at him that he's no gentleman?"

"Well, what have you done to him?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Nothin'!"

"Then what haven't you done?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I took that parcel to his study," said Lord Mauleverer. "But I suppose that hasn't upset him, has it? I thought he'd be pleased to get a present from the Remove, showin' that there was no ill-feelin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major.

"Oh, you ass, Mauly!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Did you let Skinner spoof you into landing that parcel on Mossoo? That's done it!"

Lord Mauleverer blinked in amazement.

"It's all serene, Mauly!" chuckled Sidney James Snoop. "It was a handsome present for Mossoo—one that he's in need of. You've noticed that he wears old clothes, haven't you?"

"I should think it ungentlemanly to notice anythin' of the sort, Snoop."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well, that wouldn't hurt you, as you're no gentleman, by Mossoo's account!" chuckled Skinner. "He does wear old clothes, whether you've noticed it or not, Mauly. And we, like kind-hearted fellows as we are, made him a present of a fresh lot."

Lord Mauleverer's face became very grave.

"Skinner, old man, you shouldn't have done that," he said. "I dare say you meant well, as you say so; but it was bound to hurt his feelin's. He can't accept such a present, and it shows him that his old clothes have been noticed. You shouldn't have done it, Skinner."

There was a howl of merriment from Skinner & Co. Mauly was evidently under the impression that the raggers

had sent Mossoo a new suit of clothes, and had been guilty only of a fault of taste. Lord Mauleverer gazed at them with grave inquiry.

"It's not a laughin' matter," he said. "You must be an ass, Skinner, to think that Mossoo could possibly wear the clothes you sent him, if they're ever so much better than his own."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Skinner.

"If I'd guessed anythin' of the sort, I'd never have had a hand in it," said Lord Mauleverer in distress. "He must think us a lot of no-class duffers to do a thing like that. And you've wasted your money, too. He will give you the things back."

"Oh, we got the things cheap," said Skinner. "It doesn't cost much to clothe a scarecrow, and still less to take the rags off a scarecrow when nobody's looking!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer jumped.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You—you never did a dirty thing like that, Skinner!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Skinner contemptuously. "It's the jape of the term. I fancy he thought that Wharton and Nugent had a hand in it, by the way he took it out of them in Quelch's study."

"He must have fancied that I had a hand in it, from the way he spoke to me!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer, aghast.

"What was he to fancy, when you took the giddy parcel to his study?" chortled Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good gad!"

Lord Mauleverer rushed to the door of the Rag.

"Where are you going, you ass?" shouted Skinner.

"I'm going to Mossoo to explain!" Lord Mauleverer called back over his shoulder, as he disappeared from the Rag.

"Stop him!" gasped Skinner. "If he mentions my name—" Harold Skinner was making a rush after Mauleverer, when Bob Cherry grasped his arm and swung him back.

"Let go!" yelled Skinner furiously.

"Leave Mauly alone!" said Bob. "You've played a dirty trick on Mossoo, Skinner, and Mauly's bound to explain that he had no hand in it. I'd do the same, if you'd landed me in your rotten game, as you did him. If your name comes out you can take your gruel, and serve you jolly well right!"

"You silly ass! Let me go!" roared Skinner, struggling to free himself. "Do you think I'm going to let that maundering ass get me a licking? Why, it might be a Head's licking if it all came out!"

"All the better if it is," said Bob coolly. "You're not going to stop Mauleverer. And if you wriggle too much, I shall tap your head on the table—like that—"

"Ow!"

"And like that—"

"Yaroooh!"

Skinner ceased to wriggle.

Meanwhile, Lord Mauleverer, in great distress of mind, hurried away to Monsieur Charpentier's study.

He rapped at the door, and opened it. Monsieur Charpentier was standing at the table, carefully tying up a parcel. Mauly knew that parcel.

"Mossoo!" he gasped.

"Mauleverer! Allez vous en!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier. "How dare you come here viz yourself! I am disgust viz you! Va-t-en!"

"You told me I was no gentleman, sir," said Lord Mauleverer, pointing to

the parcel. "If I'd known what was in that parcel when I brought it to you, sir, you would have been right. But I give you my word of honour, sir, that I never knew! I was spoofed into bringin' it here, on my word, sir, and I never knew it was a dirty trick!"

The French master stared at him. The eager earnestness in Lord Mauleverer's face carried conviction, and Mossoo's face softened.

"Believe me, sir, I had no idea of it," said Mauleverer. "The fellows told me it was a present for you, sir, and I never thought any further. I'd rather have cut off my hand, sir, if I'd known!"

"I believe you, mon garcon," said the French master. "Pardonnez moi zat I have speak to you as I did speak. I take back to me zat vat I have said, and I am sorry!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer, greatly relieved. A Head's licking would not have worried Mauly nearly as much as the supposition that he had had a willing hand in Skinner's wretched jape.

He backed to the door, and then paused.

"Can I get rid of that rubbish for you, sir?" he asked. Mauleverer could guess easily enough that the French master was fastening up the parcel to convey it away as unostentatiously as possible, and dispose of it.

"Zank you, mon garcon, I zink—"

"I can shove it in a dustbin, sir," said Mauleverer. "I—I can't say how sorry I am that this happened, sir, and I give you my word, sir, that very few fellows in the Remove knew anything about it—only a few outsiders, sir, who knew no better."

Monsieur Charpentier smiled faintly, and handed the parcel to his lordship. Mauleverer quitted the study with it, much relieved in his mind. He went directly out of the House with the offending bundle, and in a few minutes it was dropped into a dustbin.

"That's done!" murmured Mauly. "By gad, Skinner ought to be dropped in after it. Awful outsider!"

Mauleverer walked back into the House, and as he appeared in the Rag several anxious glances were turned upon him. Skinner & Co. were in a very uneasy frame of mind.

"Well, you silly owl," bawled Bolsover major, "have you given us away to Froggy, you burbling duffer?"

"Have you mentioned my name?" hissed Skinner.

"Wouldn't soil my lips with it, if I could help it, old bean," answered Lord Mauleverer amiably. "I've told Froggy nothin', exceptin' that I had no hand in that dirty trick!"

"That what?" hooted Bolsover major.

"Dirty trick!"

"Do you want me to bang your cheeky head on the table?" demanded the bully of the Remove.

"Not at all, dear man—in fact, I object strongly," said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "But when I say dirty trick, I mean dirty trick! I explained to Mossoo that only a few chaps were in it—only a few rank outsiders. I felt bound to say that much, for the credit of the Form."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you calling me a rank outsider?" bawled Bolsover.

"Yaas."

"Then I'll jolly well—" Bolsover major made an angry stride towards Mauly.

Bob Cherry's foot came in the way, and Bolsover major went headlong. He sprawled on the floor with a roar.

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"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" said the Bounder.

Bolsover scrambled up, red with fury, and rushed at Bob. That sturdy youth met him cheerily, with left and right, and for five minutes there was high excitement in the Rag. The excitement was so high, in fact, that Wingate of the Sixth came in, and introduced his official ashplant into the matter—after which there was peace, if not good will.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Maully on the Warpath!

"YOU fellows busy?"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent did not look very busy. It was the following morning, and the two chums were sauntering in the quad in morning break.

Nugent was looking as cheery as usual; but Wharton seemed to be in a rather dark and thoughtful mood. The former had dismissed the trouble with Monsieur Charpentier from his mind; the latter had a longer and less forgiving memory.

"Not very," said Frank, with a smile, as Lord Mauleverer came up and asked the question. "What's the trouble?"

"I'm lookin' for a second."

"A—a—what?"

Wharton and Nugent looked blankly at Mauleverer. His lordship was the most good-natured and pacific fellow in the Lower Fourth, and was hardly ever known to be mixed up in a scrap.

"A second?" repeated Wharton.

"Yaas."

"You're not fighting anybody?"

"Yaas."

"Who's the miserable victim?" asked Nugent.

"Skinner."

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "This is a new thing for you, Maully! What the thump do you want to fight Skinner for?"

"I don't want to!"

"Well, you ass—"

"But I feel bound to," explained his lordship. "It's a horrible exertion, and I don't like touchin' Skinner, either; but I feel bound to thrash him! I'd rather lick him with a fives bat; but I've asked him if he'd take it that way, and he says no."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what has Skinner done this time?" asked Nugent.

"Played the rotten cad, dear boy!"

"Cela va sans dire," as Mossoo would say. That goes without saying, old bean; Skinner never does anything else. But what is the particular crime?"

Lord Mauleverer explained the incident of the parcel. Nugent laughed, and Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, it was too rotten for words!" said Mauleverer. "Skinner can't help bein' a cad; but he can help draggin' me into his caddish games. I've told him so. Mossoo told me I was no gentleman."

"Mossoo's a cheeky little beast!" grunted Wharton.

Lord Mauleverer raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, he's not a bad little animal!" he said tolerantly. "I've explained to him, to begin with; and I'm goin' to thrash Skinner, to finish with. I want a second, to bring Skinner up to the scratch."

"Isn't he keen?" grinned Nugent.

