

THE OLD BOYS' PAPER WHICH IS ALWAYS NEW!

No. 795. Vol. XXIII.

Week ending May 5th, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



CAUGHT OUT OF BOUNDS!

(A powerful incident from the long complete 20,000-word story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)



KING CRICKET!

WITH the coming of the cricket season, coupled to the fact that our Football Picture-Puzzle Competition has proved such a remarkable success with my thousands of readers, I have decided to continue this interesting feature with the slight alteration of football to cricket. As before, the picture-puzzle will contain a brief history of prominent clubs, and will be just as simple and interesting. More to the point—the cash prizes will be exactly the same! Tell all your friends about our Simple Cricket Competition, and persuade them to enter right away.

"A FRIEND IN NEED!"

Next Monday's long complete story of Greyfriars deals further with Ernest Levison, whose arrival at the school has awakened old memories of "dark and shady" days which Levison would far sooner his former schoolmates forgot. Fate, however, has chosen a singularly hard path for the St. Jim's junior to follow. His generous spirit in helping a black sheep who was unable to help himself has placed him in a very unenviable position—a position which carries with it

disgrace and, perhaps, worse still—the sack! Vernon-Smith, commonly known as the Bounder, has a long memory, and he does not forget the time when Levison did him an exceptionally good turn. With that well in mind the Bounder stands by Levison in his time of need, with what result you will gather from reading the afore-mentioned story. Truly a masterpiece of schoolboy fiction!

"THE HOUSE OF THE BLUE MIST!"

The adventures of Ferrers Locke among the dreaded Hoa Hangs next week will hold you spellbound. The great detective realises that his only chance of exterminating the mysterious league is to become a member of the organisation. This he does after a truly nerve-racking initiation ceremony. To describe his subsequent adventures here would take up too much space, and, perhaps, spoil the flavour, so to speak, of next Monday's grand story. Suffice it, an old character in the shape of Inspector Pycroft is introduced, and the Scotland Yarder has good cause to bless the day when Locke became a member of the Hoa Hangs. A magnificent story this, my chums.

CYCLING!

With the advent of summer comes, as a matter of course, the delightful and health-giving sport of cycling. Harry Wharton & Co. have given us a special supplement dealing with this favourite sport. Humour and tragedy are uncommonly well interwoven; so make a dive for our cycling number.

WIRELESS!

Now that wireless has become so popular it is necessary to know something about the terms and technical expressions which are applied to its apparatus. The MAGNET Wireless Dictionary offers splendid information to the uninitiated. Have a glance at this week's instructive article.

LIMERICKS!

The verse given below in our grand Limerick Competition is bound to attract you all—there must be hundreds of suitable last lines to it. Readers would do well to remember that simplicity goes a long way in these competitions. Don't try and be too clever! What's that? You've thought of a last line? Good! Send it in without delay.

Correspondence.

Dick Forbes, c/o. J. W. Bramley, 66, Charlton Street, Grimsby, Lincs, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Sydney Nock, 4, Adrian Street, Moston, Manchester, wishes to find a cycling chum in Manchester.

Your Editor.

THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!

NO ENTRANCE FEE REQUIRED.

First Prize - - - £1 1s. 0d.

and

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 2/6 FOR ALL EFFORTS PUBLISHED.

In order to win one of the above prizes all you have to do is to supply the last line of the verse given below, taking care to see that your effort bears some apt relation to the theme.

RULES GOVERNING THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

1.—The First Prize will be awarded to the sender of what, in the opinion of the Editor and a competent staff of adjudicators, is the best Last Line received.

2.—Consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. will be awarded from week to week to those competitors whose efforts show merit.

3.—The coupon below entitling you to enter for this competition must be either pasted on to a postcard, in which case your Last Line must be written IN INK directly beneath it, or enclosed separately in an envelope with your Last Line effort attached.

4.—Competitor's name and full postal address must accompany every effort sent in.

5.—Entries must reach us not later than May 10th, 1923, and MUST NOT be enclosed with entrance forms for any other competition. They must be addressed "MAGNET Limerick No. 4," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

6.—Your Editor undertakes that every effort sent in will receive careful consideration, but he will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid, or delayed in the post. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

7.—This competition is open to All Readers of the MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 795.

Companion Papers, but the result each week will appear only in the MAGNET.

8.—It is a distinct condition of entry that your Editor's decision must be accepted as binding in all matters. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

No. 4.

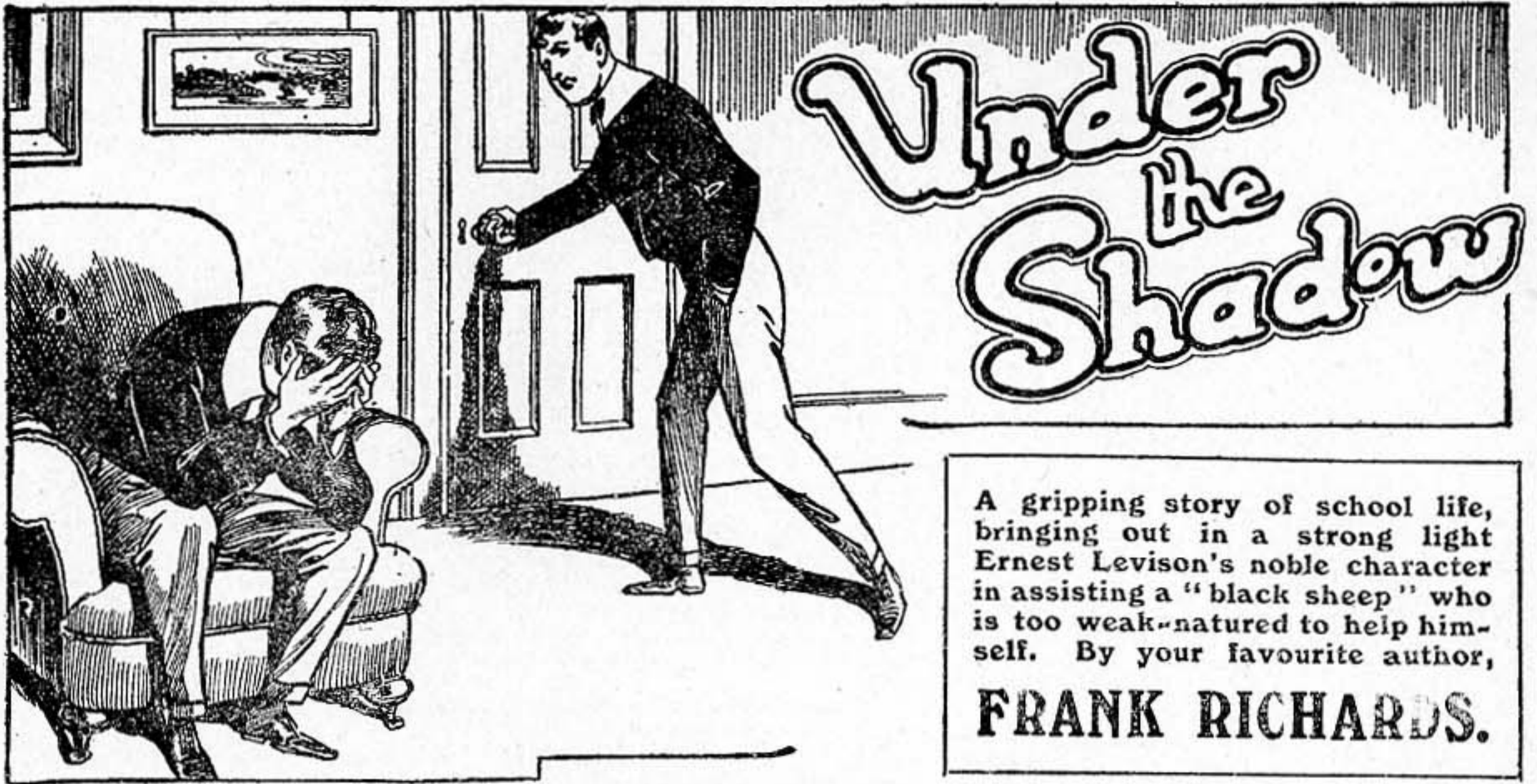
When Bolsover shot out his right,
In the course of a hurricane fight,
His opponent went down,
And remarked, with a frown,

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU.

"Though stars only shone in the night!"

M.

CUT HERE



A gripping story of school life, bringing out in a strong light Ernest Levison's noble character in assisting a "black sheep" who is too weak-natured to help himself. By your favourite author,

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Something Up!

"LEVISON?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Good!" said Bob Cherry.

Bob Cherry was standing before the glass in Study No. 1, giving an extra twist to his necktie. Bob, as a rule, was not particular about his tie. But there were times when he was very particular indeed, and this, evidently, was one of the times.

"That's straight, isn't it?" said Bob, turning to his chums for inspection.

"As straight as you'll ever get it," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Give it a rest."

"The straightfulness is not terrific," remarked Hurree Singh, "but the matterfulness is not great, my esteemed Bob."

"Well, a chap doesn't want to look slovenly," said Bob, turning to the glass again. He gave the tie another twist or two, and turned a rather reddened face to his chums. "How's that?"

"Out!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't rot!" said Bob crossly.

"Dear old man," said Nugent, "Marjorie won't notice your tie. Let's go and tell Levison."

Bob's rich colour deepened. The important proceeding that afternoon on the part of the chums of the Greyfriars Remove was a visit to Cliff House School. Apparently it had not occurred to Bob's simple mind that anyone would guess why he was so particular about his tie for once.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob. "How does it look now?"

"As if you'd been trying to hang yourself, old chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Bob. And he turned to the glass again, with a crimson face, and gave the offending tie savage jerks.

"Let's get along and see Levison, while Bob's doing wrestling stunts with his tie," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Good!"

The Co. left Study No. 1, and walked along the Remove passage to the next study, which belonged to Tom Brown, Hazeldene, and Ernest Levison. They

found Hazeldene of the Remove alone there.

As the party were going to tea with Hazel's sister Marjorie at Cliff House, Hazel, naturally, was expected to make a member of the party. But he did not look as if he had been preparing for an important occasion. He was seated at the study table, with a pen in his hand, a sheet of paper before him, and a black and troubled look on his face. He did not even look up as the juniors presented themselves in the doorway.

"Ready, Hazel?" called out Wharton.

"Eh? What?"

"We're ready."

Hazeldene looked up and scowled.

"What the thump are you bothering a fellow for?" he asked. "I'm busy. I've got a dashed letter to write. Cut off!"

"Have you forgotten—"

"Forgotten what?" snapped Hazel irritably.

"Tea at Cliff House," said Harry.

"Oh, yes! I'd forgotten. Bother tea at Cliff House! You fellows can go without me, I suppose?"

"Of course we can. But you arranged to come," said Harry Wharton, taking no notice of Hazel's unpleasant manner. It was not the first time that the fact that Hazel was Marjorie's brother had saved him from the resentment of Marjorie's schoolboy chums.

"Well, I'm not coming."

"Please yourself!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Come on, you fellows; we've got to find Levison yet!"

"Know where Levison is, Hazel?" asked Wharton.

"How the thump should I know? I'm not Levison's keeper, I suppose?" snapped Hazel.

"You're his study-mate, so I suppose—"

"Oh, rot!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! All ready!" boomed Bob Cherry, as he joined the juniors at the doorway of No. 2.

"Come on, Hazel!"

"Oh, give me a rest! I'm not coming, I tell you!"

"What rot! Marjorie will expect you."

"Rubbish!"

"Look here, Hazel—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Oh, come on!" growled Johnny

Bull. "I'm fed-up!" And Johnny marched away to the stairs, followed by his comrades.

Harry Wharton lingered, however. He stepped into the study as his comrades went down the passage.

"Look here, Hazel—" he began.

Hazeldene did not heed. His attention was concentrated on the letter he was writing, which seemed to be a matter of some difficulty.

"Is anything up, old man?" asked Harry.

"Oh crumbs!" exclaimed Hazel. "Aren't you gone yet? Can't you give a fellow a rest?"

"You'd better come, old man," urged Wharton. "A walk across the cliffs will do you good. What's the good of sticking indoors on a half-holiday—and a fine day like this?"

"Shut the door after you!"

The captain of the Remove breathed hard. He was strongly tempted to take Hazel by the scruff of the neck and shake him till he howled. But Hazel's rather good-looking and decidedly weak face was strangely like Marjorie's—though Marjorie's was not weak. The resemblance disarmed Harry, as it had often done before.

He turned to the door; but turned back again. Hazel's scowling face was sunk over his letter.

"Hazel."

No answer.

"I don't want to butt into your affairs," said Harry quietly, "but if there's anything up—"

"What should be up?" snarled Hazeldene. "If you don't want to butt into my affairs, don't do it. It seems to me that you never do anything else!"

"Marjorie may think there's something wrong if you don't come over with us."

"Tell her I'm detained, then. She knows I'm in hot water with Mr. Quelch often enough."

Wharton coloured.

"I can't very well tell Marjorie lies," he said curtly.

"Mind your own business, then!" exclaimed Hazel savagely. "Get out of my study and leave me alone!"

Wharton made a step towards him, with a blaze in his eyes. But he restrained his temper, and left the study, shutting the door quietly after him. His face was a little flushed when he joined his chums downstairs in the big doorway of the School House.

"Something up with Hazel?" asked Bob.

"I fancy so."

"Surely the young ass hasn't been playing the giddy goat again, and getting himself into trouble?" said Bob, his brow clouding.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, what about Levison?" asked Nugent. "He would like to see Marjorie, now he's back at Greyfriars for a while."

"Seen Levison, Smithy?" called out Wharton, as the Bounder of Greyfriars came across the quadrangle.

"He's gone into the sanny to see his minor," answered Vernon-Smith.

"Well, we can't wait," said Bob. "Marjorie will be expecting us."

"I'll give him a message, if you like," said Vernon-Smith. "I shall be about."

"Good!" said Wharton. "Tell him we're going over to Cliff House to tea, and we'd like him to come. Lend him your bike, and he will get there as soon as we do, as we're going by the cliffs."

"Right-ho!"

And the Famous Five walked down to the gates and started cheerfully for the cliff road. They were to meet Marjorie and Clara on the cliffs and walk with them to Cliff House, so further delay was out of the question. Possibly Marjorie and Clara might keep them waiting, but they couldn't possibly keep Marjorie and Clara waiting—it being one of the privileges of the stronger sex to be on time for appointments. So they started, and when, on the cliff road above the sea, two pretty faces under pretty hats were sighted, Bob Cherry, at least, forgot all other considerations—as he generally did when Marjorie was at hand.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Hazel's Latest!

KEEP your pecker up, Franky!" Frank Levison smiled up at his brother, who stood beside the bed.

"All serene, Ernie! I'm getting on first-rate!"

"You've got to pull yourself together and get back to St. Jim's, you know," said Ernest Levison.

"But you're staying here till I'm well, Ernie?"

"You bet!"

"I'm glad!" said Frank. "I—I say, Ernie—"

"Well?"

"You're getting on all right here with the fellows you used to know in the Remove?"

Levison smiled.

"Al!" he answered. "Right as rain!"

"I'm jolly glad!"

Frank's pale face was bright as he watched his brother go. Levison of St. Jim's left the school sanatorium with a thoughtful expression on his face. Every day now he was allowed to come in and see his young brother, who was on the mend—though slowly.

Upon the whole, Levison was enjoying his stay at his old school—the school he had left under a shadow before going to St. Jim's. Now that Frank was on the mend he was glad of the chance that

had brought him back among his old schoolfellows at Greyfriars for a time.

He was on a new footing there now—very different from the old times. He was glad of the chance to prove to the Greyfriars fellows, to Mr. Quelch, and to the Head that he was not the Levison of former days. Once or twice he had thought that Mr. Quelch's eyes rested on him very keenly, and he wondered whether the Remove master had any lingering doubts. If he had, it was nothing to be surprised about—Levison had been the blackest of black sheep during his old days at Greyfriars School. But he realised how necessary it was for him to be circumspect—more circumspect than a fellow with an unclouded past need have been. Bygones were bygones, but his old reputation was naturally not forgotten.

Dr. Locke had freely given permission for the St. Jim's junior to remain at Greyfriars in his old Form till his brother was well enough to be moved. But any recurrence of Levison's old ways would have brought the "chopper" down with a vengeance.

Well, he was safe enough; he had not only given up the old shady ways, but he had lost the taste for them. He wondered that he ever had had any taste for them. The way before him was clear, and he had not even any temptation to leave the right path.

"Wake up, old bean!"

Levison started out of a deep reverie, and nodded to the Bounder, who had stopped him.

"Kid going on all right?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Topping, thanks!"

"I think I shall be rather sorry when you go back to St. Jim's," the Bounder remarked.

"Thanks again!" said Levison, with a smile.

"You did me a good turn once," said the Bounder. "You remember, when you came over with the St. Jim's team and—"

"That's nothing!"

"It was a lot to me. I wish I could make the account even," said Vernon-Smith. "If I can ever do anything you'll find me ready. By the way, I've got a message for you, Levison."

"Go ahead!"

"Wharton and his crowd have gone over to Cliff House to tea. They want you to join them there."

Levison's face brightened a good deal. That invitation was a proof of how the Famous Five regarded him.

"I'll lend you my bike," said the Bounder. "They're walking round the cliffs with the girls. If you bike it by the road you've got lots of time."

"You're awfully good, Smithy!"

"Rot! I'll go and run the bike out while you get your best bib and tucker on," grinned the Bounder.

"Thanks, old chap!"

Levison hurried on to the School House. He passed Skinner of the Remove in the quad, and Skinner gave him a scowl, which Levison did not heed. Skinner & Co., his associates of old days, were the only fellows in the Remove with whom he was not on good terms now.

He entered the School House and went up to the Remove passage. A fat junior who was loafing there called to him.

"I say, Levison—"

"Hallo, Bunter!"

"Seen those beasts?"

Levison laughed.

"What beasts?" he asked.

"Wharton and those other beasts," said Bunter. "I believe they've dodged

me and gone out. Bob Cherry told me that if I found him in his study at half-past three he would cash my postal-order for me. He's not there. I believe he only said that because he was going out. Pulling my leg, you know!" said Billy Bunter wrathfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, old fellow, as you're here you might cash the postal-order, if you don't mind. It's only for half-a-crown."

"Hand it out."

"It—it hasn't come yet; I'm expecting it by the next post—"

"Then you can expect me by the next post, too, old fat bean!" said Levison genially, and he walked on.

"Beast!"

Levison went into his study. During his stay at Greyfriars he was sharing Study No. 2 with Tom Brown and Hazeldene. He found the latter in the study, still busy upon the letter which had occupied him half an hour ago when the Famous Five had looked in.

Hazel started, and stared up savagely as the door opened. But his expression changed as he saw Levison.

"Oh, you!" he said.

"Little me!" said Levison cheerily. "Are you coming over, Hazel?" He picked up his trousers-clips and fastened them on as he spoke.

"Over where?"

"Wharton's asked me to join him at Cliff House."

"You're jolly thick with Wharton's crowd these days!" said Hazel, with a slight sneer.

"We get on all right," answered Levison, without heeding the sneer.

"It's a bit of a change from old times, isn't it?"

"Quite!" said Levison, unmoved.

"Well, ta-ta! I'm off!"

"Hold on a minute!"

Levison turned back from the door. He looked rather curiously at Hazel. His ink-smudged fingers, his worried face, and the letter lying before him covered with crossings-out and erasures, showed that Hazel's task, whatever it was, was not an easy one.

"You're not in a hurry for a minute or two, I suppose?" said Hazel sulkily.

"Not for a few minutes. Smithy's lending me his bike. Go ahead!"

"I—I'd like to ask your advice," said Hazel reluctantly. "I—I can't speak to a fellow like Wharton—high and mighty and stiff and starched. But you've been in the same boat. We're rather birds of a feather, aren't we?"

"I hope not!" was Levison's thought, but he did not utter it. He came over to the table.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

Hazel gave a bitter laugh.

"Oh, the old thing!" he said. "You've been through it when you used to be at Greyfriars. In fact, it's what you were sacked for."

Levison coloured.

"I wasn't exactly sacked," he said.

"What's the good of splitting words? You had to get out."

"I know that. But that's not a subject that I care to talk about, if you don't mind," said Levison quietly.

"I don't want to talk about it; I only mentioned it because I'm in the same kind of scrape," groaned Hazel. "I'm fairly up against it this time."

Levison gave him a glance, in which contempt and compassion were mingled. During his stay at Greyfriars more than once Hazel had hinted at this; but then it was in the lofty, vaunting mood of a fellow who felt that he knew his way

You must not miss "A Friend in Need!"—next Monday's fine story!

about. Hazel was like that when the spirit moved him to kick over the traces, full of confidence in himself, and of scorn for anyone who sought to offer him good counsel. Now he had reached the inevitable second stage; the catastrophe had come, and he had lauded himself in the scrape he had gone out looking for, as it were.

