

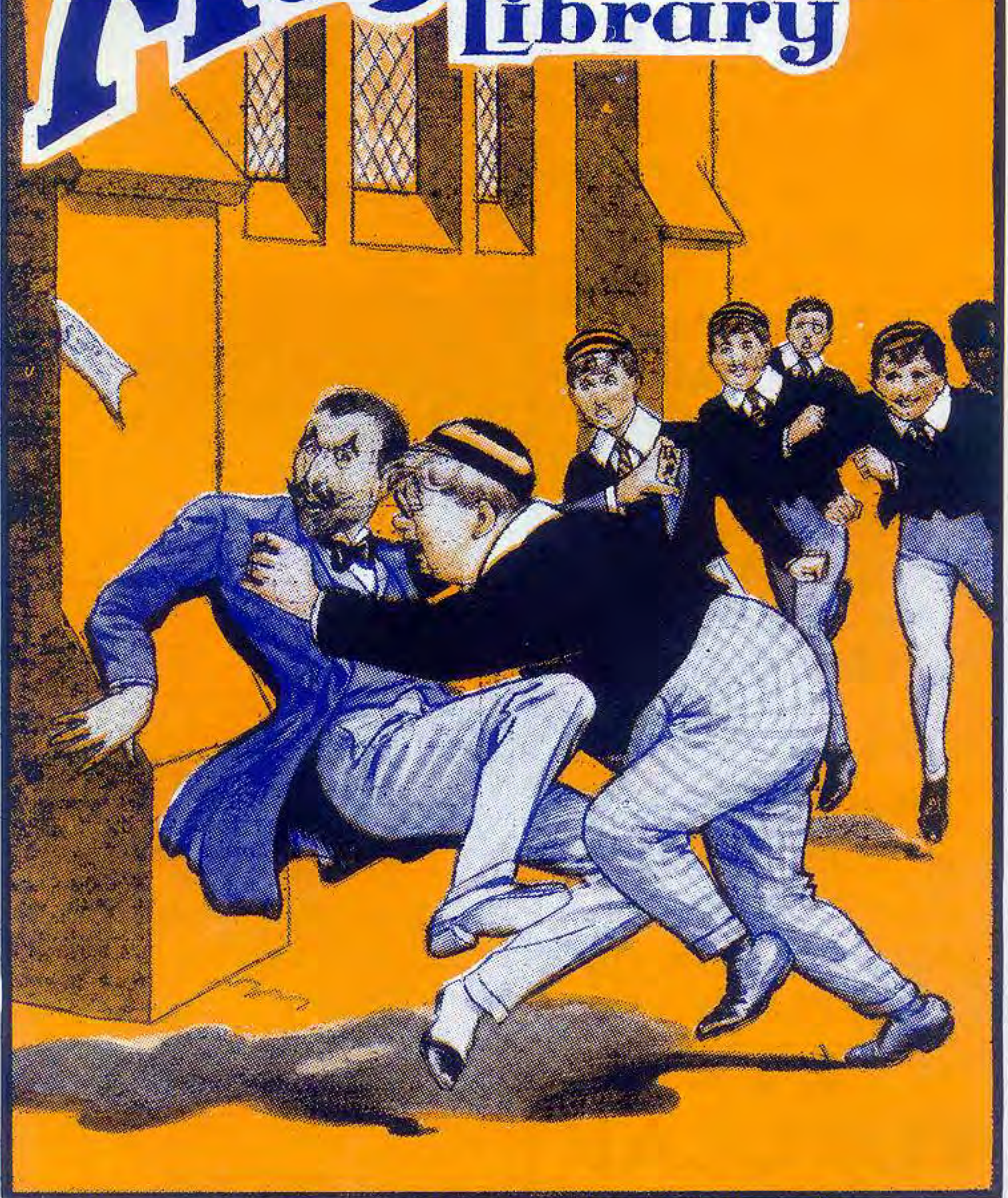
SIGNED ARTICLE BY JACK HOBBS—Inside!
Read the New Cricket Supplement—starts this week!

No. 951. Vol. XXIX. Week Ending May 1st, 1926.

The Magnet 2^d

EVERY MONDAY

Library



BILLY BUNTER HAS NO EYES FOR MOSSOO!
(An unfortunate encounter described in this week's magnificent school yarn—'Harry Wharton's Feud!')

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THE NEW SUPPLEMENT!

MAGNETITES have before them the first issue of the Cricket Supplement, and I wager that it will please them. For Harry Wharton to secure the services of such redoubtable exponents of the willow as Jack Hobbs of Surrey and Philip Mead of Hampshire is a good beginning, and augurs well for the quality of the supplements to follow. "Paul Pry," too, the travelling correspondent, seems to get his "nose" into some interesting quarters, and his cheery articles will be well worth following. And let me whisper it, Maurice Tate, the famous Sussex and England bowler, gives us a fine article in next week's Supplement. I'll ring off at this stage. My chums will see for themselves what a success the Cricket Supplement is going to make, and will, of a certainty, put their pals on to this "good thing."

STUDY No. 8!

A query reaches me from a "MAGNET Enthusiast" concerning Study No. 8 in the Remove passage and its inhabitants. In this case there is only one "inhabitant," namely, Smith minor—a little-known character in the Greyfriars stories. Study No. 8, too, is a very small apartment, and that is why Robert Smith has the place to himself. Perhaps Mr. Richards will bring this lonely Greyfriars fellow into a story one of these fine days, and it would be only fitting for Smith minor to have the story all to himself, as it were. We'll see! Many thanks for your cheery letter, "MAGNET Enthusiast," and please don't think you have to apologise for not enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. Always pleased to hear from you.

MAGNET "PARS"!

In this issue of your favourite paper will be found the result of "Pars" Competition No. 5. The prizewinners have been forwarded the Topping Table Football Games, of which there are still some left. Now, you chaps, just jot down on a piece of paper, or a postcard will do, any interesting incident which you have witnessed on the footer field, or of which you have heard off the footer field. Pars should not be longer than three hundred words. To the senders of the best twenty efforts I will award the Twenty Table Football Games offered this week. All attempts must be addressed: "MAGNET 'Pars' No. 9," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. Now get busy, boys, for these games are really the goods!

For Next Monday.

"THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!"

By Frank Richards.

That's the title of the next grand long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars. A new boy comes to the school, and a very extraordinary fellow he is, too. But I'm not going to let on more about him at this stage, for it would tend to spoil the story. Mind you read this treat billed for next Monday, boys.

"THE PHANTOM OF THE DOGGER BANK!"

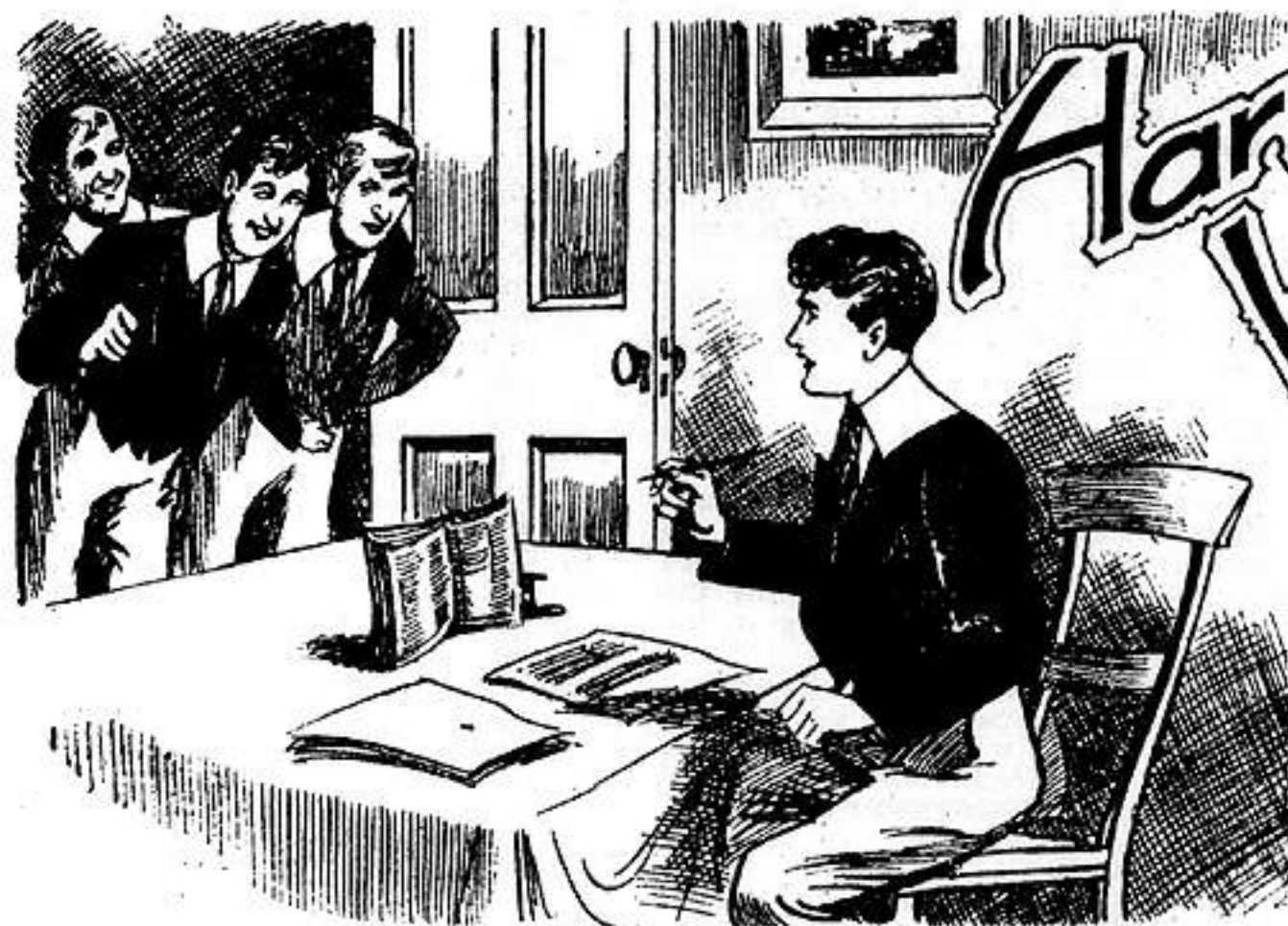
Next week's splendid yarn of Ferrers Locke will keep your interest at a lively pitch, for the great detective gets on the trail of Stromsund, and thrills follow fast and furious. Look out for this instalment, chums!

THE SUPPLEMENT!

Little need for me to mention again the Cricket Supplement billed for next week. You'll be looking out for that as keenly as Billy Bunter looks out for the postman. 'Nuff said! Cheerio, Chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

MOSSOO ASKS FOR IT! The sparks begin to fly in the Remove at Greyfriars when Monsieur Charpentier suddenly develops from a meek and mild little gentleman into a Tartar. All his pupils resent the change, none more than Harry Wharton; and he sets out to pull Mossoo down a peg!



Harry Wharton's Feud!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, featuring Monsieur Charpentier, the French master.

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Rallying Round!

"GO it, old man!"
"Pile in, you know."
"We'll all help!"
"The helpfulness will be terrific."

Harry Wharton smiled faintly. The Famous Five, of the Greyfriars Remove, were in Study No. 1.

It was Wednesday afternoon; a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and a glorious spring day. Almost every other fellow was out of the House—even Billy Bunter had detached his fat person from the study armchair and rolled out into the sunshine—even Lord Mauleverer, who was almost too lazy to live, was taking a little walk abroad.

But the Famous Five—generally the most energetic members of the Remove—were indoors. The sunny river and the green playing-fields called to them in vain.

Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, stood with a grim and somewhat undecided expression on his face.

The other members of the Co. wore persuasive looks.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull were persuasive and urgent; Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh's dusky face was deeply concerned; Frank Nugent was almost beseeching.

Bob had placed a sheaf of impot paper ready on the table. Johnny Bull had put a new nib in the pen, dipped it in the ink, and was holding it out to Wharton. Nugent had opened a school copy of the "Henriade," and propped it against the inkstand. Hurree Singh shoved a chair to the table.

Every fellow seemed willing, and eager to help.

The fact was, that the Co. were anxious. When Harry Wharton was in a dogged and obstinate mood, it was time for his best friends to feel concerned. Like true pals, the chums of the Remove had rallied round to save him from himself, as it were.

Five hundred lines had to be written. Four members of the Co. were quite certain of that, for the order had come from the Head himself. Harry Wharton did not seem so certain.

"Sit down, old chap!" murmured Bob, gently pushing the captain of the Remove into the chair Hurree Singh had placed in readiness. Wharton resisted a little; and Bob's gentle push became a vigorous shove. The captain of the Remove sat down.

"Here's the pen, old son," said Johnny Bull.

Wharton knitted his brows.

"Look here, you chaps—" he began.

"That's all right—we'll jaw after the impot's done," said Bob cheerily.

"Quelchy wants them at four."

"Bother Quelchy!"

"Hem! Quelchy happens to be our Form-master, you know," said Bob.

"No end of a bore—but there it is. Besides, Quelchy's got his orders from the Head."

"The lines are for Monsieur Charpentier," said Harry.

"Yes—but—"

"It's unfair, and you know it is."

Bob Cherry rubbed his nose.

"Ye-e-es, but—"

"Do pile in, old man," urged Frank Nugent.

"We know that Mossuo ought not to have given you the lines. But the matter's gone before the Head, and the Head's told Quelchy to see that you do them. Can't back up against the Head, you know."

Wharton did not seem so sure of that. His handsome face was very dark and dogged.

"I told Mossuo I wouldn't do the lines for him," he muttered.

"Well, and you didn't," said Bob.

"You refused, and the Head gave you teco. Now you've got to do them for the Head, see? That's quite a different matter."

"The differentfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh.

"It would not be respectful to disobey the esteemed and ludicrous head-master."

"And it means another Head's licking!" urged Johnny Bull.

"I can stand a licking!" growled Wharton.

"Ye-e-es, but—"

"But the lines would still have to be done!" said Bob.

"Mossuo's an irritating little beast," said Johnny Bull.

"But you don't want

a Head's licking every day regularly after prayers."

"It would bore you, in the long run," said Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Look here, we'll all help," said Bob.

"I'll read out the blessed tosh to you while you write it. That will save time."

"And I'll go over the sheets, putting in the accents," said Nugent.

"Mossuo won't be able to spot my fist to that extent."

Wharton made a restless movement.

"I'm keeping you fellows in," he said.

"You don't want to be sicking in a study on a day like this."

"We don't want you up before the Head again," said Bob.

"Pile in, old fellow—not to please Mossuo, you know; but just to please your old pals. We'll all help—many hands make light work."

"Go it, old man."

"But—"

"Never mind butting," said Bob cheerily.

"I'll begin—now take it down as I read it out."

And Bob Cherry started at the beginning of the "Henriade."

"Je chante de ce heros qui regnait sur la France."

Et par droit de conquete et par droit de naissance."

Harry Wharton glanced round at the circle of anxious faces, and he smiled.

His friends were anxious to save him from further trouble, and they were sacrificing their half-holiday for that purpose. He took the pen from the hand of Johnny Bull, much to Johnny's relief.

"All serene," he said. "I'll get on with it."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Bob.

"But you fellows needn't stay in," said Harry.

"That's all right."

"It isn't," said Harry. "You ought to be putting in some cricket practice. Buzz off and leave me to it."

"The fact is, we'd rather stay," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

Wharton laughed again. His friends

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were much more anxious about him than he was about himself. It was a little friendly exaggeration to state that they would "rather" stay indoors on that sunny afternoon.

"Chuck it," he said. "It's all right, I tell you—I'll do the lines, and take them to Quelch's study before four o'clock. I give you my word."

"The esteemed Wharton's word is his bond," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Sure you wouldn't like us to help, though?" asked Bob.

"That's all right; you fellows cut."

"Right-ho!"

Having succeeded in bringing the captain of the Remove into this reasonable mood, the juniors were quite willing to "cut." Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull marched cheerily out of the study, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed them.

Frank Nugent lingered at the door.

"I shouldn't mind staying in, really, Harry," he said.

Wharton shook his head.

"Rot, old man! Cut along to the cricket. You want to improve that late cut of yours, for the benefit of St. Jim's when we play them."

"All serene, then."

And Frank followed the other fellows, and Harry Wharton was left alone with his task.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Hard Lines!

HARRY WHARTON dipped the pen in the ink, and paused. He had told his comrades that he would do the lines, and his word was his bond, as the nabob had remarked. But it went bitterly against the grain, and he was in no hurry to begin.

There was a rankling sense of injury in his breast. All the Remove fellows agreed that he had been treated with injustice, and he was not the fellow to submit to injustice if he could help it. The opinion of his chums was that, in this instance, he could not help it, and that it was necessary to toe the line. No fellow could set himself up against the Head. Even Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of the school, could not have done that, much less a junior in the Lower Fourth. Yet the rankling sense of injustice might have driven Wharton even to that reckless length, but for the intervention of his chums.

He was thinking of Monsieur Charpentier, the French master of Greyfriars, with bitter dislike and resentment.

That was quite a new feeling on his part. Mossos had always been popular with the juniors, who found him easy-going, good-tempered, and patient. They liked him with a sort of patronising liking, mingled with a little derision. They described him generally as a harmless little ass.

But of late there had been a change in Mossos.

His kind and patient temper had become tart, impatient, unreasonable. He suffered from nerves. The French class, instead of being a sort of rest-cure for idle fellows, had become a place of storm and stress. The obtuseness of Bunter, the impudence of Skinner, the slacking of Mauleverer, the cool cheek of Smithy, the carelessness of other fellows, were no longer passed over unregarded; the "pointer" often came into requisition to rap knuckles, and lines fell as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa of old.

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Wharton, for no fault of his own, had fallen into the French master's bad graces, and having repaid injustice with defiance, he had become a special mark for Mossos's acerbity.

Having refused to write lines for Mossos, he had been taken before the Head and caned. Mr. Quelch, his Form master, had received special instructions from the Head to see that the lines were written.

At that point the Remove expected Wharton to give in. Really, it was the only thing to be done.

But he had not intended to give in, and only the anxious solicitude of his friends had induced him to do so.

Yet now that the matter had come before Dr. Locke, further resistance was impossible; it meant a flogging, and another flogging to follow, with the shadow of the "sack" looming in the distance.

Fortunately, the Co. had succeeded. Harry Wharton had yielded to his friends what he was not in a mood to yield to the Head himself. He had given them his word that the imposition should be written.

But he was loth to begin.

The ink dried on his pen as he sat at the table with a moody expression marring his good looks.

He uttered an angry exclamation at last, dipped the pen in the ink again, and started.

Once at work, he worked rapidly.

Line after line of the "Henriade" raced under his pen, and sheet after sheet was finished and laid aside.

It was a dismal business, cooped up in the study grinding out lines, with the sun shining outside, the spring breeze murmuring in the branches of the old elms, the shouting of cheery voices floating on the breeze from the cricket-field.

But having made up his mind to do it, the captain of the Remove settled down to his task, and proceeded with it rapidly.

He did not expect to be interrupted on a half-holiday, when every fellow who could get out had gone out. But there came a footstep in the Remove passage at last.

A fat face looked into Study No. 1, and Billy Bunter blinked at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles.

"Looking for you, old chap," said Bunter.

Wharton did not answer or look up.

Bunter rolled in.

"Harry, old fellow—"

The pen raced on.

William George Bunter, perhaps tired from the exertion of carrying his considerable weight up the Remove staircase, leaned on the study table. Few study tables were able to bear up against Bunter's weight without complaint. Wharton's table rocked and jolted, and a shower of blots flew from his pen as he suddenly moved.

"You silly ass!" roared Wharton.

"I've spoiled this sheet!"

"Clumsy!" said Bunter.

"Why, you—you—"

"It's all right, shove it in among the others," said Bunter consolingly. "If it's for Wingate, he won't notice."

"It isn't for Wingate, fathead!"

"Well, Quelch won't mind. Tell him a fellow jolted the table." Bunter blinked at the blotted sheet. "I say, you're not doing French for Quelch?"

"It's Mossos's impot, you ass!" growled Wharton. "Get out of the study, for goodness' sake, and let a fellow finish."

"Mossos?" repeated Bunter, blinking at him. "He, he, he!"

The captain of the Remove gave him an exasperated glare. Twenty lines had been wasted on the spoiled sheet, and that was not a light matter to a fellow kept indoors on a sunny afternoon.

But for his recent trouble with Monsieur Charpentier, Wharton would have "chanced" it; but he was aware that this special impot, after being handed to Mr. Quelch, was to be passed on to the French master, who was quite certain to examine it meticulously, and to find fault with it, if fault was to be found.

He did not want to give Mossos an excuse for demanding that the lines should be written over again. So the blotted sheet had to go—a sheer waste of twenty lines.

In these circumstances, Bunter's fat chuckle was neither grateful nor comforting.

"What are you he-he-heing about?" snapped Wharton, laying his hand on the "Henriade," greatly inclined to hurl the volume at the Owl of the Remove.

"He, he, he! I knew it was only gas!" chuckled Bunter.

Wharton's eyes glittered.

"What was gas, you chuckling chump?"

"He, he, he! Didn't you say you wouldn't do the lines for Mossos?" chortled Bunter. "Gas! Skinner said it was gas, all the time."

"You can tell Skinner that he is a sneaking rotter, and get out of this study."

"Don't be waxy, old man," said Bunter soothingly. "We all gas at times."

"Buzz off!"

"Why, I said once that I wouldn't do lines for Quelch," said Bunter. "But I did 'em, after all. He, he, he! No reason why you shouldn't gas as well as any other chap Wharton. Of course, you have to toe the line like the rest of us."

Harry Wharton breathed hard, and picked up the "Henriade."

"But don't get ratty," said Bunter. "I came in to speak to you, old chap. I couldn't find you on the cricket-ground, and I've been looking for you; I say, old fellow, I've been disappointed about a postal-order. Did I mention to you that I was expecting a postal-order?"