"Nunno! He says he feels too friendly towards me. Then he called me a silly ass! I don't mind that; I

just asked him what time it would suit him to come round behind the gym. He told me to ask him again next term."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want to get it over, you see," said Maully. "At present I'm boilin' with rage, but it's frightfully difficult to keep on boilin' with rage for any length of time. If it hangs about for two or three days, I shall forget all about it, and forgive Skinner; and I feel that it's up to me to thrash him before forgivin' him. You see, it was such a mean trick to play on poor old Froggy!"

"Blow poor old Froggy!" said Wharton.

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Still feelin' sore from the lickin'?" he asked. "Sorry; I'd forgotten about that! I'll ask another chap."

And his amiable lordship ambled away in search of a second. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was coming out of the House, and Maully bore down on him, and proffered his request.

The nabob of Bhanipur nodded.

"My esteemed Maully, the pleasure will be terrific," he said. "I will be your excellent and ludicrous second."

TWENTY TOPPING TABLE FOOTBALL GAMES WON BY READERS!

Names and addresses
on page 2.

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"Thanks, old bean! Any time and place will suit me, so long as it comes off soon, before I forget all about it, you know. Gloves or not, just as Skinner chooses."

"I ratherfully think that the estimable Skinner will choose gloves," grinned the nabob. "But he cannot be allowed to choose the time, or I fancy he would fix it for the end of next year, or the year after. I will seekfully look for Skinner at once."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh proceeded to look for Skinner; but Harold Skinner was a little difficult to discover.

Bunter had seen him going round to the back of the school buildings with Snoop; but he was not to be found there when looked for. Vernon-Smith had seen him going into the House later, and Hurree Singh accordingly went into the House.

But Skinner was not to be found in the Remove quarters. Skinner seemed to have disappeared.

He did not appear till the bell rang for third lesson; and then he turned up in the Form-room with Snoop and Stott, all three of them grinning. Apparently Skinner & Co. had some new jest on.

Third lesson proceeded with Mr. Quelch in charge.

It was suddenly interrupted.

The door of the Remove Form-room was thrown suddenly open, and an excited figure appeared in the doorway—that of Monsieur Henri Charpentier.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! More trouble!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch turned an icy glance on the French gentleman.

"Monsieur Quelch," hooted the unexpected visitor, "I demand zat you come viz me and see viz your own eyes!"

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

Monsieur Charpentier waved his hands wildly.

"I am insult! I am humiliate!" he shrieked. "Zis is ze second time! Ze first time I say nozzings, and ze zings are taken away. Now I find zem in my room, and I do not endure zis! I demand zat you come."

"I do not understand you, Monsieur Charpentier," said the Remove master coldly. "May I point out that you are interrupting this lesson?"

"Zat is nozzings—nozzings! I vill not be insult by garcons in zis Form!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "I do not stand him—comprenez, monsieur? I repeats zat I vill not stand him! Is it zat a master shall be given old rags?"

"Bless my soul!"

The French gentleman gesticulated excitedly.

"Venez!" he hooted. "Venez avec moi! You shall see viz your own eyes, isn't it? Come—I demand zat you come!"

"Wharton! I leave you in charge of the class for a few minutes," said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

The Remove master followed the excited Frenchman from the Form-room. There was a buzz as soon as they were gone.

"What on earth's the row this time?" asked Peter Todd. "What's that about old rags? Have you been larking again, Skinner?"

"I?" exclaimed Skinner, with an air of surprise. "My dear man, you know that I never lark!"

"The fibfulness is terrific, my esteemed Skinner!" said Hurree Singh. "I was searchfully looking for you in morning break, and I think I know now where you were."

"And where?" asked Skinner coolly.

"I thinkfully believe you were getting those scarecrow clothes out of the dust-bin, where the esteemed Maully placed them."

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Mauleverer.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"What an idea!" he yawned.

"By gad! I know I ought to have thrashed Skinner without losin' the time about it!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I wonder if Quelch will be gone long enough for me to thrash him now?"

"Cave! Here comes Quelch!"

Mr. Quelch came back into the Form-room with a brow like thunder. And silence fell upon the Remove.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Not Gully!

MR. QUELCH looked at his Form with eyes that seemed as penetrating as gimlets. His brow was darkly knitted.

"A disgraceful thing has happened!" he said, in a voice resembling the rumble of distant thunder. "Some offensive garments—apparently taken from a scarecrow—have been placed in Monsieur Charpentier's room!"

"Oh!"

"These garments have been hung up in Monsieur Charpentier's wardrobe along with his coats," said Mr. Quelch. "This has apparently been done as an insult to Monsieur Charpentier. There is a label attached to the—the garments, purporting to apprise him that the articles are sent to him by a friend aware of his need of—of such articles. Apparently this is intended as a brutal jest. Monsieur Charpentier suspects that this outrage was perpetrated by some member of my Form. I trust that he is mistaken."

Some of the Remove fellows glanced at Skinner.

All the Form knew that Monsieur Charpentier was not mistaken in his suspicion. But Harold Skinner sat quite unconscious in looks; he was sure that there was no proof, and that was all he cared about.

"If any boy present knows anything of the matter, I command him to tell me at once," said Mr. Quelch.

Silence.

"I am waiting for the guilty person to confess, if the guilty person is here," rumbled Mr. Quelch.

There was no answer.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" said the captain of the Remove quietly, but with a flush in his cheeks.

"Are you concerned in this?"

Wharton set his teeth.

"It's not fair to ask me that, sir!" he answered.

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, as if he could not quite believe his ears. Perhaps he couldn't.

"Monsieur Charpentier has punished me unjustly," said Harry Wharton steadily. "But no decent fellow would play a dirty trick like that, punished or not, and it is an insult to ask me if I am concerned in it!"

"Hear, hear!" murmured Bob Cherry, quite audibly.

Mr. Quelch paused for a moment.

"You must measure your words more carefully, in addressing your Form master, Wharton," he said. "But I am glad to see that you look upon this disgraceful incident in a proper light. I should not have asked you the question but for the circumstance that Monsieur Charpentier suspects you."

"Monsieur Charpentier has no right to suspect me, sir."

"Wharton!"

Harry Wharton's face set doggedly.

"Monsieur Charpentier seems to believe that he has grounds for suspecting you, Wharton," said the Remove master, after another pause. "You have been impertinent to him, and you were severely punished yesterday for attempting to trick him in the matter of an imposition. But I accept your assurance without reserve. I should be very much surprised personally to find that you were concerned in such a disgraceful act."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry. "I had nothing whatever to do with it, of course, sir."

"I believe you, Wharton." Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes roamed over the class. "The matter cannot be passed over; but I hope and believe that no boy in my Form is capable of such a dastardly act. I shall question every Remove boy in turn."

"Oh crumbs!" whispered Snoop.

Skinner gave Sidney James Snoop a force look.

"Every boy will answer in turn as I put the question," said the Remove master.

And he proceeded to question the



Every lash of the cane on Nugent's slim, bent figure was like a blow on Wharton's heart. As Nugent gave a faint cry, the captain of the Remove clenched his hands convulsively, and made a step towards the French master. "Wharton!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Are you out of your senses? Stand back at once!" (See Chapter 7.)

Remove, with his eyes searching every face in turn as the answers were given.

The trim little figure of Monsieur Charpentier appeared in the doorway again. Wharton gave him a grim look, fearlessly meeting the angry glance the French master turned upon him.

Monsieur Charpentier listened to the questioning, and to the repeated "noes" from the Removites. Skinner and Snoop and Stott answered "No" like the rest. A falsehood more or less did not cost Skinner very much; but his two associates wriggled uneasily under the Remove master's searching eyes as they lied. When it came to Bolsover major's turn, the bully of the Remove almost squirmed.

"Have you anything to say, Bolsover?" asked Mr. Quelch grimly.

"I had a hand in it the first time, sir," said Bolsover major sullenly. "I know nothing about what's happened to-day."

"Monsieur Charpentier complains only of what has happened to-day. Were you concerned in that?"

"No, sir."

"Very good."

And Mr. Quelch passed on.

The last question was asked, and the last answer given. Mr. Quelch was considerably relieved when the process terminated. He was glad to be able to find his Form not guilty on such a charge.

He turned to the French master.

"Nothing appears to be known of the matter here," he said. "If you are satisfied—"

"I am not satisfy!" hooted Monsieur Charpentier, waving his hands. "Pas du tout! It was someone in zis Form. I zink zat it was zat sheeky Wharton."

"Wharton denies any knowledge of the affair."

"Il ment! Il ment! It is not troof!"

Wharton flushed crimson.

"Really, Monsieur Charpentier, I cannot listen to such language!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch tartly. "I place every faith in Wharton's word, and you have adduced no particle of evidence against him. Be reasonable, sir."

But the French gentleman was not in a reasonable mood.

"I believe zat it is him!" he exclaimed. "I demand of you zat he be punish."

"I shall scarcely find a boy of my Form guilty of a disgraceful act without evidence, Monsieur Charpentier!" said Mr. Quelch. "Still less should I dream of administering punishment without proof. I beg you to calm yourself."