And, to judge by his expression, it was a more serious scrape than usual this time. It was no business of Levison's; Hazel had never been a friend of his. But he was concerned. He had once been as deep in the mud as Hazel was in the mire, and the fellow who had been strong enough to drag himself out, and keep clear afterwards, felt a half-scornful sympathy for the weak fellow who could not learn his lesson, and who tumbled out of one scrape into another.

Perhaps, too, the sweet, kind face of Marjorie Hazeldene rose before Levison's eyes just then, called up by the resemblance in her brother's features.

Hazeldene rose from the table and stood limply leaning on it, his face the picture of trouble and apprehension.

"Well, what is it?" asked Levison at last, breaking the silence.

"I'm trying to write a letter—"

"Can I help you?"

"I don't know that you can. I'm in an awful hole. No reason why you should lend me money, either."

Levison's face hardened a little. He was careful with his money, of which he never had too much.

"So it's money?" he asked.

"Well, yes. But—it's no good—you couldn't lend me ten pounds if you wanted to."

"Ten pounds!" ejaculated Levison.

"Yes."

"I certainly couldn't! I don't suppose any fellow in the Lower School here could!" said Levison in amazement. "I fancy there are not very many ten-pound notes in the Lower Fourth."

"Well, I knew you couldn't, and wouldn't if you could!" muttered Hazel.

"Why should you, if you come to that? But—what would you do if you were in my place? You used to have the deuce's own luck at getting out of scrapes, till the chopper came down at last. How would you deal with this awful rotter?"

"What awful rotter?" asked Levison patiently.

"I don't suppose you've heard of him. He wasn't hanging about the place in your time. A man named Mulberry. He lives at the Feathers, up the river," said Hazel. "I—I owe him ten pounds."

"What is he—a bookmaker?"

"Oh, no! I don't exactly know what he is—he plays billiards a lot; I first met him in the billiard-room there; I went with Ponsouby and Gadsby—those Highcliffe chaps—you remember them—"

"I remember them!" said Levison grimly.

"I won half-a-quid of him at billiards," said Hazel. "Only—after that—another time, you know, we got to playing poker—"

"Poker?" said Levison. "You started playing poker with a billiard-sharper? Haven't you the sense of a bunny-rabbit?"

Hazel looked sullen.

"I had some luck at first," he said.

"But—but in the end—"

"What did you expect?"

"Oh, don't give me that stuff!" broke out Hazel savagely. "I could get that from Wharton if I wanted it. It's only your old game, Levison, and you've no right to preach at a chap, anyhow."

Levison winced.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he asked. "I'll help you if I can. I can't see anything that I can do, though."

"The man wants his money," said Hazel sullenly.

"That's all rot. Gambling debts are not debts in law. He has no claim on you at all. Do you mean that you've let him get some hold over you?" asked Levison, coming to the point at once in his clear-headed way.

"I suppose it amounts to that," said Hazel, biting his lip. "As I—I haven't called to pay the money, he's written to me—"

"Is it his letter you're answering now?"

"Yes. I don't know how to word it," said Hazel miserably. "You see, he wants his money, and I can't pay. I made him a promise last week, to gain time—I hoped that something might turn up."

"What did you expect to turn up?" asked Levison, eyeing him curiously.

Hazel made an irritable gesture.

"Oh, anything! Something might have"

"And it didn't?"

"No. Now he's written to say he'll call on me and talk it over." Hazel shuddered. "He knows what it would mean to me if it came out that I knew him at all. He's playing on that, the rotter! Luckily, he says he'll wait till to-morrow to hear if I have anything to say. There's time to stop him by writing."

"For the sake of common-sense, don't write!" exclaimed Levison.

"It's the only way to stop him coming."

"Has he anything in writing from you already?"

"Eh! No."

"You awful ass!" said Levison.

"This is a trick to get something in your fist. If you write to him he will have your letter to show, and you will be right under his thumb."

Hazel caught his breath.

"Oh! Good gad!" he breathed.

That obvious consideration did not seem to have occurred to Hazeldene.

"Whatever you do, don't put anything in writing," said Levison. "That's my advice, and it's good advice. The man's a blackmailing rascal, and he would use your letter to screw you down. Suppose he showed it to the Head?"

Hazel shivered.

"It would be the sack!" he muttered.

"He knows that, I suppose. Don't write."

Hazel picked up the half-written letter, lighted a match and applied it to the paper. His face was white as he watched it burn.

"I—I never thought—" he stammered, as he threw the burnt fragment into the grate. "That's a good tip, Levison. But—but how am I to stop him from coming here without writing?"

"Your letter wouldn't stop him," answered Levison. "His game is to get money out of you, and with your letter in his hands he would have a ten times bigger pull over you."

"I know that. But—"

"There's a telephone at the Feathers," said Levison. "I remember that—from



"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here's Levison!" Harry Wharton & Co., with Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn, had reached the gates of Cliff House. As they stopped there a cyclist came into sight, and they recognised Ernest Levison. (See Chapter 3.)

Ernest Levison is faced with the sack! Will he speak out?

the old days. If you must speak to him, ring up the Feathers and ask for him. You can walk over to Courtfield and use the telephone at the post-office. It will be safer."

Hazel's face brightened.

"By gad! That's a good wheeze! I say, Levison, I'm much obliged to you. I'm glad I asked you."

"All serene," said Levison with a faint smile. And he left the study.

Vernon-Smith was waiting for him with the bicycle. Levison took it, with a word of thanks, and rode away on the well-remembered road to Cliff House School. Five minutes after he had started Hazeldene was pedalling away in the opposite direction to Courtfield.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Tea at Cliff House!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Levison!"

Harry Wharton & Co., with Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn, had reached the gates of Cliff House by the path over the cliffs. As they stopped there a cyclist came in sight, and they recognised Ernest Levison, of St. Jim's.

Levison jumped off the machine.

"Not late?" he asked.

"Jolly nearly," answered Bob.

"I stayed to speak to Hazel."

Marjorie and Clara greeted Levison kindly enough. They—like so many others—knew something of Levison's old reputation—his "juicy, old reputation," as Skinner called it. But the fact that he was admitted to the friendship of the Famous Five was enough for them; they took him now at Harry Wharton & Co.'s valuation. Besides, they knew his sister, Doris, and they liked Doris Levison, as most people did.

The bicycle was left at the porter's lodge, and Levison went in with the Greyfriars juniors and Marjorie and Clara. In the school-room Barbara Redfern and Mabel Lynn and Dolly Jobling joined them. Miss Penelope Primrose, the Head of Cliff House, gave them a kindly word of greeting, and from Miss Bellew, the Fourth Form mistress, they received a smile and a nod. Harry Wharton & Co. were "nice boys," in the opinion of Miss Primrose—and certainly they always wore their nicest manners when they were at Cliff House.

There was a large cake on the tea-table by the school-room window, which Miss Primrose had contributed to the feast. Barbara made the tea, and Clara poured it out. Marjorie asked Levison about his young brother, and about his sister, who was now abroad with his parents. She was very kind and genial; but Levison who had never lost his old keenness, was aware that there was some unuttered thought in Marjorie's mind—something that haunted and troubled her, and he wondered whether Hazel had been worrying her with his foolish escapades.

When Hazel was in trouble he was only too ready to hand his worries on any shoulders that offered to bear them, as Levison remembered very clearly. He remembered, too, Marjorie's affection for her weak and wayward brother. Now that Hazel was in trouble, for the tenth or twentieth time, it was only too likely that Marjorie knew about it, and that its shadow had fallen upon her.

Levison became thoughtful himself.

He had given Hazel good advice, which Hazel had acted upon, and then he had dismissed the scapegrace from his mind.

He did not think much of Hazel personally, and he found it difficult to like a fellow whom he could not respect.

But he thought a little more about him now. If he was bringing his silly troubles home to roost on Marjorie, it was worth an effort to try and save him from his folly, if only for the sake of that kind and patient girl.

That Marjorie was thinking about her brother was soon made clear. Levison was seated beside her, and while the rest were listening to Miss Clara's vivid description of a "row," in which Bessie Bunter had been mixed up with the cook and a missing pie, Marjorie spoke in a rather low tone to the St. Jim's junior.

"I think you said you stayed to speak to my brother before you came over?"

"Yes," said Levison.

"Did he tell you why he couldn't come?"

"I—I think he was rather busy about something," answered Levison, colouring a little. He hated not being able to make a frank reply, but he certainly could not mention Mr. Mulberry of the Feathers Inn.

"I hope he isn't in trouble with his Form-master?"

"Oh, no," said Levison.

"You are sure?"

"Quite. You see, I'm in the Remove while I'm staying at Greyfriars, so I

should know, being in the same Form with Hazel."

Marjorie looked relieved.

It seemed to Levison that her eyes were searching his face for a moment or two; but she turned away and joined in the talk. Levison was left with a slightly uneasy feeling.

After tea the schoolgirls and the juniors strolled into the gardens before Harry Wharton & Co. took their leave. Marjorie joined Wharton, and the captain of the Remove, guessing that the girl had something to say, contrived to leave the others a little apart.

"Anything up?" he asked, with a smile.

Marjorie smiled too, but rather faintly.

"I've been thinking about Hazel," she said. "I suppose I oughtn't to worry you about my brother—"

"What rot!" said Harry at once. "We're old pals now, Marjorie—and Hazel's a pal, too. What's the trouble?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure there is any trouble," said Marjorie. "But—but when Hazel is in want of money, I always think something may be the matter."

Wharton started a little.

"Is Hazel hard up now, then?" he asked.

"I—I think so," Marjorie faltered. "Harry, you know he's been in trouble before, with his reckless ways, and you have helped him to get clear of it. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't stood his friend."

"I'd stand his friend again, like a shot," said Harry. "I'll speak to him at once when we get back, if you like."

"Oh, no, no! Hazel is so sensitive," said Marjorie in a low voice. "He would hate to know that I've spoken of him to you, or anyone. He's very proud, you know."

Wharton was judiciously silent. It was not to Hazel's sister that he could express his opinion of Hazel's kind of pride.

"He never can endure interference," said Marjorie. "But—but I am anxious. I am afraid he is acting foolishly again—as he did before. Anyone seems to be able to lead him into some kind of folly. You haven't noticed anything?"

"I can't say I have," admitted Wharton.

"I know it's only recent," said Marjorie. "I—I—I suppose I ought not to think of such a thing, but—but this change has only come over Hazel in the last week or two—since Levison has been at your school."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton. He stared at Marjorie, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"I suppose it is a mean thought," she faltered. "But, remembering what was said about Levison when he used to be a Greyfriars boy, I couldn't help it coming into my mind. It is odd that Hazel should have taken up his foolish ways just at this time, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," said Harry. "It's a coincidence. But—" He checked himself.

"But what, Harry?"

"Levison's true as steel. I'm sure of that," said the captain of the Remove. "If he had any influence over your brother, he would use it for Hazel's good, I'm certain."

Marjorie drew a deep breath.

"You feel sure of that, Harry?"

"Perfectly certain."

"They're not much together, are they?"

"They're in the same study. But, as a matter of fact, I've noticed that Levison doesn't have much to say to

£10! £10! £10!

RESULT OF
WOLVERHAMPTON
WANDERERS PICTURE-
PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In this competition three competitors sent in correct solutions. The first prize of £5 has therefore been divided among the following:

LEONARD GRAYSON, Coal Aston, Sheffield.
MARY H. WILLIAMS, 43, Glanmor Road,
Llanelly, S. Wales.
TEDDY OGDEN, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham.

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

S. Moorhouse, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham;
K. Coverer, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham;
E. Carpenter, 1, Dene Street Gardens, Dorking;
A. Burrows, 2, Broadheath Terrace, Ditton, Widnes;
James Williams, 31, Marine Street, Llanelly, S. Wales;
W. E. Way, 19, Elmhurst Road, Gosport;
Thomas Williams, 43, Glanmor Road, Llanelly, S. Wales;
Mrs. A. T. Cole, Thorpe Morceux, Bury St. Edmunds;
Frances Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland;
C. Veale, 37, Whittington Street, Plymouth;
B. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Road, Failsworth, Manchester;
John Miller, 108, King Street, Stretford, Manchester;
N. Cross, 141, Moorhey Street, Oldham;
L. Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester;
H. H. Mattick, Church Hill, Writhlington, Somerset.

Twenty-nine competitors, with two errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prize-winners can be obtained on application at this office.

SOLUTION.

Wolverhampton Wanderers rank as one of the noted clubs in football history. Their connection with the First Division lasted for a long time, and they have twice won the English Cup. Since 1908 the Wanderers have not been lucky enough to get higher than the Second League.

Everything points to Levison's guilt, but Vernon-Smith—

Hazel," said the captain of the Remove. "Once or twice I've even thought that he was avoiding him, and wondered whether there had been any tiff in the study. So you see, Marjorie, they're not chumming, anyhow."

Marjorie looked greatly relieved. "I should hate to distrust anyone," she said. "But poor Hazel is so easily led. He never thinks before he takes any step. He always seems to think that things will turn out right, somehow. But if you trust Levison, Harry, I won't allow myself to feel any distrust. I'm sure that you know him well enough to judge."

"You can rely on that," said Harry earnestly. "Levison used to be a bit of a corker, and there's no denying it; but he's so changed since he's been at St. Jim's that a fellow would hardly know him again. Straight as a die, I firmly believe. Why, Marjorie, you don't think we'd have brought him here if we didn't know he was true blue."

"I was wrong!" said Marjorie. "I'm sorry."

"All serene," said Harry, smiling. "I won't speak to Hazel, as you don't want me to, but I will keep an eye open, Marjorie, and if there's any trouble you can rely on your friends to butt in and see that it comes out all right somehow. As for old Levison, he's right as rain."

And nothing more was said on that subject; and soon afterwards the Greyfriars juniors took their leave. Levison wheeled Smithy's bike as he walked home down the lane with the Famous Five. Marjorie shook hands quite warmly with Levison at parting, as if to make up for the shadow of doubt that had crossed her mind. Levison's brows were knitted in thought as he walked home with his friends. Once or twice Harry Wharton glanced at him, but it was not with doubt. There had been a time when the captain of the Remove would never have dreamed of trusting Levison, but that time was long past. He trusted him now—and, as Wharton was not accustomed to doing things by halves, he trusted him wholly.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Levison is Wanted!

TOM BROWN, the New Zealand junior, was in the hall when Harry Wharton & Co. came in. He called out to them.

"Hallo, you're back, you fellows! Like a distinguished visitor in your study this evening, Wharton?"

"Eh, what?" said Harry in surprise. "Little me!" explained Tom Brown. "I don't quite catch on."

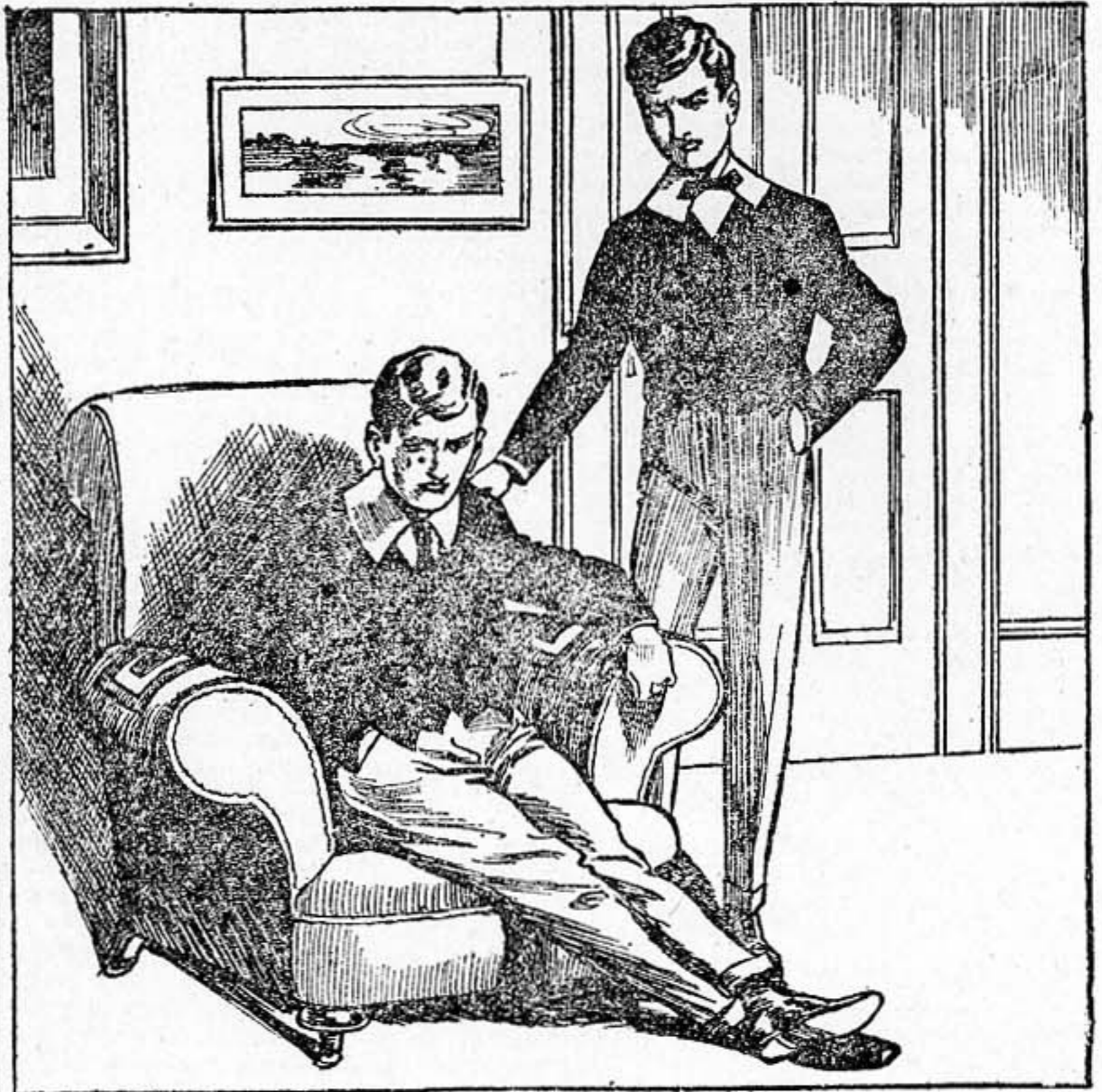
"You see, I've nowhere to lay my weary head while I do my prep," explained the New Zealand junior. "I'm looking for a study to borrow."

"You're always welcome in ours, fat-head," said Nugent. "But what's the matter in your own study?"

"Bear with a sore head," said Brown, with a grin. "Hazel has got on his latest in tantrums. I don't want to give him a swollen nose or a blue eye to show his sister at Cliff House, and I can't stand his temper, so I'm leaving him to stew in his own juice. Catch on now?"

"Good idea," said Bob Cherry. "Come into our study for prep by all means," said Harry Wharton, with a smile. "You'd better come, too, Levison. You don't want a rag with Hazel, if he's in his silly tantrums."

"Levison's wanted," grinned Tom



Levison crossed over to Hazel and dropped a hand upon his shoulder. "For goodness' sake, pull yourself together, kid," he said in a low voice. Hazel gave a strangled sob. "It's all up! Get out and leave me to it," he said brokenly. (See Chapter 5.)

Brown. "Hazel's asked about a hundred fellows a hundred times whether Levison was back yet. Blessed if I knew he was so fond of Levison!"

Harry Wharton started. "Blessed if I knew it, either," he said, his glance turning involuntarily upon the St. Jim's junior.

Tom Brown's remark struck him oddly, in view of what he had said to Marjorie in the garden at Cliff House.

"Nor I," said Levison quietly. "What the dickens does Hazel want me for, Brown?"

Tom Brown chuckled. "I asked him that, and he told me to go and eat coke," he replied. "He's no end raggy and ratty about something or other. I advise you to give him a miss in baulk."

"Come up to our study, Levison," said Wharton. "You don't want a row with Hazel."

Levison nodded. The Removites went up the staircase, and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh went along to their own quarters. Levison and Tom Brown went into Study No. 1 with Wharton and Nugent. Tom Brown had already brought his books there, and, with great thoughtfulness, had brought Levison's also. Hazel, in his "tantrums," was to be left to stew in his own juice, as the New Zealander put it, with more expressiveness than elegance.

The juniors settled down to their work, which was interrupted soon afterwards by a fat face and a large pair of spectacles being introduced at the doorway.

"I say, you fellows——" "Cut off, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, without looking up.