"Get out!"

"If you could lend me five bob till my postal-order comes—"

"Where will you have it?" asked Wharton, poised the volume of "Henriade" in the air.

Bunter backed away, eyeing him warily.

"Look here, you needn't be so jolly ratty, because you've had to climb down and do the lines for Froggy, after all," he remonstrated. "I knew it was only gas—Yaroooh!"

Whiz!

The "Henriade" smote Billy Bunter on his fat chest, and he sat down suddenly on the study carpet with a roar.

Wharton jumped up from his chair.

"Yaroooh! Keep off!" yelled Bunter.

"You silly ass!"

The captain of the Remove picked up the "Henriade." Bunter squirmed out of the study doorway in hot haste. In the Remove passage he turned to shake a fat and furious fist at Harry Wharton, and then rolled away hurriedly to the stairs.

Wharton, with a black brow, set up the "Henriade" again at the inkstand, and resumed his lines. A taunt from

Billy Bunter was scarcely worthy of notice, and he knew it; but it struck home all the same. He had said that he would not write lines for Mossoo; and now he was writing them. True, the matter was altered now; he was writing the lines at the Head's orders, not at Mossoo's. But there was an opening at least for the sneers of fellows like Bunter; and Wharton angrily and savagely repented that he had given way to his friends.

Footsteps sounded in the Remove passage again, and three fellows stopped at the study door.

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott of the Remove looked in on the captain of the Form with grinning faces.

"Busy?" asked Skinner.

"Yes," said Wharton curtly.

"Bunter says—"

"Hang Bunter!"

"Hang him as high as Haman if you like," said Skinner agreeably. "But he says that you're writing the lines for Mossoo after all."

No reply.

"Rather a come-down, what, after your swank, Wharton!" grinned Sidney James Snoop.

Wharton's face crimsoned, but he did not speak.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall!" remarked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton looked at the trio with concentrated anger in his face.

"Will you fellows clear off?" he asked.

"Certainly, old bean—wouldn't interrupt you for anything," said Skinner.

"Mossoo's fairly on the war-path these days, and he will give you some more to do if you don't hand in the lines!"

"Jolly sensible of you, Wharton," said Stott in his slow way. "It was just fatheaded to say you wouldn't do the impot—of course, you had to do it. Sensible chap to see it in time."

Wharton almost choked.

"I'm not doing these lines for Mossoo," he said. "I have to hand them to Mr. Quelch at the Head's order."

"A distinction without a difference!" grinned Skinner. "But anythin' to save one's face. The fact is, old bean, you've had to put your pride in your pocket like the rest of us, and—"

Skinner did not finish. He backed hurriedly away from the door as Harry Wharton sprang to his feet, his eyes gleaming.

"Come on," said Snoop hastily.

And the three went laughing down the passage. Wharton clenched his hands hard with passionate anger; strongly disposed to rush after the trio and knock them right and left. But he restrained himself, and returned to his task, his brow blacker than ever.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

In Mr. Quelch's Study!

"MONSIEUR QUELCH!"

Mr. Quelch looked up.

The dapper little figure of Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, had stepped into his study; and Mr. Quelch looked at him rather curiously.

"Pray come in," he said politely.

It was not only Mossoo's pupils who had noticed a change in him during the past few weeks.

Mr. Quelch had observed it, and wondered a little.

The French master's good-temper and patience had been almost a proverb;

the Greyfriars fellows expected as a matter of course that Mossoo would stand anything, or almost anything.

In Masters' Common-room, he had always been a good deal like a mouse—silent for the most part, little regarded when he spoke by the other members of the staff.

But of late the French classes had been in incessant trouble. It was not only the Remove that had found the French master angry, impatient, snappish. The Fourth and the Shell were equally annoyed and resentful. Coker of the Fifth had been heard to say that he could hardly keep his hands off the little beast.

And in the Masters' Room, the little gentleman had broken out irritably more than once; he had contradicted Mr. Prout, the ponderous master of the Fifth Form, to his portly face—he had

But he greeted Monsieur Charpentier quite politely as the little gentleman came into his study.

There was deep worry upon Mossoo's sallow face—more worry than a man ought to have displayed to the public eye, in Mr. Quelch's opinion. Mr. Quelch was not the kind of man to wear his heart upon his sleeve—and he did not understand or approve of that kind of man.

"Monsieur Quelch, I demand a favour," said Monsieur Charpentier. Mossoo meant to ask; but his English was somewhat like the Remove fellows' French.

"Certainly," said Mr. Quelch.

"It is zat I may use ze telephone, vich you have in your study, sir?"

"Of course," said Mr. Quelch. "The instrument is quite at your service, Monsieur Charpentier."

MOSSOO GETS RATTY!



"Non, non, non!" said Mossoo, in reply to something that was said over the wires. "Non, non! Je ne puis—je ne puis—that wishes to say, I cannot! Mais c'est un coquin, ce Rigg. Mon Dieu! Venez pas—venez pas, je vous prie! Samedi—samedi!" Wharton gave a cough. The French master spun round from the telephone, and his little black eyes blazed at the junior. "You listen to me, isn't it?" he exclaimed. (See Chapter 3.)

had an argument with Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, and it was rumoured that he had been heard to mutter the word "lache" as he turned his back on Mr. Hacker.

Mr. Quelch had a great respect for the little gentleman; he knew that Mossoo was a hard worker and a painstaking man, and he more than suspected that the greater part of his salary found its way to La Belle France for the support of Mossoo's relations.

He wondered whether money troubles were at the bottom of Mossoo's new and inexplicable irritability; and to that extent he sympathised with him. But he disapproved strongly of anything in the nature of "nerves." The calm and severe Remove master had little allowance to make for the excitable Latin temperament.

"Merci bien, monsieur."

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, icily polite, but not at all pleased. He felt it incumbent upon him to quit the study while Monsieur Charpentier telephoned; obviously it was some private matter upon which the French gentleman desired to use the instrument. Mr. Quelch did not like being disturbed in his scanty leisure hours. Also he wondered why Mossoo could not have used some other of the school telephones, or even have walked down to Friardale, having nothing to do on a half-holiday.

"You are verree kind, sir," said Monsieur Charpentier timidly.

"Not at all, sir."

"Mais j'explique—it is a call zat I
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come to take," said the French gentleman. "A man want to speak to me, and I give him your numbair, Mr. Quelch, because I zink you will be so kind as to permit zat I do so."

Mr. Quelch considered that Mossuo might as well have asked his permission beforehand. But he nodded politely and left his study.

Really, it was annoying. If Monsieur Charpentier had to wait for his call, Mr. Quelch had to wait for his study.

Not in a pleasant mood, Mr. Quelch walked away to Masters' Room, to wait till the French gentleman was finished.

Monsieur Charpentier fluttered about the telephone as he waited for his call, a good deal like an uneasy bird in a cage. He looked at his watch six times in as many minutes.

Buzzzzzz!

The telephone bell rang at last.

Monsieur Charpentier grabbed the receiver off the hooks.

"Qui parle?"

As he spoke there came a tap at the study door, and it was opened.

Monsieur Charpentier, at the telephone, had his back to the door, and did not hear or heed.

Harry Wharton appeared in the doorway.

He had a sheaf of impot paper in his hand—his five hundred lines in French, which were to be handed in to Mr. Quelch at four o'clock. It was just four.

Wharton expected to find his Form master there, as he came into the study with his lines.

It was not till he was well within the room that he noted that Mr. Quelch was absent, and that the dapper figure of Monsieur Charpentier was standing at the telephone.

However, that made no difference to him; he had only to lay the papers on the table and retire.

"Who speak?" the French master was saying. "Is zat you, Monsieur Rigg? Mais oui, c'est moi—Henri Charpentier zat speak. I have waited for you, isn't it?"

Wharton laid the papers on the table and backed to the door. His footsteps made no sound on the carpet, and Monsieur Charpentier did not see him.

"Non, non, non!" went on Mossuo, in reply to something that was said over the wire. "Non, non! Je ne puis—je ne puis—that wishes to say, I cannot! Mais c'est un coquin, ce Rigg. Mon Dieu! Venez pas—venez pas, je vous prie! Samedi—samedi!"

Wharton gave a cough.

The French master fairly spun round from the telephone, startled to hear someone else in the study.

His little black eyes blazed at Wharton.

"Toi!" he exclaimed.

Wharton looked at him coolly and steadily.

"I came to bring my lines to Mr. Quelch," he said. "I coughed to let you know I was here, sir."

"You listen to me, isn't it?" exclaimed Mossuo.

Wharton's lip curled.

"If you think so, sir, you may do as you please," he answered.

"You listen! You have heard—you have heard! Mon Dieu! C'est un espion, ce garçon!"

Wharton crimsoned. The word "spy" roused all his anger. Hot words leaped to his lips; but he restrained them with an effort. He gave the French master a steady stare, full of scorn, and turned his back on him deliberately and walked out the study.

"Wharton!"

Slam!

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Harry Wharton walked away, his face burning. The few words he had heard in the study, half of them in French, meant nothing to him; he was not interested in Mossuo's personal affairs. But Mossuo, in his excitement and alarm, had accused him of spying, as he might have accused Bunter or Skinner. Wharton's lips were set as he walked out into the sunny quadrangle.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Trouble in the Remove!

"FRENCH! Oh dear!"

Lord Mauleverer sighed dismally.

It was the following day, and the French class was due. For sixty minutes the Lower Fourth were to receive instruction from Monsieur Charpentier in the beautiful language of la belle France.

Once upon a time—not so very long ago, either—Lord Mauleverer had looked forward to the French class as a welcome rest from exertion.

Idle fellows would slack through that class, while more active fellows would rag, Mossuo being a kind little gentleman who could be imposed upon to almost any extent.

But all that was changed now.

With Mossuo in his new mood, irritable, touchy, suspicious, the French class had lost all its charms.

Lord Mauleverer could no longer doze on a back bench. Bunter could no longer mix up his genders with impunity. Skinner could no longer indulge in impudence. Bob Cherry could not even shuffle his feet without danger of lines. As for ragging, that had become as dangerous an enterprise in the French classroom as in the Remove Form-room with Mr. Quelch.

French was no longer a rest-cure. It might as well have been maths with Mr. Lascelles, or Latin with Mr. Quelch, as the Remove fellows bitterly complained. In fact, maths and Latin compared favourably with French, now that such a change had come over Mossuo.

What was the matter with the little gentleman was a mystery. He was fairly well known to be "up against" it financially. His old clothes, though they always looked neat and elegant, were a standing joke among fellows like Skinner & Co. But that was nothing new. It was hardly a secret that, although Monsieur received an unusually handsome salary for a French master, he had relations in his native land who were dependent on him, and that a good many of his pounds were turned into francs for the benefit of his relatives.

Indeed, a good deal was known about his people in France, for Mossuo was an expansive little gentleman, as a rule, and he had shown many times in Masters' Common-room a photograph of a white-walled house looking on the Loire, where his old parents lived; and he had related to the other masters—much to their astonishment—that those old people still called him their "petit Henri."

For the dry little gentleman to be called "little Henry" by anybody was really astonishing, and it made the Common-room smile.

And in Mossuo's study there was a large, framed picture of a French officer in full uniform, who was known to be Mossuo's elder brother who had fallen in the war, and had left behind him three or four little ones who were now under the care of Mossuo.

Mossuo liked to talk about the house on the Loire and his old people and his

little nephews and nieces, for he was an expansive little man, and had a tender heart, and wore it—so to speak—on his sleeve.

But all this was nothing new, and Mossuo's nerves and irritable temper were very new indeed.

Doubtless some private affairs were worrying the French gentleman; but the juniors did not see why his private affairs should be the cause of trouble for fellows who knew and cared nothing whatever about them.

Skinner had observed in the Rag, amid laughter, that possibly little Adolphe, or little Jeannette, might have the measles or the whooping-cough; but really that was not a matter for the Greyfriars Remove to worry about.

All the fellows were resentful, and with some reason. They did not realise that Mossuo had rather a hard time driving French into obstinate and idle heads, that it was a worry to him when fellows ragged or slacked in class, and that what he could tolerate when he was in a cheery and contented frame of mind became intolerable when he was worried and despondent.

Had Mossuo taught an ideal class, composed of earnest fellows who seriously wanted to learn French, doubtless he would have been as good-tempered as of old, in spite of his private worries and troubles.

But he was not likely to find such a class at Greyfriars—or at any other school, for that matter.

Lord Mauleverer was not the only fellow who looked forward dismally to the French class that afternoon. Billy Bunter was still more despondent; all the slackers were angry and apprehensive. The habitual ragers, like Bolsover major and Skinner, were greatly irritated. Rags in the French class-room were things of the past. But it was not only the slackers and the ragers who resented the new state of affairs. Harry Wharton & Co., who had always liked the French master, were against him now, especially Wharton. There was a feud between Wharton and Mossuo, and the discontented juniors were extremely "bucked" to have the captain of the Form on their side.

Wharton's resentment was deep and unforgiving.

He had always stood by the French master, and his influence had always made matters much easier for Mossuo when that gentleman was taking the Lower Fourth in French.

But, partly from misunderstanding and partly from sheer nerves and irritability, Mossuo had a special "down" on Wharton, and he had been very hard on him indeed.

Skinner & Co., always up against Study No. 1, had made the most of the fact that the five hundred lines for Mossuo had been written, after all, in spite of Wharton's declaration that he would not write that impot at Mossuo's order.

Wharton had written it at the Head's order, and on the persuasion of his friends; but Skinner & Co., always keen to make mischief, disregarded that change of circumstances.

Wharton affected not to heed or to hear the sly remarks of Skinner & Co. on the subject; but he did hear and heed them, and they cut him deeply. He was well aware that they were unworthy of his notice, and quite well aware that Skinner's object was to make trouble; but he was angry and resentful, and walked into the trap, as it were, with his eyes open. And the word "espion," which Mossuo had used to him was the last straw. It rankled in

his mind, and he could not forget or forgive it.

In a discontented mood the Lower Fourth tramped into the class-room that afternoon, and found Monsieur Charpentier already there.

Mossoo was seated at his desk, with a paper before him, and a pencil in his hand, apparently making some calculation with figures. Skinner whispered to the other fellows that Mossoo was working it out whether his resources would run to a new coat or a new pair of boots, and there was a chuckle.

Monsieur Charpentier looked up angrily.

"Zat you take your places!" he rapped out. "Zis class-room is not ze place for to laff! Taisez-vous!"

The juniors took their places, and Mossoo put his calculations, whatever they were, in his pocket. Bob Cherry dropped a book on the floor with a bang, and the irritable little gentleman jumped.

"Sherry!"

Bob did not answer.

When Bob was not knocking over an inkpot, or shuffling his feet, he was generally dropping a book or whispering to the fellow next to him. Bob showed up better on the playing-fields than in the class-rooms at the best of times. But Mossoo, in his palmy days, had always liked Bob, and had borne with him patiently. Now, evidently he was going to make a fuss about a dropped book; and Bob's rugged, cheery face became a little dogged.

"Sherry!" repeated Mossoo, raising his voice.

Still no answer.

"I speak to you, Sherry!" shouted Mossoo.

Bob Cherry looked quite unconscious.

Monsieur Charpentier whisked towards the class, and dropped his hand on the junior's shoulder.

"You do not answer me, hein?" he exclaimed.

Bob looked at him.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he asked innocently.

"Vat! Mon Dieu! You vill say zat you do hear me speak?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier.

"Oh, yes, sir, I heard you!" said Bob.

"But you did not speak my name."

"Vat! You hear me say Sherry?"

"My name is Cherry, sir."

"Vat? Vat?"

"Sherry is the name of a wine, I think, sir," said Bob. "Anyhow, it isn't my name."

Mossoo stared at Bob. He could barely realise for a moment that the junior was making game of his pronunciation. There was a grin all through the Remove.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mossoo, at last. "Do you choke, Sherry?"

"No, sir, not at all!"

Mossoo obviously meant "joke," but Bob did not feel disposed to guess at what he meant.

"You choke viz me!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier. "Sherry, you vill take two hundred lines!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Bob. "But my name is Cherry, sir, not Sherry, if you don't mind!"

"Taisez-vous!"

"Please, sir—" said Skinner.

Mossoo spun round at Skinner.

"Vat is it, Skinnair? Vy you speak?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Skinner respectfully. "But you told us, sir, that when we were doubtful about a French phrase, sir, we were always to ask you."

"Mais oui, certainly!" said Mossoo, a little mollified. "Vat is it zat you desire to know, Skinnair?"



The book dropped to the floor again, and nine or ten fellows plunged after it, scrambling under the desks. Monsieur Charpentier waved his hands wildly. "Zat you stop zis!" he shouted. "I vill not permit! Zat you take your places viz you, and leave zat book on ze floor." Whiz! The book came out of the press of juniors, hurled by an unknown hand, and it whizzed within an inch of Monsieur Charpentier's head. (See Chapter 5.)

"It's a matter of translation, sir," said Skinner, while the Remove listened breathlessly. They knew by the look in Harold Skinner's eye that some impudent jest was coming. "Taking the sentence, 'Have you an old coat—'"

"Eh?"

"I make that, sir, 'Avez vous un vieux habit?'" said Skinner calmly. "I think that right so far, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier gazed speechlessly at Skinner.

"But if I want to say, 'Have you a very old coat,'" went on the cheerful Skinner, "should I say, 'Avez vous un tres vieux habit,' sir?"

"Skinnair!"

"Or should I put it 'Avez vous un habit tres vieux?'" asked Skinner.

The Remove fellows listened in grinning silence. It really was quite cunning of Skinner to make an allusion to Mossoo's old clothes in this way. He was merely giving a French phrase, and asking for enlightenment, as a pupil has every right to do; and, indeed, as the industrious French master always encouraged his pupils to do.

"Skinnair!" gasped Mossoo.

"But suppose I wanted to say, 'Have you an old worn-out coat,' sir," said

Skinner. "How should I put that in French, sir?"

Monsieur Charpentier did not answer that innocent question. He reached out at Skinner, grabbed his ear, and gave that appendage a twist.

There was a yell from Skinner.

"Yaroooh!"

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

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Skinner.

"Silence!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier. "I vill not have zis impudence. Skinnair, you are impudent boy!"

"What do you mean?" hooted Skinner. "You told me to ask you if I wanted to know. I wasn't speaking about your old coat, sir."

"Vat, vat?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, Skinnair! You will write out three hundred lines from ze 'Henriade.' Silence! I vill keep ordair in zis class! If zere is any more to laff, and any more to be impudent, I vill detain zis class for one hour."

"Oh!"

And for a time, at least, there was order in the French class. Detention for an hour after lessons was not a light matter. French instruction proceeded in a staid atmosphere.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mutiny!

HARRY WHARTON came in for special attention from the French master during class. The captain of the Remove sat with a slight smile on his face—a smile that was ironical and half-scornful, and that had an extremely irritating effect on the nervy little gentleman.

Monsieur Charpentier could not very well rap a fellow's knuckles, or give him lines, simply because he smiled; but he was annoyed, and growing more and more intensely annoyed every moment.

Much to the relief of Billy Bunter and Lord Mauleverer they were quite passed over—Mauly might even have indulged in a doze without being observed, so keen was Mossoo on dealing with Wharton.

But the captain of the Remove was quite good at French, and it was difficult for the irritated master to catch him out. After a time, the lesson became a good deal like a duel between Mossoo and Wharton—Mossoo growing more and more irritable and vengeful, Wharton more and more cool and mocking.

Vernon-Smith caused a diversion in Wharton's favour after a time. The French master's back being turned, the Bounder whizzed a book across the classroom.

Crash!

An inkpot was swept off the master's high desk, and fell to the floor along with the whizzing book.

Mossoo spun round as if he had been electrified.

"Vat is zat?" he ejaculated.

Smithy sat with a very innocent and unconscious expression on his face. A dozen fellows had seen him whiz the book across the room, but they all looked unconscious.

Monsieur Charpentier stared at the book and the inkpot. From the latter a stream of ink was flowing.

"Mon Dieu! It is zat someone trow a book!" he exclaimed. "I demand of you who shall trow a book!"

No answer.

Mossoo rushed across to the book to pick it up. He looked in it for the name of the owner.

But the title-page had been torn out, and the owner's name was not to be discovered. Mossoo held up the book.

"To whom does zis book belong?" he exclaimed.

The juniors were all silent.

"I demand one answer!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier.

"May we look at it, sir?" asked Vernon-Smith respectfully. "Perhaps we should know if we looked at it, sir."

"You may look at him, Smit'."

Monsieur Charpentier handed the book to the Bounder. Smithy examined it very carefully, the juniors watching him with grinning faces. Any interlude was welcome as a rest from French and Mossoo.

"Is it yours, Skinner?" asked the Bounder.

He tossed the book to Skinner, who caught it and looked at it.

"Not mine," said Skinner. "It looks to me like yours, Snoop; there's a thumb mark on it. Catch!"

Skinner tossed the book to Snoop.

Sidney James Snoop, catching on to the joke, and catching the book at the same time, examined it thoughtfully.

"Not mine," he said. "Looks to me like Bolsover's. Catch!"

The book whizzed across the class to

Bolsover major. Bolsover major failed to catch it, and it landed on Peter Todd's head. And Peter gave a loud howl.

"Here, give me that book," exclaimed Bolsover major. "I want to see if that is my book."

Three or four fellows dived down under the desks after the book. There were loud exclamations as they struggled for it.

"Now then, Bull—"

"Don't shove, Squiff!"

"Mind where you're butting, Hazel-dene!"

"Look here—"

Monsieur Charpentier gazed at the scene, and it slowly dawned upon his mind that a rag was developing.

"Laissez le livre—laissez!" he exclaimed. "Leave zat book! It does not mattair. Leave it zere!"

"I've got it, sir!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, coming up from under the desks with a book, like a diver coming up from the sea. "I'll tell you in a jiffy if it's mine, sir!"

"Sherry!"