"Mon Dieu! I tell you—"

"There are other Forms at Greyfriars," said Mr. Quelch indignantly. "Proceed to question the Fourth"

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Form, the Shell, and the Fifth Form, if you are not satisfied."

"Ze boy he is here."

"I decline to believe anything of the kind. It is open to you to place the matter before the Head, if you choose. I can do nothing further for you, Monsieur Charpentier. I am extremely offended that you should suppose, without evidence, that a boy guilty of such disgraceful conduct belongs to my Form."

"Mais je vous dis—" shrieked the French master.

"Monsieur Charpentier, my time is of value, and you are interrupting a lesson!" said the Remove master grimly.

"Je n'en vais, monsieur, je n'en vais!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier; and he whisked away, crimson with wrath and indignation.

Third lesson came to an end in the Remove-room. When the Remove went out, Skinner lounged up to the captain of the Form, in the corridor, with a grin on his face.

"Was it you, Wharton?"

Wharton looked at him coldly and contemptuously.

"Don't speak to me, you rotter! Every fellow in the Form knows that it was you, and that you lied like a Hun to Quelch. You're not fit to speak to."

"Hoity-toity!" said Skinner, as the captain of the Remove walked on; but even Harold Skinner flushed uncomfortably under the glances that were turned on him.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh tapped him on the shoulder.

"Now I have foundfully got you, my esteemed, disgusting Skinner, will you come alongfully?"

"What do you want?" snarled Skinner.

"I am Mauly's esteemed second," explained the nabob. "You are going to fight the excellent and ridiculous Mauly—"

"I'm not!" hooted Skinner.

"Hold on!" said Lord Mauleverer, coming up. "Cut it out, Inky! I'm not going to fight Skinner!"

"My esteemed Mauly—"

"I can't fight him without touchin' him, and he's not fit to touch," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm goin' to kick him instead. I can get my boots cleaned afterwards."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Skinner.

"Perhaps the kickfulness is the proper caper," admitted the nabob. "Do you prefer the scrapfulness or the kickfulness, my estimable and execrable Skinner?"

Skinner made a rush along the corridor. Lord Mauleverer made another rush, after him, displaying an activity quite unusual in the slacker of the Remove.

Crash!

His lordship's boot landed.

Skinner fairly flew along the passage, and landed on his hands and knees.

"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner sat up dizzily.

"You—you—you—" he gasped.

"You cheeky rotter! I'll—I'll—" He scrambled up with a furious face.

"Oh, gad! Don't say you want to schap, after all, now I've taken the trouble to kick you instead," remonstrated Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

For a moment Skinner looked as if he would hurl himself at the schoolboy earl. But it was only for a moment; the next he stamped away savagely, followed by a chuckle from the Removites.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Rebel!

MONSIEUR HENRI CHARPENTIER came out of Masters'-room at Greyfriars with a faint flush in his sallow cheeks and his lower lip trembling. Mossoo

had had his tea, which was generally served to the staff in their Common-room. Mossoo, the least important member of the Greyfriars staff, was, as a rule, unnoticed in the Common-room; his remarks, when he made any, were frequently ignored; his opinions, if heeded at all, were very lightly and slightly heeded. Often the portly voice of Mr. Prout would boom right into some observation of the French master, drowning it, and almost drowning Mossoo himself. Gentleness of nature and weakness of character combined to place Mossoo at a disadvantage there. He was accustomed to being considered of no account—indeed, to considering himself of no account.

But for once monsieur attracted general notice. The unfortunate affair of the scarecrow garments was known all over Greyfriars, and it had concentrated attention upon Mossoo, with a mingling of derision, compassion, sympathy, pity, and contempt.

Mossoo had very wisely decided to swallow the insult in the first place, and say nothing about it, hoping to keep it dark. But the discovery of the objectionable garments in his wardrobe had been too much for him; his excited visit to the Remove-room had followed, and endless discussion. Fortunately, Mossoo had stopped short of laying a complaint before the Head, who would certainly have taken up the matter officially, and ordered an inquiry—an inquiry that would have covered poor Mossoo with utter ridicule as with a garment.

But enough had been done, and enough had been said, to make the affair a topic of the studies and the Common-room, and Mossoo, who had often wished to make a more conspicuous figure in Masters'-room, found himself more conspicuous than he desired, and would have been overjoyed to retire into his former obscurity.

Mr. Prout, in his ponderous way, was sympathetic.

In a deep voice that was heard all over Masters'-room, he had expressed his sympathy and indignation, advised Mossoo to complain to the Head, and assured him of his moral support. In his lofty and patronising kindness, Mr. Prout did not even perceive that the object of his compassion was fairly writhing under it, only praying that Mr. Prout would leave off. Mr. Prout did not leave off till he had finished, and when Mr. Prout once began speaking he was a long time finishing.

The other masters had more tact. Nobody else referred to the wretched affair.

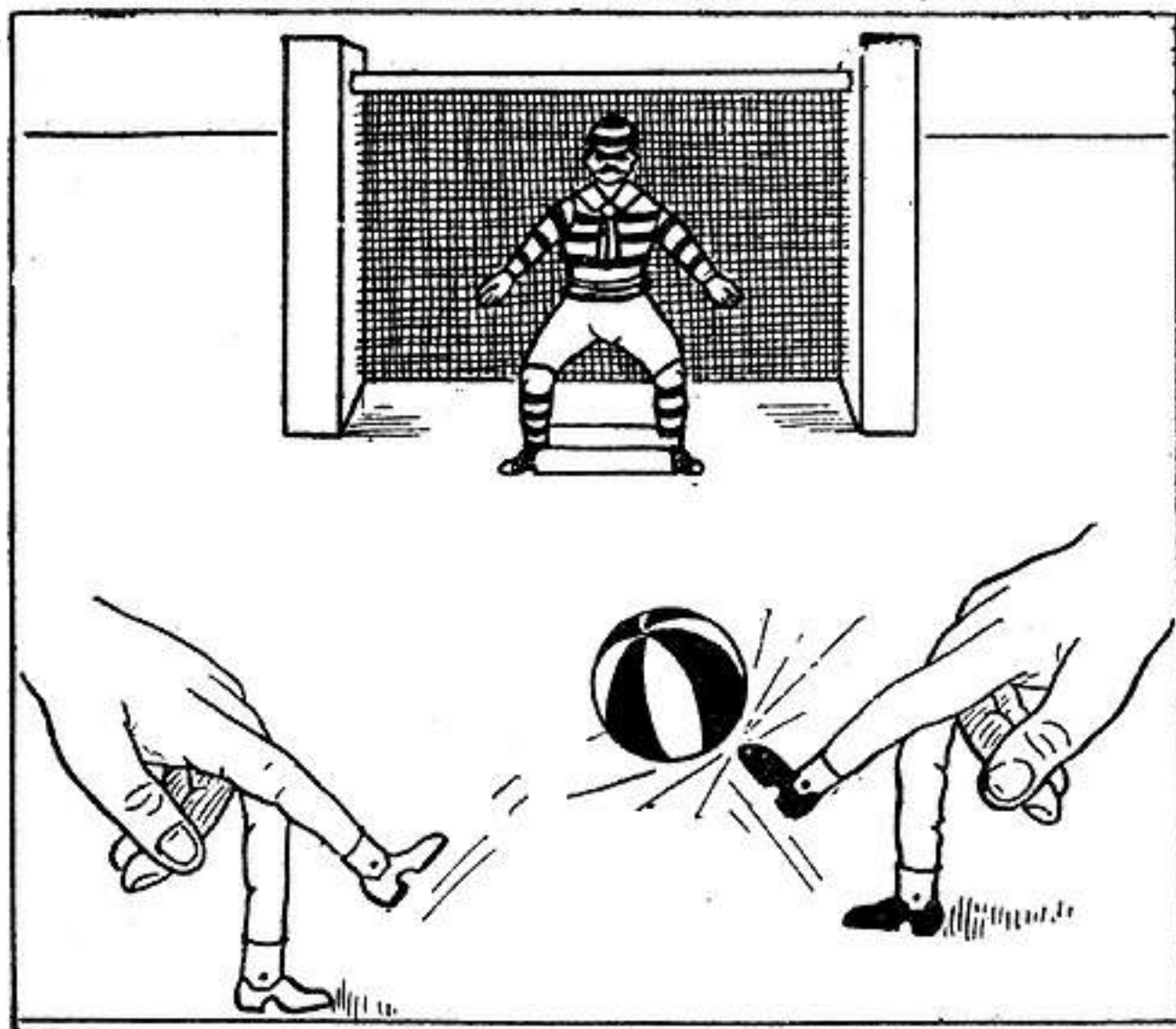
But Mossoo knew what they were thinking; and he detected a lurking smile on the face of Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, and fancied that he detected another on the severe countenance of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

In point of fact, the masters were not thinking about Mossoo quite so much as he supposed. He was an acutely sensitive little man, somewhat like the gentleman in the play who supposed that certain parties must be talking about him because they laughed.

Mossoo's touchy and sensitive mind was fairly haunted by those ancient and dilapidated trousers bestowed on him by Skinner of the Remove. If he passed a chuckling fag he was convinced that he was the cause of the fag's chuckle—if a Fifth Form man grinned in his sight, it was proof to him that his little trouble was subject-matter for merriment all through the Fifth Form.