"Oh, really, Wharton——?" "Haven't you any prep to do, you fat slacker?"

"Blow prep! I say, you fellows, you've been over to Cliff House to tea!" said Bunter sternly.

"Guilty!" "You didn't tell me you were going." "Go hon!"

"I suppose it didn't occur to you that I would have come?" asked Billy Bunter sarcastically.

"But it did," said Wharton. "Then why didn't you tell me?" "That's why."

"Eh? What's why?" "Because it occurred to me that you would come."

"Beast!" "Is that all?" asked Harry. "Shut the door after you."

"So Levison's here," said Bunter, turning his big glasses on the St. Jim's junior. "Hazel doesn't know you're back, Levison. He asked me not five minutes ago if I'd seen you come in."

Levison did not answer or look up. "You're jolly thick with Hazel these days!" sneered Bunter. "The old game again—what?"

Levison looked up at that. "I'm not thick with Hazel, as you call it, Bunter," he said quietly. "And I don't like the style of your conversation. Wharton, do you object to my kicking Bunter into the passage?"

—takes a hand in the game! Result—next Monday!

"Not at all, old scout! Kick him as hard as you like, and give him one extra for me," said the captain of the Remove generously.

Levison rose from his chair. But William George Bunter did not wait to be kicked. He snorted and rolled away. Ernest Levison sat down to his work again; but a few minutes later there was another interruption. The door was flung open angrily and Hazel stared in.

"Bunter says Levison's here— Oh, here you are!"

"Here I am," answered Levison.

"I wanted to see you as soon as you came in."

Tom Brown looked up with a grin.

"We've dodged in here to escape the giddy vials of wrath, old bean," he explained. "I don't want to punch you, and Levison doesn't want to punch you; so it's better to give you a wide berth. Catch on?"

"Don't be a silly ass!"

"Dear man!" said Brown.

"I want to speak to you, Levison," said Hazel, almost in a snarl.

"Well, speak," said Levison.

"Not here. Come along to the study."

"Won't it keep till after prep?"

"No, it won't."

"Well, it must," said Levison bluntly.

"I can't leave my work, if you can leave yours, Hazeldene. You'll get into a row with Mr. Quelch to-morrow if your prep's not done."

"Hang Quelch!"

"Hang him as high as Haman, if he'll let you," said Levison. "But I'm going to work. Let it wait."

Hazel gave him a gloomy, savage look.

"It won't wait," he said. "You've got to help me out of this hole somehow. You've helped to get me into it, and now you can help me out."

"I don't understand you," said Levison.

"I'll explain fast enough. Come along to the study."

Levison hesitated a moment; then he rose from the table.

"I'll come," he said shortly.

The door closed on the two juniors. Tom Brown gave a whistle, shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his work. Nugent looked at Wharton, and then dropped his eyes. Harry Wharton's face was red and troubled. What did Hazel's words mean?

That Hazel was in trouble—a revival of his familiar old troubles—seemed pretty clear. But what had Levison to do with it? Hazel's words seemed to have only one meaning. How had Levison helped to "get him into it"? Was it possible that the doubt that had crossed Marjorie's mind was well-founded—that Levison—Harry Wharton tried to drive that black thought from his mind, and to concentrate his attention upon his work. But, in spite of himself, it would recur.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Landed on Levison!

LEVISON'S brow was dark as he followed Hazeldene into Study No. 2. He was quite at a loss to know what the scapegrace of the Remove wanted, or in what manner Hazel supposed that he had a claim on him. But for the thought of Marjorie, Levison would have been short and sharp enough with the hasty, headstrong fellow. He did not want to be mixed up in Hazel's shady proceedings, whatever they were. He had, indeed avoided

Hazel as much as possible of late for that very reason, though it was not easy to avoid a fellow whose study he shared. Yet he felt some compunction as he saw the white, drawn look on the wretched junior's face.

Hazel's savage anger was a cloak for fear—there was fear in every line of his face and in his shaking hands. Levison was angry and annoyed; but he felt some concern as he scrutinised the junior's face in the light of the study. Hazel closed the door with a passionate slam, and stood facing Levison.

"Well," said the St. Jim's junior icily.

"What is it? Cut it short."

"You knew I wanted to see you when you came in."

"Brown told me so," said Levison, with a nod.

"Why didn't you come up to the study, then?" demanded Hazel.

"Because I didn't want to see you."

"And why not?" shouted Hazel.

"No need to yell," said Levison calmly. "I'll tell you, if you want to know. Ever since I've been back at Greyfriars you've been hinting at some foolery you've got on hand—your exploits at the Feathers, I suppose. You made out that you don't believe I've thrown all that kind of rot over for good."

"And I don't!" interjected Hazel, with a sneer.

"Well, then! You wanted to get me into the silly game, and when the crash came, you know jolly well who would be believed to be the tempter, and who the tempted!" said Levison, with a bitter smile.

"So that was your reason for keeping clear?"

"Not in the least. I keep clear of mugs' games because I'm not a mug. But if I wanted to kick over the traces, you're about the last fellow in the world I should choose for company. You haven't sense enough to keep straight, or grit enough to face the music if you come a cropper in going wrong. Whether I'm straight, as my friends believe, or crooked, as you say you believe—in either case, I'd rather keep you at arm's length. Is that plain enough, now you've forced me to speak?"

Hazel gave him a bitter look.

"That's a bit too late, now you've landed me," he said.

"How have I landed you?" exclaimed Levison angrily. "I've had nothing to do with you on purpose, so that you couldn't put it on me when you landed yourself. I was a fool even to give you advice this afternoon. I know that now, though it saved you from making a silly idiot of yourself. You're not a fellow that can be helped."

"You've got to help me, all the same, after your precious advice, that's done for me!" said Hazel bitterly.

"What do you mean?"

"I telephoned to that brute at the Feathers, as you told me to—"

"As I advised you, you mean."

"Put it how you like. It was your doing. I telephoned, and he was in no end of a wax. He said I was showing that I did not trust him by not writing. He asked me whether I thought he was a blackmailer. He said he would come straight up to Greyfriars in the morning. He meant it, too. That's what I've got to face now, owing to your precious advice. It's made him rattier than ever. He might have kept off if I'd written; now he's coming!"

Levison looked at him.

"You asked me for advice, and I gave

it," he said. "I still say it was good advice. If the man is threatening you, he could threaten you still more if he had your letter to show as proof of your dealings with him."

"That's all very well. But he's coming."

"Is that my fault?" asked Levison angrily. "You should have thought of that before you acted the blackguard. You ought to be kicked out of the school for what you've done, and you know it!"

"Satan rebuking sin!" sneered Hazel. "You've played poker at the Feathers yourself, in your time. The landlord told me so."

"I never asked you to get me out of the scrape, if I was rotter enough at that time to get into one," said Levison sourly.

"Well, what's going to be done?"

"How should I know? If the man's coming, I can't stop him, I suppose. I've not got ten pounds to lend you, if that's what you mean. What the thump do you mean by talking as if I were concerned in the matter at all?" exclaimed Levison savagely. "It's no business of mine. You might as well try to land it on Tom Brown. He's in the study, too."

"Tom Brown hasn't ever played the same game—"

"That's got nothing to do with it."

"And he didn't butt in with good advice, and get Mulberry's back up," said Hazel. "If you didn't want to take a hand, you should have kept out altogether."

Levison bit his lip hard.

"I suppose that's true," he said. "I was a fool to have a word to say to you. I might have known that you were looking for some chap to land your fool troubles on. Well, I believe you've landed Wharton like that before now, but I'm not taking any. If you play the goat, you can take the consequences, and be hanged to you. Go and eat coke!"

And with that Levison turned to the door and dragged it open, with the full intention of going back to Study No. 1, and ending his connection with the affair there and then.

One angry or reproachful word from Hazeldene just then, and Levison would have left him for good. There was a limit to his patience, and Hazel's utter unreasonableness was too much for him. But, fortunately for Hazel—unfortunately for Levison—the wretched scapegrace's weak temper died away as he saw himself abandoned. He threw himself into the armchair, and covered his face with his hands, breaking into almost hysterical sobbing.

Levison stopped. He looked back at Hazel, and hesitated. Then he quietly closed the study door again.

In the old days, which Levison would so gladly have forgotten—but which it was his punishment never to be allowed to forget—he had been a "hard case." He had played the blackguard at that time as recklessly as Hazel had played it now. The hour of reckoning had come, and Levison had faced it with cool nerve. When what looked like utter ruin had fallen on him, he had stood up to it with a cynical smile on his lips, priding himself that no one should see him flinch. He had, at all events, the courage of his sins. No danger, no punishment, could ever have drawn such a sign of weakness from him as Hazel was displaying now.

As he stood and looked at the wretched fellow his heart smote him. He was

The worst side of Hazeldene comes to light, showing his—

strong and Hazel was weak; and it was the duty of the strong to help the weak. In the old days that thought would not have come to him. But he was no longer the Levison of the old days.

He thought, too, of the kind, sweet face at Cliff House, of what Marjorie would think, what she would feel, if disgrace and ruin fell upon her brother at Greyfriars.

He stood irresolute for a minute, and then he crossed over to Hazel, and dropped a hand upon his shoulder.

"For goodness' sake pull yourself together, kid!" he said, in a low voice. "Don't!"

Hazel gave a strangled sob.

"It's all up! Get out, and leave me to it! I'm done for here!"

"But—"

"It serves me right!" Hazel raised a tear-stained face from his hands. "I've had my warning before—and, goodness knows, I meant to keep straight. I'd never have got into it again but for those Highcliffe cads!" The weak nature showed itself again, in a feeble attempt to lay the blame on others. "I—I wouldn't care so much, only—only poor old Marjorie! She knows there's something wrong already. What will she say when I'm kicked out of Greyfriars?"

He groaned in bitterness of spirit.

Levison stood looking down on him, utterly perplexed. How was he to help this wretched fellow, who was too weak and irresolute to help himself?

But the allusion to Marjorie touched him. It showed that even that selfish fellow was not thinking wholly of himself.

"It mayn't come to that!" said Levison at last, soothingly.

"It must! When that man comes here—"

"Ten to one he won't come," said Levison. "He would want a lot of nerve to face a man like Dr. Locke."

"He will come if he isn't paid. He only wants his money," said Hazel. "He's right, in a way. I shouldn't have played on promises."

"He knew you couldn't pay such a sum," said Levison. "Most likely he swindled you, too. Look here, Hazel, if you really think he will come up to the school—"

"I know he will."

"Then there's only one thing to be done."

Hazel looked up hopefully. Instinctively, he was relying upon this nature stronger than his own.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Make a clean breast of it to the Head."

"What!" almost shrieked Hazel.

"It's the only thing," urged Levison. "It will mean a jolly good licking. But if you get in the first word—"

"Oh, you're mad—you're mad!" said Hazel. "I can see myself facing the Head with such a story. I'd rather jump into the Sark!"

He flung himself back into the chair, with a look of utter desperation on his face. Levison stood, perplexed and troubled. He was angry, too—angry and exasperated. He had been almost passionately determined to keep not only straight, but far above all possible suspicion during his stay at Greyfriars. And now already he was in an amateur blackguard's confidence—striving to find

some way of saving him from what was, as he had to acknowledge, a just punishment. But the weak wretchedness and despair in Hazel's face drove away his anger. Somehow, he had to help the miserable fellow who could not help himself.

"Can't you do anything?" muttered Hazel. "You were always keen and cunning; you could always take care of yourself. Can't you help me out? What would you do in my place?"

"I shouldn't be in your place—I'm not such a fool!" said Levison gruffly. "I'll help you if I can. But how, goodness knows! Pull yourself together. I'll help you—somehow! I'll do my best, anyhow. There must be some way out."

Levison did not return to Study No. 1 to finish his prep there. His prep remained neglected—in spite of his resolve to be one of Mr. Quelch's model pupils while he was at Greyfriars. Harry Wharton and Nugent did not remark upon it to one another, but they were thinking about it—they could not help that.

Something was "on" between Levison and Hazeldene, that was clear. They did not know what it was. They did not want to know, for that matter; but they could not help seeing what it looked like. And Levison of St. Jim's, deeply preoccupied by the trouble the scapegrace had landed on his shoulders, had no leisure to consider what the other Remove fellows might be thinking about it.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Out of Bounds!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Where's Levison?"

The rising-bell was ringing out at Greyfriars.

Bob Cherry, as usual, was the first out of bed of the fellows in the Remove dormitory. But there was one fellow who should have been there, who was not there.

Levison's bed was already empty.

Hazeldene sat up, as he heard Bob Cherry's voice, and glanced at the empty bed, with a flushed face.

"He's gone down early," he said.

"Jolly early, before rising-bell," said Bob, in surprise. "He's been learning good habits at St. Jim's, and no mistake. Early to bed and early to rise—"

"I suppose he hasn't had a night out?" remarked Skinner, with a chuckle, and there was a laugh from some of the fellows. Levison's old manners and customs still constituted a sort of joke in the Remove.

"What rot!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "You know he went to bed with the rest of us last night."

"Of course he did!" said Bob. "Don't be an ass, Skinner—or if you can't help that, don't be a silly ass!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter's got up without being rolled out!" said Bob Cherry. "This early rising is catching."

Billy Bunter was out, blinking at Levison's empty bed, and grinning a fat grin.



Mr. Mulberry stared at Levison blankly. He seemed at a loss for words. "Why, I'll smash you—I'll—" he spluttered at length. "Don't rush on with the smashing," said Levison calmly; "I could knock you into a cocked hat." (See Chapter 7.)

—weak nature and his cowardice in "facing the music"!

"Levison's been up a jolly long time," he said.

"How do you know that, fatty?"

"Because the bed's quite cold," said Bunter triumphantly. "He's been out for hours, I should say."

"Rubbish!"

"All night, very likely!" chuckled Skinner. "I dare say he waited for us to go to sleep, and then hooked it."

"What rot! Why should he?" said Squiff.

"Lookin' on the jolly old wine when it is red, and the billiard-table when it is green!" chuckled Skinner.

"Oh, cheese it, Skinner!"

"Shut up!" said Bob.

"I suppose I can have my own opinion?" sneered Skinner.

"Rubbish! If you've got opinions like that, keep them to yourself!" said Johnny Bull. "You're always saying something rotten mean, Skinner."

"I say, you fellows, I fancy Skinner's right," said Bunter, with a sage shake of the head. "I know that Levison is rather a rotter, anyhow."

"What do you know about it, you fat chump?" snapped Wharton.

"I know he did something jolly rotten yesterday."

"Yesterday!" exclaimed Wharton, with a start, remembering Levison's mysterious departure with Hazeldene from Study No. 1, and his neglected prep. "What did he do yesterday, then?"

"He refused to cash a postal-order for me!"

"What!" roared Wharton.

"He did!" said Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Remove. "He refused in the most brutal way. Suspicious beast, you know. As good as hinted that he didn't believe I had a postal-order coming, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly chump!" growled Wharton in disgust.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"If you fellows are curious about Levison, I can tell you where he's gone," said Hazeldene, with a careless air. "He mentioned to me last evening that he was clearing out early, for a ramble up the river. No harm in that that I know of."

"Of course not!" said Wharton, somewhat relieved, however, by that simple explanation.

"Has he got a boat out?" asked Bob.

"No; too early for the boathouse. I think he's walking."

"Might have told a fellow he was going. I'd have gone with him, with pleasure."

Skinner gave another chuckle.

"How far up the river is he going, Hazel?"

"Eh? Why?"

"As far as the Feathers?" asked Skinner.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Shut up, Skinner!" roared Bob Cherry. "Do you want me to bring a pillow to you?"

"Well, Levison used to drop in at the Feathers, in the old days," said Skinner. "I dare say he's got lots of old friends there."

"That's enough, Skinner!" broke in Wharton. "You've no right to say anything of the kind, and you know it. The Feathers is a low hole, and out of bounds."

"That's why Levison used to go there."

"That's enough, I tell you!"

And Skinner, not liking the look on Wharton's face, decided to say no more. But he had said enough. There was plenty of curiosity in the Remove as to Levison's movements that morning.

It was, indeed, rather unusual to turn out before rising-bell for a ramble up the river, harmless as such an exploit was. Fellows who were not Sixth-Form prefects were not supposed to go out of gates before rising-bell at the earliest. If Levison had gone out, he could not have gone by the gates, which were still locked. No doubt Levison had a curiosity to explore old familiar ground, in the bright spring morning. Nevertheless, it was a little reckless on his part. Harry Wharton & Co. had done precisely the same thing, on more than one occasion, but it was up to Levison to give more regard to appearances than other fellows needed to give. He should not have forgotten that he was still, to some extent, a dog with a bad name.

The Famous Five came down from the dormitory, and out into the sunny quadrangle. Hazel joined them there a few minutes later, with a troubled brow. His looks showed plainly enough that he had slept badly.

"Look here, you fellows, there's no need to make a song about Levison having gone out before bell," he said. "He's doing no harm."

"Who's making a song about it, ass?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, Skinner is, for one, and Snoop for another, and Fishy. And Bob Cherry drew attention to it in the first place," said Hazel sulkily. "There's no harm in it; but it would be called going out of bounds, and Levison doesn't want to be called over the coals while he's a sort of guest in the school. He's not a bad chap, either."

"Oh, rot!" said Bob. "Nobody believes he's gone up to the Feathers. There's nothing going on there early in the morning. Skinner doesn't really think so."

Hazel coloured uncomfortably.

"Anyhow, he'll be back for prayers, and nobody outside the Remove will know he's been out of bounds at all," said Wharton.

"He mayn't be back for early prayers."

"Why not? I suppose he hasn't gone to explore the whole county of Kent before brekker?" said Nugent.

"He might be kept—"

"Kept?"

"I—I mean he might go farther than he intended, or—or—" Hazel stammered, and his colour deepened. "Dash it all, I suppose the chap can do as he likes?"

Wharton looked very sharply at Hazel. The scapegrace of the Remove was not a good hand at keeping a secret; indeed, it was easy to see that he was uncomfortable and alarmed at the attention Levison's absence had drawn upon the St. Jim's fellow.

"If he's not back for prayers he will be missed," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Mr. Quelch will know he went out of bounds."

"He will be back in time if he can."

"If he can? He can if he likes, I suppose?"

"Oh—oh, yes, of course!" stammered Hazel. "Look here, you fellows ought to put your foot down on Skinner and his rotten yarning. It's a rotten shame for Levison to be talked about like this. I'm not his pal, and you are, and you ought to do something about it."

And Hazel stalked away, scowling.

"Dash it all, it's beginning to look

queer," said Bob Cherry. "Surely Levison will come back before he's missed?"

"Let's hope so," said Harry.

"The hopefulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

But the hopes of the Famous Five were ill-founded. Ernest Levison did not appear at prayers, and his absence, of course, was noted. And the chums of the Remove were conscious of a feeling of great discomfort. It did not amount to suspicion, but they felt very uncomfortable indeed.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Levison's Task!

ERNEST LEVISON, in the meantime, was not in a happy mood.

At the very moment when Mr. Quelch, at Greyfriars, was noting his absence at prayers, the St. Jim's junior was kicking his heels in the garden of the Feathers Inn, overlooking the river.

Skinner was right as to his destination, though entirely wrong as to his motives.

Levison had turned out of bed an hour before rising-bell, slipped out of the dormitory, and scuttled out of the school precincts. It was easy enough for him to climb a wall and drop outside. Then he had set out at a run along the towing-path to the Feathers.

That was the outcome of his talk with Hazeldene.

Whether Hazel's fears that Mr. Mulberry would come up to the school were well founded or not, Levison had no means of deciding, never having seen Mr. Mulberry or heard of him before that occasion. But if the man intended to carry out his threat, it was very serious for the hapless black sheep. Levison's advice had saved Hazel from placing written proofs of his transactions in the man's hands. That was something. But Mulberry's visit to the school would be serious enough.

Levison could not advise Hazel to lie himself out of the scrape, which was the miserable resource to which Hazel's thoughts turned. Lying was not in Levison's line. But apart from the baseness of it, it was a useless resource for Hazel, who was certain to lose his nerve and break down under the penetrating eyes of the headmaster.

Levison's opinion was that Mr. Mulberry, having failed to get Hazel's writing into his hands, would not carry out his threat. He had no proof of his assertions that Hazel owed him money, and he would expect the junior, in desperation, to deny the whole affair. Indeed, his attempt to get a letter from Hazel was a proof that he did not consider his position a strong one without that.

With Hazel's letter in his hands, admitting the debt, Mr. Mulberry's position would have been irresistible. Without it, it was simply his word against Hazel's. And the headmaster's prejudice, of course, would have been on Hazel's side, and against a man who admitted that he was villain enough to gamble with a schoolboy. Mr. Mulberry could not have the faintest hope of getting his money, after betraying the wretched junior. Certainly he would be ejected from the school, whatever might happen to Hazel afterwards.