"Not mine, sir!" said Bob. "It looks pretty dirty; it must be Bunter's!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Look at it, Bunt, and tell Mossoo if it is yours," said Bob, tossing the book to the Owl of the Remove. "Catch!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as he caught the book with his head.

It dropped to the floor again, and this time nine or ten fellows plunged after it, scrambling under the desks. Monsieur Charpentier waved his hands wildly.

"Zat you stop zis!" he shouted. "I vill not permit! Zat you take your places viz you, and leave zat book on ze floor!"

Whiz!

The book came out of the press of juniors, hurled by an unknown hand, and it whizzed within an inch of Monsieur Charpentier's head. He jumped as he felt the wind of it.

"Ah! Mon Dieu! Zat you sit down!" he spluttered. "I vill cane you all if you do not sit down viz yourselves!"

"You asked us to look at the book," sir," said Vernon-Smith, in an injured tone. "We're trying to find out to whom it belongs, sir."

"Take one hundred lines, Smit'!"

"What for, sir?" asked the Bounder. "For trying to oblige you, sir?"

"Take two hundred lines, Smit'!"

"Very well, sir; but it's rather hard when a fellow was only trying to oblige you, sir," said the Bounder, in a tone of patient resignation.

"Mon Dieu! You need not do zoso lines, Smit'!" said Mossoo. "But say no more. Keep ordair in zis class!"

"Ow!" roared Bunter suddenly.

"Buntair! Vy you make zat noise?" shrieked Mossoo.

"I'm hurt, sir!" howled Bunter. "That book hit me on the head, sir. I'm fractured, I think, sir."

"Nonsense! Be quiet viz you!"

"Ow!" roared Peter Todd.

"Todd, you noisy boy—"

"The book hit me, sir," said Peter. "I'm frightfully hurt, sir. Do you mind if I cry a little, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! I gives you somezings to cry for if you do not keep quiet viz you."

"Ow!" roared Bolsover major.

"Bolsover!"

"That ass Fjeld kicked my ankle, sir!" roared Bolsover. "I'm hurt."

"Field! Vy for you keek Bolsover?"

"He couldn't help it, sir. He shoved

me when we were looking for that book, sir. But it hurts frightfully, sir."

"I do not believe it. Zis is one choke—"

"Not at all, sir! My ankle's sprained, I think," said Bolsover major. "I think it ought to be bandaged, sir!"

Peter Todd jumped up.

"Shall I bandage Bolsover's ankle with my handkerchief, sir?" he asked.

Whack!

Monsieur Charpentier's pointer came down on Peter's shoulders, and Peter Todd collapsed into his seat with a roar. "Zis is vat you call a rag, I zink!" gasped the French master. "I do not stand him. I stop him, n'est-ce-pas. Anozzer word from any of you and I cane you viz ze pointer!"

He spun round at Wharton.

"Wharton, you are laffing!"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you laffing at, Wharton?"

"You, sir!"

"Vat?" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier.

"You asked me, sir," said Harry.

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

"Wharton, take two hundred lines! I report you to your Form master for insolence! You are one bad garçon!"

Five strokes boomed out from the clock tower. It was time for the French class to be dismissed.

There was a general movement of the juniors. But they reckoned without the exasperated master.

"Keep ze place!" shouted Monsieur Charpentier. "Zis class is detain till six o'clock!"

"What?"

"Sit still and keep ze place!"

There was a buzz of indignation in the class. Harry Wharton hesitated a moment, and then he rose to his feet.

"Sit down, Wharton!" hooted Monsieur Charpentier.

"Time's up, sir," said the captain of the Remove.

"I detain zis class, I tell you!"

Wharton did not seem to hear. He walked across to the door; and as one man, the Removites rose and followed him.

Monsieur Charpentier stared at them as if scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"Vill you take ze place?" he shrieked. "I ordair you to sit down, and I detain you one hour."

"Come on!" said Harry.

The Remove marched out of the classroom, leaving Monsieur Charpentier gesticulating frantically and almost tearing his hair.

"I—I say, Wharton—" whispered Mark Linley.

Wharton glanced at him.

"It's too thick, old man," said Mark.

"You can please yourself. I'm not going to be detained by the little beast!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Zat you come back!" shrieked the French master from the doorway of the deserted classroom.

The Removites marched down the corridor unheeding. They poured out into the quadrangle, heedless of the excited gesticulations of Monsieur Charpentier.

"Well, we've done it now!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The donefulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows, it's all right," chuckled Billy Bunter. "They can't lick the whole Remove, you know. Wharton will get a licking, but it's worth while."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the empty class-room Monsieur Charpentier wiped the perspiration from his brow. Never had a Greyfriars

master been treated so contemptuously, and Mossoo's cheeks burned with the humiliation of it as he mopped his brow. And in great excitement and indignation Mossoo whisked away to the Head's study, to lay his grievances before that exalted personage.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Called on the Carpet!

L ODER of the Sixth came up to the Remove passage, and stopped at the door of Study No. 1.

He opened that door by the simple process of jamming his boot against it. Loder did not believe in standing on ceremony with fags of the Lower Fourth.

"Wharton here?" he rapped out.

Wharton and Nugent were finishing tea in the study. The captain of the Remove looked round coolly at Loder.

"Here," he answered.

"You're wanted."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" sneered Loder. "Your Form master wants you, Wharton. I'm to take you to him. I hear that you've been checking the French master?"

"Do you?" said Harry indifferently.

"Setting an example of mutiny to the whole of your Form," said the bully of the Sixth. "Just like you, I must say."

"Thanks for your good opinion."

"What you want," said Loder, "is a jolly good hiding, and, luckily, you're going to get one."

"What you want is exactly the same, Loder, and, unluckily, you're not going to get one."

"Take a hundred lines, Wharton, for checking a prefect. And now follow me."

"Certainly!"

Loder of the Sixth stamped away to the staircase, and the captain of the Remove followed him quietly.

"Here is Wharton, sir," said Loder, at the doorway of Mr. Quelch's study.

"Thank you, Loder. You may come in, Wharton."

Wharton entered.

Monsieur Charpentier was in the Remove master's study, but the junior took no heed of him. He fixed his eyes on his Form master, and waited respectfully. There was a slightly troubled expression on Mr. Quelch's face.

"Wharton, I have received a very bad report of you," he said. "The Head has asked me to deal with the matter, as you are in my Form."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"It appears that you deliberately disobeyed Monsieur Charpentier's order to remain in the class-room for detention?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch, a little staggered by the calm answer. "You set the example of disobedience to the rest of your Form?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any excuse to offer for such conduct?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"And what is it?"

"Monsieur Charpentier was unjust and unreasonable, sir," said the captain of the Remove, with perfect calmness.

"Wharton!"

"You asked me, sir," said Harry.

"I did not ask you for impertinence, Wharton," said the Remove master sternly.

"I answered your question, sir."

"Ah! Zat boy!" exclaimed Mossoo, his black eyes flashing. "He is one bad boy. He make all ze class bad viz himself. He give me all ze trouble zat a garcon can give."

"MAGNET" PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 33.—Alonzo Theophilus Todd (of the Remove.)



A bony, benevolent youth who earned the nickname of the Duffer within a few hours of his arrival at Greyfriars. Seems born to have his leg pulled—a circumstance which his Form fellows take advantage of. Weedy and delicate, Alonzo will never show to advantage in the field of sport, but for all that he possesses a large size in hearts, being always ready and willing to do anything for anybody. Is deeply interested in the works of Professor Balmcrumpet—a gentleman who is perhaps more "soft" than Alonzo himself—and models his existence on the principles of his uncle Benjamin, much to the amusement of the Remove. Bears an extraordinary likeness, facially, to his Cousin Peter, with whom he shares Study No. 7, together with William George Bunter and Tom Dutton.

"Is that the case, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Upon my word! Do you deliberately tell me that you give your master all the trouble you can?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, more astonished than angry.

"Monsieur Charpentier can thank himself for it," said the captain of the Remove. "He called me a spy, and a fellow doesn't like being called a spy."

Mr. Quelch glanced at the French master, who coloured, and then fixed his eyes upon Wharton again.

"I do not quite comprehend this," he said. "There is some misunderstanding here. You must have misapprehended Monsieur Charpentier."

"He will tell you so himself, sir," said the junior bitterly. "He thinks I spied on him, and I do not respect a man who thinks so."

"I am afraid that Wharton has been disobedient and disrespectful, Monsieur Charpentier," said the Remove master, with a troubled look. "But from my knowledge of him, I am assured that he is a boy with a very fine sense of honour, and incapable of spying. Upon what did you found such an accusation, may I ask?"

"Mais—je crois—" stammered Mossoo.

"Kindly explain the matter, Wharton. I have no doubt that there is some

misunderstanding that may be easily cleared up."

"I came to your study yesterday afternoon, sir, to bring my lines, as you told me," said Harry. "Monsieur Charpentier was here instead of you—at the telephone."

"Quite so," said Mr. Quelch. "I found your lines here when I returned. But what—"

"I did not know that Mossoo was here till I got into the study. I coughed to let him know I was present," said Harry. "But he accused me of spying—of listening to what he was saying on the telephone. I could not help hearing a few words—without listening."

Monsieur Charpentier's face was crimson.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "I am quite sure that you did not listen intentionally, Wharton."

"I think Monsieur Charpentier might have been sure of it also, sir," said Harry between his set lips. "I heard nothing of what he said, except that he was speaking to somebody named Rigg, a name I have never heard before, and do not know."

Mr. Quelch started.

"What—what name did you say, Wharton?"

"Rigg, sir."

Mr. Quelch gave the French master

a very curious glance. It dawned upon Wharton that the name of Rigg was not unknown to Mr. Quelch. There was a pause.

The French gentleman's face was fairly burning now. He opened his lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

"I am quite sure, Monsieur Charpentier, that Wharton had no intention of listening to what you said," exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I am bound to say, sir, that it was a hasty and unjust suspicion."

"Monsieur!"

"I am bound to say as much, in justice to this junior, whom I know to be honourable and straightforward!" exclaimed the Remove master warmly.

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry.

"That, however, does not justify your conduct to-day, Wharton," went on Mr. Quelch severely. "As a punishment, you will be detained for the half-holiday on Saturday afternoon, and Monsieur Charpentier will set you a French detention task. You may go!"

Wharton left the study.

The door closed behind him, and Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes on the French master. The Remove fellows often compared Mr. Quelch's keen eyes to gimlets, and to poor Mossoo at the present moment they seemed like a pair of very sharp gimlets indeed.

"Monsieur Charpentier," said Mr. Quelch quietly, "you have done this boy an injustice."

"Monsieur!"

"The name he mentions is quite unknown to him," pursued the Remove master. "But it is not unknown to me."

The French master seemed to shrink.

"The name of Rigg," went on Mr. Quelch, "is fairly well known in Lantham as that of a moneylender."

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier.

"I quite understand that you were startled by anyone entering the study while you were in communication with such a person," said Mr. Quelch. "Doubtless that was the cause of your unjust suspicion of this junior."

Monsieur Charpentier wiped his brow.

"Your private affairs, sir, are no business of mine," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "But, as a friend, I would point out to you that any Greyfriars master having dealings with moneylenders is quite certain to be requested by the Head to resign his position here, should the matter become known to Dr. Locke."

"Mon Dieu!"

"Doubtless you will profit by this warning, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "I speak as a friend. I have a great respect for you, and should be very sorry to see you leave Greyfriars. And I trust, sir, that you will be a little less hasty in your judgments in dealing with boys in my Form. Wharton has been guilty of insubordination requiring very severe punishment; but I have been compelled to punish him very lightly, having to take into account the provocation he had received—a very serious provocation to a high-spirited and honourable lad. I have no more to say, Monsieur Charpentier."

Mossoo seemed glad to hear that, at least.

He almost limped from the Remove master's study, a good deal like a school-boy who had received a severe lecture.

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THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Catching It!"

"Oh, gad!" Lord Mauleverer uttered that ejaculation.

Mauly was strolling under the elms in morning break, with his hands in his pockets, and his usual sleepy and contented expression upon his noble face.

His hands being in his pockets, one of them came in contact with a letter, which reminded Mauly that he had had that letter in his pocket for a couple of days, and had forgotten to open it.

Lord Mauleverer generally acted upon the great principle of never doing to-day what could be put off till to-morrow, or the day after. But, discovering that unopened letter in his pocket, Mauly resolved to open it on the spot and have done with it. Perhaps the bright morning sunshine, and the keen wind from the sea, had had an invigorating effect upon his lazy lordship, and spurred him on to this effort.

Having taken the letter from his pocket, he extracted a little, silver-handled knife from another pocket to open the envelope. He slit the envelope and drew therefrom a folded letter, which he lazily unfolded.

It was then that Mauly ejaculated: "Oh, gad!"

Folded up in the letter was a flimsy slip of engraved paper—nothing more nor less than a five-pound note. The letter unfolded, the wind caught the flimsy paper, and whisked it away in the air.

Lord Mauleverer ejaculated, "Oh, gad!" and stared after it. The letter was from one of Mauly's affectionate uncles, and evidently that affectionate uncle had sent him a tip, and now the tip was whirling through the air, blown away by the high wind from the sea. It was quite disconcerting to Mauly.

Mauly had quite as much money as was good for him—if not a little more—and the loss of a five-pound note would not have caused him great dismay. But that fiver was a tip from his uncle, and it would have been disrespectful to that uncle to treat the tip with negligence or indifference.

Mauly, lazy as he was, was very particular upon such points as these. He gazed after the fluttering fiver, and sighed deeply. Never had he felt less inclined to exert himself; but he could not let his uncle's tip flutter away and be lost. He sighed, and sighed again, shoved the letter unread into his pocket, and started in pursuit of the fiver.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's this game?" called out Bob Cherry, surprised at the sight of Lord Mauleverer scudding along under the elms at quite a speed. "Going into training for the school mile, Mauly?"

"Blinkin' banknote blown away!" gasped Mauleverer.

"Oh, my hat!"

"What does it matter?" asked Frank Nugent, laughing. "You've got lots, Mauly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It doesn't really matter, you see," explained Mauly. "But it's a tip from my uncle, so I don't want to let it go, see?"

"Oh crumbs! Is that the only reason for chasing it?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yaas!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You might lend a fellow a hand," said Mauleverer. "The blinkin' wind is blowing it all over the place. You fellows help me catch it, and we'll have

a feed in my study this afternoon—what?"

"Done!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"The donefulness is terrific!"

Irrespective of the consideration of a feed in Mauly's study, the Famous Five cheerily joined in the chase of the bank-note.

But it was not easy to catch.

The high wind whistling among the elms and round the old walls of Greyfriars, whirled the flimsy slip of paper high and low, and round about. It fluttered to the ground, and the juniors rushed on it, and had nearly reached it when the breeze whirled it up again, and it fluttered among the branches of the elms. It floated down again, and then a strong gust caught it, and whizzed it away towards the cloisters.

The juniors scudded after it again.

"Oh dear!" gasped Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Join up, Bunter," chuckled Bob.

"We're chasing a five-pound note, and if we catch it there's going to be a feed!"

"Yaas, lend a hand, old bean!" gasped Mauly.

"I'm on!" said Bunter promptly.

"There it goes—right in the cloisters!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. And the juniors rushed into the shady old cloisters, on the track of the elusive fiver.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Mossoo!"

Monsieur Charpentier was walking in the cloisters. Apparently he had chosen that secluded quarter for a stroll all by himself; he looked far from pleased as the excited juniors came trooping and whooping among the old stone pillars.

Mossoo was walking with his hands under the tails of his coat, his head bent a little, and a deep wrinkle in his brow. He looked like a man who was trying to think out a painful problem that had no answer. Perhaps he was!

He straightened up as the juniors came rushing by, and frowned at them with annoyance.

"Vat is zis?" he exclaimed angrily. "Vat is all zis noise and all zis disturbance?"

"There it is!" shouted Bob. "Stop it, Mossoo!"

"Vat? Vat zen?"

"The banknote, sir—put your foot on it!" shouted Bob, as he rushed on towards Mossoo.

The elusive fiver had fluttered almost to the feet of the French master, and settled there. Mossoo could have placed his foot on it, and secured it; but he seemed bewildered. He had not observed the fluttering fiver.

"Mon Dieu! Vat do you mean, Sherry?" he exclaimed. "Is zis some more sheek, isn't it?"

Bob Cherry rushed up, and clutched at the banknote as it rose again on the wings of the wind. He just missed it, and the banknote fluttered on a fresh gust, and whirled towards the other fellows. Bunter made a clutch at it, and missed, and it whirled back to the spot where the astonished French master was standing.

After it went Bunter with a rush.

"Buntair—vat— Oh, Mon Dieu!"

Billy Bunter missed the fiver—but he did not miss Mossoo! He clutched at the floating slip of paper, missed it, and stumbled forward, and crashed into Monsieur Charpentier.

Samson of old might have been a little staggered, had such a weight as William George Bunter's crashed into him suddenly. Monsieur Charpentier did not resemble Samson in the very least. Bunter sent him fairly spinning.

He staggered back three or four paces, and sat down.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

"Parbleu!" stuttered Monsieur Charpentier. "Nom d'un nom! Ooooh!"

"Got it!" shouted Bob Cherry, as he grabbed at the banknote and captured it at last. "Here you are, Mauly!"

"Thanks, old bean!"

Frank Nugent ran to help the French master up.

Monsieur Charpentier staggered to his feet, with Frank's helping hand, his sallow face red with anger.

"Buntair! You knock me ovair viz you, isn't it?" he shrieked.

"Ow! Ow! You knocked me over, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Quite an accident, sir! Oh, dear! I'm nearly winded! Ow!"

"Zis is one choke!" exclaimed Mossuo. "Zis is vat you call one rag, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Not at all, sir," said Lord Mauleverer politely. "You see, sir, this banknote blew away when I opened a letter, sir, and these fellows very kindly helped me to catch it, sir!"

Monsieur Charpentier stared at the banknote, which Mauly held up for his inspection.

"You lose zat banknote, isn't it?" he said. "You are so careless viz money zat you let a banknote blow away in ze vent—in ze wind, Mauleverer."

"Yaas, sir!"

To the surprise of the juniors, Monsieur Charpentier's look grew darker with anger, as he fixed his black eyes on the innocent Mauly. He seemed to overlook the fact that it was Bunter who had butted him over; all his annoyance seemed concentrated on Mauleverer.

"Ah! You have mooch money, Mauleverer—tres riche, isn't it?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "You can afford to let ze bank notes blow away in ze wind! You take one thousand lines, Mauleverer."

"Wha-a-at?"

"You take one thousand lines of ze 'Henriade,' Mauleverer, and you write zem out for me! Now go away viz you."

"But, sir—" stuttered Mauleverer, utterly astonished.

"Allez-vous-en!"

"But—"

"Go!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier, with an angry wave of the hand; and the juniors walked out of the Cloisters, leaving the French master staring after them with a black brow and glinting eyes.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Mauly's Way!

LORD MAULEVERER tucked the five-pound note away in his little Russia-leather pocket-book, along with several others, when the Remove fellows came back into the quad. There was a deeply thoughtful expression on his lordship's face, and he seemed a little troubled. To the surprise of the other fellows, he did not look angry.

But the others were angry; there was no doubt about that. Even Bob Cherry's good-natured face was frowning.

"It's too thick!" said Bob.

"The thickfulness is too terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "The esteemed and execrable Mossuo is going over the limit."

"You won't do those lines, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton.

"Yaas."

"I say, you fellows, we won't let him do them!" exclaimed Billy Bunter indignantly. "Mossuo isn't our Form master! He can't give us lines out of class."

"He can't!" said Johnny Bull. "And he sha'n't! Bad enough to have him clucking impots at us in the French class! Out of class he's got no more right to give us lines than Hobson of the Shell has."

"It's really too thick," said Nugent. "Mossuo seems to think he's suddenly become headmaster. And he hasn't and we'll jolly well let him know he hasn't."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"You sha'n't do the lines, Mauly," said the captain of the Remove. "Mr. Quelch would never allow it if you put it to him. Mossuo's forgotten his place, and he wants shoving back into it."

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"I shall do the lines, old bean!" he answered.

"Fathead!" roared Johnny Bull. "You know that Mossuo has no right to give Remove fellows impots, out of the French class."

"Yaas."

"You know Quelch wouldn't uphold it?"

"Yaas."

"Well, then, you ass, you know you needn't do the lines if you don't choose!" exclaimed Nugent.

Harry Wharton waited impatiently, hoping that the two men would go. But they did not go; the fat man, tired from his walk, was resting, and the French master leaned on the parapet near him. It was Monsieur Charpentier's voice that broke the silence at last, and Wharton could not help hearing what he said.

(See Chapter 11.)

"Yaas."

"Then you won't do them," said Harry. "You don't want to grind out a thousand lines of French for the fun of the thing, do you, fathead?"

"Yaas—I mean, no! You see, I'm sorry for the little man," said Lord Mauleverer gently. "He's upset! He's nerry! I know I need not do the lines—and Mr. Quelch would stand by me—in fact, he would be annoyed at Mossuo takin' it on himself to give a Remove man lines. But that would make Mossuo look an awful ass, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—and he is an ass, so it's all right!"

Mauleverer shook his head again.

"I don't want to let him down like that," he said.

"Fathead!"

Mauly smiled.