In this frame of mind, and with private troubles of his own to boot, Mossoo seemed quite unlike the kind and patient

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little gentleman he had always been. His temper was touchy and irritable; he was ready to fly out at a word or a look. Fellows who had always found the French class easy, and had slacked through it cheerfully and contentedly, began to look forward to it with apprehension. Smithy remarked that French was getting as beastly as maths, and the other fellows agreed. Which did not make the French master popular. It was one of the laws of Nature, from the schoolboy point of view, that a mathematics master should be a beast. But it was altogether too "thick" that a French master should take it upon himself to be a beast also.

Monsieur Charpentier was almost perspiring from Mr. Prout's sympathy when he came out of Masters' Common-room. It was unfortunate that he came on Harry Wharton in the corridor.

Wharton glanced at him.

His look was not exactly disrespectful. But Wharton was thinking of that licking of his chum in the Form master's study, and of his fixed intention of making Mossoo "sit up" in payment thereof. He smiled with a tinge of irony as he noted the little gentleman's flustered face. That smile, slight and momentary as it was, had the effect on Mossoo of a red rag on a bull.

He halted, fixing his black eyes on Wharton, his little black beard almost bristling with suppressed anger and indignation.

"Wharton!"

The junior passed on as if he did not hear.

"Wharton!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier.

Harry Wharton turned back.

"Did you call me, monsieur?" he asked, with drawing civility.

"Mais vous savez bien—you know verree well zat I call. Wharton, you tell one untroof when you are asked if you send zose zings to me, isn't it?"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. It was a way he had that sometimes irritated even his friends, and it made Mossoo tremble with anger.

"You answer me, garcon!" snapped Mossoo.

"I answered Mr. Quelch, sir," said Harry. "I am answerable to my Form master, and not to you."

"I do not believe your answer to your Form master."

"You may please yourself about that, sir."

Monsieur clenched his hands hard.

Wharton did not budge; he eyed the excited little man coolly and fearlessly. With a great effort Mossoo restrained himself. Twice had he smacked heads of late—and from Mr. Quelch he had heard at considerable length, in private, on the subject of Bunter's bullet head—from Mr. Prout he had heard, at greater length and less in private—on the subject of Coker's offended napper. Never had he desired to smack a head so keenly as he desired to smack Wharton's at that moment; but he realised that it would not do. But there was another resource.

"You have not done your lines, Wharton!" he gasped.

Wharton raised his eyebrows.

"My lines!" he repeated. "What lines?"

"Did I not give you five hundred lines to write out viz yourself from ze Henriadé? Have you written zem?"

The junior's lip curled.

The affair of the mixed imposition was over and done with, from his point of view. The caning in Mr. Quelch's study had finished that matter. So Monsieur Charpentier himself would have considered, but for his intense desire to punish the captain of the Remove.



Monsieur Charpentier looked into the Rag, and perceiving Wharton at the chess-table, advanced towards him. "Have you written zose lines, Wharton?" asked the French master, in a concentrated voice, in the midst of a breathless silence. "No!" answered the junior captain. "Zen you follow me to ze headmaster!" Wharton did not move. (See Chapter 12.)

"You have not written zose lines, Wharton?"

"No, sir!" said the junior contemptuously.

"You vill write zem and bring zem to me zis evening."

Wharton gave another shrug of the shoulders that brought a crimson flush to the French master's sallow cheeks.

It indicated that he regarded the master as taking a mean advantage, and poor Mossoo's conscience was not quite easy; he felt that he ought not to have asked for the lines after the caning. But having taken up that position he could not recede from it.

"Zis evening, Wharton, you bring zose lines to my study!" he snapped.

"That matter's closed, sir," said the captain of the Remove.

"Pas du tout! Nozzings of ze sort! I give you ordair to bring zose lines viz you."

Wharton's lips set.

"I shall not do the lines," he said.

"Hein! Vat you say?"

"I shall not do the lines!" repeated the captain of the Remove deliberately. "You've no right to ask for them, and I shall not do them."

Monsieur Charpentier gazed fixedly at the junior. Wharton's look was cool and resolute. Again Mossoo came very near to smacking a head. Again he restrained himself.

"Econtez!" he gasped. "You bring me zose lines, or I report you to ze headmaster! Assez!"

And Monsieur Charpentier whisked away, the junior staring after him contemptuously.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Up Against It!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter burst into the Rag, full of news. "I say, you fellows! Wharton's for it!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter now?" yawned Bob Cherry.

Bunter chuckled, a fat chuckle.

"Mossoo's after those giddy lines—you remember Nugent helped Wharton with his impot, and they both got licked. Now Mossoo wants his lines, after all."

"Shame!" said Johnny Bull. "The licking washes it out. That isn't playing the game."

"Wharton says he won't do them!" grinned Bunter.

"Rats! He will have to do them, but it's a shame," said Frank Nugent. "Mossoo is getting a bit too thick."

"He told Mossoo he wouldn't!" trilled Bunter. "I heard him—I was at the corner, and I heard him! He, he, he! I say, you fellows, do you think Wharton will get flogged or bunked?"

"Shut up, you silly fat chump!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Did Wharton really say so?" exclaimed Skinner. "Oh, my hat! Wharton's too jolly magnificent to go back on his word, if he did! What a game!"

"He told Mossoo so!" grinned Bunter. "Told him so to his face! He, he, he! Mossoo's going to take him to the Head if he doesn't! I say, it will be

"flogging at least! Of course, I'm sorry for Wharton. He, he, he!" And the Owl of the Remove chortled again, perhaps by way of showing his sorrow.

"Here he is!" grinned Snoop.

Harry Wharton walked carelessly into the Rag.

All eyes were turned on him at once.

The strain of obstinacy in Wharton's nature was pretty well known in the Remove. It was quite certain that if Bunter's version was correct, Wharton would not do the lines; and the result was equally certain to be serious. It was quite exhilarating to Skinner, but the other fellows looked grave, especially Wharton's friends.

"Is it true, Wharton?" called out Vernon-Smith.

"Is what true?" asked Harry.

"Has Mossoo landed those lines on you again?"

"Oh, yes!" said Harry carelessly.

"Are you going to do them?" grinned Skinner.

"No."

"Bunter says you told Mossoo so to his face!" exclaimed Snoop breathlessly.

"Bunter's an eavesdropping, fat bouncer, then."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"But it's true," said the captain of the Remove. "Mossoo had no right to ask for the lines, and I'm not going to do them."

"You told him so?" howled Skinner.

"Yes."

"Oh, my hat! What a neck!"

Frank Nugent looked very anxious.

"Harry, old man—" he began.

"Nothing doing!" said the captain of the Remove tersely. "I'm fed-up with Mossoo and his twopenny-halfpenny tyranny. I'm not going to do the lines."

"He will ask for them if you don't hand them in."

"Let him."

"It will mean trouble with the Head, old man."

"Let it."

"My esteemed and pigheaded chum—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Where's your chess, Inky? We've got time for a game before dorm."

Harry Wharton and the nabob sat down to chess. Prep was over, and most of the Remove and the Fourth had gathered in the Rag. Harry Wharton's chums gathered round the chess-table, looking on at the game, but thinking little about the chess. They were thinking of the trouble that impended over the captain of the Remove.

Wharton did not seem to care.

He played an excellent game of chess, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, who was a master of the game, found himself hard beset. Wharton kept his eyes on the board, as if he had no thought in his mind but of bringing off a mate.

Temple of the Fourth came into the Rag soon after nine.

"Wharton here?" he asked.

"Yes," Harry looked round.

"Mossoo's looking for you," said Temple. "He's been up to your study in the Remove. He asked me if I'd seen you."

"Your move, Inky," said Harry.

"And by the same token, here he comes!" said Micky Desmond.

The dapper little, frock-coated figure appeared in the doorway of the Rag. Monsieur Charpentier looked into the room, and, perceiving Wharton at the chess-table, advanced towards him. Wharton did not seem to be aware of his presence.

"Wharton!" he rapped out.

"Your move, Inky!"

"My esteemed chum!" murmured the nabob uneasily, "the excellent and ludicrous Mossoo, is addressing you."

Wharton looked up at that.

"Have you written zose lines, Wharton?" asked Monsieur Charpentier, in a concentrated voice, in the midst of a breathless silence.

"No!"

"Zen you follow me to ze head-master."

Wharton did not move.

"You hear me, Wharton?" gasped Monsieur Charpentier.

"I hear you!" assented the captain of the Remove.

"Will you follow me, Wharton?"

"I am not at your orders, sir! I am at the orders of my Form master."

"Wharton! You refuse?" gasped Mossoo.

"Yes."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Skinner, almost overcome. "Jevver hear such cheek, you fellows?"

Monsieur Charpentier stood rooted to the floor for some moments, his face burning. The juniors were beginning to grin now. The French master turned away slowly and left the Rag, and a laugh from some of the fellows floated after him.

Bob Cherry whistled softly.