Having thought the matter out carefully, Levison did not believe that the rascal would come; that he had, indeed, any purpose in coming, since he was certain not to benefit thereby, and ran the risk of being given into custody to the police.

The Bounder proves his regard for Levison—

Levison, in Hazel's place, would have brazened the matter out, in his old shady days. But Hazel had not the courage of his sins. The bare thought of the sharper coming up to the school terrified him almost out of his wits. He knew that he would break down and confess when examined by the Head, and that meant the end of all things for him. And Levison had undertaken to see the man, and see what could be done. It was useless for Hazel to see him, his evident fear would only have increased the sharper's bullying determination, and nothing could have come of the interview but an increase of Hazel's terror.

A keen, cool fellow like Levison was required to deal with the man, and Levison hoped to carry back to the wretched Hazel the assurance that there was nothing to fear. He was quite certain that he could settle the matter satisfactorily, and save Hazel both from his terrors and from persecution at the hands of the sharper. And knowing that he could do it, he felt that it was up to him to do it. Hazel, in his utter want of nerve, was likely to go from bad to worse. Already, as Levison knew, he had obtained what money Marjorie could give him, which was bad enough. And in his wild talk he had let fall hints that he would get the money somehow, rather than be driven from Greyfriars.

Levison knew very well that in that frame of mind Hazel was capable of a good many things—of things that might lead to even more serious consequences than expulsion from the school. Somehow, the wretched fellow had to be saved from himself, if Levison could save him.

But there was bitterness in Levison's breast, as he tramped up the river under the sunrise, and arrived at the Feathers. He hoped to be back at the school for prayers, in which case no one need know a word of what was taking place. But he knew that he was taking risks. The Feathers was a haunt for all kinds of "outsiders," strictly out of bounds for Greyfriars fellows. Mr. Dawes, the landlord, had only saved his licence by a series of miracles, as it were.

In Levison's case it was especially necessary that he should keep clear of such a place. In case of discovery he could not betray the wretched fellow he was helping. He would have to stand the consequences. There loomed over him the possibility of being sent back to St. Jim's in disgrace, leaving the worst possible impression at his old school, where he was passionately desirous of leaving a good impression.

Yet somehow he could not regret having decided to help the miserable fellow who could not help himself.

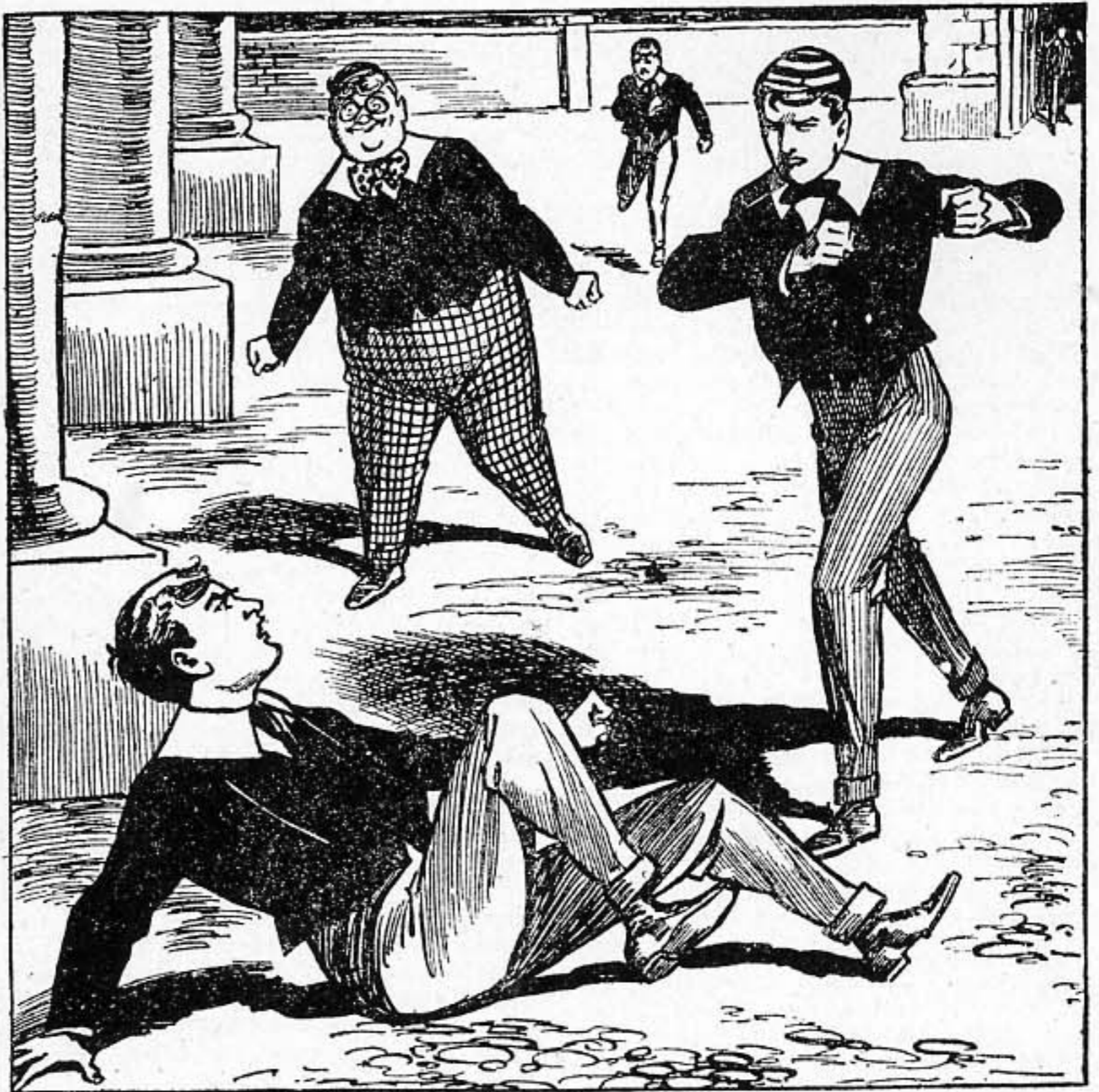
At the Feathers he found Mr. Dawes, the landlord, drinking early beer in the garden, and Mr. Dawes greeted him quite cordially. He remembered an old acquaintance.

His cordiality jarred on every nerve in Levison's body, but he could not give expression to his feelings. It was necessary to be civil on Mr. Dawes' premises.

He learned that Mr. Mulberry was not up, and not likely to be up much before noon. But a message was sent to him, and a reply came that he would come down as soon as he could.

Levison waited in the garden, staring gloomily at the gleaming river as it flowed by.

He knew why the lazy rascal was taking the trouble to rise hours before his accustomed time. Mr. Dawes undoubtedly had passed on to him the information that Levison was an old caller at the place, and the sharper expected



Crash! Hazel went down heavily under a terrific drive from Ernest Levison. "I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter's voice rang out. "A fight—a fight in the Cloisters. Levison and Hazel. He, he, he!"
(See Chapter 9.)

to find in Levison another Hazel—a pigeon to be plucked. He was likely to be disappointed.

Levison waited with bitter impatience. But Mr. Mulberry's movements were slow at that early hour. It was long before he appeared; but it was useless for Levison to go with his mission unaccomplished. By the time the red-faced, beery man appeared in the garden prayers were over at Greyfriars.

"Mornin', sir!" said Mr. Mulberry effusively. "Old friend of Jim Dawes, what? Glad to see you, sir."

And he held out a flabby hand. Levison choked down his disgust and shook hands with the man. Obviously it was out of the question to begin that difficult interview by snubbing Mr. Mulberry.

"I've called to see you—"
"Sit down, sir! There's a bench," said Mr. Mulberry. "Smoke so early in the morning, Master Levison?"

"Thanks, no. About Hazeldene," said Levison.

"Friend of Master Hazel's?"
"Yes."

Mr. Mulberry shook his head sadly. "That young gent owes me money, and hasn't paid up," he said. "If he's sent the money by you, of course—"

"He hasn't."
"Well, then—" said Mr. Mulberry, with a considerable deterioration of the gentility in his manner.

"Hazel is going to pay you," said Levison quietly. "But you'll have to give him time, Mr. Mulberry. I'm going to see him through this, and I'll see that

the money is paid. How long will you give him?"

"And that's all that you've called for?"

"That's all."

"Nothing on your own?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Mulberry's fat, red face grew redder. It was not for a stroke of business that he had turned out so early; it was to listen to a plea from an insolvent debtor. Mr. Mulberry brought down a flabby hand upon a fat knee with an emphatic smack.

"So that's all?" he said. "Well, then, you tell young Hazeldene that if the money ain't paid this 'ere morning, I'm coming to see Dr. Locke about it this afternoon."

Levison eyed the man.
"You mean that?" he asked.

"Every blooming word!" said Mr. Mulberry, with emphasis.

"Very good!" said Levison. "You will find a policeman there when you call."

"What?"

"I don't know exactly how the law stands on the subject of getting school-boys to gamble with you. The policeman will be able to tell you."

Mr. Mulberry stared at Levison blankly. He seemed at a loss for words for some moments.

Then he broke out with an oath.

"You talk to me! You—"

"That's enough!" said Levison contemptuously. "Can't you see that you haven't Hazel to deal with now?"

—and risks the displeasure of the Head!

"Why, I'll smash you—I'll—" spluttered Mr. Mulberry, rising to his feet, his face purple.

Levison rose, too.

"Don't rush on the smashing," he suggested. "I could knock you into a cocked hat in one round, big as you are. You're too flabby for fighting, Mr. Mulberry. Think it over again."

The sharper fairly blinked at him. It was borne in upon his mind that this was a fellow very different from Hazel—very different indeed. He realised, too, that the sturdy, wiry schoolboy, with his steady clear eyes and utter absence of fear, was more than a match for him if the "smashing" began. There was too much beer, too much smoke, and too much spirits inside Mr. Mulberry's unwieldy carcass for that gentleman to have been of much use in the fighting line.

"Well, my eye!" said Mr. Mulberry, at last. "You're a bantam, you are! My eye!"

And he sat, or, rather, collapsed, on the bench.

"Now, let's come to business," said Levison. "Hazel ought to pay you, as a penalty for playing the goat, and he's willing to pay. It's a question of time for raising the money, that's all."

"Let 'im give me a written acknowledgment—"

"To be held over his head—to blackmail him! Oh, I know that game!" said Levison contemptuously. "That chicken won't fight, Mr. Mulberry!"

The sharper eyed him evilly.

"You know too much for a kid of your age, Master Levison!" he said.

Levison laughed.

"I've learned it among fellows of your sort," he said. "I'm not proud of it. I want to make a definite arrangement with you. If you come up to the school, I give you my word that a constable will be there to deal with you, because I shall go directly to the police-station from here. Mr. Dawes may like the police to learn exactly what goes on here; it may help him keep his licence next time—"

"You young 'ound!"

It was pretty clear that Levison had hit the right nail on the head. With a man like Mr. Mulberry the word "police" was a word to conjure with. Mr. Mulberry's relations with the police force were of the most unfriendly kind.

"I only want my due!" said the sharper, changing his tone considerably.

"And over the money, and the young gent won't 'ear any more from me! Why should he? I'm honest, I 'ope?"

"I hope so," said Levison agreeably. "Now, how long will you give Hazel to find the money, Mr. Mulberry?"

"I'll give 'im a week," said the sharper sullenly; "and, mind, if I does so, it's on your word that the money will be 'anded over. Master Hazel's word ain't good enough for me, and you can tell him so. I want the money in a week's time, and no fail!"

"That's settled, then," said Levison. "You shall have it. I'll see that you do, and you've got sense enough to see, Mr. Mulberry, that I'm a fellow of my word. Good-morning!"

Levison walked out of the garden and along the towing-path, leaving Mr. Mulberry scowling. He had succeeded, and he had a message of assurance to take back to Hazel. He would have walked quite cheerfully by the sunny river, but for the knowledge that he had missed prayers and had barely time to get back to Greyfriars for breakfast.

Some excuse had to be made to Mr. Quelch, and in Levison's old days an excuse would have been invented readily enough. It was not so easy now. But it could not be helped, and, at least, he had succeeded in his undertaking.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Shutting up Skinner!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were going in to breakfast when Levison joined them. He went in with the rest of the Remove, and Mr. Quelch, at the head of the table, glanced at him, but did not speak. All the Remove looked at him, and some of them grinned. Skinner winked at Snoop and Bunter indulged in a fat chuckle. Levison did not need telling that his absence had been the subject of general comment in the Remove.

After breakfast he spoke to Mr. Quelch in the Hall, tackling the Remove master before that gentleman had time to tackle him.

"I'm sorry I missed prayers this morning, sir!" said Levison, sincerely enough. Mr. Quelch glanced at him.

"Well, well, never mind!" he said. "You are not, as a rule, neglectful of your duties, Levison. Never mind."

And he passed on. Levison drew a deep breath of relief. The Remove master had not asked for any explanation, and certainly did not guess for a moment that Levison had been out of school bounds.

That little matter so happily disposed of, Levison went out into the sunny quadrangle. There Bob Cherry joined him at once. Levison was very keen to speak to Hazel—alone, of course. Hazel hovered at hand, but Bob, quite unconscious of anything going on behind the scenes, took possession of Levison till classes.

Bob wanted the other Removites to see how little he thought of Skinner's insinuations, and quite unconsciously he prevented the private interview from taking place, by sticking to Levison till the bell rang.

Hazel, in the meantime, was on tenter-hooks.

Not till the Remove were going into the Form-room did Levison get an opportunity of giving him a reassuring whisper.

"It's all right."

Hazel's troubled face brightened. His eyes met Levison's, and the St. Jim's junior nodded reassuringly. Hazel felt that an unbearable load had been lifted from his shoulders when he went into the Form-room.

The fear that during class he might hear the footsteps of the sharper from the Feathers had almost paralysed Hazel-dene. Now that that haunting fear was removed his spirits recovered and he became buoyant.

It was like Hazel to rush from one extreme to the other. Five minutes before class he was looking utterly down and out; but he took his place in the Form-room with a smile on his face and his eyes bright. And in that cheery mood he did better than usual in class, and for once received words of commendation from his Form master.

Levison, on the other hand, did not do as well as usual, though his worst was better than Hazel's best. Levison, having been formerly known to Mr. Quelch as a slacker and dodger, was, naturally, desirous of doing his best

now; but the neglected prep of the previous evening had to be paid for, and what he did was far from his best.

Mr. Quelch, however, was very kind; he could allow for one lapse in a boy who was known to him as a hard worker. It was an annoyance to Levison; but it was part of the penalty for having helped Hazel, and he bore it philosophically.

After morning lessons Billy Bunter attached himself to Levison. The Owl of the Remove "wanted to know." Bunter was always in a state of wanting to know.

"What was on there this morning, Levison?" he asked eagerly.

"Eh, what? Where?" asked Levison, in astonishment.

"At the Feathers, of course."

For a moment Levison's heart stood still, with the thought that the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars must have spied on him. But he realised the next moment that nothing but wild horses could have dragged Bunter out of bed so early.

"You fat duffer!" he exclaimed. "What the thump are you driving at?"

Bunter winked—a fat wink. "We all know where you went, of course," he said. "Skinner says—"

"Does he?" said Levison grimly.

"He says you went to the Feathers. But what's on so early? Skinner says they're having some prizefighters down there for practice. Did you go to see them?"

"You fat duffer, of course not!" "But you went to the Feathers?" said Bunter.

Levison did not care to answer that question.

"I think I'll speak to Skinner," he said.

"Look here, if you're going to tell Skinner about it, you can tell me!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Fathead!"

Levison bore down on Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, who were talking and laughing together in the quad. They ceased to laugh as Levison came up. The grim expression on his face was not conducive to merriment.

"It seems that you've been taking a personal interest in me again, Skinner," said the St. Jim's junior.

"Not at all," said Skinner airily. "I've given up bad ways myself—turned over a spotless new leaf. The ways of the wicked no longer have any interest for me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Snoop and Stott. "You've been saying that I went out blagging before bell this morning."

"Didn't you go to the Feathers?" asked Skinner, putting the question directly.

"Where I went, or did not go, is no business of yours."

"Won't you answer the question?" grinned Skinner.

"I've got a different kind of answer for fellows who talk about me behind my back," said Levison. "Will you step into the gym?"

Skinner shook his head.

"Thanks, no!"

"Would you rather I punched you here?"

"Dear man, there's no occasion for punching," said Skinner amiably. "If you say you didn't go to the Feathers, I'm bound to take your word, knowing what a truthful chap you are!"

"I don't take the trouble to explain to you, Skinner. I'm going to punch you for talking about me, and you can have it here or in the gym."

(Continued on page 17.)

Keep your eye on Vernon-Smith! He's a real good 'un!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD



HARRY WHARTON



FRANK NUGENT



BOB CHERRY

Supplement No. 123.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR



MARK LINLEY



HURREE SINGH



PETER TODD

Week ending May 5th, 1923.

FAMOUS CRICKETERS OF GREYFRIARS!



By George Wingate.

GREYFRIARS has always been a great cricketing school; and it is interesting to peep into the records of the past, and to read of the doughty deeds of those who built up our traditions.

Many people say that the standard of public school cricket has deteriorated. If this is a fact, then we must hold the Great War responsible. The game was practically at a standstill for five years. Everybody, even schoolboys, seemed to be engaged on patriotic jobs of some kind.

But our young cricketers are finding their feet again, and many brilliant batsmen and bowlers are coming on apace.

I am not one of those fiddle-faced pessimists who are so fond of squealing that England is going to the dogs; and I believe that the future of English cricket is bright and full of promise.

But it was of the past that I set out to write. And three great names leap

instinctively to my mind—the names of Mason, Deverill, and Rayleigh.

Richard Harcourt Mason was captain of Greyfriars round about the year 1880. And in that year he did many wonderful things. He scored no fewer than ten centuries in First Eleven matches, and on one occasion he compiled the gigantic score of 226 not out! It was in a two-day match against the Old Boys that this fine achievement was made. Mason left off batting overnight with his score at 100, and he took up the threads on the following morning, and made a double century of it. We read in the "School Magazine" of that period that Mason was carried shoulder-high round the ground for nearly an hour by his exuberant schoolfellows. And one can easily understand such enthusiasm. For the Old Boys were not a team of rustic sloggers. In their ranks were several M.C.C. men—men who had built up big reputations at the game.

What became of Mason? Well, he simply petered out. The records tell us that he left Greyfriars in 1881, and he has never been seen or heard of since. Maybe he gave up cricket. Perhaps he joined the Army, and went to one of the distant outposts of the Empire. Who can tell?

Now we come to Dick Deverill, as fast and deadly a bowler as ever donned the Greyfriars blazer.

Deverill came on the scene a few years after Mason left. And he made history in one memorable match by taking all ten wickets, at a cost of only two runs apiece! Such was the velocity of his bowling that he broke a couple of stumps in the course of the match. It was extremely fortunate for the batsmen that they were padded and gloved!

The amazing bowling feats of Dick Deverill made the cricket world sit up and take notice. But very fast bowlers cannot keep going for many years, and after a few seasons of club cricket on leaving school, Deverill faded into oblivion. Not entirely into oblivion, though, for his name is still honoured at Greyfriars.

Bernard Selton Rayleigh won fame as the result of one match only. This was

the annual First Eleven fixture with St. Jim's.

It was a whole-day match, and St. Jim's, going in first on a good wicket, hit up the huge score of 312.

It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that the "Saints" were finally dismissed, and the rival captains agreed to make it a single innings match.

Greyfriars started badly. Wicket after wicket went down, with only a handful of runs on the board.

When Rayleigh went in at the fall of the fifth wicket, everybody agreed that it was "all over, bar shouting."

But Rayleigh laid about the bowling in such a confident and vigorous manner that hopes began to revive.

Greyfriars, however, had a long, long way to go. Not only was it a fight against the St. Jim's bowling, but against the clock. For stumps were to be drawn at seven.

But Rayleigh played the game of his life. He bauged every loose ball to the boundary, and he refused to be beaten by the good ones. His display was an eye-opener to St. Jim's, who had expected to win handsomely. But as the game progressed, they felt their supremacy slipping away from them.

Practically every fellow in the St. Jim's team took a turn with the ball, in the hope of being able to break through Rayleigh's defence. But although the other wickets fell at intervals, Rayleigh kept his own wicket intact.

When the last man went in to join Rayleigh, twenty runs were needed to give Greyfriars the victory.

Fortunately, the last man was a fellow who never lost his head in an emergency. He put a straight bat to the bowling, while Rayleigh knocked off the runs. And the scene which followed the remarkable victory was indescribable.