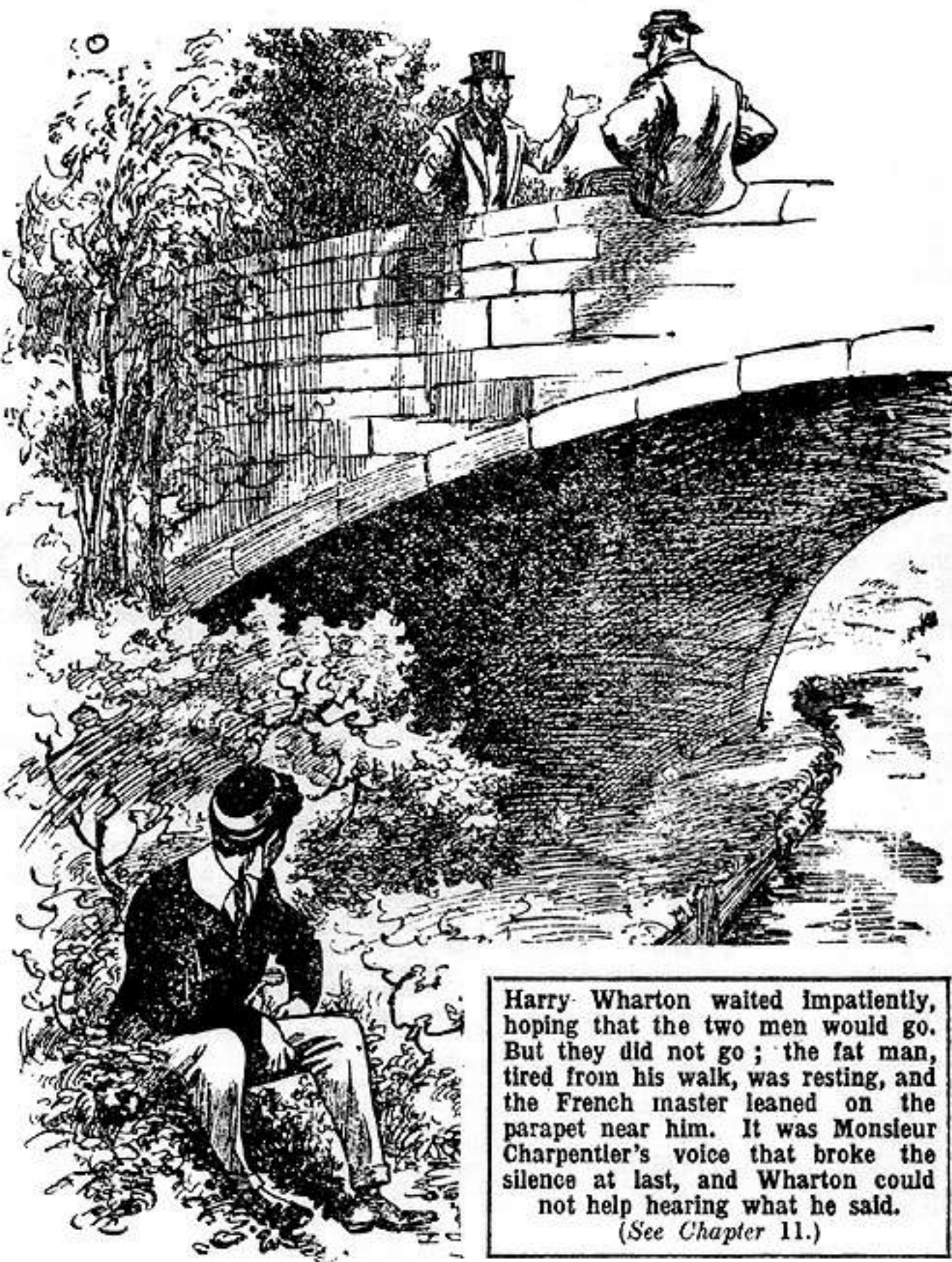
"I daresay I am a fathead, as you say," he agreed. "But I'm goin' to do the lines, all the same."

"Why?" demanded Wharton sharply.

"Well, it really was my fault," said Mauleverer quietly. "I ought to take more care, and not let banknotes blow about under the nose of a man who is hard up. It's rotten bad form, see? Of course, I didn't mean it—but there it is—I was to blame! It's awful to have to grind through a thousand lines—but it can't be helped."

"Ass!" said Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton laughed—a rather hard laugh. Mauleverer was generally



supposed, in the Remove, to be nearly every sort of an ass; but in certain matters he had a very quick perception. He had discerned at once why the French master was so angry with him, and he was deeply sorry for the poor little gentleman, instead of resenting his high-handed proceedings.

Fellows like Skinner made game of the French master's poverty; but Mauleverer was not that kind of a fellow.

Mauly had little doubt that it was a troublesome financial problem that caused the worried wrinkle in Mossoo's sallow brow; and at such a time, the sight of a schoolboy treating banknotes with utter carelessness had an exasperating effect on him.

Wharton understood what was in Mauly's mind, and probably he would have been in full agreement with Mauleverer's views but for his feud with the French master.

"I think you're an ass, Mauly," he said.

"Thanks, old bean," said his lordship with a smile.

"It's letting down the Remove, to let that little ass ride rough-shod over us!" exclaimed Johnny Bull hotly.

"Oh, rot, dear man!"

"I say, you fellows, Mauly sha'n't do the lines," said Bunter. "Why, it's the chance of a lifetime to make the little beast cringe. Make him look no end of a silly ass, you know—just a word to Quelch, and Quelch will be down on him like a hundred of bricks. My advice to you, Mauly, is to refuse to do the lines."

"That's your advice, is it, Bunter?"

"Yes, old chap!"

"You really think so?"

"Yes, Mauly."

"That settles it, then, if I was in doubt."

Bunter grinned complacently.

"Can't do better than take my tip, old man," he said. "So you won't do the lines, what?"

"Yaas; I shall do them," said Lord Mauleverer placidly. "If you think I oughtn't, old fat bean, I know jolly well I ought. A fellow can't do better than take your advice—and then do the exact opposite, old man—he's bound to be right then."

"Why, you silly owl!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But—" said Bob Cherry laughing.

"Let it drop, old bean," said Lord Mauleverer. "Don't forget to turn up in my study at five for the spread. Bring anybody you like. Will you help me do the shopping, Bunter?"

Bunter's frowning face turned into a sunny smiling countenance at once.

"Yes, rather, Mauly! Anything to oblige an old pal like you. I'll cut off and change the fiver for you now, if you like."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's froggy!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Monsieur Charpentier came out of the Cloisters and passed the group of juniors, with a frowning brow, on his way to the House. They watched him grimly; only Lord Mauleverer capped him respectfully as he passed. The French master paused and turned to the juniors.

"Mauleverer!"

"Yaas, sir."

"I have given you thousand lines."

"Yaas, sir."

"You do zose lines, Mauleverer," said Monsieur Charpentier, eyeing him sharply, almost bitterly. "Vat? You do zose lines."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 951.

Harry Wharton & Co. realised that the French master anticipated resistance; he could not have failed to know that he had exceeded his powers in inflicting punishments on a Remove fellow outside the French class. Possibly he was feeling uneasy within, or possibly he was seeking a further outlet for nervy temper. But Lord Mauleverer answered him with great respect.

"Certainly, sir. When shall I bring them to you?"

Monsieur Charpentier seemed a little taken back.

"I am sorry I annoyed you, sir," went on Mauleverer. "It was not my intention to give you any offence, sir. If you will tell me when to bring you the lines, sir, they shall be done in time."

"Zere is no hurry—bring zem to me when you have written zem, Mauleverer."

"Yes, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier whisked on and disappeared into the House.

"Well, you're an ass, Mauly!" said Johnny Bull.

"Think so, dear boy?"

"Yes, fathead!"

"Right-ho! Hallo, there's the bell."

The juniors went in for third lesson. There was a deep shadow on Harry Wharton's brow.

"The silly ass!" he muttered to Nugent. "It was a chance to take Froggy down a peg—a good chance."

"Bunter thought so!" said Frank rather drily.

Wharton gave him a sharp look.

"What do you mean, Frank? Don't you agree with me?"

"I did at first," said Frank. "But—thinking it over, old chap, I think Mauly's right."

"You think he's right to knuckle under to a man who's no right to punish him?" exclaimed Wharton angrily.

"That isn't quite it, old man. Old Mauly's a bit of an ass, but I think that in this he's acting like a gentleman—as he always does."

Wharton compressed his lips.

"I think he's acting like a fool!" he answered.

"Well, you see—"

"Rot!"

And Wharton went into the Form-room with a knitted brow.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"ROTTER!" growled Bob Cherry. It was Saturday.

Cricket was going strong at Greyfriars now; and on that special afternoon the Remove were meeting the Shell in a Form match.

Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, was under detention—owing to the kind offices of Monsieur Charpentier.

It was, as Mr. Quelch had said, a light punishment, considering that Wharton had led the Remove in direct disobedience to a master. But light as it was, it came very awkwardly; Wharton was wanted in the Form match. Had it been a game with the Fourth, it would not have mattered—the Remove did not need to put their best men into the field to beat Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth. But the Shell were made of sterner stuff—Hobson, the captain of the Shell, was a great man at the wickets—the Shell were Middle School, almost seniors, from their own point of view; and the

Lower Fourth had to go "all out" to hold their own against Hobson & Co. at games.

On such an occasion the Remove sorely needed their skipper, and would sorely miss him if he was not available.

And he was not available.

Mr. Quelch had been asked to let the detention stand over till Wednesday; and the Remove master, who was generally very careful not to interfere with the fixtures if he could help it, would undoubtedly have given leave had he alone been concerned in the matter.

But in the circumstances, he had to refer Wharton to Monsieur Charpentier.

Possibly, though not probably, Mossoo would have been amenable to reason. But Wharton would not even think of asking him. He was at feud with Mossoo—he was on rather disagreeable terms with Mauleverer, owing to Mauly's refusal to take the opportunity of humiliating the French master; and certainly, in the circumstances, he could not ask a favour of the French master.

Not that he intended to stay in for detention; he was quite determined that he would not. But he would not ask to be let off.

"It's rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "We want you at the wickets, Harry. We don't want Hobson and his gang to begin the season with a win."

Wharton nodded.

"I know it's rotten—and we owe it to Mossoo."

"Bother Mossoo!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The botheration is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "But—"

"It can't be helped," said Harry. "It would be no use asking Mossoo to let me off—he wouldn't! He's got a down on me—and I've got a down on him, if it comes to that. He's got me detained, confound him—not that I shall stay in."

"You're not going to cut?" asked Nugent rather anxiously.

"Yes."

"I—I don't think I would," said Bob uneasily. "It means a Head's licking, you know."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Let it!" he said.

"After all, Mossoo isn't really a bad sort," said Mark Linley. "I think if he were asked—"

"Isn't he?" said Wharton rather unpleasantly.

"Well, no, not taken all in all, you know," said Mark Linley. "I think you might ask him, Wharton—"

"Rot!" said the captain of the Remove briefly.

"Not for your own sake," said the Lancashire lad quietly, "but for the sake of the team, Wharton. You're our skipper, and something is due to the team when a fellow takes on the captaincy. You ought not to let personal pride stand in the way of playing when you're needed."

Wharton flushed red.

"You've got your back up against Mossoo," went on Mark. "I know he's been unjust to you."

"Oh, you know that!" said Wharton sarcastically.

"We all know it. But I think you might make allowances for his being down on his luck. We all know he's got some worry on his mind. He makes it plain enough for the school to see."

"His personal affairs don't concern me, I suppose?"

"No. But—"

"But what?" snapped Wharton.

(Continued on page 17.)

HARRY WHARTON'S Cricket Supplement

No. 1 (New Series). Vol. 2.

May 1st, 1926.

No trouble or expense has been spared to make this supplement interesting and informative. In it all phases of cricket will be discussed by writers chosen from the foremost cricket authorities in the land. Readers may, therefore, rely upon the facts, figures, etc., mentioned from week to week in this supplement as being authentic.

HARRY WHARTON, Editor.



Boundary Hits! by "SCORER"

THE Australian cricketers now in this country were not permitted to bring their wives on tour. But it should not be assumed that they will only score "singles."

According to one critic, the reason why we lose Test matches is because we keep on playing the old stagers in the hope that sooner or later they will "come off."

C. B. Fry says that he does not know why girls cannot bowl, and that there is nothing to prevent an ordinary athletic girl from becoming an "exceedingly beautiful bat." But a good-looking girl surely doesn't want to be turned into a "beautiful bat."

The Notts County Club are looking round most anxiously and earnestly for a left-handed bowler, the idea being that he would put them right.

The Natural History Museum has recently purchased a big collection of moths, and as it is now well stocked it is no use sending the ones which have got into your flannels during the winter.

Arthur Gilligan, the captain of the last English cricket team which went out to Australia, has spent most of the winter amid the snow and ice of Switzerland. He should now be quite prepared to face a typical English summer.

The young cricketers of Yorkshire were being coached by George Hirst as early as the middle of March. These Yorkshiremen simply make a habit of being first.

"Plum" Warner, the one-time captain of England, is on our Selection Committee for the Test matches of this summer. It is hoped that he will find some "plums" for our team.

This is a little verse by the late D. L. A. Jephson which might well be learnt by every lad right at the start of the season:

"Play with a straight bat, sonnie,
In the game of life, or at school.
You may have hard luck,
You may make a duck,
But stick to the golden rule—
Play straight!"

A "googly" is a ball which breaks the opposite way from that which the batsman expects. Mailey, the Australian, is a terror for bowling these "wrong 'uns," and his captain hopes that they will prove to be the "right 'uns" for getting England's batsmen out.

M. A. Noble, the famous Test cricketer of other days, says that, in his opinion, the present Australian Test team is stronger than the side which England faced on the last tour "down under." Noble bases his opinion on the return to form of Macartney. In other words, Macartney is the man most likely to land us in the cart.

Yorkshire are expected to give a trial in their county eleven very soon to Herman Faulkner, a youngster from Chapeltown. This player is so keen about the game that some time ago he went to the trouble of having an asphalt pitch laid down near his home, so that he could practice out of season. Trained on asphalt, he ought to be a hard nut.

It is suggested by a wag among our readers who lives on the south side of the Thames that there is a suitable place for all busybodies who know just who should and should not play for England—the gasometer near the Surrey ground at the Oval.

A Record Season! by Harry Wharton

I EXPECT you fellows have heard people talking from time to time as if cricket was on its deathbed—that other summer sports, like lawn tennis, were giving it a dose of poison. Don't you believe a word of it. Cricket in England is neither dead nor dying. It is the best team game ever invented for summer months, and I can tell you right now that, far from being on its deathbed, cricket is in such a healthy state that we are now just embarking on what is, without any shadow of doubt, going to be the record season.

In the first place, the Australians are here, and their job is to retain those "Ashes," which have not been in the keeping of England since we won them in Australia in 1912. The job of England's cricketers is to send those Australians back to their own country without the "Ashes," and I can tell you that I have recently come across many English cricketers who are of opinion that we shall do it this time round—beat the Australians.

Mind you, it is going to be no easy job. What these Australians don't know about cricket is not knowledge; they play the game for all they are worth, study it from every angle, and of them it is always true to say that they are never beaten until the last ball of the match has been bowled. Later on I shall tell you something about the wonderful ways in which the Australians have fought with their backs to the wall, but for the moment I want to refer to some evidence that this is really going to be the record season.

The first Test Match of the five which have been arranged between England and Australia is fixed to take place at Nottingham next month. Away back in February—four months before the date of this first Test match—it was impossible to buy a ticket for a seat at Nottingham for the match. There are going to be bigger crowds than ever this season, and the pity of it is that we have no grounds which will be large enough to hold all the people who will want to see the games. That can't be helped, of course, but it just shows that cricket is very much alive.

All this interest which is being taken in the forthcoming games is sure to have its effect right down the line to the youngest of the cricketers at our schools. The doings of Jack Hobbs, Herbert Sutcliffe, and Maurice Tate during the last tour made by an England eleven in Australia has fired the imagination of hundreds of us. The boys of to-day are making up their minds that they will be the England cricketers of to-morrow, and everybody is ready to help them on the road during this record-breaking season.

Take one case in point. The M.C.C. has organised at Lord's cricket classes for the evenings of this summer, at which promising boys from elementary and secondary schools will be able to attend. It will be many years, naturally, before any of the lucky lads who attend at these happy evening schools will be able to stand where Jack Hobbs stands to-day, but it is as certain as anything can be that, with interest thus roused, we shall find the cricketers of the future. So that, even if we don't beat the Australians during this summer, we shall beat them sooner or later.

For the last two or three years there has been a net available for young lads at the Oval, where the Surrey County Club play, and I hear that opportunities will be given for more lads to have a go this season than in the past. I could tell you, too, of schools of cricket which are run by leading players which are really prosperous. All this means that while cricket has occupied a big place in the story of sports of the past, it is going to occupy an even greater place in the future.

One of my readers has already written to ask me whether I think England will beat Australia this summer. My reply is that it depends. But even if we don't there will be no necessity to go into mourning. The game is the thing. Anyway, whatever is happening, whether we are winning or losing, my Supplement will be telling you all about it. There will be points of interest for every reader who either plays the game or is interested in it—and that includes all of you, surely?

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 951.

I HAD an idea that when the football season was over there would no longer be any necessity for me to go about poking my nose into other people's business. Many times during the football season I got into hot water with prominent players because I told you things they were not anxious for the people to know. But my sigh of relief over the passing of football, and the idea that I could now sit back and have a quiet summer sleep was soon knocked on the head. Harry Wharton came along with this command: "You have got to pay into these cricketers now—and out all about them, whether they want to tell you or not."

That's the sort of chap Wharton is—never let's you rest a minute. He seems to think that I like work—that I just enjoy nosing around. I don't suppose he cares if one day somebody waits round a corner for me with a heavy mallet and hands me one. That is going to be my fate sooner or later. I feel sure, but I just have to go around looking for trouble until I come across somebody who gives me more than I can carry.

A SPLENDID SKIPPER.

You will admit that starting me on the team in command of "the enemy" was a pretty tall order. Of course, these Australians are friendly enemies; but they are enemies all the same, because they want to keep us from having the "Ashes." Collins is the skipper of them, and although when I first went to see him I had an idea that England might emerge victorious this time round, I came away with very grave doubts. We shall need all our power to rout these enemies. We have to beat a team of fine cricketers, and we have also to beat a most efficient captain.

Of course, I asked him if he thought the Australians would win again. "I hope so," he said, "but it is going to be a hard fight. However, optimism is my strong suit." It is going to be a fight, but Collins is no heavy-weight. Warwick Armstrong was the captain of an Australian team in this country, and Armstrong, as you may know, required a long tape-measure to get his waist-line all the way. Collins isn't the same type at all. He is rather slender—all wire and whipcord, as they say; but, incidentally, what is lacking in size is made up for in brain-power.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

When Collins appears in the batting list he is referred to as H. L. The "H." he told me, stands for Herbert; but all his friends—and he has many among English cricketers—know him—call him "Herbie." He likes to be called "Herbie" by the men of whom he is in command as well as by his "enemies," the English players. I never succeeded in finding out what the "L." stands for, but I can tell you what every body says it stands for—"Lucky." So there you have his full name—Herbie Lucky Collins.

IN COMMAND OF THE ENEMY!
by Paul Pry



"Herbie" Collins, skipper of the Australians, who is plucky as well as lucky.

Whether we win, he has said, depends on two things—if the Australian players who have had previous experience in this country prove to be in as good form as ever, and if the new men prove that they can adapt themselves to English conditions. My own view is that there is another big thing on which the outcome of the fight for the "Ashes" depends—whether the captain is really "Lucky Collins."

Out in Australia he captained their side against England and won the toss four times out of five. On the only occasion in a Test match when England was right in calling "trade," England won; but when I asked Collins if there was anything in the story that on the one occasion when he lost the toss "out there," Collins had left at home the penny which had "tall" on both sides, I had to do a quick jump, or else there would have been no more "Paul Pry-ing" in the future!

STOOD THE TEST.

One thing you can bet on—every man in the Australian team is going to work himself to the very limit to prove that the luck of Collins holds. Some people say that Gregory can't bowl as fast as he used to do. But if Herbie asks Gregory to send them down faster than ever, he will do it. Equally will Arthur Mailey take them a little bit more; Grimmett will be grimmer than ever; Warren Bardsley will be more difficult to move when he decides to stay at the wicket for hours; and so on right through the team. The captain of a cricket team is, other things being equal, the man who holds the casting vote between victory and defeat.

This will be the first occasion when Collins has been captain of an Australian team playing real Test matches in England; but he has much experience of English play and players, and can be expected to produce a trump card for everything which is done by our fellows. He was a member of the Australian Imperial Forces team which played in England in 1919, and when Kellaway, who captained that team for part of the summer, went home, Collins took over the reins. He scored centuries in that tour, and he again played against England when we

SAVING THE SITUATION.

But the innings of all which I shall ever remember seeing Lucky Collins play was at Old Trafford, Manchester, when he was a member of the Australian team under Armstrong in 1921. England had got into a strong position, and had declared her innings closed. Collins, as usual, went in first, and he scored forty runs. Nothing very remarkable about that, you may say. Perhaps there wasn't, but in getting those forty runs he stuck at the wickets for four hours and fifty minutes!

I remember that some people said at the time that it wasn't cricket which Collins played. I ask you, though, what it was. Australia was in danger of defeat; they had not the slightest chance of winning. Surely it was up to Collins to do his best to save the side from losing. His stay of four hours and fifty minutes was the chief means of enabling his side to draw. Not cricket to stay for that length of time defying all the wiles of the English bowlers and the fielders to get rid of him? Rubbish!

After that we can call him "Careful" Collins, in addition to "Lucky Collins." He can sit on the spile when it is necessary, and he can hit "em when quick runs are necessary. Lastly, he can bowl, though he says he doesn't do much of it now. He bats right and bowls left, and with the Australian Imperial Forces team aforementioned he took 100 wickets. His bowling, like his batting at times, is slow.

"The whole thing in batting," says Mr. C. B. Fry, "depends on the way in which the feet are moved."

We generally move ours in the direction of the pavilion much too early in our innings.

When the first Test match between England and Australia was played in this country our cousins were dismissed for 63 and 76. Now we know what cricketers mean when they refer to the good old days.

WHEN I WAS AT MY BEST!
by Jack Hobbs



The Record-breaking Batsman of England and Surrey.