"Your move, Inky!" said Harry Wharton, unmoved. "Buck up, old man, or we sha'n't finish before dorm."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh mechanically made his move. Harry Wharton followed it up with a smile.

"Mate in two!" he said.

The nabob scanned the board, and nodded.

"The matefulness is terrific!" he said. "I am beatfully licked, my esteemed Wharton!"

"Look out for squalls!" said the Bouncer. "Here comes Wingate!"

Wingate of the Sixth stepped into the Rag.

"Wharton here?" he called out.

"Here!" answered Harry, rising from the chess-table.

The captain of Greyfriars eyed him curiously.

"The Head has sent me for you, Wharton. It seems that you refused to

follow Monsieur Charpentier to his study when told to do so."

"Quite!" assented Harry.

"Oh! Then it's not some misunderstanding?"

"Not at all."

"Well, you're a young ass," said the Sixth-Former. "What do you mean by it?"

"I mean that I'm fed-up with the little beast!"

Wingate stared at him.

"Are you speaking of Monsieur Charpentier, Wharton?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd better pick your words a bit more carefully," said Wingate gruffly. "Follow me!"

"Certainly!"

The captain of the Remove followed Wingate, and there was a rush of the juniors to the passage to stare after them. Excitement was at fever-heat in the Rag now. Billy Bunter scudded down the passages, and came back with the news that Wharton had been taken into the Head's study, and that Mossoo was there.

"After pride comes a fall!" remarked Skinner, with a grin. "His Lofty Magnificence is going through it now!"

"Shut up, you worm!" growled Bob Cherry.

The Co. waited with anxiety; the other fellows with deep interest, for Wharton's return. Fry of the Fourth came into the Rag, and announced that an execution was going on in the Head's study. Fry had heard the whacking of the Head's cane.

"Rotten!" muttered Bob glumly.

"I say, you fellows, here he is!"

Harry Wharton appeared in the corridor. His comrades joined him at once.

His face was white and set. Only too obviously the captain of the Remove had been "through" it. Frank Nugent slipped his arm through Wharton's and led him away to the stairs. In silence they went up to the Remove passage, and into Study No. 1.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and the nabob lingered there for a moment.

"Rotten, old man!" said Bob.

"The rottenfulness is terrific!"

"Bother the little beast!" said Johnny Bull.

Wharton nodded, and smiled faintly, and the three juniors went on, and left him with his study-mate. The captain of the Remove leaned on the wall.

"Had it bad?" said Nugent.

"Very!"

"The Head really couldn't help himself, old chap, after what Mossoo must have reported to him."

"I know. I don't blame the Head."

There was a long silence. Wharton's face quivered, as a twinge went through him. He set his teeth.

"I fancy Mossoo will be rather sorry, too, when he gets over his temper," said Frank.

"He will be, if I can make him so!" said Wharton. "I'm going to do my best to make him sorry. My very best!"

Nugent said no more. Wharton's face was hard and implacable, and it was only too clear that there was more trouble in store—for the French master, or for the captain of the Remove—or both.

THE END.

(And more trouble there is, my chums! Once Wharton gets the bit between his teeth, as it were, there's no stopping him. Mind you read the excellent sequel to this story next week, entitled: "Harry Wharton's Feud!" It's a winner all the way.)

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(Introduction on page 24.)

A Bid for Freedom!

LOCKE and Drake crawled back across the roof, and then jumped off on to the hillside, while Hosking, Langley, and Blayne, as they now knew the men to be, came tearing through the doorway and round the buildings.

The rough dwelling was built to within a foot of the hewn lava-rock, and the men peered into this space between wall and rock. Then they searched the sheds.

"We'll have to get back to the end of the gorge, sir," whispered Jack Drake. "I take it we must make straight tracks for Angholdt Fjord again, to warn Proctor to get out of it. He could be bottled up there easily by Hosking & Co."

"That must be our first consideration, Drake," replied Locke calmly. "Now, my boy, I think we shall have to run."

"They've thought of the roof, sir," said Jack swiftly. "They're shouting about it even now. They're running down the gorge."

"Quick, lad! Best foot foremost! Once past the end of the gorge we keep the Pole Star on our left. We have three big valleys to cross, then we come to our own fjord. Ah, down, my boy, and lie quiet behind this boulder!"

Locke sank down beside Jack Drake, and the pair crouched silently in the pitchy darkness under the curve of the boulder. The crashing of footsteps grew louder and louder; now came the sound of a pony's hoofs on the stony ground.

A stentorian bellow sounded out. "Hallo, there! What's all the running for?"

"It's Stromsund!"

"Things are going wrong, chief!"

"We're looking for spies. They'll maybe be spying round the gorge meeting-place at the moment."

"What spies?" The voice of Stromsund rasped like a coarse file on cast steel.

"Ferrers Locke an' his assistant, sir,"

gasped the big man who had escaped from the Stormcock. "Langley clashed wi' a big Icelandman on the Dogger—the sister ship to the one ye bought for Hosking. Called the Stormcock."

"I know that, fool! Carr's agent bought her. But—but—"

"It's like this, chief," broke in Langley. "You bought the Trumpeter for Hosking, an' Carr got hold o' the Stormcock, so's he'd have a boat o' power like the Phantom they be all so scared of. Well, it appears Ferrers Locke is on the job. And old Blazes Proctor is skipperin' the Stormcock. I spotted her to the nor'ard o' the Dogger a night or two ago, and thought she was the Trumpeter. I hailed her—"

"Fool!"

"Wait a bit, chief! While we were parleyin' the wireless message from the Trumpeter came through saying as the Stormcock had been bought by Carr an' was out wi' the fleet. So I knew what I was up against. I tried to ram the Stormcock. But Proctor slowed her round, an' it was a glancin' blow. Didn't do any damage to speak of. Just dented the Stormcock's side."

"We boarded, meanin' to capture the Stormcock; for we were five to their one. But that darned detective in the fight threw loose our starn grapple-hook, and his cub o' an assistant signalled the Stormcock's engines full ahead. The other grapple-chain snapped—"

"By Heaven, you bungler—"

"Wait a minute, chief! There was a big bust-up, I can tell ye, an' all my men but one—Blayne here—got away from the Stormcock. Blayne was kept prisoner. Now he tells me as the Stormcock scotched me up to the Westaman Isles. Proctor was usin' smokeless coal. So how could I dream as he was in my wake? Blayne escaped from the Stormcock, at present in Angholdt Fjord. He says as Locke and his assistant left the boat this mornin'—and it's for them we're searchin' now—"

"Langley, get back to the trawlers!" barked Stromsund. "Command 'em

both, and blockade Proctor in Angholdt Fjord. Take my pony and foot it smartly. You, Hosking and Blayne, spread out, and we'll search every hidey hole in this infernal gorge."

The pony's hoofs clattered away, the sound growing fainter and fainter; and the three men left spread out, searching behind every rock in the vicinity.

"Are you armed, Hosking?" called out Stromsund.

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned Hosking, away to the left.

"Good! Don't have any scruples about shooting! There's no one to question here—"

Jack Drake felt Ferrers Locke stirring as the pair crouched behind the boulder. The detective's hand had gone to his hip pocket, and it came out again, with the blue glint of an automatic pistol accompanying it.

"They're bound to find us, Drake!" whispered the Baker Street detective. "At my word of command leap forward with me. As far as I can see, we'll have to fight our way through. If we both get out, well and good. If only one of us, that person must make speedy tracks for Angholdt Fjord to warn Proctor."

"They're closing in on us here, sir!"

"Steady, then, my boy! Now, don't forget—once free, the Pole Star on our left takes us in the direction of the fjord. Here they come. Now to take them by surprise. Ready! Then right into the middle of them, lad! Now!"

Trapped!

GRIPPING his automatic pistol in his right hand, Ferrers Locke leapt forward, Jack Drake beside him.

Stromsund, Hosking, and Blayne, searching for them, had closed in a trifle, now being about five yards apart. Jack and Locke spread out, so that the whirl of their rush would startle all three men, and possibly keep Stromsund or Hosking from firing.

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That was the great danger—Stromsund or Scar Hosking instantly raising their weapons, instead of starting back in alarm. Thus the element of surprise was what Locke and his young assistant relied on to get them clear. And so swiftly they rushed, so suddenly they shouted, that they were past almost before their would-be assailants knew what was happening.

But the check was only momentary. With savage shouts the men swung round; a rapier of flame stabbed into the darkness, followed instantly by the crash of a pistol-shot. A bullet whistled past Jack's ear, but the uncertain light had spoilt Hosking's aim. The next instant, further to the detective's advantage, the man Langley had called Blayne charged like a bull straight at him.

Jack swished an upper-cut at the man as he came by, the blow catching him below the ear. He staggered, but his hands were round Ferrers Locke's waist, and there he hung on, yelling lustily to his comrades to rush in and aid in securing the detective.

Hosking and Stromsund were now afraid to fire, for fear of hitting Blayne. But their holding back was only momentary. And Locke's keen brain was alive to the fact that, after the first wave of reluctance to fire, the two villains would put aside all fear of the danger of hurting their own man, and do their best to bring himself and Drake down.

"Keep near—close!" cried Ferrers Locke to Drake.