Rayleigh had made 166 not out, and his glorious exploit has been handed down through history.

I could tell of other giants of the past, but space does not permit.

When we look back upon such wonderful achievements with bat and ball, we can truly exclaim, with the scribe of old.

"They were giants in those days!"

MY UNLUCKY DAY!

By Dick Penfold.

They very nearly kissed me,
The day I made a "cent."
But they hooted me and hissed me,
When down my wicket went.
I always shall remember
The day I came unstuck;
That day in sad September—
The day I got a "duck"!

I strutted to the wicket
As merry as could be;
Said I, "This game of cricket
Is simple as ABC!
I'll boldly face the bowling,
Whatever stuff they chuck!"
But I was past consoling
The day I got a "duck"!

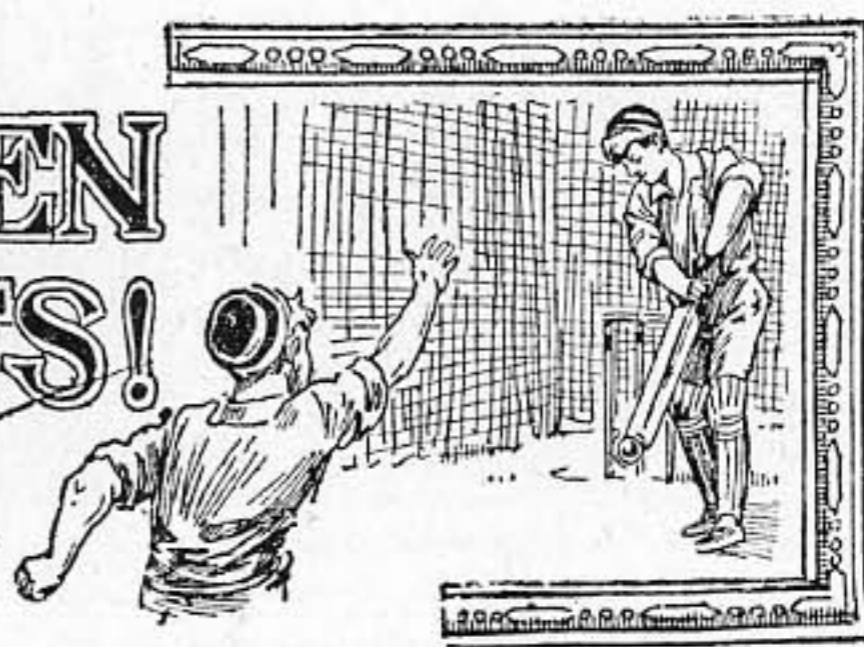
You should have heard the cheering
The day I made my "cent."
You should have heard the jeering
When down my wicket went!
I'm not a timid fellow,
I've pocketfuls of pluck;
But, oh! my face turned yellow
The day I got a "duck"!

Look out for our grand Cycling Supplement!



THE REMOVE ELEVEN AT THE NETS!

Some Observations and Comments.
By "LOOKER-ON" and Others.



HARRY WHARTON.

I have watched the skipper's display with interest. He hits as hard as ever, and has a variety of stylish strokes. He times the ball well, and knows when to hit and when to leave the ball alone. It is paying Wharton a big compliment to say that his play is beyond criticism; but such is my opinion.

BOB CHERRY.

A fine, forceful batsman, with the match-winning temperament. But he shows a tendency to take too many risks. Running half-way down the pitch to smite the ball may be very spectacular, but it often results in being stumped. A little more steadiness, Bob, and you will accomplish great things.

MARK LINLEY.

This player is, to my mind, second only to Wharton. I have watched him every evening at the nets, and he is improving by leaps and bounds. His off-drives are delightful, but he is not quite at home with leg balls. However, when he settles down he will prove a great source of worry to the bowlers.

H. VERNON-SMITH.

A stylish and enterprising bat, and keen as mustard in the field. Can hold the most difficult of catches, and will be a tower of strength to the Remove Eleven. Like Bob Cherry, he has the match-winning temperament.

PETER TODD.

Peter has not yet got into his stride. His batting displays at the nets have been rather feeble. Some fellows naturally take a long time to get going, but in a few weeks' time Peter will be able to hold up his head with the best of them.

HURREE SINGH.

As fast and deadly a bowler as ever. The dusky nabob will capture a good many wickets this season. He has a curious delivery, keeping the ball behind his back so that the batsmen don't know what is coming. When the ball does come down, the crashfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous wicket is terrific. Inky's batting is rather below the average, but one cannot expect a fellow to shine in every department of the game.

FRANK NUGENT.

For sheer style, Nugent is probably the best batsman in the Remove. Everything he does is graceful and polished. But he could do with some of Bob Cherry's forcefulness. There is very little power behind his strokes. Nugent is an active and clever field, and quite a useful change-bowler.

JOHNNY BULL.

Johnny's cricket is of the rustic order. He hits hard and often. He is the type of fellow to get a century in one match, and a "duck's egg" in the next. Aided by good luck, he will make some big scores this season; but he is lacking in the finer subtleties of the game.

GEORGE BULSTRODE.

A good, sound reliable batsman, and a wicket-keeper of outstanding merit. Bulstrode has already got into form, and those who say that he ought not to be in the eleven are talking out of their hats. Just as Bob Cherry is a match-winner, so is Bulstrode a match-saver. His stolid defence will pull the team through many difficulties.

TOM BROWN.

The smartest fieldsman on the side. He gathers up the ball and throws it in with one motion; and his throwing is remarkable in its accuracy. Many a batsman will be run out this season as a result of Tom Brown's smartness. Although not in the first flight as a batsman, Browney knows how to hit, and he is particularly strong on the leg side.

S. Q. I. FIELD.

Learnt his cricket in Australia, and plays a nailing good game. A medium-paced bowler of great merit. Squiff thoroughly deserves his place in the eleven, whatever the critics may say to the contrary.

Other players who will have to be watched, with a view to their inclusion in the Remove Eleven, are: Dick Russell, Donald Ogilvy, Micky Desmond, Tom Redwing, and David Morgan. It is a pity that places cannot be found for Russell and Redwing right away, for they are excellent players. I understand that Harry Wharton will give them a trial whenever a couple of vacancies occur.

(In a moment of weakness we invited frank and fearless criticism of the construction of the Remove Eleven. This is the result!—Ed.)

BILLY BUNTER.

I kossider that the present konstruction of the team is all wrong. Wharton ought not to be kaptin—in fact, he oughtn't to have a plaice in the team at all! What does he know about kricket? Why, he duzzent know the difference between a penalty-kick and a maiden over! I'm not going to tell you who I think ought to be katpin, bekwase it might look as if I was blowing my own trumpitt; but the sooner Wharton & Co. are kicked out, and an entirely fresh 11 selekcted, the better it will be for all konserned. So you can put that in your smoke and pipe it, Wharton. Yah!

BOLSOVER MAJOR.

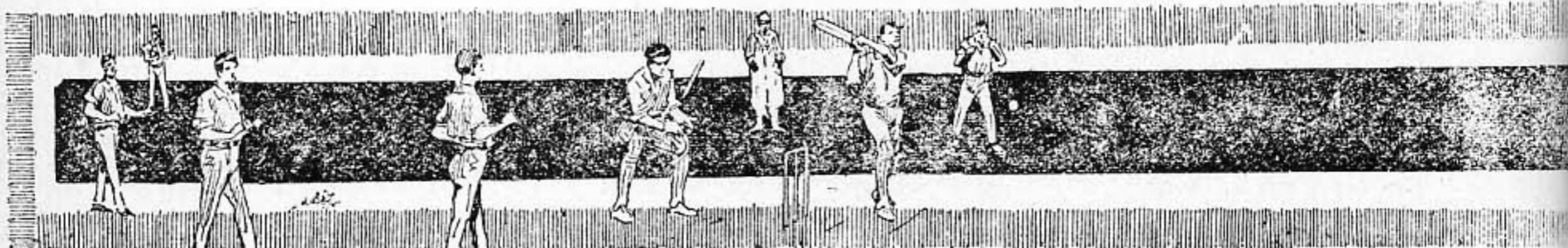
The present eleven might be able to win a match against a team of cripples, or a team captained by the Ancient Mariner, but it hasn't an earthly chance of defeating St. Jim's, Rookwood, or Highcliffe. It's high time Wharton took a back seat, and a fellow of brawn and muscle was appointed in his place. Brawn beats brain any day of the week. Not that Wharton's got any brains. If you were to puncture his napper you'd find sawdust inside.

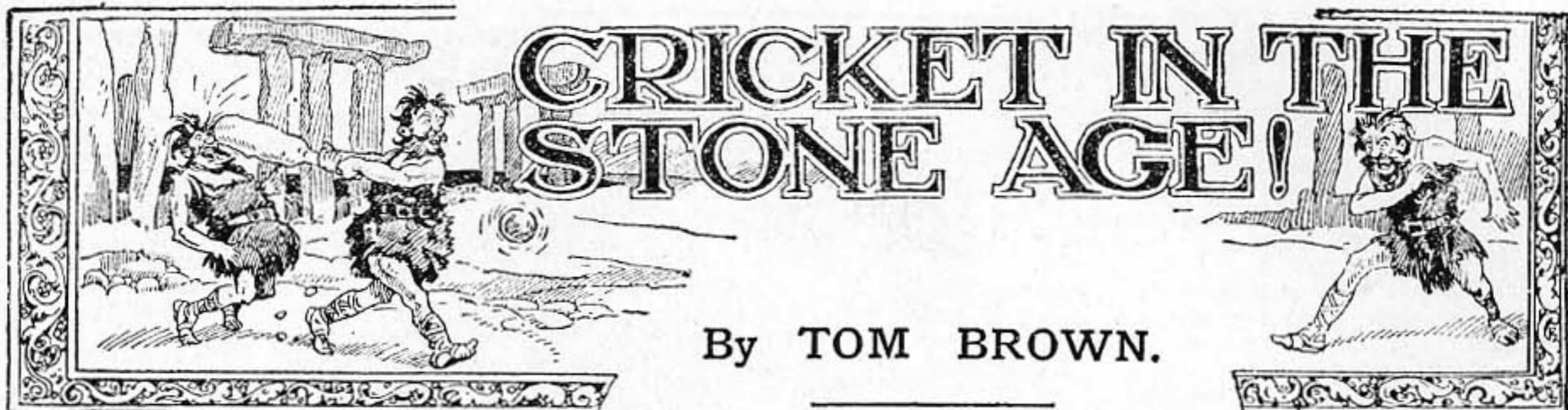
WUN LUNG.

Me tinkee me ought to play cliket for the Remove Eleven. Me swipee-swipee with great vigour, and bowlee-bowlee with deadly effect. Me no likee takee back seatee. Me suggest to handsome Hally Wharton that he give little Chinee a trial in next matchee. (Handsome Hally Wharton no savvy.—Ed.)

FISHER T. FISH.

Waal, I swow! Wharton's ragtime eleven fairly gets my mad up! I guess it's not a team at all. They're a set of slabsided jays. I kinder sorter guess and calculate that they want a real live Amurrican citizen to put some ginger into the show. Aw, shucks! I'm too disgusted for words!





By TOM BROWN.

VERILY, and in good sooth, 'twas a red-letter day in Ancient Brit. The entire population seemed to be making its way to Lord's Cricket Ground, which in those days was a mud-flat.

The great County match between Flintshire and Blockshire was about to be played.

Let us mingle with the crowd and listen to the comments of some of the Flintshire supporters in their goatskins:

"Thinkest thou we shall win?"

"Yea, good, my brother."

"Why thinkest thou thus?"

"Is not Lanky Leggitt playing for us? Verily, he will lay about him right lustily with his stone club. Every leg ball he gets he will lift on to the roof of the pavilion, and the stone tiles will come clattering down on to the heads of the populace."

"But supposing Lanky Leggitt be clean bowled, or killed, with the first ball he receives?"

"Bah! Thou art a fiddle-faced pessimist, forsooth! I tell thee, Lanky will make a century."

"So long as he doth not take a century to do it in, I shall be delighted!"

The crowd continued to flock into Lord's, paying two flintstones for admission. And at length a stone tablet had to be displayed outside the gates, bearing the inscription:

"OUTSIDE ONLY!
EVERY SEAT TAKEN!"

There was a mighty roar when the rival captains appeared on the stone steps of the pavilion.

Lanky Leggitt was the Flintshire captain, and a fellow with a hyphened name—Sidney Stone-Waller—was captain of Blockshire.

Lanky tossed a flintstone, one side of which was rounded, and the other side flat.

"Flats!" cried Stone-Waller.

"Flats it is," said Lanky. "Thou wilt put us in first, of course?"

"Nay, thou scurvy knave! Blockshire shall bat."

Lanky Leggitt led his men on to the playing-pitch. Stone wickets had been

erected, with stone bails. (By the way, why all this mystery and conjecture about Stonehenge? Any fool can see that this was once a wicket, used by the cricketers of Ancient Brit!)

The Flintshire bowlers, Maymer and Killen, indulged in some preliminary practice with the heavy stone ball.

Then the opening pair of Blockshire batsmen made their way to the wickets, swinging their clubs as they came.

There was a yell of applause.

"Play up, Blockshire!"

"Smite the ball right soundly!"

Stone-Waller and Sam Slogger were the first pair. The former played with infinite caution. He spent most of his time hopping out of the way of the ball. For the deliveries of Maymer and Killen, if stopped with any portion of the anatomy, would probably prove fatal.

Sam Slogger hit out vigorously, but the fielding was very keen and clean. Lanky Leggitt, fielding at mid-wicket, once stopped the ball with his nose, and he had to go off for repairs. He returned to the playing-pitch with his nasal organ in a sling.

The score mounted very slowly. Stone-Waller batted three-quarters of an hour for one run. The crowd began to "barrack" him.

"Is this a cricket match, peradventure, or a funeral?"

"Don't be afraid of the ball, Stone-Waller!"

"It won't hurt thee!"

"Put thy beef into it, for the love of Ancient Brit!"

But Stone-Waller continued to stonewall, and at last Lanky Leggitt got thoroughly fed up.

"Throw me the ball," he said. "I'll soon shift him!"

And he did! Lanky's first ball knocked the batsman's teeth out. His second struck the unfortunate Stone-Waller in the body, and stove in a couple of ribs. His third caught the batsman on the point of the jaw—a delightful uppercut—and Stone-Waller had to be conveyed, on a stretcher, to the local hospital.

The other members of the Blockshire eleven fared equally badly. And they were all out for the paltry total of 20.

The tablet of stone on which the score was kept has been handed down through

the generations. This is how the Blockshire innings was recorded:

S. Stone-Waller, retired hurt	- - -	1
S. Slogger, maimed for life	- - -	12
D. Driver, killed in action	- - -	3
C. Cutter, carried off	- - -	0
S. Snicker, booted off	- - -	0
P. Puller, frightened off	- - -	0
S. Snatchem, retired limping	- - -	2
F. Forcem, caught bending	- - -	0
S. Sneakem, afraid to bat	- - -	0
W. Windupp, ditto	- - -	0
C. Craven, ditto	- - -	0
Leg-byes, etc.		2
TOTAL		20

"Verily," said Lanky Leggitt, "we shall smash them—yea, even to a pulp, if I may use the expression! Surely we can pass their puny total?"

"Ay, ay, skipper!"

"Thou wilt make the fur fly when thou startest to wield thy club!"

Now came the lunch interval. And the Flintshire eleven were very jubilant as they sat down to their fish and chips.

When the great match was resumed the Blockshire team were five men short. Their numbers had been depleted owing to injuries and panic.

"By my beard," quoth Lanky Leggitt, "we are in for a good time, my merry men! Wilt come in first with me, Charlie Clumper?"

"Yea, skipper!"

Lanky Leggitt was wise in his generation. He thoughtfully donned a suit of armour before going in to bat.

The precaution proved to be justified, for had Lanky been in his goatskins he would have been killed by the very first ball he received. As it was, the ball bounced off his visor without doing any harm.

Lanky gave a hurricane display of batting. He ran out to every ball, and swiped blindly. Several times the ball crashed into the crowd, and there were many casualties.

Stone-Waller, having partly recovered from the injuries sustained while batting, sent down a swift yorker, and Lanky Leggitt's stone wickets were spread-eagled.

"How's that?"

"Of a surety," said the umpire, "'tis out!"

Lanky Leggitt strode towards the

(Continued on the next page.)



CRICKET IN THE STONE AGE!

(Continued from previous page.)

official. He brandished his club in a menacing manner.

"Did I hear thee say 'Out'?" he demanded.

"Nunno!" gasped the terrified umpire. "I distinctly said 'Not out,' I assure thee!"

"Lucky for thee that thou didst!" growled Lanky. And he resumed his innings.

Need I describe in detail the remainder of that memorable match, dear readers?

Suffice it to say that Lanky Leggitt, although clean bowled five times, caught out twice, stumped twice, and run out about a dozen times, stayed to make a century. His partner collected 50; and, with the score at 150 for no wicket, Flintshire declared the innings closed, and retired, worthy victors, amid great rejoicing.

But that rejoicing turned to sudden dismay, for hardly had the umpires drawn the stumps, when W. Windupp, who, it will be remembered, had crawled



Stoning the Stonewaller!

off the field in fear of the opposing team's deadly bowling, reappeared with a crowd of Blockshire "lads" at his back.

The Blockshire eleven had been beaten at cricket, but they rather fancied themselves as fighting men.

"Smite them hip and thigh!" bawled Windupp, taking care to adopt a position in the rear of his associates. "Brain 'em!"

In less than two minutes the cricket-pitch was a whirling battlefield. Spectators joined in the general fracas. Stone weapons of every description came into play, and the slaughter was terrific.

"By my goatskin," roared Lanky Leggitt, "we've beaten them at cricket, and we'll put it across them at scrap-ping. Have at ye!" he added, sighting the cowardly Windupp in the back-ground of hostility.

But the miserable Windupp had no stomach for fighting; in fact, it is very doubtful whether he had a stomach at all by the time Lanky Leggitt's stone club had crashed against his fourth and fifth ribs a few times.

The rest of the Blockshire men, seeing that the battle was not in their favour, scuttled like so many rabbits into their burrows. Flintshire had won the cricket match, and they had won the fight!

In that same season, I may add, Flintshire won the County Championship of Ancient Brit. And who shall say that they did not deserve it?

CRICKET GOSSIP!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

AT the general meeting of the Remove Cricket Club, held in the "Rag" on Saturday evening last, Harry Wharton was re-elected captain of the team, by almost universal consent, as also were Frank Nugent as treasurer of the club, and Mark Linley as secretary. Marky will arrange all the fixtures, and our affairs could not be in better hands. A cricket secretary needs any amount of energy and tact, two qualities for which the lad from Lancashire is famous.

Next came the task of selecting the team for the first fixture—a trial match against the Upper Fourth. It was not an enviable job, but Wharton tackled it without fear or favour. His final selection was as follows: H. Wharton (capt.), R. Cherry, F. Nugent, J. Bull, Hurree Singh, Peter Todd, Tom Brown, G. Bulstrode, M. Linley, S. Q. I. Field, and H. Vernon-Smith.

The match was played on the following Monday, the Head having graciously given the school a half-holiday. Wharton won the toss, and we batted first. Runs were hard to get—not because the bowling was anything brilliant, but because we had not yet got into form. Bob Cherry hit up a lively 20, and that was the top score. The rest of us did little, and we were all out for 55.

Temple & Co. thought they had us on toast. But our bowling happened to be more deadly than our batting. Hurree Singh was in great form with the ball, and the Upper Fourth were skittled out like rabbits. Temple made a gallant effort to save his side, and he could get nobody to stay with him, and the total came to only 48, so we won a capital game by 7 runs. Our batting will improve with more practice. As for our bowling, it is all that can be desired.

I feel that I must draw your attention to our next supplement; it's simply top-hole. Everyone is keen on cycling, and there are some useful tips to be picked up next week concerning this universal sport: Look out for our Cycling Supplement!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

WILLOW, the King, comes back to his throne once more, amid great rejoicing. Hats off to him, and may his reign be glorious!

Cricket is a fine old English game. In saying this I do not claim to be striking an original note. Hundreds of people have written and said the same thing. But it will bear repetition.

Not long ago the Remove Cycling Club had a spin to the little village of Hambledon, in Hampshire. It was a week-end trip, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. We saw the Bat and Ball Inn, and the historic Broadhalfpenny Down—the cradle, if not the actual birthplace, of English cricket. And we thought of Richard Nyren & Co., the giants of the past, who flourished in the days when cricket was played with clubs instead of bats, and when the players wore top-hats. Runs were called "notches" in those days. At that period the Hampshire club used to challenge All-England, and trounce them, too!