VERY age is good for cricket up to, say, forty-five. If the player keeps himself fit pretty steadily. Whether it is advisable to continue the game after that is a matter which each cricketer will have to decide for himself, with due regard to his physical condition. But what is the age at which a cricketer is at his best? That is another question, and one which is capable of different answers. If it is meant at what age does the game give the player the greatest enjoyment, I should say in the early twenties. We have then such a tremendous zest for the game, we are all so full of energy and enthusiasm, and our stamina is so inexhaustible, that every day we play seems all too short to extract the full measure of enjoyment from an activity that never fails.

THE AGE OF ACHES AND PAINS.

If, however, by the best age for cricket we mean the age at which a player reaches the highest pinnacle of skill—and that is probably what is generally meant by the phrase—I should say, with basemen, anywhere between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five. I feel that such an answer holds good with the average club cricketer, and I know it is the case with the majority of our professionals. Personally, I have enjoyed all my cricket, but I know that before thirty I did not get so tired after a hard day in the field, or after a long spell of batting, as I have done after that age. Nor was the effect of such a day felt the next morning as it is now in a stiffness and soreness that is difficult to shake off. I am referring particularly now to that class of cricketer of which I know most—the county cricket game which occupies me so many days each week of the season.

"I WAS MORE BRILLIANT, BUT—"

But the years which compel a batsman to conserve his energy have their compensations. After thirty-five he is more restrained, less impatient, and more experienced. The result of greater experience is that you do not take the risks in batting you once did. You instinctively know how to avoid them, and it is wonderful how much this is re-

THE LESSON OF THE VARSITIES.

Good illustrations of the best age of batsmen can be got from thinking about the amateurs from the "Varsities." Coming from public schools, where they have been pretty well coached, and where they get a good deal of practice, the best of them get into the "Varsity" teams. Once there, they get fine tests against the county elevens at an age that is generally earlier than the youngest professionals. Some of the Varsity cricketers later display brilliance even against the best of our county bowlers—that is, at the age of twenty to twenty-three. They often get good scores against the best possible attack. But if you watch closely you will note that they are then rather inconsistent. Even in the Inter-Varsity match it is so often the untried batsmen who get the runs. In my opinion, the explanation is this—between the ages of twenty to twenty-three they are in the embryonic stage; only by observing them closely can you get indications of what they will later become.

EXPERIENCE DOES TELL.

Experience will show these "Varsity" men the directions in which they have been taking risks, when their knowledge of different types of bowling, and altogether improve their scoring records without affecting their rate of scoring. You will generally find that a "Varsity" batsman who sticks to the game with a county team after he has left college becomes a better player than ever he was at Oxford or Cambridge.

MY PRESENT BIG FAULT.

When I got my first hundred in county cricket I thought I knew all the art of

batting. Five years after I realised how much I had to learn. Even now I am learning something. One develops faults even between one season and another. I find that last season, by way of example, I had to overcome a tendency to go too far over to the swinging ball on the leg stump, and I imagined it was about the leg stump, and it was that fault that led to my dismissal more than once. Footwork is all-important in batting. Almost unconsciously I start to move with the swing of the bowler's arm. You have to be on your toes to move swiftly enough to be in correct position when the ball is on the point of impact with the bat, and even a slight miscalculation of the line of flight of the ball is apt to be disastrous. So I realise more strongly now than I did after my first century how much there is still to learn and what pitfalls are to be avoided. A bowler's best period should be between twenty-five and thirty. That is when he has his full strength and energy. Generally speaking, the bowler is harder-worked than the batsman. By twenty-five experience has perfected his skill, and I should say that after thirty he begins to feel the strain.

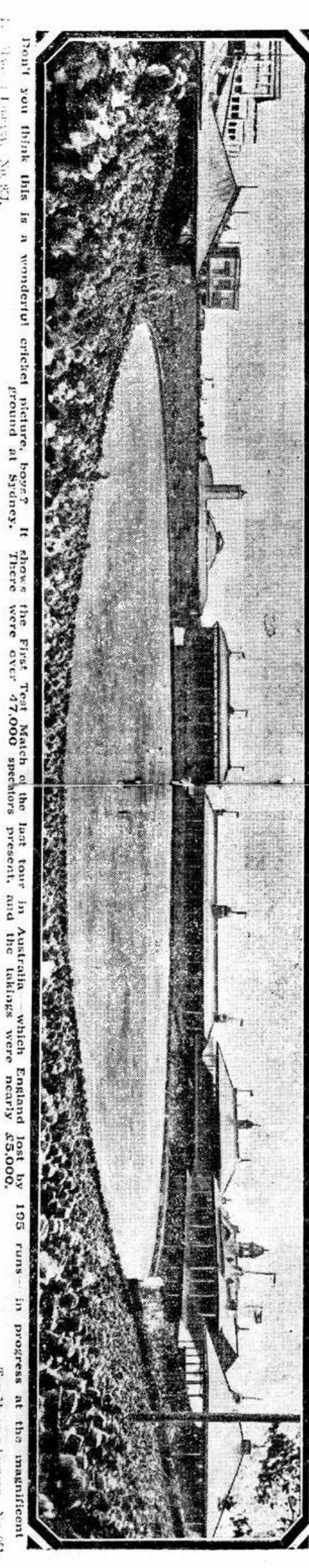
PROOF FROM THE PAST.

Notable proof in support of my arguments may be found in the records of well-known cricketers. Thirteen centuries in a season have been scored by C. B. Fry, Tom Hayward, and "Patsy" Hendren. When Fry made his record in 1901 he was twenty-nine years of age. Hayward (in 1900) was thirty-five, and Hendren, in his brilliant season of 1923, was aged thirty-four. Maurice Tate, the famous Sussex bowler, is now around thirty years of age, and it is quite evident that every season up to the present he has been "coming on." I fancy that his development, like that of a good many others, was delayed by the War years, else Tate would have been recognised five years ago as the great bowler he has since become.

MODERN PLAYERS ARE WISE.

Of course, what I have written presupposes that the player remains fit and does not run to weight. But probably my readers will have noticed that most professional cricketers of the present day are of the lean kind. I am convinced that the modern-day cricketer is less indulgent than of old. Whether this has anything to do with his better physical condition when "getting on" in years I leave to others to determine. As a last word, what is the moral of all this discussion as to the right—or the best—age for cricket? If my conclusions are correct, then we can indeed turn a deaf ear to those people who are always ready to insist that it is youth, and yet more youth, which is wanted in our representative teams.

Jack Hobbs



Don't you think this is a wonderful cricket picture, boys? It shows the First Test Match of the last tour in Australia which England lost by 105 runs—in progress at the magnificent ground at Sydney. There were over 47,000 spectators present, and the takings were nearly £5,000.

The MIRROR LITERARY, No. 621.

STARTING the LADS RIGHT!

by Philip Mead



(The Famous Hampshire and England Batsman.)

Points to be watched in training the young player.

THE early days of every cricket season bring with them their many demands for advice on the right methods of coaching young players. It is generally agreed that we want to find the right methods, because coaching undoubtedly tells in the long run. If we have the right coaching methods to-day, then we are the more likely to find the cricketers to beat the world in the future. On this question of coaching volumes have already been written. Among even the acknowledged experts there is much difference of opinion as to how the task of teaching the rising generation should be tackled. As the experts differ, it would obviously be sheer impertinence on my part even to attempt to lay down hard-and-fast rules as to how youngsters can be taught their cricket.

THE FIRST BIG PROBLEM.

What I think I can do, however, and possibly in a helpful sort of way, is to point to some of the problems which have to be faced by the coach. It is easy enough to blame the coaches because we haven't a supply of good young players coming along in sufficient quantity to meet every demand, but the teaching of the principles of cricket is not nearly so simple. Possibly the biggest problem of all with which the coach has to deal is what may be called the problem of human nature. We are all made differently, and especially are boys made differently, so that it is quite impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules as to how the business of coaching should be tackled.

PUTTING THE LAD "OFF."

Just take one particular instance which will illustrate my meaning. When our rising generation is batting at the nets, quite a number of coaches stand immediately behind

and give instructions as to what the boy with the bat should or should not do. I am quite willing to admit that, so far as some boys are concerned, this may, generally speaking, prove a very good way of teaching, and with the instructions which the lad gets from the rear when he has his bat in hand he may improve his game. On the other hand, I am quite certain that this is not the way to teach many lads. When the expert is behind them

making suggestions as to how this or that stroke should be made, the lad is apt to be so self-conscious that he simply cannot make use of the hints which are being given to him.

WORTH A MONTH'S STUDY.

This problem of the temperaments of the boys to be coached is, in my view, the biggest with which those who teach the game have to deal. There is the boy who is not particularly anxious to stand up to fast bowling; he may have the makings of a good batsman in him once he can get over this natural tendency of drawing out of the way of the fast ball. But, obviously, he has to be handled most carefully. I know one particular coach who considers that this matter of the temperaments of his lads is the most important of all. So much so that, not so long ago, when appointed coach at a big school, he didn't give a single lesson to any boy for a whole month. He just "mooned round," as he put it, watching the boys in their play, and the sole object of this careful watching was to enable him to get an insight into the temperaments of the lads whom he had to coach.

HOW MAURICE TATE STARTED.

It may well be that we do not produce first-class players in sufficient numbers because we do not, generally speaking, begin to coach them early enough—do not take them in hand until they have begun to do things in such a way that they have much to unlearn. But there arises the problem of how to get the lads in hand young enough. Not all boys are so lucky as Maurice Tate was in his youth. I have heard the father of England's best bowler tell how he began to teach Maurice in the garden when he could only just toddle.

THE GAMBLING ELEMENT.

In the experience of Tate there is a thought, too. You never can tell just when and how the effects of the teaching will become visible. Some of the most promising lads have failed to make good. On the other hand, some lads of whom the coaches have despaired have suddenly blossomed forth among the best in the land. Here is where the gambling element of coaching comes in. No matter how much is put into the boy by the coach, no matter how much time and trouble is spent, the last bit of genius, that extra bit of brilliance which makes the difference between the ordinary player and the genius, has to come out of the player himself. Don't let us overlook that fact.

MAKING OUR BOWLERS.

As I have mostly dealt with batting up to now, take the bowling side of the game for a moment in conjunction with the foregoing paragraph. The making of a bowler—or so it seems to me—is beset with more problems even than the making of a batsman. Indeed, a lot of people—with whom I am inclined to agree—declare that you cannot make a bowler. But while this is to a certain extent true, and while our greatest bowlers have been the men with the knack of doing this or that, it is, nevertheless, possible to teach bowlers some valuable things. The action tells on the pace of the ball off the pitch; the height at which the ball is delivered plays its part in deceiving the batsman, and so on.

INDIVIDUALITY TELLS.

Another problem which must face every coach several times each summer is whether to make a boy a batsman or a bowler, or whether to let him go ahead and cultivate both sides of the game with a view to becoming an all-rounder. These are among the points which cannot be settled in print, for on them we are forced back to our first point—that the individuality of the coach and the individuality of the young player must always be most important.

P Mead

What a Life!

Men who play games all the year round and have mastered both cricket and football.

TO most of us games such as football and cricket are the things to which we look forward when we are doing the more serious things of life. I confess that when I was in school I often let my thoughts wander to the cricket match which we were going to play later in the day. And if I really got into the right mood for confessing a lot, I should say that often I was actually playing cricket and football when I should have been studying.

However, that is by the way. I mention it because it serves as an introduction to a beautiful dream—a dream of playing games all the year round and doing practically nothing else. Think of it, you chaps! What a life! Playing football right through the winter, and then switching over at the beginning of May to play cricket all through the summer!

Even apart from getting well paid for the "work," you would call that a beautiful life, wouldn't you? There is an ever-increasing number of people who realise this dream of playing games all the year round, and during the last few weeks I have heard of several footballers who are likely to have a trial in county cricket.

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Alf. Baker, for instance, the famous Arsenal half-back, is qualified by birth to play for Derbyshire, and he has done so well in high-class club cricket in the North of London that he will get an opportunity of playing for the Derbyshire county this summer. Then Tom Clay, the Tottenham Hotspur full-back, may make an appearance for Leicestershire, and there are other footballers who promise, at the moment, to join the band of men who have gained real fame at both the winter and summer games.

Perhaps no man has had quite such a remarkable games experience as Jack Sharp, who has just retired from the captaincy of the Lancashire county cricket team. Sharp was a professional footballer, and when with Everton helped them to win the Cup on one occasion. He was chosen for England as a footballer, too. At the same time he was a professional cricketer, batting and bowling for Lancashire. Meantime, however, he got into sport in other directions. He started a sports outfitter's business in Liverpool, prospered, ceased to be a professional, played for Lancashire at cricket as an amateur, was a member of the Test Match Selection Committee when the Australians were last over here, and is also a director of the Everton Football Club. As I say, what a life!

Strangely enough, Lancashire has another man, Harry Makepeace—who became a master of both cricket and football, playing for his country at both games. Another man who has literally lived in sport from his youth is Andrew Ducat, the present manager of the Fulham Football Club, and who will doubtless be seen in the field again for Surrey this season as he was last.

Ducat told me that very early in life he decided to take up sport seriously as a means of making a living. Behind the will to succeed was the skill. Ducat led Aston Villa to success in a Cup Final, played for England at cricket, while he is now manager of a football club, and in the sports outfitting line as well.

Middlesex have three men in their team at times who have gained fame at football as well. Everybody knows Patsy Hendren, of course, both as a footballer and a cricketer, and at the moment Hendren and Durston, another master of both games, are associated in a school of cricket in London, where they teach the young lads how the thing should be done. The other footballer-cricketer of Middlesex is Joe North.

In Willis Walker and William Flint the Notts County Cricket Club has also a couple of professional footballers.

I have not exhausted the list of footballer-cricketers, but I have said enough to show that there are plenty of fellows who live what I have called the dream-life—a life of games. But don't, for goodness' sake, imagine that it is all a beautiful bed of roses. Not a bit of it! I have seen fellows who did nothing but play games for their living go home at night as tired as any farm-labourer has ever been.

To carry on at games successfully all the year round demands physical energy beyond the ordinary. It does not demand size essentially, for we have little "Fanny" Walden, the smallest footballer who ever played for England, playing cricket as a professional with Northamptonshire. Whenever I think of difficulties to be overcome, I think of Walden, the little fellow who refused to be laughed out of sport as a profession.



(Continued from page 12.)

"I will say nothing more, if you take it like that," answered Mark. "I've told you what I think."

Wharton looked round at the other fellows. He could see by their looks that they agreed with Mark. His brow grew darker.

"Let's have it out," he said, rather abruptly. "You fellows all think I ought to ask Mossoo a favour—ask him to let my detention stand over till next half-holiday? Is that it?"

"Well, yes," said Bob. "I think so, if you ask me. Mossoo's a nervy little beast, but he's not a rotter. He doesn't know anything about our fixtures, but he wouldn't want to muck one up if he knew."

"It's not so bad as that," said Harry. "Smithy will captain the team in my place, and there are plenty of recruits in the Remove."

Bob looked a little impatient.

"Well, if you won't ask him, you won't," he said. "Let it drop, and we must do our best without you."

"Oh, rats! If you think I ought to ask him, I'll ask him, and be hanged to him!" said Harry angrily. "I'll cut away to his study and ask the little beast now!"

And, without waiting for anything further, the captain of the Remove headed for the French master's room.

He tapped at the door, hearing a sound of pacing footsteps in the study as he did so. Monsieur Charpentier rapped out:

"Entrez donc! Zat you come in."

Wharton entered the study. The French master had been pacing the room restlessly. He stopped and stared at Wharton.

"C'est toi! Vat is it zat you want?" he snapped.

It was not a promising opening.

Wharton breathed hard. It went sorely against the grain to explain to the man he disliked—to ask anything at his hands. It was only the general opinion of the cricketers that had driven him into it. He forced himself to speak civilly.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Charpentier—"

"Vat is it? Vite!"

"I am detained for this afternoon—"

"Je le sais! I set you a task before I go out viz myself. You shall be in ze Form-room at deuz heures—two of ze clock."

"We have a cricket-match on this afternoon—"

"Comment?"

"I have come to ask you, sir, if you would permit me to play this afternoon, and let my detention keep till Wednesday," said Wharton, resolutely forcing himself to speak respectfully.

"Mais non, jameis!"

"Very well, sir!"

Wharton had kept his word to the cricketers; he had asked, and he had been refused. He turned to the door.

Monsieur Charpentier's angry glance followed him.

"You ask me zis, aftair you are to be disobedient, and laff at your master, isn't it?" he exclaimed. "You have impudence enoff to ask me zis!"

Wharton glanced back.

"I did not want to ask you. The other fellows want me to play, and they thought I ought," he said. "So far as I'm concerned, I'm glad you have refused, sir. I do not want to be under any obligation to you."

The French master's black eyes flashed.

"Zat is impudence—vat you call scheek!" he exclaimed. "You will be under detention, Wharton, and I set you a task to keep you from ze idleness. You are one bad and disrespectful garcon!"

"Is that all, sir?" asked Wharton, with cool impertinence.

"C'est tout! Allez-vous-en."

Wharton left the study.

"Well?" asked Bob Cherry, as he re-joined the Removites.

Bob hardly needed to ask the question; Wharton's look was enough.

"The little beast says no!" answered Harry briefly.

"Well, it can't be helped. We shall have to pull up our socks, that's all," said Bob resignedly. "It's a pity, though."

"It's a pity; but there's nothing doing."

And the Remove cricketers went down to Little Side minus their captain, what time Harry Wharton took his place in the deserted Form-room, without, however, the slightest intention of remaining there.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Breaking Bounds!

HARRY WHARTON'S brow was dark as he sat at his desk in the Form-room, and waited for the French master to come in.

He was bitterly, almost savagely, determined that he would not stay in. He had said that he would not, and he meant to keep his word. Had the detention been inflicted by his Form master he would have submitted as a matter of course; but to Monsieur Charpentier he would not submit, whatever might be the consequences. Skinner & Co. should have no pretext for their sneers and derision—on this occasion, at least.

The consequences were likely to be serious enough if his defiance of authority came to light. Mossoo was in a mood to demand the most exemplary punishment for such an act, and there was no doubt that the Head would deal severely with the delinquent. Wharton did not want trouble with the Head or with Mr. Quelch, both of whom he respected. But his mind was made up that Monsieur Charpentier should not deprive him of his half-holiday. The cricket he had to cut. There was no help for that. He could not join the cricketers while his detention was still in force. He would be seen, and taken back into the Form-room with a prefect's hand on his collar. But the fact that the Form match was barred to him only made him more determined to break detention.

Monsieur Charpentier came into the Form-room with a paper in his hand.

He gave the detained junior an angry look, and placed the paper on the desk before him.

"Zat is your task," he said.

"Thank you!" said Wharton, with cool sarcasm.

"You do him zis afternoon, and if he is not done you suffair for zat disobedience, Wharton."

"Dear me!" said Wharton.

Monsieur Charpentier breathed hard, and his black eyes glittered at the disrespectful junior. He controlled his temper, however, and whisked out of the Form-room.

Wharton scarcely glanced at the task. He rose from his form, and went to the window and looked out. Fellows were lounging in the quadrangle—from the distant cricket-field he heard cheery voices shouting.

"Well bowled, Inky!"

The Form match was in progress, and evidently Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had taken one of the Shell wickets.

Wharton's brow grew darker.

He wanted to be playing cricket that afternoon—he wanted it very much indeed. And his afternoon was to be wasted, because Monsieur Charpentier, worried by some private troubles that did not concern his pupils, was nervy and unreasonable and fault-finding. But at least he should not keep Wharton a prisoner!

"Oh, there he is!"

The dapper figure of the French master came into his view, in neat frock-coat and silk hat, whisking down to the school gates, with his usual jerky, hurried walk.

Wharton followed the dapper, whisking figure with a glance of dislike till it vanished out of gates.

He was glad to see Monsieur Charpentier go.

The coast was clear now. Mr. Quelch would be busy in his study, and the French master was gone. There was nothing to prevent the detained junior from slipping out of the Form-room and clearing off quietly, so long as he did not catch the eye of a prefect who might know that he was under detention, and so long as he was careful not to pass within view of Mr. Quelch's study windows, and so long as he was prepared to face the probable consequences. And Wharton had made up his mind about that.

Leaving his task on the desk, untouched, he quitted the Form-room, closing the door after him quietly. Billy Bunter was loafing in the passage, and he grinned at the captain of the Remove.

"Bunking, what?" he asked.

Wharton nodded.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Can't stop now."

"Hold on a minute, Wharton!" shouted Bunter.

Wharton turned back with a knitted brow.

"You fat fool, dry up! What is it?"

"The fact is, old man, I've been disappointed about a postal-order—"

"You—you dummy—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The captain of the Remove hurried on again.

"I say, Wharton—" roared Bunter.

Harry Wharton turned back again. This time he did not waste words on Bunter. He grabbed him by the collar, knocked his head against the wall, and sat him on the floor.

Bunter sat and roared.

Leaving him roaring, the captain of the Remove hastened away. He did not leave the House by the great door, where he would have been too much in the public eye. He went through the lecture-room, and passed out by a door on the quad. He had his cap under his jacket in readiness. He put it on, and scudded round the school buildings.

Five minutes later he was safe outside Greyfriars.

No one had observed him. He was free for the afternoon. Bunter would spread the news among the Remove fellows, but that did not matter; no one was likely to play the sneak on the subject. If he returned to the Form-room before Mossoo came to dismiss

him at five o'clock, it would not be known that he had gone out. Mossuo would probably double the task that had been left undone, but he would have no excuse for reporting him to the Head. Not that Wharton was caring very much about the outcome of his escapade. He was in an angry and reckless mood, more disposed to seek trouble than to avoid it.

It was pleasant to be out of the Form-room and in the sunny meadows, free as air, on a fine afternoon.

But he wanted to be with his friends at the cricket, and that was impossible. And after he had rambled for half an hour or so he began to tire of his own company. He threw himself upon a grassy bank, near the bridge over the Sark, and lay idly staring at the river that rolled and shone in the sunshine.

Footsteps on the towing-path came to his ears about a quarter of an hour later, and he glanced through the bushes at the foot of which he lay in the grass.