And Jack pressed in.

Blayne, single-handed, could have done nothing with Locke. In matter of brute strength Blayne could have bested the Baker Street detective at any time. But, beside a sinewy toughness, Ferrers Locke had great skill on his side. He knew where to grip, press, and so paralyse his opponent. This he did now, forcing his thumb against the jugular vein of the huge man who was hugging him in a terrible bear-grasp.

Blayne's grip loosened. And Jack Drake, just as he saw the dark form of Stromsund close by, weapon raised preparatory to firing, felt a rush of air across his face, and saw a great, dark, hurtling mass leave the detective, then heard Stromsund's wild yell as Blayne's body met his with a thump.

The revolver-shot crashed out. But the flame spat high into the air, and the bullet sped harmlessly into space.

Next instant Ferrers Locke had leapt at Stromsund's throat, his automatic flying from the end of its lanyard, which the detective had slipped round his neck.

Jack closed in, too. Locke's idea was clear to him. For, with Stromsund mixed up in the melee, Hosking would be in deadly fear of the consequences of using his own weapon.

"Drake, slip off!" snapped Locke, as Stromsund went down to the ground under the detective's attack. "Into the dark—quick! I'll shoot, if necessary."

Jack was reluctant to go. But he would not disobey Locke's order. He leapt for space, pausing only to crash his fist on the point of Blayne's jaw, as the man, groggily uncertain of his movements, rose to his feet close by.

A shout from Hosking sounded. And Jack heard the clumping of the man's boots as he gave chase. But the boy felt confident of his own speed. The ground was smooth, and his feet, unencumbered by boots, flew over the turf.

He ran with the speed of a deer. Well, would he have liked to stay by Locke's side at that moment of peril. But well he knew, too, that he, unarmed as he was, would only be an encumbrance to the detective. His job was clear—to get

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free, make the fjord, and warn Proctor out of the narrow inlet, so that the Stormcock would not be trapped by Stromsund's vessels from the next fjord on towards Reykjavik.

The sky was paling in the east. The short Icelandic night was drawing to a close. The Great Bear rode high in the heavens, and Jack glanced up at the "pointers," or the two stars of this constellation which indicate the Pole Star.

He saw the Pole Star shining steadily, and he kept it over his left shoulder. Hosking was still pursuing, and Jack dropped down to a trot, to enable Hosking to get a glimpse of him as he topped the crest of the hill he was approaching. He would borrow an idea from the wild plover, which feigns injury to decoy an intruder away from the nest. If he could keep Hosking in chase for a bit longer, Ferrers Locke's chances of winning clear would be doubled.

Limping, and proceeding slowly, Jack topped the crest. Hosking saw him against the greying sky, and Jack heard him shout in triumph. The man's crashing footsteps quickened, and Jack grinned to himself. He would decoy him away—just keeping out of pistol-range.

The heavy reports of a revolver sounded away back near the gorge, and Jack winced. Stromsund was firing. But the vicious crack of Locke's automatic followed, and put heart into the boy. Locke was evidently holding Stromsund in a gun-fight.

Now was the time to speed up, or

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

FERRERS LOCKE, the wizard detective of Baker Street, and

JACK DRAKE, his live-wire assistant, have been 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 Icelandman which, by reason of its mysterious comings and goings, is dubbed the Phantom.

BLAIZE PROCTOR, admiral of the fleet and skipper of the North Star, known to his associates as "Blazes."

Aboard the North Star, Locke and Drake, accompanied by an able-bodied crew, set sail to track down the mysterious Phantom. As is customary, the Phantom makes its appearance, but Locke can detect nothing aboard her to give him a clue as to her identity. Scarcely has the Phantom passed, however, when the trawler-net of the North Star is found to contain a live mine. A terrific explosion ensues, and the North Star, partly disabled, hobbles back to port.

Having convinced himself that the mate of the trawler, *SCAR HOSKING*, is a traitor, Locke decides that the best way to round up the Phantom is to set another Phantom on its track. Accordingly, Carr buys an Icelandman—the Stormcock—for the purpose. 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. The Stormcock and the Trumpeter come into conflict shortly afterwards. Drake's strategy, however, saves the situation, and the Stormcock makes its get-away with one prisoner. The Phantom reappears, but the Stormcock, this time aided by smokeless fuel, tracks it to its lair—Iceland.

Ferrers Locke and Drake land, after which they shadow Hosking and another confederate to their shack. The detective and his assistant are crouched on the roof listening when, to their amazement, the man whom they supposed to be a prisoner aboard the Stormcock suddenly makes his appearance, and warns Hosking of their presence.

"Outside, then," bellows Hosking, "and search round the shack! They may be spying on us even now!"

(Now read on.)

Hosking would begin with his own weapon. Jack could hear that the man had drawn much closer. But his feet were labouring heavily now. He was evidently becoming tired.

Like a young roe suddenly scenting danger, Jack shot forward at his best speed. He peered into the darkness ahead, searching the ground for good surface. He saw a darker mass right in his path, and a swift exclamation of alarm escaped his lips. It was some sort of a ditch, almost closed at the top by rank grass growth.

The impetus of his rush was too great to enable him to pull himself up. So, unable to stop in time, he gave his limbs fair play and leapt, chancing what lay beyond the grass-choked gully.

The keen night air sang past the lad's ears as he sailed high into the air and then downwards. The hot blood pulsed in his veins, and his heart pounded at the madness of his rush. Yet he could not help himself; and, such being the case, he felt a wild sort of joy in his recklessness.

Thud!

His stockinged fet thumped on to hard ground, and the jar of it made him crumple up, to go down on his knees, then flat on his face, his hands outflung to break the force of his fall.

Much shaken, but otherwise unhurt, Jack rose to his feet, calmly, and looked at the obstacle which he had cleared so magnificently. It was indeed a ditch, and a fairly deep one; but the grass about the lip of it made it hardly discernible till quite close up.

Hosking was still crashing on down the slope. He, too, would come to the ditch! Jack grinned as he moved away into the darkness, then turned to watch.

The man could never clear that ditch in a leap. He would try to draw back, would stumble and sway on the lip. Probably he would fall in. He might not come to any serious injury, but it would surely knock the breath from his body.

Even as Jack thought of all this he heard Scar Hosking's feet halt dead. Then he heard a sharp exclamation of alarm, followed by a curse, then the sound of scraping and gasping, terminating in a dull thud.

Though Jack strained his ears no sound came. Hosking might have broken his neck in that fall. But Jack could not think of jeopardising his own life, Locke's, and possibly those of many people on the Stormcock, by going back to see. So, glancing at the Pole Star again, he sped off, keeping the star on his left.

The pace he led at first was killing. But he dropped down to a trot after the first valley, for now he knew he was out of view from the gorge. Daylight was strengthening slowly, and the rugged country was beginning to broaden under his gaze.

Rugged, barren country it was. Lava rocks reared their greyness here and there, and the beds of the valleys were rocky and innocent of any greenstuff.

The second valley was passed, and the Pole Star dimmed in the sky, rapidly faded in the strengthening light.

Keeping to the trot, at which pace Jack knew he could travel for hours, the boy pressed on towards the red rim of the sun as it peeped up behind the hills. And by the time the sun was well up from the hill-tops, indicating about seven o'clock in the morning, Argholdt Fjord burst on the lad's view, almost startling in the unexpectedness of its proximity.

The Stormcock, steam wreathing from her safety-valve, thus denoting that Proctor, a wise skipper, had kept a full

head of steam up in case of emergency, rode peacefully to her anchor.

Jack, almost exhausted after his long journey, halted and waved his arms frantically from the crest of the hill on which he stood. A wave was returned from the trawler's deck, and two men jumped into the boat lopping quietly at the trawler's quarter.

The young assistant was about to push on down the hill when he saw signs of fresh excitement on the trawler. The boat which had started for the shore was putting back. Skipper Proctor, on the bridge, was waving his arms, semaphore fashion, then pointing to the westward.

Puzzled, Jack Drake looked over. And there, on the next hill to the west he saw a man, running towards the fjord and waving his arm. There was no mistaking the slim figure of Ferrers Locke. And, by his movements, he was evidently being closely pursued. Even at that distance, Jack could see that Locke was nearing exhaustion.

Turning on the instant, Jack sped away towards the next hill, to be ready to assist his chief in any way necessary. Locke was very distant, and, as Jack mounted to higher ground he saw the pursuers—three men, Stromsund, Hosking, and Blayne.

Stromsund halted, leaving the chase to Hosking and Blayne. Jack saw the man semaphoring towards the sea, and his eyes shot a glance in that direction. Then he caught his breath as he put the last ounce of his strength in his efforts to gain Locke's side.

"Gosh!" he gasped, as he sped on. "We're trapped—trapped!"

For, steaming rapidly along, by the coast towards the entrance to Angholdt Fjord were two big, powerful Iceland trawlers—the Trumpeter and the Phantom, for sure!

A Dash For Liberty!

THE boat which had been manned to pick up Jack was now once more alongside the trawler. And four additional men jumped into her, another pair of oars was thrust out, and off for the shore she came, her forefoot foaming and the oar-blades lashing madly at the water in a frantic stroke for speed.