Early though it is, Greyfriars is already in the grip of the cricket fever. There will be centuries and duck's eggs, triumphs and defeats, games easily won, and games pulled out of the fire at the eleventh hour. And the tussles against our rival schools will be contested in the true sporting spirit.

May all my reader-cricketers enjoy a happy and prosperous season in 1923!



Life a-wheel—next week!

MY FATHER'S SON!

By Billy Bunter.

(Spelling corrected by the Editor.)
My father played for Bunkumshire
In eighteen-ninety-six;

He had a face like Doctor Graco
And just as many tricks.
He'd slog the ball a thousand yards,
And say, "No need to run!"
He was a sport of good report—
And I'm my father's son!

He hit the ball so fiercely once
He killed a grazing cow.
The farmer came, with eyes aflame,
And there was such a row!
My father gave that farmer chap
A knock-out blow for fun.
He had a fist that never missed—
And I'm my father's son!

You should have seen my father bowl;
He was so fast and clever.
The batsman fell, with fearful yell,
And then retired for ever!
He'd hobble off the field of play,
And scowl just like a Hun.
My father bowled to maim, I'm told—
And I'm my father's son!

My father played for England once;
You'll read of it in rhymes.
He hit so well, the records tell,
He lost the ball six times!
And in that very match he made
Five hundred all but one.
His mantle now is on my brow—
For I'm my father's son!

So when I play for Bunkumshire
In nineteen-twenty-six,
The fellows here can come and cheer
(But don't start throwing bricks).
My father was a hero once,
But his day's work is done;
And now it's me they'll flock to see—
For I'm my father's son!

UNDER THE SHADOW!

(Continued from page 12.)

Skinner backed away.
 "Look here, Levison—"
 The St. Jim's junior followed him up, pushing back his cuffs. Snoop and Stott exchanged a glance and walked away. They did not want to encounter Levison in this warlike mood.
 "Are you going to put up your hands, Skinner?" asked Levison politely.
 "No, hang you!" snarled Skinner.
 "I shall pull your nose, then."
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bob Cherry came up with the Co. "Scrapping in the quad! Look out for the prefects!"
 "Skinner is already looking out for them, I think!" said Levison. "He won't come into the gym. But I'm not keen on a scrap if Skinner isn't. I only want him to keep his mouth shut and leave me alone."
 "Impossible!" said Bob. "Skinner couldn't keep his mouth shut if there was anything rotten to say—could you, Skinner?"
 Skinner scowled blackly.
 "If Levison says he hasn't been to Dawes' place—" he began.
 "Levison's not bound to account to you," said Harry Wharton. "If you talk about a fellow, you're bound to back it up with your hands."
 "The boundfulness is terrific, my esteemed funky Skinner!" urged the Nabob of Bhanipur.
 "It was only a joke!" said Skinner at last. "Nothing for Levison to get his rag out about!"
 "Let it go at that," said Levison quietly. "But if there's any more jokes like that, Skinner, I shall pull your nose before all the Form. I'm trying to keep out of rows while I'm here, and you know it; but there's a limit."
 "Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.
 Skinner scowled and walked away. He was not likely to keep his ill-natured tongue silent; but he realised that it behoved him to be a little more wary.
 That the talk on the subject in the Remove had spread there was soon evidence. Later in the day, Wingate of the Sixth called Harry Wharton to his study.
 "What's this talk about some kid in your Form going up to that low hole on the river, Wharton?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.
 "All rot!" answered Harry at once.
 "There seems to be a lot of tattle about it."
 "That's all it is," said Harry. "I'm quite certain that there's nothing in it. There's a fellow in the Remove who takes a sort of pleasure in starting yarns like that."
 Wingate looked at him.
 "You're head of the Form, and you ought to know," he said. "As a matter of fact, this isn't the first I've heard."
 "Isn't it?" said Harry, in surprise.
 "No. Mr. Prout saw a fellow in the Feathers' garden a few days ago, from the towing-path," said Wingate.
 "Oh!" said Wharton. "One of the Highcliffe chaps, I should think."
 "I hope so. Mr. Prout wasn't sure of him; and as the fellow was bareheaded at the time, he didn't see whether he had a Greyfriars cap. But he spoke to me about it."
 "Well, it wasn't a Remove chap, I'm certain," said Harry. "I think I could answer for that—" He broke off

suddenly, and his cheeks flushed a little. Hazel and his mysterious troubles had flashed into his mind.
 "Well?" rapped out Wingate.
 "I know nothing about it, at all events," said Harry. "I—I hope—in fact, I'm sure—"
 "That will do."
 Wharton left the study, feeling very uncomfortable. Wingate was left with a deep frown of thought upon his rugged brow. The head prefect of Greyfriars was an easy-going fellow; sometimes he wondered whether he was too easy-going. If his easy-going ways had been taken advantage of by some unscrupulous young rascal, it was more than enough to make Wingate angry.
 The captain of Greyfriars gave the matter some deep thought—a fact that would have been alarming to certain members of the Remove had they known of it.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Very Reliable Resource!

"COME into the cloisters!" muttered Hazel.
 Levison nodded, and strolled with Hazeldene into the cloisters after dinner. It was a quiet and secluded spot, where they could speak without being specially observed or overheard.
 Hazel had taken Levison's word for it that it was "all right"; but he wanted to know the details. They stopped in the solitary cloisters, among the old stone pillars.
 "Well, let's have it," said Hazel.
 "You said it was all right. Mulberry isn't coming."
 "No. I was pretty sure he wouldn't," said Levison. "He's agreed to give you a week to pay in."
 "Good!"
 "So long as you pay up, you've got nothing to fear," said Levison. "I warned the man that if he came I should call at the police-station, and ask them to send a constable."
 Hazel almost staggered.
 "Good heavens! Suppose you hadn't been able to bluff him?"
 "I wasn't bluffing," said Levison coolly. "I meant to do it. If the

rotter rounded on you, he ought to have his punishment."
 Hazel leaned against one of the stone pillars, breathing hard. The bare thought of a policeman being brought into the affair had terrified him.
 "It's all serene," said Levison reassuringly. "He wilted at once. You've got nothing to fear, if you pay him. If you don't, of course, he will be so spiteful that he might take risks he wouldn't take if he were cool. You told me you only needed time to pay—and you've got a week."
 "That's all right!" said Hazel, recovering a little. "Mind, I never authorised you to threaten the man. If any harm comes of it, it's your fault—not mine!"
 Levison's lip curled.
 "Anything more to say?" he asked, making a movement to go.
 "Hold on a minute. A week—that will be next Thursday. I can manage it by then."
 "You told me you could manage it, given a few days," said Levison. "A week gives you lots of time."
 "I can manage it by Saturday evening," said Hazel. "That's all right. It's practically certain."
 Levison was turning away, but he turned back at that. The word "practically" struck him.
 "What do you mean?" he asked.
 "Where is the money coming from, if I may ask?"
 "That needn't worry you," answered Hazel. Quite his old manner was returning now. Hazel didn't like "interference" in his affairs, and he never hesitated to make the fact known.
 Levison bit his lip hard.
 "But it does worry me," he said.
 "I've given the man my word that he shall be paid in a week's time, on the strength of what you told me. Isn't the money coming from your people?"
 "My people!" Hazel stared at him.
 "My hat! I'd like to see my father's face if I asked him for ten pounds in a lump."
 "Are you selling your bike, then?"
 "For ten pounds?" Hazel laughed.
 "I don't suppose I could get thirty shillings for it."
 "Then," said Levison in a low voice. "where are you getting the money? Your sister can't lend you sums like that."
 Hazel flushed and drew back, offended. Hazel was an easy fellow to offend.
 "You needn't mention my sister!" he snapped. "I'm not likely to go to a girl to get me out of a scrape."
 "Very likely, indeed, I think, if she had the money," said Levison bitterly. "But she hasn't, of course."
 "That's enough, Levison!"
 "Where are you getting the money?"
 "That's my business!"
 Hazel turned, with his nose in the air, to walk away. He was stopped suddenly by a grasp on his shoulder that swung him forcibly back. He found himself staring into a face that was pale with anger.
 "Where are you getting the money, Hazeldene?"
 "Let go my shoulder!" shouted Hazel furiously.
 Levison let him go. He clenched his hands hard, but he was still keeping his temper in control.
 "Will you answer me?"
 "No, I won't! Mind your own business!"
 "This is my business, now you've dragged me into it!"

**JIMMY
 SILVER & Co.
 Out West!**



Don't miss these extra special tales! Read the first TO-DAY in this week's BOYS' FRIEND (now on sale). The famous Fistical Four of Rookwood have never before met with such thrilling and amusing adventures. Be sure you ask for



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"Rot!"
 "Tell me where you expect to get the money from. You told me that it was certain in a few days, if you had time. I supposed that you were getting it from your people, or selling something—"

"I've nothing to sell."
 "Then where? Answer me!"
 "Find out!" said Hazel sullenly.
 "I'm going to find out," said Levison.

"I've got to know. If you don't answer me I'll smash you. Tell me, you cad!"
 His eyes blazed as he advanced on Hazel. The scapegrace of the Remove burst into an angry laugh.

"You can't frighten me, like Skinner," he said scornfully. "I'll tell you, if you're keen to know. I expect to have twelve pounds on Saturday night, and it's practically certain. In fact, it's quite certain. I simply can't lose!"

"Lose?"
 Levison understood then.
 He stared at the foolish fellow before him, too amazed to be enraged for the moment.

"You're backing a horse?"
 "Have you never backed a horse?" sneered Hazel.
 "Answer me, you fool. Do you expect to get the money by winning it on a race?"

"Yes, I do," growled Hazel. "It's a cert. A man in Courtfield put the money on for me. I got long odds by laying so long in advance, and it's a dead cert."

"A—a dead cert!" gasped Levison.
 "Yes. It's a tip straight from the stable." Hazel's manner became more amicable, and his look eager. "Look here, Levison. I'm obliged to you for seeing that fellow for me and talking him over. I'll do you a good turn. There's plenty of time for you to get a quid or two on Black Jack for Saturday, three o'clock. There's immense odds against him, and he's a dark horse. The stable have been keeping him back to rook the public. You can get twenty-four to one. Think of that!"

"You mad idiot!" roared Levison. "You expect to win on a horse that starts twenty-four to one against?"

"Rank outsiders have romped home before now," said Hazel.

"Yes, you silly idiot, when it's all been fixed up in advance. And if it happened by chance, once in a blue moon, do you think you're the fellow to spot the winner—you, a schoolboy, who knows about as much of horses as you know of relativity?"

"I've had a sure snip—"
 "You fool!"
 "Look here—"
 "You fool! You fool! You rascal!" almost shouted Levison. "You've made me make the man a promise, and you think you're going to get the money by dirty swindling on a race! As if a fool like you had any chance against older swindlers—"

"That will do," exclaimed Hazel. "Mind your own business! I'm not asking you to butt in. Mind your own business! Oh! Ah!"

Crash!
 Levison's temper blazed out—which was not surprising, in the circumstances. He struck out, and Hazel went sprawling along the stone flags.

He gave a furious yell as he went down.

He was up again in a moment, and rushing at Levison. A moment more and they were fighting fiercely.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter's voice rang out. "A fight—a fight in the

Cloisters! Levison and Hazel! He, he, he!"

There was a rush of footsteps.
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
 "Hazel—"
 "Levison—"
 Crash!

Hazel went down again heavily. And this time he stayed there. Levison gave him one bitter look and swung away, without answering a word to the juniors who addressed him. Harry Wharton picked up the dazed Hazeldene and set him on his feet.

"What on earth's the row about?" asked Harry.

"Find out!"
 And Hazel stalked away, holding a handkerchief to a mouth that was streaming red.

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FERRERS LOCKE

v.

MR. FANG!

(The Spider.)

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In the Toils!

ERNEST LEVISON was not happy during the next few days.

During his brief visits to Frank in the sanatorium he contrived to keep a smiling face, and to chat in a cheery way; and the fag never suspected that there was any trouble on his brother's mind. Levison made sure of that, at least.

But there was trouble—deep trouble; and it was impossible for Levison to keep up a smiling face all the time. He had taken over Hazel's trouble, and it weighed heavily.

It was useless for him to tell himself that he had been a fool to be dragged into the matter at all, that he ought to be kicked for his folly. Levison was not a fellow to cry over spilt milk, and keep on mourning for what could not be

helped. In his quiet, practical way he envisaged the scrape he was in, and strove to think of some satisfactory method of dealing with it.

He did not, of course, share Hazel's insane hope that Black Jack would win on Saturday. Foolishness of that kind he shut out of his thoughts. He had promised Mulberry his money, and that promise had to be kept. It was not only that common honour required the keeping of a promise. The man had made an arrangement on the strength of Levison's undertaking that the money should be paid; on his side he was keeping the compact. Nothing was seen or heard of him while the interval elapsed.

But it was not only a question of moral obligation. So long as he was paid the man could be relied upon to see on which side his bread was buttered and to keep clear. He had nothing to gain and much to risk by acting maliciously after his money was paid. But if it was not paid?

Levison, in other days, had seen enough of the seamy side of life to know that there is no resentment like that of a swindler swindled.

Mulberry, of course, would believe that Levison had been simply playing with him and fooling him, and that there never had been any intention of paying him—only an intention, perhaps, of discrediting his story by the lapse of time.

Levison could imagine the rage of the sharper when he came to that conclusion. At any risk, and at any cost, he would do his very worst—even if he regretted it afterwards when he became cool again.

Hazel would be exposed to his revenge; and all that Levison had risked to save him, and to save Marjorie from learning her brother's ruin, would be wasted. And that was not all. For when the facts came out it would come out that Levison had visited the sharper at the Feathers, and dealt with him there. Levison would be "up to the neck" in it. Whatever explanations he might make, whatever reasons he might give, nothing would alter the fact that, during his stay at Greyfriars, he had deliberately broken school bounds to visit a nest of blackguards—a low den that had been raided by the police more than once.

That would be the outcome of his stay at Greyfriars—of his attempt to set himself right in the eyes of his former schoolfellows.

And Levison, think as he might, could see no way out.

He might have obtained the money from his people, taking the debt upon himself; but his people were abroad. That was out of the question. Taking the debt upon himself was little, in the pass that things had come to; but he could not raise the money.

He thought of writing to his chums at St. Jim's, but shrank from the thought. It was unlikely that they could hand out such a sum. And what could they possibly think he wanted it for?

He was short of money personally—for he had spent nearly all his last allowance on some delicacies to be taken in to Frank. At a time when he had to find ten pounds or face disgrace, he had two or three shillings in his pocket.

Borrowing in the Remove was a hateful resource—it would look so like the "old Levison." Again the question arose, what would the fellows think he wanted the money for? Skinner, as

Read "All for a Wager!"—a superb boxing story in this week's "Gem"!

"If it's all right, I never saw a fellow looking so much as if it was all wrong," murmured the Bounder, as he walked on. "I wonder what's up with Levison? Can't have been plunging on the merry old gee-gees again—not now he's a reformed character and a model to youth! But, by gad, he looked like a chap whose favourite horse had come in eleventh, and no mistake!"

Levison tramped away under the elms, thinking.

The Bounder! He had done Vernon-Smith a service long before; and the Bounder, who never forget either a benefit or an injury, had not forgotten that service. Vernon-Smith would stand by him—if he could bring himself to ask. The Bounder had plenty of money—his millionaire father had kept him well supplied with that. Probably Smithy had three or four fivers about him at that very moment.

Levison's cheeks crimsoned.

To ask the Bounder for money because he had done the chap a service once upon a time! And Vernon-Smith was not a pleasant fellow of whom to ask favours, either.

"I can't! I can't!"

The shame of it flushed his cheeks with crimson. Asking a fellow for money—he could not do it! What was the use of calling it a loan, when he could not repay it? But if he did not ask—

"I can't!" groaned Levison.

His face was a little pale but quite calm as he strolled into the schoolhouse. He nodded and smiled to two or three fellows. Levison was "up against it"—but at all events no one should see him wince!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Making it Quits!

REDWING, old scout!" Vernon Smith of the Remove addressed his study-mate, in Study No. 4, after tea on Monday. Redwing looked across to him, with a smile.

"Yes, Smithy."

"How would you like a chat with Wharton?"

"Eh! Why?"

"He's in his study."

"Fathead!" said Redwing, laughing and getting up. "If you want me to clear out, you can say so."

Vernon-Smith laughed, too.

"I'd like the study for ten minutes, if you don't mind," he said. "I've got a chap coming to confide his little troubles to me. He doesn't know that that's what he's coming for; but it is. Catch on!"

"Levison, I suppose."

"How the thump do you know?"

"Most of the fellows can see he's got something biting him," said Tom Redwing. "I don't believe for a minute it's what Skinner hints at. I'm sure Levison is straight enough."

"Of course," said the Bounder, with a nod. "I've told you that he did me a good turn once."

"It's like you to remember that, Smithy, and to help him out."

"Is it?" said the Bounder, rather grimly. "Well, I hope it is, Tom, old chap. I keep on trying to live up to your flattering opinion, and it's doing me good."

Tom Redwing strolled out of the study, and the Bounder stretched himself in the armchair and wondered. He wondered whether Skinner's hints were

well-founded, and whether Levison of St. Jim's was really, at bottom, Levison of Greyfriars over again. The Bounder was not of a trustful nature. But be that question as it might, he was assured that Levison was in deep waters; and he was glad that he had a chance of paying off an old score. The old scores that the Bounder paid off were not always of such a friendly nature.

"Hallo! Trot in!" he exclaimed, as Levison appeared in the doorway.

The St. Jim's junior came in.

"Shut the door!"

Levison shut the door.

"Take a pew, old chap."

Levison hesitated, and remained standing, his hand on the table, looking at the Bounder.

"You asked me to look in," he said.

"What is it?"

"I want to help you out."

"Out of what?"

The Bounder smiled.

"Any old thing," he said. "I'm not askin' for your confidence. Don't tell me anythin'. Only mention how I can help."

Levison looked at him curiously. Again and again the Bounder, as a last resource, had occurred to him, only to be dismissed. Smithy certainly was making it easy for him.

"How do you know you can help me at all?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm a giddy wizard!" said the Bounder good-humouredly. "If it's money—and I think it is—give it a name."

Levison drew a deep breath.

"You mean that, Smithy?"

"I generally mean what I say," answered the Bounder quietly. "You chipped in once, and saved me from getting it in the neck. I'd like to get quits. If it's money, I'm your man: that's the easiest thing for me. You know I've lots." He tossed a little leather note-case on the table. "Help yourself."

Levison laughed constrainedly.

"Lucky for you I'm not Bunter, Smithy."

"If you'd been Bunter, you'd never have done me that good turn, and the occasion wouldn't have arisen," said the Bounder coolly. "There's three fivers

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in that purse, and six or seven pound notes. I'm offering you the lot if you're in need of it."

"By Jove!"

"So it is money?" said Vernon-Smith, with a smile.

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't have told me?" The Bounder's tone was reproachful. "Hang it all, Levison, I don't take that kindly, considering."

"You're a good chap," said Levison. "But—but it's not pleasant asking a fellow for money, and—and—"

"And you thought perhaps that my giddy gratitude would have got a bit stale with keepin', and that I might draw in my horns when it came to the pinch!" suggested the Bounder.

Levison flushed.

"If that thought crossed my mind, Smithy, you've heaped coals of fire on my head," he answered. "I'll tell you this much. I've done nothing to be ashamed of, honour bright; but if I don't handle ten pounds by Thursday, I'm in for big trouble."

"Only a tenner?"

"That's all."

"Sure that will see you through?"

"Quite sure; it's the exact sum."

The Bounder picked up the purse again, extracted two five-pound notes, and flicked them across the table to the St. Jim's junior.

"Easily done!" he remarked.

Levison seemed in no hurry to pick up the money.

"This is a loan, Smithy," he said, in a low voice. "It's no good my pretending that I can hand out ten pounds in a hurry, because I can't. My people are not rich, and my father's dropped a lot of money, one way and another, since his health began to fail. But I can raise the money when I get back to St. Jim's, after a time; and I can square by the end of the term."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"I know! But that's settled, Smithy."

"Can't you take a little present?" said the Bounder restively. "You did more than a tenner's worth for me, once."

"That wasn't money. It's understood, Smithy—this is a loan, and I pay up by the end of the term. It's jolly good of you to accommodate me to that extent."

"Have it your own way," said the Bounder. "Anyhow, I'm jolly glad to help, if it is a help."

"It will save me from the chopper here, and perhaps afterwards at St. Jim's," said Levison quietly.

The Bounder whistled.

"So bad as that?"

"Just as bad. What I did for you once, you're doing for me now, by lending me this cash," said Levison. He picked up the notes. "You've made the account even, Smithy."