Then he started.

It was the dapper little figure of Monsieur Charpentier that came whisking along the tow-path towards him.

The junior's brow darkened.

For the moment he supposed that Mossuo knew that he was there, and was coming along with the intention of collaring him and taking him back to Greyfriars.

But the next moment he perceived that the French master was quite unaware of his presence.

Monsieur Charpentier was walking, or rather trotting, along the tow-path with his eyes on the ground and a wrinkle of worry in his brow. He was thinking, but not of the detained junior, whose existence he had probably forgotten by that time.

The French master seemed to be heading for the little lonely stone bridge, close by which Wharton was lying in the grass.

A mass of bushes screened the junior from his sight, but Wharton could see that, as soon as the French master passed the bushes, he could not fail to observe the figure in the grass.

The Removite acted quickly.

Only a few seconds after he had spotted the advancing figure of the French master, and before Mossuo came past the bushes that hid him, Wharton rose from the grass and darted under the arch of the bridge.

If the French master was heading for the bridge, to cross it to the other side of the river, he would not, of course, come along by the narrow path under the bridge, and Wharton was safe from discovery. If, on the other hand, he continued his walk along the tow-path under the bridge, he could not fail to discover the junior. That was a chance that Wharton had to take.

In the dusky shadow of the bridge he waited, wondering what he would do if Mossuo did find him there. He was in no mood to be tamely marched back to school by the French master, yet resistance was likely to be attended by results that he did not like to think of. He listened with keen attention to the quick steps on the tow-path.

They stopped.

Wharton breathed more freely.

The French master was not coming along by the path under the bridge. Fortune had favoured the truant.

He heard the little gentleman moving only a few yards away, and expected to hear him passing on the stone bridge overhead.

But Monsieur Charpentier did not cross the bridge.

His footsteps had ceased; it seemed that he was standing still, waiting at the bridge-end.

Again it came into Wharton's mind that the French master knew that he was there. Again he dismissed the idea.

Half a dozen steps from where he stood would have enabled Monsieur Charpentier to glance under the bridge and discern the junior in the shadow there. But he did not take a single step in that direction.

He was standing at the bridge-end, waiting, and it came in the junior's mind that this was an appointment, and that Monsieur Charpentier was waiting for somebody.

"Saturday, of course," murmured the junior.

He remembered that interrupted talk on the telephone. Monsieur Charpentier had repeated the word "samedi," in speaking to the unknown person of the name of Rigg. And to-day was Saturday! It dawned upon Wharton that that telephone talk had been for the arrangement of a meeting, and that Monsieur Charpentier was meeting the unknown Rigg on Saturday, and that this was the time and place.

"Mon Dieu! C'est un coquin!" he heard the French master muttering, only a few feet away from him. "C'est un scelerat ce Rigg! J'attends—moi, j'attends, et ce cochon de Rigg ne vient pas."

Wharton knitted his brows.

He had not the slightest desire to surprise any secret, shady or otherwise, of the man he disliked, and he would have given a good deal to be anywhere else at that moment.

But he could not go.

He was hidden from sight where he was, but if he emerged on either side of the bridge he would be in full view of the French master at once. And he could hardly be expected to show himself, which was tantamount to asking for a Head's flogging, simply because Monsieur Charpentier had chosen this time and place for his secret meeting with the mysterious Rigg.

"Ah! Voila!" exclaimed the French master suddenly.

Evidently he had sighted the "scelerat" for whom he was waiting at the bridge-end. As scelerat was equivalent to scoundrel, it was pretty clear that Monsieur Charpentier's dealings with the unknown Rigg were not such as would bear the light of day. Wharton wondered rather grimly what the Head would have thought, had he known that a member of his staff had dealings with a man characterised by himself as a "scoundrel."

There were footsteps on the bridge over the junior's head.

"Enfin!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier.

"Good-afternoon!" came a rather husky and unpleasant voice. "Have I kept you waiting?"

"Mais oui!"

"I had to come by train from Lantham. If you had come to my office as I desired—"

"Zat was impossible for me—if I should be seen—"

"Well, I am here!"

A shadow fell on the sunny river; the shadow of a fat, squat man who sat

on the stone parapet of the bridge, with a cigar in his mouth. Under the bridge, the junior heard his thick, stertorous breathing.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Moneylender!

THERE was a long silence. But for that squat shadow that fell on the sunny stream, Wharton might have supposed that the two men were gone.

But the shadow did not stir.

The junior waited impatiently; hoping that they would go. But they did not go; the fat man, tired from his walk, was resting, and the French master leaned on the parapet near him. It was Monsieur Charpentier's voice that broke the silence at last.

"Dites donc! You have something to say."

"I am here to listen, not to speak," answered Rigg. "If you are prepared to conclude our business—"

"Mais non!"

"I am afraid that I can wait no longer, sir," said the unpleasant voice. "I rang you up at the school as a final warning! You asked me to meet you to-day to discuss the matter. I have taken the trouble to come some distance to see you, because you did not desire to be seen at my office at Lantham. I came here fully expecting to receive my final payment."

"Mais de jous dis—"

"I do not speak French, sir; speak English, please!"

"I tell you—I tell you, monsieur, zat I can pay nozzings," said the French gentleman. "Ecoutez! I borrow from you ze sum of twenty pounds when I get one lettair which say zat ze petite Louise is malade— Ah, cette chero Lousie, ellè etait tres malade—and ze money, zat money he is wanted chez moi—at my home in France. I see in ze paper zat you lend ze money, I comes to you. N'est-ce-pas?"

A flake of cigar-ash dropped past the junior under the bridge. Mr. Rigg listened to the passionate Frenchman in silence.

Obviously he was not much concerned about the little Louise who had been ill. No doubt his way of business had had a toughening effect on Mr. Rigg.

"I borrow twenty pounds," went on Monsieur Charpentier, with shrill indignation. "Do I pay him? Do I not pay also ten pounds which you call interest on zat debt? Is it not enormous? Is it not vat in ze Court of ze law zey call unconscionable? N'est-ce-pas?"

"Is that all?" asked Rigg.

"Mais non! Non! Mile fois non!" hooted Monsieur Charpentier. "Still zere is ten pounds to pay, and I have no more of ze money to pay you viz. Je vous dis—I tell you, Monsieur Rigg, zat if I go to ze Court of ze law, ze judge ho say zat is unconscionable, and ho ordair zat I pay you nozzings."

"The courts of law are open to you, sir, if you are not satisfied," said Rigg.

"Mais vous saved—but you know zat I dare not!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "In my position I dare not go to ze court for ze justice—I lose my position in ze school if it is all known."

"In that case you had better pay."

"But I have nozzings," wailed Monsieur Charpentier.

"So you have told me before, but you found ten pounds," said Rigg coolly. "Find the other ten, and I return you your paper."

"But I cannot find him!"

"Then I have wasted my time. Good-afternoon!"

ANSWERS
Every Saturday —PRICE 2:

"Restez, restez, monsieur! Vat is it zat you will do?"

"Naturally, I shall take you to court if you do not pay your debt, Monsieur Charpentier."

"Ze judge he give you nozzings if you do."

There was a hard laugh.

"But I think your employer will give you something when he hears of it, sir—nothing less than the sack!"

"You take ze advantage of zat, coquin."

"Business is business," said Mr. Rigg. "Find the money somewhere, and pay your debt."

"Ze money zat you ask, it is ze bread of zose leetle enfants in France, who have no protector but zeir oncle."

The junior under the bridge heard a yawn.

That yawn expressed the feelings of Mr. Rigg on the subject of Mossoo's little nephews and nieces in France.

"Ah! C'est un scelerat!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "It is a Boche—it is a Hun—it is a scoundrel!"

The fat shadow on the river moved, as Mr. Rigg slipped from the parapet, preparatory to taking his departure.

"You are pleased to call me abusive names, Mr. Charpentier," he said. "You have brought me here on a fool's errand—instead of my money, you hand me excuses and abuse. Listen to me, my man! I will give you till Monday, before my office closes, to call and pay me the ten pounds you still owe me. Fail, and a writ will be served on you at Greyfriars."

"Mon Dieu!"

"Do not ring me up again—do not ask for further meetings. I will have no dealings with you. Pay the money

before my office closes on Monday, or take the consequences."

Mr. Rigg's voice was angry; apparently he did not like being called a scoundrel, though so well deserving of the name.

Monsieur Charpentier broke into a wail.

"Give me more time—a week—a fortnight—"

"I will give you till Monday, and not an hour later."

"Mais je suis desespere," gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat means that I am ruin—zat I leave my post—zat I go—c'est fini—it is ze misere for zose leetle enfants. Ecoutez! Zis worry he make me malade—I lose my temper—I am harsh, I am unjust to ze pauvres garçons in ze school, because I am so worry! And apres tout, it is ze ruin!"

"That is your business!"

There was a sound of retreating footsteps on the bridge.

"Monsieur!" called out the French master.

No reply came back.

The angry Mr. Rigg tramped away, and disappeared from the eyes of the distressed little gentleman.

The moneylender was gone.

Monsieur Charpentier leaned on the parapet of the bridge, cooling his fevered forehead on the cold stone.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" Wharton, under the bridge, heard his muttering voice. "Tout est fini—I am ruin! All is finish! Ze school—he is ended for me—je m'en vais—and les enfants—les pauvres enfants—cette chere Louise—let petit Jean—"

A sob broke off the words.

There was a sound of hurried footsteps, and the junior under the bridge

caught a glimpse of the French master, hurrying away along the tow-path like a man possessed.

He vanished from sight in a few moments.

Harry Wharton came out from under the bridge, into the sunlight of the path beside the river. His face was pale.

Certainly, he had never intended or desired to play the eavesdropper; but he was not wholly sorry that he had been an unseen witness of this strange interview. The resentment, the bitterness, that had been in his heart, had been brushed away, leaving only a feeling of shame in its place.

This, then, was the trouble that had been on the poor little gentleman's mind. In bitter need of money, not for himself but for others, he had recourse to a moneylender—and the rascal had rooked him without mercy, knowing that a master in a school like Greyfriars dared not let the transaction come to light.

This was what had broken the French gentleman's nerve—soured his kind temper—turned the patient and forbearing little man into an angry, irritable, exacting master!

It was scarcely to be wondered at; in such a frame of mind poor Mossoo was in no state for Remove rags. True, he had been unjust—his unreasonable wrath had fallen chiefly on Wharton who had meant him well, and who had indeed always stood by him and made his difficult task easier as much as he could. He had been unjust and unreasonable—he had treated Wharton badly!

That was the truth, and yet how small now seemed those little grievances compared with the deadly trouble that was driving the excitable little man

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almost out of his self-control! Wharton's grievance was real enough, as far as it went. But was it worthy of him to have thought so much about it, to have resented it so sharply and implacably? He knew that it was not.

Wharton's thoughts were busy as he made his way back to Greyfriars. He had not acted well, and he had disdained to take a lesson from Lord Mauleverer. Mauly, whom all the Remove called an ass, had done the right thing, from some instinct that was his own. He had acted from instinct, as Wharton was now prepared to act from knowledge of the facts. Wharton felt humbled as he thought of it.

He was no longer thinking of an afternoon out of gates. He was anxious to get back to the Remove-room—not to escape punishment for breaking detention, but to do as Mauly had done—to avoid the appearance of disrespect to a man who was down on his luck. If Mossoo ragged him for the unfinished task, he was prepared now to bear it patiently—glad, indeed, if the poor little gentleman could find any relief in ragging him.

Wharton dropped over a wall into the Cloisters, and by devious ways made his return to the Form-room, fortunately without discovery.

Once at his desk in the Remove-room he set to work at the French detention task.

Never had a detention task been done so conscientiously. Wharton worked hard, and did his very best.

But too much time had been lost; and the task was still unfinished at five o'clock, when Monsieur Charpentier came into the Remove-room.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

From Foe to Friend!

MONSIEUR CHARPENTIER came very quietly into the Form-room. His manner was very subdued, and seemed to have lost the nervous irritation that had marked it of late.

Wharton rose respectfully to his feet, and his eyes lingered curiously on the French master. Even had he known nothing of the meeting with "ce Rigg" by the Sark bridge, he would have divined from Mossoo's look that something had happened that afternoon, Monsieur Charpentier looking like a man who had "taken the knock," in sporting parlance; and all the energy, all the irritation, all the vitality, as it seemed had been knocked out of the little gentleman. He looked subdued, crushed—indeed, crunched was more like the word.

"Wharton, you have finish?"

Monsieur Charpentier's voice was as limp as his look.

"Not quite, sir," said Harry. "I am very sorry; I will stay in and finish if you wish, sir."

Monsieur Charpentier's voice was too troubled with his own despair to notice even the change in the junior's manner.

"Pas du tout, mon garçon," he said. "Finish or not finish, it is done—you may go."

"Thank you, sir!"

Wharton moved from the desk and paused.

"May I speak a word, Monsieur Charpentier?" he asked.

"Mais oui!"

"I am sorry that I have given you offence, sir," said Harry. "I did not

mean to do so, but there was a misunderstanding, sir."

Mossoo glanced at him at that.

"Tres bien, mon garçon," he said. "I also wish to speak one word. I have been of ze bad temper of late, hein? I have irritate myself, I have find ze fault zat is not zere, you zink so?"

Wharton hesitated, and the wrinkled face of the French master softened into a faint smile.

"C'est vrai," he said. "It is true! I have been mooch troubled, mon garçon—affaires de familie—family affairs in France zat you know nozzing of. It was verree wrong of me to let zose affairs make me of ze bad temper—I know zat too well. But when I am worry, worry, worry, zen it is trop—it is too much ze rag in ze class, vat you zink? It make me what you call in English like ze rats."

Mossoo probably meant ratty.

"Now I zink him ovair, I see all zat, and I feel zat I have been sometime unjust, Wharton. Verree likely I have misunderstand you—I am so worry wiz ze trouble. Ze ozzer day I say to you espion! You zink I zink you one spy! But I do not zink him—I say him because I am irritate, I am affright, I am startle—but I do not zink him, Wharton. I know verree vell zat is it not so."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry.

"I say zis to you because it is perhaps zat I leave ze school soon," said Monsieur Charpentier.

Wharton started.

"I hope not, sir!" he exclaimed.

"C'est possible—it is verree possible—and I say zis because, if I do go, I like you to remember me as one good master, and you forget zat zese last weeks I have been so irritate. J'avais torn—I have been in ze wrong, mon garçon, but I zink if you had known how mooch I was trouble, you would not have been so irritate yourself. But no mattair—it is all ovair now."

Wharton felt something like a pang of remorse.

"I'm sorry that I've been disrespectful, sir," he said. "I can't say how sorry I am!"

"You are one good boy, Wharton," said the French master, with a faint smile. "I remember you kindly after I am gone. I hope zat you remember me kindly also."

"Certainly, sir."

The French master made a gesture, and Harry Wharton left the Form-room with a heavy heart.

But he had not taken more than two or three steps down the corridor when Monsieur Charpentier called after him:

"Wharton, mon enfant!"

The captain of the Remove turned back at once.

"Yes, sir?"

"You go to Mauleverer, and you tell him zat he do not zose lines zat I have give him. You tell him zat I am sorry zat I was angry viz him for nozzings."

"With pleasure, sir."

Wharton went his way, and the French master left the Form-room after him, taking his way with slow steps towards his own study.

The junior glanced at him once or twice from a distance, and noticed how the little gentleman's head drooped, and how he walked limply with his eyes on the floor. Only too obviously Mossoo had "taken the knock," and taken it badly.

Harry Wharton went out into the quad, and looked away towards the cricket ground. The Form match was

TWENTY READERS WIN OUR TOPPING TABLE FOOTER GAMES!

RESULT OF "PARS" No. 5.

A Table Footer Game has been awarded to each of the following competitors:

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R. A. EATON, 173, Manwood Road, Crofton Park, Brockley, S.E.4.

EDMUND SPOONER, 72, Kettlebrook Road, Tamworth, Staffs.

KENNETH R. JONES, 31, West Park Road, Newport, Mon.

RICHARD STEAD, 31, Salcott Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.11.

HOWARD B. ROBINSON, 61, Laburnan Avenue, Garden Village, Holderness Road, Hull.

S. KEEPECE, "Sunnyside," Seymour Road, Hadleigh, Essex.

HARRY SANDWELL, 12, Derby Street, Todmorden.

CHARLES HUGHES, 46, Crescent Road, Netherton, Dudley.

P. REDDING, 22, Lewisham Road, Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield.

ALBERT LEWIS, 49, Outcote Bank, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

RONALD PASH, 51, Edward Street, Grimsby, Lincs.

HERBERT CAVE, 34, Twycross Street, Leicester.

CHAS. YORK, 3 Block, 6 Flat, Ebenezer Buildings, Rotherfield Street, Islington, N.1.

F. STEVENTON, 47, Spencer Street, Mumps, Oldham, Lancs.

GEORGE HUNT, 10, Hampden Street, St. Pancras, N.W.1.

HARRY HILTON, 91, Beaver Street, Oldham, Lancs.

NORMAN CUTHBERT BROWN, "Shirley," Purley Downs Road, Purley, Surrey.

G. REEVES, "Samarkand," Gipsy Lane, Wokingham, Berks.

NOW GO AFTER THE 20 GAMES OFFERED THIS WEEK!

(See page 2.)

still going strong; the Remove were in now, with Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith at the wickets. Wharton was keen enough on the cricket; but even a Remove match had second place in his thoughts now.

The thought of the unfortunate French gentleman, at the mercy of the moneylender, threatened with utter ruin if he did not make a payment, which he could not make, lay heavy on the junior's mind.

The "feud" was a thing of the past; it was only with a feeling of shame that he thought of that.

If he could have helped the unfortunate little gentleman out of his scrape—that was the thought that chiefly occupied Harry Wharton's mind now. But how could he help him?

He glanced round the quad, looking for Mauleverer, and then went indoors, and up the Remove staircase. Lord Mauleverer was in his study—No. 12 in the Remove—and there Wharton found him.

His lordship was not adorning the study sofa with his lazy person, as Harry expected. He was sitting at the table, with a dismal and woebegone expression on his good-natured face.

Before him was a sheaf of impot paper, in his hand a pen. On the top sheet of paper a line was written:

"Je chante de ce heros qui regnait sur la France."

That was all.

Lord Mauleverer had evidently started his imposition—and he had done one line out of a thousand! And he looked tired. Possibly it was not the single line that had tired him, but the prospect of the further nine hundred and ninety-nine.

He gave Harry a dismal look as the captain of the Remove came into the study.

Wharton glanced at the impot, and smiled.

"Getting on with it?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"Is that all you've done?"

"Yaas."

"No wonder you look fagged!"

"Yaas; it does fag a chap out," said Mauly. "Mind, I'm goin' to do the lines. I'm not goin' to rag Mossoo. But how the jolly old dooce I'm ever goin' to work through them, goodness knows."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Chuck it, old man!" he said. "I've got a message from Mossoo. You're not to do the impot."

Lord Mauleverer jumped.

"Honest Injun?" he exclaimed.

"Official," said Harry, with a smile.

"Oh, good!" Lord Mauleverer's face brightened up wonderfully. "Didn't I tell you that Mossoo was a good little man? By gad, you know, that makes me feel better than if I'd never had the lines at all. Vive la France!"

His lordship shied the pen across the study in great exuberance of spirits.

"Dear little man!" he said. "Wharton, old bean, do you think he would mind if I walked along to his study and hugged him?"

"Better not!" said Harry, laughing.

"But I forgot—you've got a down on him!" said Mauly. "Sorry! Didn't mean to start an argument."

"I haven't a down on him," said Wharton gravely. "You were right, Mauly, and I was wrong."

"I know!" assented his lordship placidly. "But how do you come to see it, dear man?"



Wharton closed the study door, and came back to the study table, and sat on a corner of it, regarding Lord Mauleverer very seriously. Mauly gazed at him in some surprise. "Mossoo's up against it, old man," said Harry. "I've found out something—by accident! I—I think we might help him, between us." "I'm your man!" said Mauleverer, at once. (See Chapter 12.)

Wharton closed the study door and came back to the study table and sat on a corner of it, regarding Lord Mauleverer very seriously. Mauly gazed at him in some surprise.

"Mossoo's up against it, old man," said Harry.

"I fancy all the school knows that by this time," said Mauly.

"I've found out something—by accident! You can keep a secret, Mauly. I—I think we might help him between us."

"I'm your man!" said Mauleverer at once.

"It's a dead secret, of course! Mossoo doesn't dream that I know anything about it. I wouldn't tell even you, Mauly, only I can't help him out unless you help me."

"Cough it up, old bean!" said his lordship. "I'm your man, and I'm silent as the grave. Besides, I shall forget it by to-morrow."

"Mossoo's in the hands of a money-lender!"

"Great gad! Is that it?"

"That's it. A ruthless rascal named Rigg; and if he doesn't pay the man ten quids on Monday there's going to be an action at law—which means the boot for Mossoo here, of course!"

"Poor little man!" said Mauleverer softly. "But surely ten quids isn't much to Mossoo. He must get a good salary here."

"The man has been bleeding him already, and one of his little nieces in France has been ill, and cost him a lot of money. I fancy he's just on the edge of the rocks now."

"Rotten!" said Mauleverer dismally. He looked inquiringly at Harry.

"Anythin' I can do?" he asked. "You can't offer the man money. Dash it all, that's impossible!"

"Quite, of course!" said Harry.

"Then what—"

"I've got four pounds ten shillings," said Harry quietly. "I was going to get some cricket things. But never mind that. I've got that sum. Will you put five-ten to it, Mauly, and make up the sum that's wanted? I wouldn't mention it to you if I could manage it alone, but—"

"A tenner, if you like," said Mauly. "But how—"

"No; it's between us," said Harry. "Of course, Mossoo couldn't take money from us. But suppose he received a couple of fivers by post, without any name, or letter, or anything? Just a line to say it was from a friend, an unknown friend. It would never even cross his mind that it was a Remove chap, of course. Call it a birthday present, or something, from an unknown friend, who remembers him with respect."