If the Stormcock's men could get up the hill in time Locke could be saved yet. But the approaching trawlers were a fresh danger! They could blockade the entrance to Angholdt Fjord, and be certain of capturing the Stormcock if she tried to make a dash for liberty.

"By Jupiter, it looks as if the case ends here!" gasped Jack Drake to himself as he sped onwards towards Locke. "We're hemmed in on all sides. By Jove, Stromsund's trawlers are lying to! What's the stunt?"

A boatload of men had put away from one of the big trawlers lying to off the coast. In a few minutes they were swarming up the hill towards the point where Blayne and Hosking would close in on the detective.

Locke was labouring steadily; but Jack could see that he had had about enough, for Locke had suddenly turned, and was waiting for his pursuers.

"He's going to stop and fight for it!" muttered Drake. "Gosh, I just wish I could fly! And those men from the Phantom and Trumpeter, too! He's got no chance!"

It was indeed so. Locke had at last become aware of the newcomers from the trawlers closing in on him. His capture seemed certain—was certain. He might delay it a little. But one against six or seven men is long odds. Drake's head throbbed painfully as

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he endeavoured to quicken his pace. As in a red mist he saw the detective closing with his men, saw the extra men swarm round, saw his chief swung high above them as two big fellows lifted him by the waist.

The youngster halted, and, the mechanical movement of his limbs ceasing, his legs lost all power. He crumpled up on the ground, and, sitting thus, breathing painfully deep down into his stomach, he watched his employer.

"He's waving!" gasped the young assistant to himself. "He's waving to us all to get back to the Stormcock. Best, too, to get out of that death-trap of a fjord. If we keep free, we might stand a chance of getting him. Not else—"

By a great effort of will Jack Drake forced his legs to support his body, and, with the last of his strength he staggered down towards the men of the Stormcock who came crashing along towards him.

"No good!" he gasped. "They've taken the chief. They've got him down almost to the boat now—"

"By thunder, look at them two steamers!" roared one of the men, noticing the two powerful Iceland trawlers for the first time. "They be takin' the 'tee out to them!"

"Back to the Stormcock!" cried Drake weakly. "Two of you help me along. We must run! Those steamers are the Trumpeter and the Phantom, and they mean to bottle up the Stormcock in Angholdt Fjord—"

"Back, lads, quick as ye can! Harry and Syd, help this 'ere plucked 'un along wi' ye. Old Blazes don't know as the other trawlers are makin' for the entrance!"

It was Tom Harper who spoke, and Jack was gripped by strong hands and assisted to the boat.

"It'll be out by the skin o' our teeth at best, mates!"

"We'll never do it! They've got Mr.

Locke in the boat now! It'll take the Stormcock fifteen minutes to raise her anchor. We've twenty-five fathom o' chain out!"

"Tom, semaphore to the skipper to get the anchor up and make out. It'll be minutes well spent. The Stormcock'll be pointin' for the open sea by the time our boat reaches it. An' we can tail on an' board her while she's steamin'."

"Ay, ay! Halt all!"

The deck-hand got busy with his signalling, and his message was immediately interpreted as needing instant obedience. The anchor-winch steamed and rattled almost before Harper had finished signalling, and Jack saw Skipper Proctor stumping about on the bridge, bellowing orders through cupped hands, getting a hand to the wheel and signalling for the engines to work slow ahead to enable the trawler to override her anchor so that the chain could be rattled in with greater speed.

When Jack and the others were in the middle of the fjord in the boat, the Stormcock, with a bone in her teeth, as sailors call the white foam at a boat's forefoot, came blustering along towards them.

"Harry, stand by to catch the line! Come aft, all you not at the oars!" Tom Harper snapped his orders out, and they were obeyed instantly. "Now then, you, give way, an' get the boat pointin' same way as the trawler, else we'll be capsized when we feel the jerk. Steady there, Harry! Don't muff catchin' that there line, an' take a turn wi' it through the painter-ring as them on the Stormcock gives ye slack. They'll deaden the jerk, too, round a bollard. But hold tight all—"

Whiz!

The Stormcock thundered by, and the rope snaked out from its coil, thrown true. Harry, standing in the bows,

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caught the rope and swiftly passed it through the painter-ring.

"Keep low—an' to sta'board!" yelled Harper.

Jack felt the boat jerked with tremendous power. The men were jostled one against the other, and the boat heeled over on her port side as she was suddenly plucked to quick way by the trawler.

Spray hissed over its occupants; but the boat remained right side up, and roared along in the white wake of the steamer.

The towing-rope was handed in carefully, and soon the nose of the boat was lifted up close to the quarter of the trawler.

The men scrambled aboard, bundling Jack up with them.

"What's to do?" demanded Proctor, his big, bleak face confronting Jack the moment the lad's feet were on the steel deck of the trawler. "Chief taken out in a boat, is it? We'll get him again, boy, never fear! I'll—"

"It's not that, skipper!" gasped Jack. "The Phantom and the Trumpeter are just outside the fjord—or making close up to it by now, anyway. They mean to bottle us up—"

"By hokey—" began Skipper Proctor, crashing his fist on the rail. Then he seemed to freeze as he looked forward at the fjord entrance, beyond which lay the wide sea.

For beyond the headland the nose and high turtle deck of one of Stromsund's trawlers came to view, crashing along in a smother of foam, and slewing round to manoeuvre for position to intercept the Stormcock in her dash for liberty.

The Fight For Freedom!

SKIPPER PROCTOR, asking no more questions at the moment, had a word with Mac, the engineer. He spoke down the speaking-tube in the wheelhouse, and Jack Drake stood beside him, still panting after his terrific exertions.

"Every ounce o' power ye can give her!" ordered Proctor. "And stand you by with your ear close to the tube. I'll maybe want ye to reverse suddenly or stop. And be mighty quick wi' the throttle, Mac! We're trying to dodge the Trumpeter an' the Phantom!"

The distance between the Stormcock and the other two trawlers—for both Stromsund's steamers were now jockeying about for best position at the entrance—stern on—grew rapidly less.

Skipper Proctor stood, with legs astride, in the little wheelhouse, jaw set, and eyes glinting. He was thinking, and, much as Jack wanted particulars of the escape of Blayne, the boy deemed it best to leave the skipper alone till they were clear, if clear they could get.

"Is your chief on one o' them trawlers?" asked Proctor at last, without altering his position.

"Yes," replied Drake; "but which one I cannot say."

"Pity, that. Well, I reckon we'd better try to get clear. Rescue later—eh?"

"Certainly!" cut in the youngster. "Rescue will be out of the question if we don't get clear, that's a sure thing. Do you think they mean to ram us?"

"No, no! They intend to speed up when we get near, and close in on either side of us as we make a dash for it. Then they'll grapple, like the Phantom did on the Dogger. It'll be ten to one this time—"

"If they get the hooks to grip?" broke in Jack.

Proctor nodded.

"That's our stunt, young sir," he said. "I've been thinking it out. We must get our men lining our bulwarks, an' their job will be to throw off any grapple-hook that comes aboard before the chains can tauten and the hook grips on something. It'll be hot work; and then, even, we're dependent on the Stormcock being just a wee bit faster than the others. Otherwise, we're done!"

"I'll go and tell the men, and get them in position," said Jack Drake. And Proctor nodded approvingly.

The young assistant wasted no time in telling the men of the scheme. He put in a word or two of advice on his own, too.

"Stand by, and be like lightning if you see a grappling-iron come aboard," he said. "Throw it overboard, and they'll waste precious seconds hauling it in again for another cast. And keep your heads below the bulwarks. I expect they'll have firearms, and use 'em."

The men seemed keen as mustard on the struggle, though one or two were showing signs of nervousness. Tom Harper, however, put the right spirit into the men by laughing loudly, and rubbing his hands in anticipation of some hot and exciting work.

Jack moved aft, and stood near the boat, which had been hauled up on to its chocks again. The men disposed themselves along the sides of the trawler, and crouched down, like soldiers in a trench, waiting for an attack that was imminent. And they all had that feeling. Skipper Proctor was directing the man at the wheel by raising first one hand, then the other, and twitching his fingers.

They were very close to the trawlers ahead now.

Suddenly Proctor snapped out a word or two down the engine-room speaking-tube, then ordered the helm hard a-starboard.

The Stormcock, listing with the suddenness of the turn, swerved away to port. And the two waiting trawlers ahead altered course, too, and began to speed up. Jack saw Stromsund himself in the wheelhouse of the trawler to port.

The entrance was so narrow, and the rock dangers on either side so far outlying, that Proctor had no room to manoeuvre. So, making a bold bid for it, he straightened course again, and drove the Stormcock at highest speed dead in between the two opposing trawlers.

Shouts sounded out from the decks. Men bobbed up from behind bulwarks. Iron hooks were hurled in the air, and came sailing over, falling with a clang on to the Stormcock's deck.

The men were ready, and, fast as hooks came aboard, back they went.

Two revolver-shots crashed out from the bridge of Stromsund's boat, the Trumpeter, shattering another glass in the Stormcock's wheelhouse.