"Just what I wanted!" smiled the Bounder.

Levison, with a word more of thanks, turned to the door.

"Hold on a minute, Levison!"

"Yes?" Levison turned back.

"I'm not the fellow to preach," said the Bounder, flushing a little; "but if you're playing the goat, Levison, couldn't you take a tip from an old hand? It's not worth while, really. There's nothing in it."

Levison burst into a laugh.

"It's not that, Smithy! Quite another sort of thing. Honour bright."

"I'm glad of it," said the Bounder simply.

With a nod Levison left the study. He went with a light heart. He was well aware that repaying the money would be a heavy task for him; but that was nothing in comparison with what it saved him from. He was saved, and Hazel was saved, and Marjorie would never know. There was a smile on Ernest Levison's face as he walked along to Hazeldene's study.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Wingate Takes a Hand!

HARRY WHARTON was coming out of Study No. 2 as Levison arrived there. The captain of the Remove nodded to Levison and passed on. Levison went into the study and closed the door. Hazel was alone there. The St. Jim's junior noted the angry flush in his face, and guessed that Wharton's visit had been a troublous one.

Hazel looked at him with a sneer.

"Did you pass his Magnificence going out?" he asked. "He might have stopped to give you a lecture, too."

"You've not been rowing with Wharton?" asked Levison.

Hazel shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, no; the dear man meant kindly! He came in to give me a tip that the prefects have got suspicious about the Feathers. Mentioned that any chap going there had better keep his eyes open. I told him to mind his own business, so far as I am concerned."

Levison made no comment upon that.

"You haven't raised the money for Mulberry yet?" he asked.

"No; I haven't!" said Hazel shortly.

"I've managed it," said Levison.

Hazel's eyes opened wide.

"You've got ten pounds?"

"Yes."

"You're lending it to me?"

"I'm going to pay your debt to Mulberry with it."

"I—I say, you're a good sort, Levison," said Hazel. "I—I'm sorry I was ragging you in the Cloisters the other day. My—my nerves have been feeling the strain, you know. Hand over the tin, and I'll cut across to the Feathers." He rose eagerly to his feet.

His eyes were glinting.

Levison looked at him. He did not need more than that feverish glint in Hazel's eyes to tell him of the folly that was already forming in the foolish fellow's thoughts.

"You're not to play cards again there, Hazel!" he exclaimed; and his voice was almost savagely stern.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Hazel uneasily. "I'm going to pay Mulberry his money, if you lend it me. If I do anything else, it's no bizney of yours that I can see."

Levison choked back the reply that rose to his lips. It was useless to reason with such folly.

"Stay where you are," he said curtly; "I'm not trusting the money in your hands. I'll pay the man myself."

"You cheeky fool," exclaimed Hazeldene; "what business is it of yours what I do? Do you think I want you to look after me like a baby?"

"I don't think I'm the fool here," said Levison quietly. "You potty duffer! Oh, there isn't a name for you! Are you thinking of winning these banknotes back from Mulberry after you've paid him?"



"You chipped in once and saved me from getting it in the neck," said the Bounder. "If it's money you want—I'm your man!" He tossed a leather note-case on the table. "Help yourself, Levison, old scout!" (See Chapter 11.)

"I might have luck this time," said Hazel sullenly. "I had rotten luck before—simply rotten. With a little capital in hand—"

"Oh, shut up!"

With that Levison left the study, leaving Hazeldene almost white with rage.

But Levison did not heed his mood; he had, he hoped, done with Hazel at last. Obviously, with the money in his hands, after a visit to Mr. Mulberry at the Feathers, the scapegrace would have come back in precisely the same circumstances as before—all that Levison had done would have been done for nothing. It was difficult to keep his temper with such a fellow, and Levison hastened to get away from him before he was tempted to lay hands on him.

He walked out of the School House, and out of gates. There was time yet to reach the Feathers and get back for lock-up if he lost no time. The sooner the matter was settled the better. If, after it was settled, Hazel chose to play the fool again, that could not be prevented; but, at least, Levison would be clear of the matter. That was all he could do now, except try to use his influence on Hazel later to keep him from his folly.

Levison lost no time.

He went along the towing-path at a trot, and after a keen look up and down, entered the garden of the Feathers. He did not need to ask for Mr. Mulberry; he found that gentleman smoking a pipe in the garden. Mr. Mulberry greeted him with a scowl, which changed to quite an agreeable smile at the sight of two

five-pound notes. The transaction was very quickly over, and Levison, politely declining an offer of a smoke and a game of billiards, left.

Levison's heart was light as he dropped from the fence to the towing-path for the trot back to Greyfriars. The next moment it felt like lead in his bosom as a heavy hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Caught, you young rascal!"

"Wingate!"

The captain of Greyfriars gave him a grim look, and tightened his grip.

"Wingate! I—I was not—I—" Levison stammered.

"Don't tell me any lies, Levison," said Wingate quietly. "I've known for some days that a junior of Greyfriars was visiting this place. I saw you enter—I saw you talking with that beery black-guard Mulberry, and I saw you give him money. I'm surprised, Levison, that you couldn't keep decent for the short time you're staying at Greyfriars. You might have made that much effort, I think, whatever you're like at your own school. Come along."

"Wingate," groaned Levison, "I—"

"Come!" rapped out Wingate.

And Levison, with a heart of lead, walked beside the captain of Greyfriars back to the school.

THE END.

(Will Ernest Levison be able to prove his innocence, or will he be expelled from Greyfriars? See next Monday's grand story—"A Friend In Need!" A yarn that will strike home.)

—in connection with Ernest Levison's stay at Greyfriars!



THE MAN FROM CHINATOWN!

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Groping Hand!

"TWO!"

Ferrers Locke muttered the monosyllable from the depths of his armchair in a quiet, thoughtful tone.

"Not yet, sir," said Jack Drake, glancing up at the mantelpiece. "It wants a quarter of an hour."

The great detective came out of his day-dreams with a start. Then a slow smile spread over his face.

"I was not thinking of the time, my boy," he said. "My mind was ruminating upon that dastardly Chinese tong, or secret society, the Hoa Hongs. With the death of Tung Lee we have brought to book two of the scoundrels."

The face of the sleuth's assistant looked strangely worried and haggard for one so young.

"Jove, sir," he remarked. "I wish the whole beastly gang had been accounted for! The tong and that wizened Asiatic fiend, Mr. Fang—or the 'Yellow Spider,' as he calls himself—will never rest until they revenge themselves upon you. I dread every time you leave the house!"

Ferrers Locke rose from his chair, and, crossing to his young assistant, laid his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder.

"I understand full well, my boy, that it is for my sake that you wish we had seen the last of Mr. Fang and the Hoa Hongs. But I'm afraid that it cannot be. Every moment of my leisure I intend to devote to aiding the official police to hound down these infamous Celestials who are a menace to our law-abiding community."

He resumed his seat, and sank into a reverie again.

Ferrers Locke and Drake were in their sitting-room at Baker Street. They had lunched, and were waiting for Sing-Sing to bring in the coffee. They had but recently concluded an amazing criminal case. A man named Charles Amoy, better known as Red Amoy, had been mysteriously slain while actually engaged in talking over the telephone to Ferrers Locke. The fellow had been

found lifeless in a small hotel in Soho, with a toy yellow spider between his out-flung arms. Locke had had previous experience of the Chinese secret society called the Hoa Hong Tong, and he had recognised the yellow spider as the symbol of this dread brotherhood of crime. Through him, the slayer of Amoy, a Chinese named Tung Lee, had come to an untimely end. And some time before, another of the murderous tongmen, Kai Wung, had met with an equally just and untimely fate.

It was Ferrers Locke's ambition to smash completely the English organisation of this Asiatic criminal society, whose activities extended from Peking to Frisco and from London to Buenos Aires. And well he knew that Li Fang, or Mr. Fang, the mysterious head of the order in England, had sworn that he should die.

"By Jove," the sleuth said aloud, "I'll have the Yellow Spider himself in the end, if I have to tear his whole web to pieces to get him!"

A slight movement by the door caused him to glance up. Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant, had entered, bearing a silver tray with two cups of coffee and sugar neatly set out upon it.

"Coffee, please, Missa Locke."

"Thank you, Sing-Sing. Now kindly close the door. No, don't go; I wish to speak to you."

The servant shut the door, and turned towards the detective again. His yellow face was as impassive as though it had been chiselled out of a chunk of soapstone.

Locke rose, and stood with his coffee-cup in his hand. His eyes, half-closed, were riveted upon the Chinese.

"Sing-Sing," he said, "you heard my last remark. I was referring to the chief of the Hoa Hongs. You have heard of the tong?"

"No savvy," said Sing-Sing. "No savvy tong!"

"You lie, Sing-Sing," said Ferrers Locke, quite politely. "You aided Drake to get out of a very nasty squeak some short time ago, owing to information you provided him with about the

tong. Now, if you know of anything more, I should be grateful to have the knowledge from you."

"Me savvy one thing, Missa Locke—you no catchee Li Fang. Li Fang catchee you!"

"Exactly what do you mean by that remark, Sing-Sing?"

"Li Fang allee same heap big tlyee, Missa Locke. He speekee one word, and plenty bad men come and kill you!"

Ferrers Locke carelessly lighted a cigarette.

"So I believe," he murmured. "These tongmen have had a go at me before, but I'm still alive and kicking!"

Sing-Sing shook his head.

"Me heap frightened for you, Missa Locke," he said. "Some Hoa Hongs allee same debil-debils. Soon or late, tongman get you—maybe in stleet; maybe cleeply into bed-loom."

The sleuth gave an amused chuckle.

"Creep into my bed-room, eh, Sing-Sing?" he laughed. "Then they are wizards, as you suggest. You're a cheerful fellow. I only hope that neither Drake nor you, my faithful friend, will come to any harm owing to my having stirred up the Spider's web."

The features of the Chinese servant remained impassive, but his slant eyes were windows of his fear. In his quaint pidgin-English he tried to dissuade the famous sleuth from embarking on any further campaign against the notorious tong. His tongue having been loosened, he whispered strange, uncanny tales of awful crimes committed in the name of the tong in far Peking and along the China Coast. He reminded Locke of dastardly happenings in the London "Chinatown" down Limehouse way and in the West End. There were no end to the mystic and criminal powers of certain members of the tong, according to Sing-Sing, and he regarded Li Fang as a super-wizard, able to control the fate and destiny of men. Locke laughed his servant's fears aside.

Shortly after the conversation in the sitting-room at Baker Street a client called. His business concerned the matter of a forged cheque. Both the

Next Monday's powerful detective thriller—"The House of the Blue Mist!"

detective and his assistant put in some work on this rather uninteresting case that day, and achieved a partial success. Temporarily, Mr. Fang and the Hoa Hangs were relegated to the back of their minds. Nothing more was mentioned of the tong, and Ferrers Locke himself saw that the house was securely fastened after Sing-Sing and Jack Drake had retired to their respective rooms that night.

This usual precaution against burglars and other intruders having been taken, the detective went to his room, and turned the key on the inside of the door. Then for a short time he read a book on criminology, after which he switched out the light and settled himself to sleep.

He had slept, it seemed, but a few minutes, when he found himself wide awake again. It was dark, and he experienced a curious chill sensation. This was not so much a physical sensation of cold, for he was snugly wrapped about with bedclothes. Rather was it a chill dread in his own consciousness of something eerie and sinister. It was a subconscious sensation that he was not alone.

Ferrers Locke sat up in bed, and glanced at the illuminated dial of the clock on the cabinet by his bedside. It was nearly midnight.

"Egad," thought the detective, "I must have the creeps! Perhaps it was talking so much about that uncanny tong with Drake and Sing-Sing."

Despite his attempt to reassure himself, he did not sink back again on to the pillows right away. It was extremely unusual for him to awake without apparent cause, especially at such an hour. Yet he was awake, and the cold hand of a strange fear was at his heart-strings.

Then just as he was about to sink back to rest again, there came a soft, metallic, scratching sound to his ears. It seemed to proceed from the direction of the door.

Like a petrified image, with bulging eyes, Ferrers Locke sat bolt upright in his bed, trying to pierce the gloom. There was a brief interval of silence, and again the soft, metallic, scratching noise.

The hand of the detective felt silently beneath his pillow. When it emerged it bore a small automatic pistol, with twelve cartridges in the magazine and one in the breech ready for instant use.

Slipping noiselessly out of bed, the detective crept across the darkened room. There was someone outside his door—of that he was convinced; for the sound he had heard was undoubtedly a key being manipulated in the lock. His thoughts ran back to the remark Sing-Sing had made about the uncanny astuteness of some of the Hoa Hangs. Could it be that some yellow tongman, chosen to be his assassin, had come to take his life?

Silently Locke took up his position behind the door and waited there, shivering in his pyjamas, for further developments in this midnight drama.

He heard the key turn in the patent lock and saw the brass door-handle slowly revolve. Then, inch by inch, the door began to open. When there was an aperture of about a foot movement of the door itself ceased.

With staring eyes and with every fibre of his being on the alert, Ferrers Locke focused his attention on the aperture in the door. There was a brief, breathless interval of suspense, and then a hand came slowly into view. It was gnarled and yellow, and the forefinger of this

unclearly-looking visitant seemed of brighter yellow than the rest of the member.

The hand groped its way round the door and felt down the panels. The forefinger began moving round in a circle on the wood, and Locke watched a disc of yellow ochre appear on the door. The nail of the finger scratched strange, ragged lines in yellow from this disc, and Ferrers Locke became aware of the full purport of the groping hand. On one of the inside panels of the door it had set the warning symbol of the dread Hoa Hang Tong—the Yellow Spider!

The hand hovered uncertainly about its work for a few moments. Then Locke's own left hand shot out like lightning. It caught the groping yellow hand of the midnight visitant about the wrist. The detective's left heel jerked the door suddenly wide open. The pistol in the sleuth's right hand pressed against a warm, human body, and Ferrers Locke's face was thrust into the terror-stricken face of a shrinking Chinaman. It was Sing-Sing!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Vapour of Death!

"A STRANGE meeting, Sing-Sing," murmured Ferrers Locke in a smooth voice.

"That was a most artistic little sketch you decorated my door panel with. It does you great credit, considering you were unable to see your object, as you took good care to keep your body outside my room."

The Chinese servant swayed, and clutched the side of the door for support. Even in the darkness Locke saw that the fellow was livid with fear, and that his lips were working in a vain endeavour to find words of explanation.

Backing slightly, the detective reached the switch with his left hand and turned the electric light on. His right hand kept the muzzle of his automatic against the chest of the Chinaman.

Jack Drake, a light sleeper, emerged from his room and exclaimed with astonishment at the dramatic picture presented by Locke and the Chinese servant.

Locke ushered Drake and Sing-Sing into the bed-room and closed the door.

"Hand me my dressing-gown from the wardrobe, Drake, my boy," said the sleuth. "I'll just take the precaution of running through Sing-Sing's pockets."

"Me no gottee knife or pistol," pleaded Sing-Sing miserably. "No wantee do harm to nicee, kind Missa Locke."

There were no weapons in the pockets of Sing-Sing's loose blue clothes. With a smile, Ferrers Locke tossed his automatic carelessly on to the bed. Having donned his dressing-gown, he took a seat on the edge of the bed and reached for a cigarette from a box on the cabinet.

"What you going to do, Missa Locke?" asked Sing-Sing apprehensively; "send for policeman and givee me sack?"

"Probably I shall neither send for a policeman, nor give you the sack, Sing-Sing," said Locke. "Possibly, I may even raise your wages. But, first, there is something I want you to do." He struck a match, held it up, and indicated the faint, flickering flame. "Come close, Sing-Sing," commanded the detective.

"Come close here, and blow out that light and most solemnly swear that you are not, and never have been, a member of the Hoa Hang Tong. Swear, also, that you came to my room to-night with no intention of doing me harm."

Without hesitation the Chinese glided

across the room and blew out the flickering flame of the match. It was the oath, as sacred to the Chinese race as a kiss implanted upon the Holy Bible is to the inhabitants of Christendom. In its symbolism it infers that by blowing out the light, the witness expects that his own life shall be snuffed as swiftly if he fails to speak the absolute truth.

And after Sing-Sing had thus taken the Chinese oath he solemnly averred that he was not a member of the Hoa Hangs, had never been a member, and had intended no harm by his midnight visit to his master's room.

Ferrers Locke watched a curling wisp of blue cigarette smoke go sailing to the ceiling, and then he said quietly:

"Perhaps now, Sing-Sing, you will explain why you saw fit to come here and place on my door the symbol of a tong to which you have never belonged? What was your object?"

There was a half-humorous light in the detective's eyes as Sing-Sing, in his halting, broken English sought to explain.

"Me heap frightened for you, Missa Locke," said the Chinese. "You no believe when I say tongman can come cleepy into your bed-room. Bime-by me go to bed and catchee pletty good idea. Me dip finger in yellow ochre paint and come makee spider on door. In morning you heap scared. No more go and tly catchee tongman."

"I see," said Ferrers Locke with a chuckle. "Your bright little notion was to put the dread sign of the yellow spider on the inside of my door, so that I could see it when awakened. I should think that one of the gang had actually gained access to my room despite the special lock on the door, and be so scared that I should abandon my plan to nobble this infamous gang of crooks. Excellent, Sing-Sing! You have served me faithfully a long time, but it is obvious you don't quite know me yet. It would take more than a painted yellow spider on my door to make me throw up the quest. I ought to thank you, Sing-Sing, but instead I will content myself with raising your wages and telling you not to be such a thundering ass again. Now, off you go to your room. Good-night!"

When the highly-gratified Sing-Sing had bowed himself by stages from the room, Locke closed the door again, and selected a fresh cigarette.

"Crumbs, sir," said Drake in a doubtful voice. "do you think you ought to have dealt with the Chink that way? I've always liked old Sing-Sing immensely. But it's difficult to get right behind the mind of any Chinese, and I wonder—"

"You needn't be a bit anxious, Drake," said the detective. "You surely don't think I should have a man—least of all a Chinese—in my house unless I was absolutely convinced he was as straight as a die. Sing-Sing's skin is yellow, but he's as white as the best white man I know. No, Drake, the danger is not from within this house; it is from without."

For another quarter of an hour Locke and Drake sat up in the former's room chatting together. Then each went to his respective bed, perfectly easy in mind, to sleep the sleep of the just.

The following morning found the famous sleuth and his young assistant busily engaged on the forged cheque case they were conducting. Investigations had been completed almost by noon, and after lunch Jack Drake went out alone

The resource and cunning of Mr. Fang will amaze you!

to perform the last bit of work that remained.

Ferrers Locke, sitting in his consulting-room, was glancing over the afternoon's post when Sing-Sing announced a caller. The sleuth took the visiting card from the servant's hand and read the name, Arthur Porteous.

"Show him up, please, Sing-Sing."

When the caller was ushered in Locke found that he was a man of about his own height and build, but slightly older and considerably more haggard-looking. His shoulders were stooped as though with ill-health, and he coughed dryly and distressingly. Over his mouth he wore a sponge, held in position with a strip of elastic round his head such as is adopted by asthmatical subjects. Projecting from a pocket of his light overcoat was a brown paper parcel.

"Mr. Locke," said the visitor, after he had greeted the detective and had taken a seat, "I wish to seek your help. I have made the journey from Portsmouth especially to see you about a matter which has greatly worried me. Either I have unwittingly made an enemy, or there exists a madman who seeks my life."

The client broke off in a fit of coughing. Locke's keen eyes took in every detail of his appearance, and finally rested on a blue-coloured anchor tattooed on the man's left wrist.

"You have been a seaman, Mr. Porteous?" murmured the sleuth as the other hesitated to resume.

"Yes, at one time I was an officer in the mercantile marine. But I left the sea and put my small savings into a rope manufacturing business in Portsmouth with my brother."

"Exactly why do you think you may have made an enemy, Mr. Porteous?"

The client took the brown paper parcel from his pocket and unwrapped it, to reveal a small decorated cardboard box bearing the imprint of a certain firm of confectionery manufacturers.

"These fondants were sent to me through the post," said the visitor. "They were addressed to me personally, as you may see by examining the wrappings. But as I never by any chance eat sweetmeats of any kind, I was suspicious of them, especially as I read of some weird things in the newspapers. So I passed the box of fondants on to an analyst, and received it back from him last week together with a report of the contents. It seems that each fondant had been tampered with before being sent through the post, and contains enough cyanide of potassium to kill two men."

"Permit me to see the box and wrapper," said Ferrers Locke.

The visitor rose and laid the box open before the detective on the desk. The hard cream fondants of different colours lay in rows. They had been scraped for testing purposes, and the portions replaced.