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"Good! He would most likely think it was some old boy of Greyfriars—"

"He can think what he likes so long as he doesn't guess that we have anything to do with it."

"Yaas."

"Well, what do you think, Mauly?"

"I think you'd better let me stand the whole tenner."

"Fathead! What do you think of the wheeze?"

(Continued on page 27.)

A GLUTTON FOR WORK! Barely has Ferrers Locke escaped with his life from Scar Hosking, the skipper of the Phantom, than he sets out to lay a snare for "Scar's" especial benefit!

The Phantom of the Dogger Bank!



An Amazing New Detective Serial, featuring Ferrers Locke and his boy assistant, Jack Drake.
(Introduction on page 23.)

In Direst Peril!

SKIPPER PROCTOR took the message, his eyes open wide in wonder that Jack could so quickly have decoded the message.

"They're children in selecting a code," replied Jack to the skipper's unworded question. "Now I'll turn in, skipper, for I'm dead beat."

Drake swung himself into the state-room, clawed his way to the locker-bunk, loosened his clothes, and was soon sound asleep.

But there was a troubled look on his face even as he slept that log-like sleep. What had happened to Ferrers Locke? Where was his chief? On the Trumpeter or the Phantom? And how could they get him back? Those questions had been hammering in on his brain ever since they had cleared the fjord. And apparently they were troubling him in his sleep.

This fighting and running away did not please the young assistant. Yet it was the only possible course, equipped as they were. What they were up against was a more powerful and desperate organisation than even Ferrers Locke had imagined.

And what was the meaning of it all? Why did the Phantom continue its work of striking terror into the hearts of peaceful fishermen on the Dogger? No, not that! That was merely a consequence of the real intention—to cause great damage to the nets and gear of boats in the Carr fleet. But why? It would seem that the whole thing pivoted on John Carr, trawler-owner. It was a baffling mystery, and the motive seemed a thing nebulous and as far from discovery as ever.

Locke and Drake had trailed the case to Iceland. It seemed that Iceland would hold the solution. That is, if Iceland still held the man Stromsund, whom Hosking and Langley and Blayne called "chief." Could John Carr connect Stromsund with anything in his past life?

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All these questions had raced through Jack Drake's mind, leaving him no rest of thought. But now he was sleeping, and sleeping soundly, for the young assistant well knew that nothing could be done unless he gave his mind proper rest. And it really looked as if he, for the time, would have to conduct the case. The best way to do that would be to rescue Locke. But how?

Drake had slept for fully eight hours, when Tom Harper, his oilskins glistening, and water dripping from the peak of his sou'-wester, lurched into the state-room and clawed his way along by the table towards Drake's couch.

The motion of the trawler was most violent, and even such a seasoned fisherman as Tom Harper dare not lose a grip of some firm fitting as he moved. Hanging on to the table with one hand, he shook Jack roughly with the other.

The young assistant started up, fully awake in a second.

"The skip wants ye on the bridge, mate," was all Harper said; then he made his way out on deck again.

Jack swung himself round to a sitting posture on the locker seat, and hauled on his rubber thigh-boots. Then, swaying to the scending of the trawler, he drew on his oil-frock, jammed his sou'-wester on his head, and clawed his way out of the state-room.

Thick fog greeted him as he lurched out on to the deck. It streamed aft, twirling about the deckhouse. The mizzen mast and the boats were barely discernible. And, with it all, the seas thundered on the Stormcock's high turtle-deck, occasionally solid masses of green water slamming aft and swirling about on the verandas.

It was thick, heavy, northern banks weather with a vengeance. And yet the Stormcock smashed on at full speed, without lights, without the usual warning blasts from her siren.

Jack staggered to the bridge and mounted. Proctor was there, grey and worried, his yellow oil-frock streaming with moisture, tiny beads of water about his whiskers, enhancing his look

of greyness and making him appear twenty years older.

"This is no seamanship!" growled the skipper as Jack, gripping the rail, stood beside him. "Here we be in as thick weather as ever I've seen it, heavy sea runnin', an' footin' it at thirteen knots an hour, never darin' to sound out a fog warnin'!"

"Why—" began Jack.

"Why? Because that blamed Phantom is right alongside o' us, smashin' on not fifty yards away on our star-board beam. An' she's not soundin' her siren. It's askin' for trouble. It's no seamanship, an' I don't like it—"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't give fog warnings, I suppose—"

"Isn't there? She be gropin' about tryin' to locate us. These here Iceland-men are strong boats. I reckon he means to hazard another attempt to board— By Heaven! Hard a-star-board! Hard a-starboard, there, every blessed spoke!"

Proctor had sprung back to one of the broken wheel-house windows, and Jack heard the wheel grinding over. He cried out in wildest alarm as he saw the cause of the skipper's yelled order. The gaunt brown sails of a reefed-down smack swept by close alongside to starboard, the miserable croak of her foghorn sounding as the Stormcock, having altered course just in the nick of time, swept by.

Yells of rage came from the decks of the smack, mingled with the shouts of alarm. And faintly came the furious shout of one of the smacksmen:

"Murderers!"

She was past.

Proctor, trembling, came back to the rail.

"That's happened twice before," he said, a quaver in his usually strong voice. "There's going to be trouble this evening. It's not going to clear. If we slow down, we'll be an easy prey to the Phantom. Listen! Ye can hear her crashing along occasionally as she butts into a bigger sea."

Jack strained his ears, and soon he

heard the unmistakable roar of broken water over her decks. She was racing along in the fog, neck and neck with the Stormcock. It all seemed a suicide business, as Proctor himself called it.

It was desperation! The Phantom was risking all hazards to get the Stormcock, to keep her from reaching England, for Langley well knew the length of the arm of the law. Such crimes as he had committed under Stromsund's orders would warrant the dispatch of a British gunboat, ordered out from the Admiralty. Thus he was taking great risks.

As Jack listened he heard the faint croak of another foghorn ahead. He glanced sharply at the skipper. Proctor, too, had heard it, and he cocked his head and listened with his fog-strained ears. And moisture that was not born of the air or the sea started out on his temples.

"Sailin' craft on the port tack!" muttered Proctor, glancing anxiously ahead to where a man was stationed in the foretop on lookout duty.

"Listen!"
A faint shout had sounded from a-beam. Then a confusion of yells, followed by a heavy crash. Escaping steam hissed amid the crashing of falling spars.

"By Heaven, the Phantom's got it!" cried Proctor, whisking round into the wheelhouse.

Jack went with him, and arrived just as Proctor had slammed the engine-room telegraph to "Stop!"

The Stormcock slowed down, the pulsing of her engines ceasing. She pitched and reeled heavily in the seas, drawing nearer to the grinding and hissing and yelling noises on her beam.

Proctor and Jack peered anxiously through one of the broken panes, and suddenly they saw the locked vessels, dim and ghostly-looking in the fog. Proctor rang for slow astern, to keep the Stormcock from mixing herself up with the trouble.

"'Tis the trawler that's got it!" he said between his teeth. "She's settlin' rapid, an' her crew are swarming on to the barque, which don't seem greatly damaged, or they wouldn't leave their own craft for her. The Phantom's done! Well, better them than us—"

The crew of the Stormcock had clustered at the starboard veranda, watching the disaster closely. That the Phantom was doomed was apparent. She was settling by the bows, and the barque, which had lost her fore-topmast in the crash, was slashing up and down in the seas close alongside. Men of her crew were hacking away at the cordage which was holding the two vessels locked together.

The men of the Phantom were still swarming up to the barque's deck, and terrified shouts sounded out here and there as men fell into the water, others throwing lines to them and hauling them aboard.

"'Tis rough justice!" said Proctor grimly. "Ah, they're clear o' the Phantom. They're driftin' away. Well, an' we can see her go an' say good riddance to her—the Phantom, I mean—"

But Jack Drake had clutched Proctor's arm.

"Skipper" he said hoarsely, "how do we know Ferrers Locke was not on the Phantom? And if he was, would they release him from where he was imprisoned, to denounce them for their villainy? We must—"

Skipper Proctor's face looked terrible.

"By Heaven, you be right!" he muttered. "I'll edge in close as I dare to the Phantom. Get your men, lad; I'll

edge close enough for ye to leap, or I'm no seaman. Ye've a short ten minutes to look for your boss—if ye're lucky—"

The engine-room bell clanged, and the engines pulsed in response, slow ahead. The great turtle deck of the Stormcock reeled and dropped in the seas as she nosed in close to the doomed Phantom. The vessel was listing to port. She was near the end, and Proctor's knuckles showed white as he gripped the frame of the broken wheelhouse window, rang for the engines to stop, and saw Jack Drake, Tom Harper, and two other stout volunteers scramble over the anchor deck of the Stormcock to get in position ready to leap for the doomed trawler.

A short ten minutes to look for Ferrers Locke! And Jack Drake, as he crouched ready to leap, well knew that it would be ten minutes of the direst peril, with the Phantom ready to nose-dive under at any instant!

In the Nick of Time!

THE Phantom, sinking rapidly, wallowed sullenly in the seas. The bows of the Stormcock sawed up and down, up and down; and Jack Drake and his men clung to the rail as their feet rested on the rounded turtle-deck, outside the life-rail, waiting for a chance to leap.

The Stormcock reeled towards the Phantom. Now was their chance! A desperate leap, a flight across the narrow intervening gap, and they would gain the deck of the doomed craft.

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.

At an early date Locke discovers that **SCAR HOSKING** is a traitor to the fleet, and 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, only to find that the prisoner, **LANGLEY**, has gained his freedom, and warned Hosking of their approach. A thrilling chase follows, but before Locke is taken prisoner aboard the enemy craft he dispatches Drake to warn Proctor to get his trawler clear. The Stormcock is making full speed ahead, with the Phantom hot on her trail, when the wireless operator intercepts a message which Drake decodes. It gives instructions to the skipper of the Phantom to continue his work of destruction on the Dagger, even should the Stormcock elude them.

(Now read on.)

"Forward!" yelled Jack, propelling himself into mid-air from the Stormcock.

The men followed valiantly, and a series of thumps was heard above the roar of the waters as the rubber-cased feet of the searchers landed on the Phantom's deck.

"Harper! MacClure! Search aft! I'll go forward!"

Jack sped off along the sullenly lifting deck. His choice had been the more dangerous—the search forward. But Jack knew that it was most probably forward where Locke had been imprisoned—if, indeed, he was on the trawler at all.

The young assistant heard rubber-soled feet thumping behind him as he ran. He turned his head swiftly and saw the fourth man of the search-party close on his heels.

"The forepeak first, sir!" gasped the man. "That's the most likely place. But it'll, mebbe, be most full o' water by this time. I'll show 'e how best to get down."

The man knew trawlers thoroughly. Jack didn't, so he stood aside to let the man show him the way. He was glad of the man's presence, for the wasting of a minute, finding a certain hatchway or hole in a bulkhead, might mean the wasting of precious lives, too.

Down went the man through the break of the fo'c'sle deck, Drake following.

Below, in the iron shell of the vessel, the sounds were terrifying. But most terrifying of all was the ugly swash of the water inside the trawler. Sluice-slam! Splash-slam! As the water bilged about to the motion of the sinking craft it met the iron sides of the hull or the bulkheads with a shivering slam, that quivered the fabric of the trawler from track to keel.

Down now through a hole in the main-deck passed the man, with Drake close up behind.

"By hokey, sir, the forepeak's nigh full! She'll dive at any second! An' we've got no light!"

But Jack had jerked out the electric torch which he always carried in his side pocket, and the bright shaft of white light shone out.

Ferrers Locke's assistant searched about with the torch on the restless, lopping mass of dark water below their feet.

He groaned.

"If he was imprisoned here, man, he's drowned! I—"

The man gripped Drake's elbow.

"There, there, sir! Look! Arms an' legs bound; but he's practically senseless, though his legs be movin', keepin' himself afloat somehow! It's him, sir!"

Jack directed the light on the floating form which the man had seen. And, with a loud cry of joy, he saw that it was indeed Ferrers Locke. But he was out of reach.

"Take my torch!" snapped Jack, thrusting the light into his companion's hand. "Stand by to lend aid—"

The plucky youngster plunged into the ugly, black, pulsing water, the surface of which was rising inches every minute.

At last, after a desperate struggle, he had the bound form of the detective up against the iron ladder on the bulkhead to which the trawlerman was clinging. A great, strong, horny hand then descended to the collar of Locke's coat, gripped, and by an almost superhuman effort the man lifted Ferrers Locke bodily from the water, and, panting, held him against the iron ladder.

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"Up, sir, up!" gasped the man. "Lie on your stomach at the hatch an' stretch your arms down. I'll lift more so's ye can get a grip. We'll soon have'n up—if the trawler lasts long enough—"

There came an alarmed shout from the deck. It was Tom Harper.

"He isn't aft! Come up! Come up! She's goin'!"

Jack swarmed up the side of the ladder like a monkey. The trawlerman, face purpling with his effort, was holding Locke with his one hand. Drake was in position in a trice. He extended his arms just as the man, grunting like a horse straining its hardest to pull a wagon out of the mud, raised the body of Locke another six inches.

Jack felt his fingers clutch cloth. He gripped, and shouted for his companion to get up the ladder and pull from the top. The man lumbered up, and, desperation lending them additional strength, the pair got the bound form of the senseless detective through the hatchway on to the deck of the trawler.

Tom Harper was by their side in an instant. He savagely grabbed a handful of Locke's coat and started off down the deck at a run, dragging the senseless form behind him.

Jack Drake realised the situation. The trawler was perceptibly listing farther over, and the surface of the sea was now creeping steadily up the deck in the waist, like an incoming tide on the sands. She was going—going!

A line was stretching from the Stormcock to the Phantom, all ready for rescue work. Along this scrambled and swung the men, one after another, to the bows of the reeling Stormcock. Jack Drake and Harper fixed the end of a line round Locke, and then swung themselves to safety on to the Stormcock.

Then the engine-room bell clanged, and the water was churned white round the Stormcock and the sinking vessel, as the screw turned on the reverse. Drake and the others, once on the deck of the Stormcock, hauled on the line attached to Locke. The detective was neatly plucked from the rail, splashed lightly into the water, but was immediately hauled up to safety on to the turtle deck of the Stormcock.

The Stormcock was drawing off as quickly as a threshing screw could draw her. And none too soon. The Phantom gave a sick lurch.

She went down on her side, her masts curving over with a swish towards the Stormcock. Alarmed shouts went up from the men.

"Keep to sta'board! Stand clear o' the trucks o' the masts—"

Crash!

The mizzen-mast of the Phantom smashed down on to the turtle deck of the Stormcock, flattening the rail, then dragging clear, with a grinding and tearing at all fittings in its way.

The Stormcock rolled almost on to her beam-ends as the waters closed in over where the Phantom had been. And wreckage bobbed up here and there in the foam—poles and oars, gratings and floorboards of the boat on the chocks, etc. The poles and oars came stabbing up into the air like javelins. But the whole ghastly picture faded in the fog as the Stormcock backed rapidly away.

Drake had at once turned his attention to Ferrers Locke. To the boy's unbounded joy, the detective's heart was beating, and quite strongly. His ordeal in the forepeak, with the water rising, rising with remorseless rapidity, must have been terrible. But he had not been hurt physically. Nor had he swallowed

much water. His insensibility was probably due to a knock on the head as he was swashed about from side to side of the forepeak in the rising water.

His bindings were cut loose, and he was carried to the skipper's state-room.

The Stormcock had been got going ahead again, her siren bellowing out its warning every few minutes, the engines going at slow speed. Jack had no sooner made Locke comfortable in the skipper's bed than the detective opened his eyes.

At first he looked dazed and puzzled. But the look swiftly cleared, and he smiled faintly at his assistant.

"Ah, so you got me, Drake! I know nothing of what happened, except that there was a collision. I made sure it was the end for me, when I was struggling, bound as I was, to keep my head above the rising water in the forepeak."

"The Stormcock was quite close to the Phantom when she collided with the barque. It was thick fog, as it is now," Jack spoke rapidly. "Men of the Stormcock rescued you."

Ferrers Locke struggled up on to his elbow, his eyes steeling.

"Where are the men of the Phantom?" he asked.

"They all got away on the barque. Her hull wasn't damaged. You're the only one from the Phantom we got hold of. They left you to go down, of course."

"So we ran into a sailing-ship. And the Phantom was the one to go down. The men of the Phantom have got clear in the barque?"

Ferrers Locke put his hand on his brow and closed his eyes. He was making a great effort to think.

"Do you know whether the Phantom reported the disaster by wireless?" he asked at last.

"I'm pretty sure she didn't, guv'nor," said Drake. "It all happened before you could say Jack Robinson, almost. It'll be a nice little surprise packet for Stromsund, when the barque lands the poor shipwrecked crew of the Phantom! They'll—"

Ferrers Locke held out his hand.

"We must turn this disaster to account, Drake," he said swiftly. "I can think more clearly now. Where are we?"

"Down off the Faroes somewhere, sir, I believe," replied Drake. "We were running for the Dogger, the Phantom on our heels. You see, we are so handicapped by lack of fighting or even defending power that—"

"Quite so. You wanted to man the Stormcock with a fighting force. Good! That is very necessary. But it is also very necessary, Drake, that no news of this disaster gets to Stromsund. I think I can work that, if Proctor hurries. Inspector Pyecroft will see to it as soon as that barque gets to land. Shout for Proctor at once. We must make a Lloyds' signal-station on the mainland without delay."

Jack sprang to the state-room door and bellowed out into the fog. Then he returned to the detective, whose eyes were narrowed in deepest thought.

"We must send a false wireless message out to the Trumpeter," Locke was saying, half-musingly. Then: "By the way, Drake, the Trumpeter is close at hand, I suppose?"

Jack grinned.

"I guess they're still rolling about the Iceland coast, guv'nor," he said, "doing their best to unravel a tangle of a round twenty fathoms of steel wire rope from their propeller."

"I see. Well, no matter, Stromsund is on her, I know. A wireless message to her must be sent at once, as from the

Phantom. We have no choice but to send it in English, without code. If only we had their code—"

"We have, sir!" cried Drake swiftly. "We picked up a message from her to the Phantom in code. The key letter is G. I decoded it. It read: 'FOLLOW IF LOSE WORK DOGGER.'"

Ferrers Locke's eyes gleamed.

"My boy, the dawning of my new idea is looking very rosy indeed. Ah, here's Proctor!"

A Clever Ruse!

SKIPPER PROCTOR came swinging into the state-room, shaking the moisture from his sou'-wester as he walked.

"Well, sir, an' I'm real glad to see ye lookin' so bright. Fancy your young man gettin' you just at the last second like that! Miraculous, I call it! You sent for me, sir?"

Ferrers Locke nodded, and Skipper Proctor looked a trifle nervous. He was dreading an interview with Ferrers Locke, on account of his carelessness in allowing the prisoner Blayne to seize an opportunity to escape. But Locke made no mention of the matter just now.

"Proctor, I want you to speed up for the nearest Lloyds' signal-station on the mainland of Scotland. Where are we now?"

"'Bout a hundred miles to the nor'-west o' Bill Bailey's Bank, I should say, sir. The Bill Bailey Bank be about seventy-five miles to the sou'-west o' Faroe Islands."

"Then you're not more than a hundred-and-twenty miles or so from Angholdt Fjord?"

"That's about it, sir."

"Well, speed up as much as you dare—and that's full speed ahead. But, of course, sound fog-warnings, and have double look-outs. There's a signal station on the Pentland Firth, isn't there?"

"Yessir. I reckon Dunnet Head would be our handiest. That's near Thurso."

"Good! Well, push along to there, skipper. And send the wireless operator to me, will you? I must tell you that I intend to send out a false message to the Trumpeter, to make out we are the Phantom, or the Wraith, as she is really called. Then we head for the Dogger, and wait for the Trumpeter to come down and relieve us."

"I've got you, sir. Right you are: full speed ahead it is. The fog's thinnin' a bit now, anyway."

Skipper Proctor slipped out of the state-room, and in a few minutes Locke and Drake heard the engines pulsing more rapidly. The trawler lunged more heavily into the seas, and the shock of solid water streaming over the forward decks recommenced.