Jack gasped, as he looked anxiously to the bridge. But Proctor was unhurt. The old skipper, however, ducked down below the teak work beneath the panes, to be out of sight in case of future shots. The man at the wheel, too, deemed it best to be out of sight.

The Stormcock was now dead between Stromsund's trawlers, and grappling-irons came aboard aft now. The men beside Drake, however, quickly got rid of them. One iron caught amidships, and the chain attached to it tautened

before the man near by could get a grip. Though he tugged desperately, it could not be freed. The Stormcock, however, just at that second, rolled to starboard, and the one prong of the hook that was holding straightened out, lost hold, and fell into the water.

"By hokey, we'll get clear!" gasped a man close to Jack Drake, just after ridding the Stormcock of the third hook that came aboard over the quarter.

"If we're quicker than them, mate," doubted another man. "But I reckon we've all got about the same turn o' speed."

Jack Drake crouched low, his eyes suddenly gleaming. He had seen a coil of steel wire rope lying on the deck close by. The coil was seized, or kept packed tightly by pieces of hemp.

The boy took out his knife and cut all the ties of hemp but one. The springy wire sprang looser; but the remaining seizing held it.

"Give me a hand, you!" gasped Jack, as he tugged at the heavy coil.

"What's on, mate?" asked the man, heaving as he spoke.

"Let's heave this over under the Trumpeter's quarter," gasped Jack. "But first cut half-way through the last seizing I've left. The coil will burst that seizing as we heave it clear. We must throw it so that it will foul the Trumpeter's propeller. This springy stuff will play old Harry with the Trumpeter's screw!"

"By thunder, that's a brainy notion, mate! Here you are. Ready, steady—heave!"

Over went the coil, Jack hanging on to the loose end. As the end felt the strain, the seizing snapped, and Jack and the deck-hand saw the wire rope spring out in hundreds of loops in the water.

Throwing over the loose end, Jack and the hand crouched down. That their ruse had worked was soon apparent from the shouts of rage on the Trumpeter. The vessel dropped rapidly astern, and those defending the port side could now leap over to starboard to help to beat off the men attempting to board there. For the Phantom had managed to grapple, and hold.

A furious fight raged for some minutes, and three men got busy with axes, trying to hack through the holding chains. Two were cut adrift, and Skipper Proctor, noticing that only one was now left, swerved the Stormcock to port.

The chain snapped, and the Stormcock was free. Tom Harper was struggling desperately with a man at the rigging, where the big dan-buoy was lashed. Jack Drake, as he ducked to miss the spatter of revolver-shots that came aboard from the Phantom, saw Harper's great mutton fist lash out and catch the invader on the point of the jaw.

Down fell the man, head thrown back to meet the churning water with a big splash.

The Stormcock raced on, leaving the Phantom to rescue its own man. And the delay to the Phantom enabled Proctor to put a distance of two hundred yards between him and his pursuer.

The Trumpeter was rolling helplessly a long way astern, with her foul propeller a helpless tangle, and Stromsund storming about on the bridge like a madman.

The men of the Stormcock were now laughing and talking excitedly, and, in one or two cases binding up cuts on faces and hands. Jack, his shoeless feet



Jack Drake felt a rush of air across his face and saw a great, dark, hurtling mass leave Ferrers Locke's arms. Then he heard Stromsund's wild yell as Blayne's body met his with a thump. The revolver shot crashed out, but the flame spat high in the air. (See page 24.)

painful and swollen, limped towards the bridge, and mounted to the wheelhouse.

Skipper Proctor met him, his face like the setting sun, and, to Jack's surprise, clapped a great hand heavily on his shoulder, and began shaking him by the hand till Jack thought his arm would be worked out of its socket by the force of it.

"Well done, young sir!" roared Proctor. "We've diddled 'em! But we wouldn't have if the Trumpeter hadn't been disabled. By thunder, that was a good move, my lad! We've won, by the great Harry—"

"Steady on, skipper," laughed Jack Drake. "We haven't won yet. The gov'nor's still aboard one of those boats!"

Proctor's face fell.

"Ay, ay, too true!" he said. "Well, in matters o' seamanship, I claim to be boss. Now we're clear o' them blackguards; I'm at a loss as to what to do. The Phantom's our match in speed. But if she gives up the chase, I'll look to you for orders."

"If she chases, our own course is simple," replied Jack. "We run away. We can't put our handful of men against the Phantom's numerous crew. In fact, skipper, if she doesn't chase, I'll be disappointed."

"Well, I can slow down a wee bit if

we've got the advantage in speed, and keep her thinking she can take us."

"I think you'd better do that, skipper," replied Jack Drake, wrinkling his brow in thought. "And head for the Dogger. We must man the Stormcock with a fighting force by taking, say, one hand from each of a number of the Carr fleet. Then we could try a bit of grappling, too. If we could capture the Phantom, I have an idea we could turn the tables nicely on those villains."

"Right you are!" replied Proctor heartily. "It's something to work on." The old skipper stared astern through narrowed eyes at the chasing Phantom. "I'm thinking we'll not have to do any slowing down," he continued. "Looks to me as if that there Phantom has got the heels of us. If she has, we be not clear o' the trouble yet!"

Collision!

HOW did Blayne escape, skipper?" asked Jack Drake, as he sat opposite Proctor in the little state-room, a good meal having been brought in and put before them.

The Stormcock had been pulsing her way south-eastward at her best speed, the Phantom gradually lessening the distance between them. But a big sea

was making, and Skipper Proctor was pleased to see it.

"It'll prevent any further grappling business," he had said.

The trawler pitched and heaved as she breasted her way onwards. The gim-balled lamp against the bulkhead seemed to twist and oscillate to the motion; but in reality, of course, it was steady. It was the trawler that was twisting and dipping.

"Well, it's a thing I'm not lookin' forward to discussin' wi' your chief," replied Proctor glumly. "Tenderhearted-like, he was allowed out on deck to take the air, us not dreamin' o' his havin' any chance to escape. The boat was loppin' astern. What did he do but grab an axe, smash in a plank o' the dinghy, jump into the boat, cast off, and row ashore, laughing at us! I tell 'e, we had something to say about it. We got a tingle on the damaged plank in the dinghy; but it was an hour afore we could launch her, an' then he was gone who knows where—"

"I know! He went to a rendezvous in a gorge, and gave Langley—that's the name of the skipper of the Phantom—and Hosking the tip you were in Ang-holdt Fjord—"

"The de'il he did! I might have known it! Fool that I be—"

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"In dealing with criminals, skipper, you must think of all possibilities," said Drake. "The gov'nor left orders for him to be bound—"

Skipper Proctor groaned; and Jack felt that it was not becoming in him, a boy, to chide a grown man like Proctor. He was about to change the subject, intending to leave the matter for Locke's attention, if ever they could rescue him, when a timely interruption came.

The wireless operator, his face puzzled, entered the state-room, following his knock.

"Well, what is it, Marconi?" asked Proctor.

"Message, skipper," said the wireless man. "Just picked it up. But I can't translate it. It looks like Icelandic tongue, so I thought it might be important."

"I reckon this is a job for your department," said Proctor, handing the message-form to Jack Drake.

"Is it in Icelandic?" asked the operator.

"No; Danish is spoken in Iceland," replied Drake. But when he looked at the message he could understand the operator's mistake, for this is what he read—or, rather, saw:

INGYK OL RUYK CUXQ UT
JUMMKX ENDS

The youngster frowned over the paper for a second or two.

"It's a message in a private code, for sure," he said. "Leave it to me, will you? The gov'nor took a good deal of pains in training me in decoding. I'll see if I can manage it."

The wireless operator hurried away.

Skipper Proctor looked at the message.

"I'd back my chances o' gettin' to the North Pole rather than my chances o' translatin' that," he said. "Ye'll never do it."

"It may be quite simple," replied Drake. "Let's feed first, anyway. I'm famished. Then I'll tackle this message, and then sleep. I'm dog-tired."

Jack Drake and the skipper made a hearty meal, after which the former got busy with the message, his eyes heavy and tired, while Proctor went on deck to see how the chase was going on.

After two hours' hard work Drake discovered the key letter. It was G. G represented A; the alphabet, in fact, for the purpose of the code, starting at G. With this discovery it was not long before Jack had decoded the curious-looking words of the message to:

CHASE IF LOSE WORK ON
DOGGER ENDS

Dragging himself wearily to his feet, Ferrers Locke's assistant went on deck. It was high noon, but flying leaden-coloured clouds obscured the sun. A heavy, rolling sea met his gaze, with the Phantom pitching and lunging in chase close astern.

The youngster mounted to the spray-wetted wheelhouse.

"She's gainin'," said Proctor. "But it's makin' for heavy weather, and I'm hoping that'll be an advantage to us. We might be speedier than her in a very heavy sea."

"Well, if we are," replied Jack wearily, "get ahead as much as you can. There's the message. You see, the Phantom has instructions to get to work again on the Dogger, even if she loses us."

(But the thought of flight was not the only thing that worried Drake. What had happened to his chief? Look out for some startling developments in next week's thrilling instalment, chums!)



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