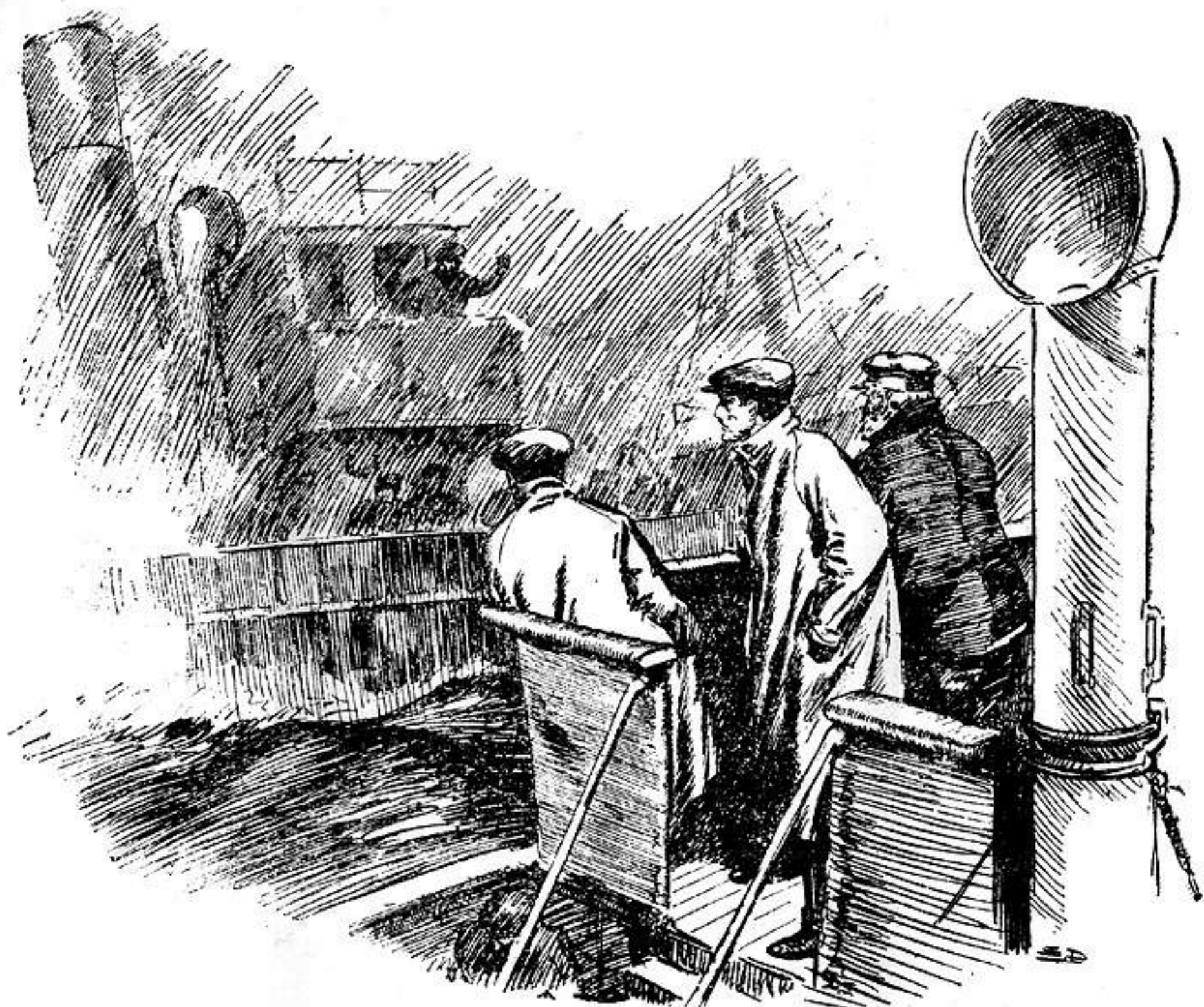
The siren bellowed its warning notes out into the fog occasionally, and Locke and Drake heard Proctor telling off extra men for the look-out.

The wireless operator knocked at the state-room door, then entered.

"Can you transmit to a point a hundred-and-twenty miles away?" asked Locke.

"Yes, sir. A hundred and seventy-five," replied the wireless man. "Any-one with a suitable receiver at a hundred and twenty would get strong reception."

"Splendid! Well, send this off. It's a message in code to our dear enemy the Trumpeter. You can see the translation. But, of course, you send off the code one."



Hosking peered suspiciously towards Ferrers Locke, Drake, and Skipper Proctor. "What's on, eh?" he bawled. "We are, ye traitor!" shouted Proctor. "Boarders away!" (See page 28.)

The man took the paper, and when in his cabin read:

"IURROYOUT JUTZ CUXXE
GHUAZ YZUXSIUIQ GTE SUKK
ULL ZU JUMMKX."

And underneath the coded words was the translation:

"COLLISION DON'T WORRY
ABOUT STORMCOCK ANY MORE
OFF TO DOGGER."

He grinned as he sat down to his instrument.

"I fancy the steam-trawler Trumpeter is in for a big surprise, and very soon, too," he said to himself.

Then he busied himself sending out the message.

While the Stormcock pushed her way to the south-east, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake took the opportunity of having a good sleep. But Locke left orders for him to be warned when nearing the Pentland Firth. That, however, would not be done for another twenty hours or so.

Late the next day Locke and Drake roused themselves, dressed, and went out on to the deck.

"Where away, skipper?" asked Locke.

"We'll be over Stormy Bank in about three hours' time, sir. Fog's cleared, as ye see, an' the sun's dryin' everything up beautifully. Sea has been going down rapidly all the morning."

"Stormy Bank's off the Orkneys, isn't it?"

"Ay, ay; well to the west'ard."

"Excellent. Well, Proctor, I've been looking at your charts. It will be best for my scheme if you can put me ashore to the eastward of Dunnet Head, where the signal station is. But we must pass the signal station and signal our name as Wraith. You understand?"

Proctor grinned.

"Ay, ay!" he said. "It'll appear in the shippin' news, and mayhap Stromsund will read it. It'll strengthen the deception. But I'm wondering about all this, sir. As soon as that there barque lands those poor distressed fishermen the cat'll be out of the bag proper."

"That's my idea in going ashore," replied Locke. "My assistant and I have settled on a good plan. The barque was crippled by the loss of her head gear. Therefore she will be slow. We'll get ashore long before ever she can make any port."

"She was headin' sou'-east when the collision occurred, sir," said Proctor. "So I take it she was beatin' up for Scotland. As ye say, she'll make but poor way wi' her forward gear a wreck. Ay, ay, we'll get in days before she can."

"Well," continued Locke, "I'll make such arrangements, when I can get to a telegraph-office, that, by some strange mistake, it will appear as if the shipwrecked crew came from a trawler called the Stormcock. I will, too, see

that the distressed crew are very well cared for when they land. They will be given comfortable lodgings where wind and sea won't harm them again for some time to come, and where they won't think it worth while to correct any mistake that may appear in the shipping news, even if they know of it."

Skipper Proctor grinned happily as he stumped to and fro, athwartship, on the bridge.

"That's prime, sir," he said. "I see your game. You be evening things up nicely. Now it'll only be the Stormcock versus the Trumpeter, an' the Trumpeter all unsuspectin' at that. Ah, it's good, sir!"

"Well, now you know the scheme, see that your part of it is carried out without hitch. No carelessness, skipper."

"No, no, sir, Not again!" replied Proctor hastily. "I'll let ye know when we sight Dunnet Head. And I know of a cove round 'tother side o' it where you can be landed nice and comfortable."

The headland was passed late that evening, the Stormcock signalling her name as Wraith. The answering pennant fluttered out from the headland, and, when the trawler was well clear of the headland in her eastward course, she turned at right angles and headed in for the land at Duncansby Head.

Locke and Drake were dressed in their shore clothes all ready. The boat put them ashore from the trawler, then

returned to the vessel, leaving Locke and Drake on the beach, to climb to the road, and so get up to John o' Groat's House. Proctor had orders to proceed down the eastern coast of Scotland and lie to off Girdleness, near Aberdeen, to await Locke and Drake to rejoin the trawler by boat from the land.

Ferrers Locke and his assistant climbed to John o' Groats hotel, and after ordering a car from there, sat down to a hearty meal.

"We are too late for the little telegraph-office at Canisbay, my boy," said Locke, "so, with the car, we'll travel into Wick, and I'll telegraph to Inspector Pyecroft from there. Wick is the nearest railway-station to John o' Groats, so we'll dismiss the car from there, if we can fit in a train. After our meal, go to the office and see if you can borrow an A B C. Then look up the trains. We must get to Aberdeen at the earliest possible moment, for we don't want to have the Stormcock hanging about off Girdleness too long."

The wire that Locke sent off at Wick made the people at the post-office open their eyes. It was very lengthy, and it ended, "Reply to chief post-office, Aberdeen."

When Locke and Drake arrived at Aberdeen, late the next day, they called for their reply from Inspector Pyecroft, of Scotland Yard. It read: "Will arrange accordingly. The barque Hanningford reported by Board of Trade as being probable ship. She is bound for Clyde. All possible ports warned. Have noted Carr's address."

"So far, so good," said Locke. "Now to hire some sort of a boat to be put on to the trawler again."

This was soon done, and the Stormcock, with Locke and Drake again aboard, steamed southwards. Proctor was troubled about coal and stores.

"Pick out some obscure coaling station and get in there," said Locke. "Make it pretty low down on the English coast, and see that the trawler is reported under a false name—not, of course, the Wraith, but the Emma, or Alice, or something."

With infinite care Locke covered up their tracks as they proceeded. And

the Stormcock, her bunkers and food stores replenished, made for the Dogger.

Their arrival caused a deal of consternation amongst the fishermen. But Proctor kept fairly clear of the Carr fleet.

A trawler arrived from Lowestoft and hailed the Stormcock. All the other trawlers belonging to Carr, of course, thought that the Stormcock was the Phantom, back again at her evil work.

This new arrival had been dispatched by John Carr in response to Locke's demand by wire from the place where the Stormcock had coaled. She contained a fine body of fishermen who would man the Stormcock, and so enable her to tackle the Trumpeter on equal terms.

The transshipping of the men was done at night, after which the visiting trawler flitted away again as mysteriously as she had come.

For four days and four nights it was a game of patience for those on the Stormcock. Coal was conserved, the trawler doing little but steaming fast enough to keep level with the Carr fleet wherever it fished on the great Dogger Bank.

Then the Trumpeter came.

The first intimation was the wireless operator excitedly coming to the state-room with a message in code. This Locke and Drake decoded, after a great struggle with it, for the code was more difficult to discover than the last.

The message was to inform the Wraith that the Trumpeter was closing in on the Dogger, and that both trawlers would work together for two days, after which the Wraith would proceed to Iceland.

Ferrers Locke rubbed his long hands together.

"Our move next, Drake," he said with relish. Then sent for Proctor to attend in conference in the working out of a scheme to capture the Trumpeter.

Turning the Tables!

IT was a thick night on the Dogger. The trawlers were fishing, and, like two evil spirits, the Trumpeter and the Stormcock passed in and out of the fleet.

The Trumpeter was indeed at her evil work. A dull explosion or two, and yells of rage from the honest trawlers occasionally came to the ears of those on the Stormcock whenever they got fairly near to the wake of the Trumpeter.

The thickness of the night was ideal for the evil work of Hosking. And as he passed through the fleet he left a trail of destruction behind him—trawls cut adrift, nets blown to pieces, and gear fouled as it was being towed along the bottom.

Scar Hosking, of course, thinking the Stormcock the trawler of his fellow evildoer, Langley, thought that that vessel was doing its share, too, in the work of destruction.

Proctor was stumping about in the wheelhouse, almost breathless with rage.

"Tis maddening, sir!" cried the old skipper to Locke. "Here we be wi' a trawlerful o' splendid fightin' men, an' weapons, an' we have to stand by an' see our old comrades' nets torn to shreds by that cur! Why can't we slam in an' finish it—"

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"All in good time, Proctor," he said.

"I can understand your feelings—"

"The more so because o' that,"

growled Proctor. "Just listen to that. That be a nice sort o' thing for the admiral o' the Carr fleet to hear hurled at 'im from one of his own boats."

"Patience, please!" said Locke, rather sharply.

Proctor snapped tight his lips. And the yells and shouts from the trawler they were passing were heard by all.

"Another one! Two blinkin' Phantoms for us now!"

"Where's your number, ye cowardly curs?"

"Call yourselves British seamen?"

"May ye sink an' perish, ye witherin' murderers!"

Jack Drake, as he listened, told himself that he could quite understand Proctor's fury. Yet they had a plan to carry through, so must work in patience and with certainty.

"Come, come, Proctor," said Ferrers Locke at last. "I know this is not at all pleasant. But in carrying out your work honestly and thoroughly you have to do many things that are not pleasant. As soon as you have manoeuvred so that, just as the Trumpeter is steaming to windward, we can shoot up astern of her, we can get to the action you need. But, mind, I must have the Trumpeter to windward. Otherwise, we shall be heard in the fog. If we approach as I say, we shall be able to hear the Trumpeter quite plainly—the wind will blow the sounds of hissing steam or slamming water down to us. We can creep up, and when you can trust your judgment to locate the Trumpeter to a nicety, we will drive full ahead alongside her—"

"Ay, ay, sir!" growled Proctor between his teeth. "May it be soon. You haven't been admiral o' that fleet those curs are slingin' so, or ye wouldn't take it all so cool-like. Listen! There's another explosion. Who knows murder hasn't been done?"

The Stormcock turned in the direction of the sound, and blustered on at half-speed. Then she nosed about here and there in the thickness, occasionally seeing a Carr trawler, and having to bear all the yells and insults hurled at her once more.

All were looking out anxiously. Drake stationed himself at one of the broken wheelhouse windows, and peered into the thickness.

"There she is, sir, there!" he exclaimed sharply, touching Ferrers Locke's arm. "Crossing our bows!"

"What?" demanded Proctor, pushing his bearded face towards the opening.

"Yes, and slewing round to run to leeward of us," replied Jack. "They'll be—"

Tom Harper, bursting into the wheelhouse at that second, clipped Jack's sentence short.

"We up in the bows have just seen the Trumpeter, skip!" cried Harper. "She crossed our bows, then, slewed round for the south-east'ard—"

Skipper Proctor's eyes gleamed as he turned his face eagerly towards Locke.

"Just in position for what ye said, sir," he breathed.

Locke nodded.

"All right," he said. "Use your ears and your best judgment, skipper, and run alongside. The men have all been warned and are all ready, but slip around and give the word, Harper."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Harper, with enthusiasm as he whisked out of the wheelhouse and ran along by the bulwarks.

(Continued on page 28.)

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"HARRY WHARTON'S FEUD!"

(Continued from page 21.)

"First chop, old man!"

"Then it's a go," said Harry, "and we'll trot down to the post-office before tea."

And Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"It's a go, dear man."

And a "go" it was.

Bob Cherry met the two juniors, when they came back from Friardale, just before the school gates were closed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! We beat them!" he exclaimed.

"Beat whom?" inquired Lord Mauleverer.

"Fathead!" roared Bob. "We've beaten the Shell by six runs."

"Oh, good! Glad to hear it, old man," said Lord Mauleverer amiably.

"Have you been playin' them, then?"

"Ass! How did you get on with Mossoo, Harry?"

"Oh, all serene," said Wharton. "I cut out of bounds, but Mossoo doesn't know."

"Bunter told us so. But what about the detention task?"

"It wasn't finished; but Mossoo didn't mind."

Bob looked at him curiously.

"That's good!" he said. "Mossoo's let you off, and we've beaten the Shell, after all. So you can give the jolly old feud a rest—what?"

Wharton smiled.

"There isn't any more feud," he said.

"I'm afraid I've been a bit of an ass!"

"Great pip!"

"Don't you think so?"

"Well, yes; but I never expected you to see it," said Bob. "I'm glad to hear it, anyway. I say, I've seen Mossoo, and he looks frightfully down in the mouth. But let's get in to tea!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

All Serene!

"**M**ON Dieu!" Monsieur Charpentier uttered that astounded ejaculation, and stared, and stared, as if his little black eyes would bulge out of his head.

It was Monday morning, and Monsieur Charpentier was opening his letters in his study after breakfast.

One letter, with a type-written address on the envelope, caused him some little alarm. It came into his mind at once that it was a letter from Mr. Rigg, containing threats from the moneylender. Mossoo opened that letter first.

And then he stared and ejaculated.

The envelope contained a folded sheet of paper, which, when unfolded, proved to bear a single line in type-writing:

"From a friend who remembers you with respect."

That was not all.

Two crisp, rustling slips of paper fell

from the sheet on Mossoo's table as he unfolded it.

He picked them up and turned them over in his fingers in blank astonishment.

They were two five-pound notes.

"Mon Dieu!" repeated the French master. "C'est un reve! I dream zis! It is zat I am still asleep, and to dream!"

He looked at the brief letter again. In the typed line there was no clue to the sender. He looked at the envelope. In the typed address there was no clue.

He sat in amazement.

That day he had resolved, with an aching heart, to give in his resignation—to leave Greyfriars before the storm burst, knowing that he had no mercy to expect from Rigg, and knowing himself utterly unable to raise the sum the man demanded. The needs of his family at home had drained Mossoo dry; he was at the very end of his resources, and there was no hope on the horizon.

And now—

"I cannot accept zis!" he exclaimed, "C'est impossible! Non, non; it is too mooch! But—but—but—"

Tears came into the eyes of the troubled little gentleman.

Some kind friend, possibly an old boy of Greyfriars, remembered him with kindness, and had sent him this as a present. If he could not accept it as a present, he could take it as a loan, to be repaid later, when he should discover the identity of his unknown benefactor.

He was saved! That thought dominated all others.

The emotional little gentleman pressed his lips to the brief missive. From the depths of his heart he throbbed with gratitude to the unknown friend who had saved him.

There was no French class that morning; but had there been Mossoo would probably have cut it. While the Greyfriars fellows were going into the Form-rooms, Monsieur Charpentier sallied forth, in frock-coat and silk hat, with a smiling visage. He trotted, rather than walked, down to the station at Friardale to take the train to Lantham.

Harry Wharton & Co. were coming

out of morning class when the French gentleman returned to Greyfriars.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Mossoo looks bucked!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Wharton glanced at Monsieur Charpentier and smiled.

Undoubtedly the French master looked tremendously "bucked." His neat little feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he walked.

"The buckfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Monsieur Charpentier smiled as he passed the juniors, and greeted them brightly.

"Bonjour, mes enfants, bonjour!" he trilled.

"Good-morning, sir!" chorussed the the Famous Five, capping the French gentleman respectfully.

And Mossoo whisked into the House.

"My hat! That's rather a change," said Nugent, staring after him.

"I say, you fellows," chimed in Billy Bunter. "I say, there's a beastly French class this afternoon. We'll all back you up, Wharton, in ragging the beast."

But when the Remove met Monsieur Charpentier in the class-room that afternoon they found him quite a new Mossoo. The clouds had rolled by and Mossoo was his old patient, amiable self once more, and Harry Wharton, lately at feud with the French master, set the example of law and order. And all was calm and bright—which was a very satisfactory ending to Harry Wharton's Feud!

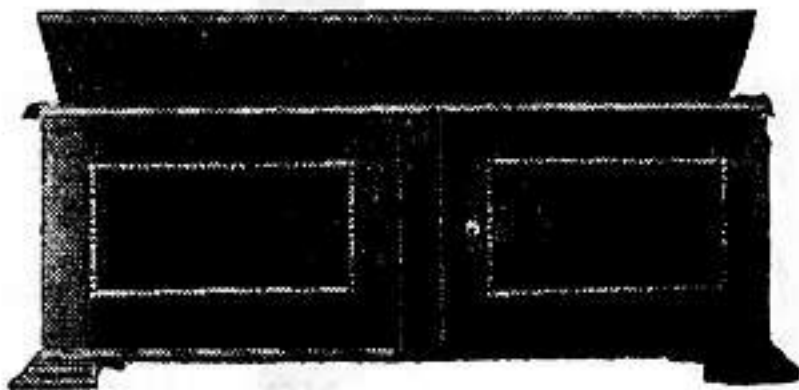
THE END.

(There will be another long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week. Note the title, chums: "THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!" By Frank Richards. You will vote it a splendid yarn from beginning to end!)

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"THE PHANTOM OF THE DOGGER BANK!"

(Continued from page 26.)

passing the news that the attack on the Trumpeter was imminent.

Skipper Proctor stood at the broken window, his ear bent to catch every sound from ahead. Locke and Drake stood by and watched.

At last Proctor held up his left hand as a sign to the man at the wheel to be on the alert, and ready to obey an order on the instant. The skipper had evidently heard something ahead—the heavy wash of the Trumpeter as she lurched into a deeper hollow, or the slight hiss of steam from her boilers.

"Port a bit!" snapped Proctor. "That'll do—midships again. Now starboard a wee. So! Steady! Keep her at that!"

Proctor stepped back to the engine-room speaking-tube.

"She's nigh, Mac!" he called down. "Stand by an' drive her all ye know soon's ye hear me shout!"

The trawler-master went back to the broken window, and gave another sharp order to the helmsman. Excitement was growing in the old skipper. Locke and Drake bent their heads towards the broken glass and listened. They heard the unmistakable "slough" of a steamer lunging into the waves.

The men squatting down under the bulwarks could hear, too, and they were all ready for instant action.

"Now ye can see her!" said Proctor

sharply to the man at the wheel. "Steer to drive up alongside to starboard o' her. Let her rip, Mac!"

The engines began to pulse more rapidly, and the Stormcock seemed to leap into place beside the Trumpeter, which was steaming at half-speed in the fog.

A cry sounded from the overtaken vessel. Then followed a roaring shout from her bridge. In the misty thickness the form of Scar Hosking could be seen, the man looking astern as if puzzled.

"What's on, Langley?" bawled Hosking through cupped hands.

Proctor looked at Ferrers Locke, his eyes glinting angrily. Locke nodded.

"Anything you like, skipper," he said. "But it's boarders away on the instant, mind!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The skipper slipped out of the wheelhouse, and Locke and Drake followed and stood on the bridge beside him. Hosking was now peering suspiciously towards them. The Stormcock was practically level with the Trumpeter now, and about twelve feet distant.

"Starboard a bit—you!" ordered Proctor, through the broken window of the wheelhouse. "Just touch, an' no more." Then the skipper cupped his hands. "What's on, Scar Hosking—eh? We are, ye traitor! Boarders away!"

The Stormcock sprang to life. Men leapt up from everywhere, it seemed. Yells sounded from the Trumpeter, frantic thumpings on the decks to rouse

those below, and the rapid crashing of shots from a revolver in the hands of Hosking.

Hooks were thrown over on to the Trumpeter's decks, and, there being no man handy to throw them loose again, they tautened to their chains and held.

The two trawlers, crashing along at a good ten knots, were locked in struggle, and with wild shouts the men of the Stormcock swarmed over the gunwales, hitting with clenched fists, one or two engaged in wrestling struggles here and there.

Hosking had emptied his revolver, and he threw the weapon at Tom Harper, as, followed by three men, that valiant fisherman sprang up on to the bridge and made for the man who had once been his shipmate.

The Trumpeter had been taken completely by surprise. Evidently, however, someone had been handy to warn the men in their quarters. For a goodly company were on deck, meeting the boarders, and giving as good as they got.

The fight there was awaying fast and furious. Ferrers Locke touched Jack Drake on the forearm.

"There's the weak spot, Drake!" cried the Baker Street detective, his voice being heard above the yells and cries of the fight. "Come along! Follow me!"

(Mind you are in at the end of this gruelling fight, chums. There's not a dull line in next week's exciting instalment of this story!)

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