"There is a queer, musty odour about them which was not quite so noticeable when they first came," remarked Mr. Porteous. "They are stale sweets, and, of course, the scent has been further affected by the poison which has been introduced."

Ferrers Locke examined the box, the wrappings, and the fondants themselves with the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass.

"Did you inform the police about this clumsy attempt on your life?" inquired the sleuth, looking up.

"I did," replied Mr. Porteous. "They have been unable to trace the sender of the package. But I am still very un-

easy. Feeling that I cannot rest until I know who it is, I have come to you." He broke off in a fit of coughing, and said, "Do you mind if I close the window, Mr. Locke. My chest has been sorely troubling me lately. I can't stand the slightest draught now."

"I'll close it for you," began Locke, but the client arose and performed the task himself. As Locke, who had got on his feet, subsided into his chair again, he felt strangely listless and "head-achey." He put the slight indisposition down to the strain of the past week or so, and to the disturbed night he had had.

"This act of sending poisoned sweetmeats through the post may have been the work of an ordinary lunatic," remarked the sleuth. "There has been a good deal of this sort of thing going on lately."

He drew his hand across his forehead, for beads of perspiration were sitting on his brow. Mentally he resolved to take a brief rest from his labours just as soon as he could. He certainly was not feeling at all well.

"Where did your paths lie when you were in the merchant service, Mr. Porteous?"

"I have been chiefly in the Far Eastern trade," mumbled the client through his sponge. "India, the Straits, Japan, and China."

"China!"

Locke repeated the name in a dazed way. Somewhere he had at the back of his mind a mental vision of the wizened, yellow face of his own crafty enemy, Mr. Fang.

He raised his eyes to his client's face. It was an effort. His eyelids were as lead. The sponge over the visitor's mouth seemed larger and more unsightly. A slight cast in the man's left eye seemed bigger and held a flash of red fire. And then in an awful numbed kind of way Locke became aware of something more in the eye of the stranger besides the cast. It was a baleful gleam of unadulterated hate, cruelty, and malice.

The detective's hands clutched his desk. His mouth opened as though to speak, but no words came. He had become tongue-tied. And, worse than the loss of his voice, he realised that he had practically lost the power of his muscles. His whole being was paralysed almost completely. His brain was numb and incapable of clear thought.

With the last faint effort of coherent thought he was able to realise that it was the strange musty odour from the fondants which had overcome him, and that the man who sat before him was mouth-breathing through a specially-prepared sponge to avoid unpleasant effects. And then Locke sank, face-forward, on to his desk—unconscious.

A gurgling chuckle sounded from behind the sponge which covered the mouth of Arthur Porteous. Rising to his feet he took his visiting-card from Locke's desk and dropped it into his pocket. Next he carefully placed the box of fondants directly under the detective's face and drew out a notebok. And from the notebok he took the dried and yellow-tinted carcass of a small spider, and placed it before the sleuth's recumbent head. Then, very calmly, he walked from the room.

At the door the sinister visitor paused and looked back.

"Good-day, Mr. Locke!" he said, as loudly as the sponge over his mouth would permit. "I hope to hear from you in the course of the next few days. No, don't trouble. Here is your servant, he will show me out."

Mr. Porteous closed the door and made his way down the stairs towards Sing-Sing, who was in the hallway. He did not notice a slim, athletic youth emerge from a bed-room on the first floor and make for the consulting-room. It was Jack Drake, who had returned earlier than he had expected, after having successfully completed the last investigations in the forged cheque case.

The boy had heard from Sing-Sing that Ferrers Locke was engaged in the consulting-room with a client. So he had waited until after the interview before going to make his report to his chief.

Receiving no answer to his knock, he entered. Then with a gasp of amazement he discovered that the room was heavy with a nauseating, musty odour, and that Ferrers Locke was stretched apparently lifeless across his desk.

Drake did not hesitate. He turned and roared down the stairs to the Chinese servant.

"Sing-Sing, stop that man!"

Immediately the mysterious visitor whipped out a revolver, and curtly ordered the Chinese up the stairs. Sing-Sing, unarmed as he was, had no course but to obey. When the servant had reached the first floor landing, the man let himself out.

But Drake was unaware of this. No sooner had he roared the order to the Chinese than he had dashed into the room to the side of his chief. Before his eyes on the desk was the dread symbol of the Yellow Spider, and the boy gave vent to a low cry of apprehension.

Ferrers Locke was no light weight, but Drake picked up the unconscious sleuth and staggered with him out of the room, to put him down on the landing in the fresher air. Sing-Sing was there, and in response to Drake's question, explained the predicament in which he had been placed.

"Well, it can't be helped," said the boy bitterly. "Thank heavens Mr. Locke is still breathing! Look to him for a minute while I phone for a doctor."

When the lad had finished telephoning, he found to his intense relief that Ferrers Locke had recovered somewhat.

"I'll leave him in your care, Sing-Sing," said Drake. "The doctor will be here in a minute. I'm going on the trail of that scoundrel I saw come out of the consulting-room. There was a car waiting outside for him. I noted the number, and I'm going to try and trace it!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Secret of the River I

IT was four o'clock that same afternoon.

Ferrers Locke, the world-famous sleuth, sat in his consulting-room. The place was now clear of the deadly vapour which had been exuded from the fondants. His head still ached fit to burst, and he realised that he had had one of the narrowest squeaks from death that he had ever experienced in his career.

The doctor who had come in response to Drake's message had told him how narrowly he had missed passing to the

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Great Beyond. For the fondants, besides having been poisoned with potassium cyanide, had also been prepared with a little-known, insidious Eastern drug which has the property of exuding a deadly vapour when exposed to the fresh air. And it was this vapour which, practically unnoticed, had risen from the fondant box on the sleuth's desk to send him into that trance from which death would have assuredly resulted in a few more minutes.

But now the vapour had gone from the sweetmeats, and Ferrers Locke sat examining them at his desk. He knew that Jack Drake had gone in pursuit of the mysterious minion of the Tong. But he had been too unwell to stir out of the house himself, and it was against his doctor's orders that he was in his consulting-room instead of being in bed.

Despite the chagrin he experienced, Locke could not help but admit the diabolical cleverness of the scheme which had so nearly cost him his life. He had expected that the Hoa Hang Tong would make further attempts on his life. That they would do it through a European emissary in the guise of a client in his own house at Baker Street, gave him fresh insight into the amazing cunning of the brain at the back of the organisation.

As he thus sat looking at the fateful fondants, and ruminating upon his recent bitter experience, the telephone bell rang. It proved to be a message from that very excellent institution, the London Hospital. And the purport of that message was that Jack Drake had been brought to the hospital with a smashed collar-bone.

Notwithstanding his own indisposition, the sleuth at once proceeded to the side of his young assistant. He found Drake propped up in a cosy bed, wearing bandages and a triumphant smile.

"Poor old chap!" said Locke, regarding the youngster sympathetically. "How did you come to get yourself in here? I heard that you yanked me out of the consulting-room in the nick of time, and, believe me, I'm duly grateful."

"I went on the track of that fellow who visited you, sir," replied the boy. "I noted the number of his motor-car. A policeman first put me on the trail. I engaged a taxi and went after the car. Luckily, there had been a jam in the traffic near Tottenham Court Road, and I caught sight of the motor-car. My driver was a smart chap, and trailed the other car as far as the East India Docks. There I paid him off and followed the chap who called on you on foot to Hempen Causeway, in Limehouse. I looked for a policeman, with the idea of having him arrested, but because I happened to want one there didn't seem to be a Bobby about anywhere."

"It usually happens that way, my boy," said Locke with a wry smile. "But did you mark the place the fellow went to?"

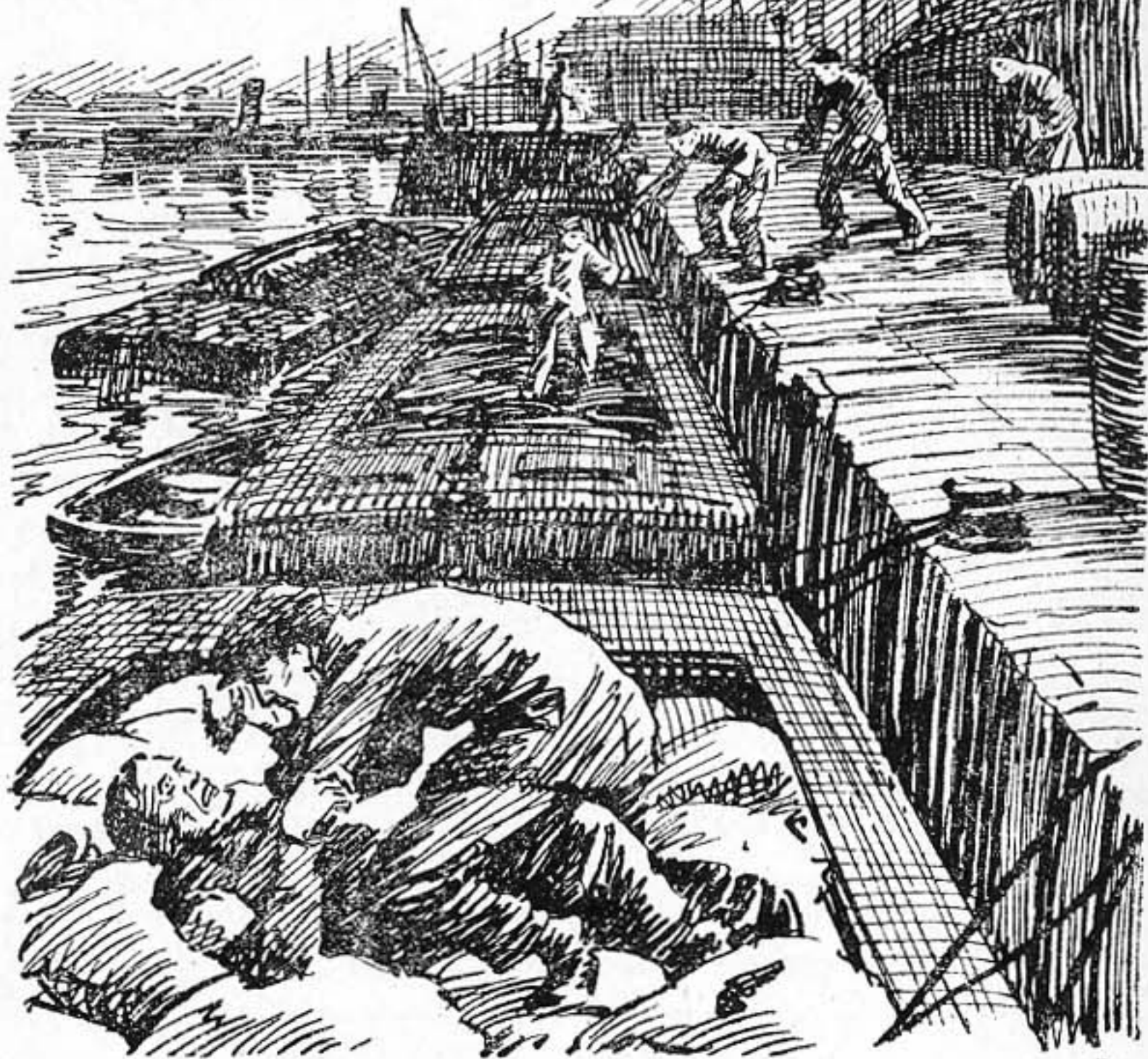
"Yes. He entered a small Chinese grocery shop, with the name Wing Chow over it. I waited for him to come out, but he had gone right through the premises apparently. I started to walk a little way up the road when a Chink, who was engaged with others in repairing a building, dropped a brick from a hod on to my shoulder. They've got the name of the Johnny, but, of course, he and his mates will swear it was an accident."

"Well, you have done excellent work, my boy," said Ferrers Locke. "But I'm truly sorry you should have been so

badly crooked. However, a rest in this cosy room for a few days will do you a world of good."

When at length Ferrers Locke left his young assistant he did not return to Baker Street. Instead, he went to a small disreputable building in the East End of London, where he secretly rented a small room. No one knew the real name of the tenant of this place. But it was in this room that Ferrers Locke kept numerous disguises, ready for instant use.

Here, then, he disguised himself with a rough, scraggy beard and coarse, sea-



Locke hurled himself after Pompey Cree, and the two, linked together, rolled among the sacks. Cree fought like a fiend with tooth and nail, and in the struggle Locke's false beard was torn from his face. "The game's up, Cree," panted the sleuth. (See Chapter 3.)

man's clothes, and sallied forth to Limehouse and Chinatown.

To describe in detail the movements of Ferrers Locke during the next couple of days would require a book in itself. The work was of that hard, unremitting kind which always sounds very much more exciting than it is in reality.

Living down in Limehouse and mingling with its Asiatics and low-class cosmopolitans, he sought to discover the true identity of the man sent from Chinatown to be his assassin. He was aware that the Hoa Hang Tong numbered among its membership two or three white men of criminal type. And then in a low gambling haunt in Hempen Causeway he ran across the very man he had come to seek.

From a Chinese attendant, who had once been a ship's steward, and to whom he gave a liberal tip before playing Fan-tan, he learnt something of the history of the man who had called himself Arthur Porteous. Porteous, it appeared, was a native of Portsmouth and had had a mate's certificate in the merchant marine. But he had lost this through some grievous dereliction of duty. His real name was Arthur Cree, and it was as

"Pompey" Cree that he was known to the inhabitants of Chinatown—"Pompey" being sailorese for Portsmouth.

While playing fan-tan in a half-witted sort of fashion, Locke was keenly on the alert to watch Cree's every movement. He saw the proprietor of the gambling den take the fellow aside and address him at some length. That the discourse was not to Cree's liking was revealed in the death-like pallor of the white man's face. Bereft of the disfiguring sponge which he had worn on the one previous occasion when Locke had seen him, Pompey Cree showed clearly the lines of self-indulgence and a haunting fear.

What the fear was Locke had little difficulty in guessing. Obviously, Cree had been sent by the Hoa Hangs to kill the sleuth. He had failed, and Cree feared the most unpleasant consequences owing to that failure. For Locke was fully aware that to fail to obey an order of the Tong meant death. It might be, though, that they had given Pompey Cree a certain time in which to remedy his supposed bungling of the first job. Of this, however, the sleuth could not be sure.

But when Pompey Cree left the

Gwen Conquest—the author who makes a direct appeal!

gambling den, which was behind a shop in Hempen Causeway, Locke followed him out into the street. As he ambled along at a safe distance behind Cree a Chinese, who looked like a ship's trimmer, slouched up level with the detective. Then to Locke's unbounded astonishment a voice intoned in his ear: "You go home, Missa Locke. Tongman savvy you."

Without so much apparently as a glance at Locke the Chinese slouched hurriedly on towards the docks. But the sleuth, in the brief space of time it had taken for the man to voice his warning, had recognised the fellow. He was a Chinaman for whom Locke had obtained free pardon after the man had been wrongly arrested by the police on a smuggling charge some months previously. Evidently the fellow had not forgotten, and was grateful.

Ferrers Locke, too, was grateful for that timely warning. He recognised that his informant had run a grave risk by warning him. And now he had thus learnt that his disguise as a bearded seaman had been penetrated in some fashion by the Tongmen, he determined to change it at the earliest possible moment. For the time being, though, he was occupied in shadowing Pompey Cree and seeking a favourable opportunity for securing the arrest of the man.

But it speedily became clear that there was another factor to complicate the proceedings. It began to be increasingly borne upon the sleuth that he in his turn was being shadowed. Four shadowy figures of Chinese were gliding along behind him.

For fully an hour this strange double shadowing proceeded. Pompey Cree made his way to Wapping, and so down to the riverside.

Arriving at a spot where a string of barges laden with stones, cement, and

other substances were strung out on the sluggish, black water of the Thames, the man looked out towards midstream. His eyes were on a tramp steamer which was anchored there.

"Looks as though the beggar meant to make his get-away from the country," thought Locke. "Not if I can help it!"

Cree stood motionless for some minutes. The moon peeped fitfully from behind banks of dark, threatening clouds.

Ferrers Locke drew a revolver from his pocket and crept closer to the man. In his mind was a plan for capturing his quarry without further delay. In this deserted spot he could lie low with him until the morning if needs be. Then suddenly stepping boldly forward out of the shadows, he presented his pistol and issued a curt, quiet order.

"Pompey Cree, get your hands up and step into that barge!"

Cree swung round like lightning, gave a terrified gasp, and flung himself backwards into the lighter among the cement sacks.

With a muttered exclamation, Locke hurled himself after the man. He descended on top of the fellow, and the two, linked together, rolled among the sacks. A sharp, breathless fight ensued, punctuated with hoarse gasps and muttered exclamations. Locke had no desire to use his revolver, and kicked it out of reach. His main object was to secure a good jiu-jitsu hold on his antagonist.

Pompey Cree fought like a fiend with fist, tooth, and nail. Locke's scraggy false beard was torn from his face, and his lip badly cut. But at last he felt the strength of the other weakening.

"The game's up, Cree," he panted hoarsely. "You've a charge of attempted murder to face."

But, with a despairing look in his sunken eyes, Pompey Cree made one last

effort and wrenched his right hand free. In one swift movement it snatched something from his vest-pocket, and placed it in his mouth. It was a fondant of similar make to those which he had brought to Baker Street. Next moment, with a gurgling cry, he sank back lifeless on the deck of the barge!

For a moment Ferrers Locke stared at the man with horrified eyes. Then he released him, and slowly rose to his knees.

"Jove!" he muttered. "He—he's poisoned himself! Cyanide of potassium!"

He looked cautiously round him: A watchman was moving, along the next wharf, a lantern swinging in his hand. But rather nearer, and slinking like some great cats in the night were the four Chinese who had followed him from Limehouse. They had lost the trail near the wharf and were now making their way along the waterfront.

As they approached, Locke heard one address the other in a guttural sing-song tone. What the man said the detective could not understand, for the language spoken was Chinese. But the meaning was clear when the other Chinese remained as a sentinel on the wharf, while the man who had spoken and two others began to work their way along the barges.

The brain of Ferrers Locke worked like lightning. He had no wish at that moment to engage in a further encounter with four Chinks.

By the slow methodical way the Chinese were searching among the barges he estimated that they would take at least three minutes to reach him. Quickly he took the coat off Pompey Cree and clothed him in his own. Next he adjusted his own beard upon the face of the dead man. He transferred the few belongings from Cree's vest-pocket to his own, save for one thing—a small representation of a yellow spider cut from cardboard. This weird symbol he pinned to the dead man's chest. That done, he quietly backed away among the bags of cement.

A few moments later he heard a guttural exclamation as one of the Chinese came upon the body. He heard his own name breathed. Glancing about him, he sought for a way of escape, but one Chinese still remained on the wharf as a sentinel. He knew that if he were discovered his life would most assuredly pay the forfeit, for he was certain that these were Tongmen and fully armed.

But the Chinese were evidently convinced that the man they had found was their hated enemy, the detective of Baker Street. They quickly and quietly filled the pockets of Cree's coat with stones. Then two of them dragged the body to the far side of the lighter and lowered their burden into the river. It sank at once, and only a few bubbles marked the last resting-place of Pompey Cree.

One by one the Chinese clambered ashore and disappeared. Ferrers Locke waited for nearly fifteen minutes without stirring a hair. Then he, too, went ashore, in the tracks of the Tongmen. As he did so he murmured a single word to himself:

"Three!"

THE END.

(Next week's brilliant detective story is entitled "The House of the Blue Mist!" The fierce struggle for supremacy between Ferrers Locke and Mr. Fang will hold your interest from beginning to end. Don't miss it!)

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MUTUAL INDUCTION.—It is obviously impractical to induce electro-motive-force for commercial purposes by passing a magnet in and out of a coil. The method adopted for practical purposes is to place one coil inside another, and to cause a current to pass intermittently through the inner coil, which has a core of soft iron that becomes magnetised and demagnetised by the intermittent current passing or flowing around it. This is called mutual induction.

ELECTRO - MAGNETISM.—Electricity passing through a conductor causes a magnetic field to be produced around that conductor.

The lines of force in the magnetic field are in the form of concentric circles, having the conductor for their centre. In other words, the conductor forms the core of a series of rings of lines of force, each ring lying within the ring next to it.

These lines of force act in a definite direction, depending upon the direction of flow of the electric current through the conductor. For example, if a wire is held in the hand in such a way that the opposite end is directly in front of the holder, the wire being parallel to the ground, then if the current was flowing towards the holder the magnetic lines of force would be a series of concentric circles travelling around the conductor from left to right. If the current were then reversed the lines of force would still form in concentric circles, but would travel from right to left.

If the conductor through which a current is passing is in the form of a coil, the lines of force will pass through the centre of the coil and out at one end, then they will travel in a circle outside of the coil back to the centre, entering the coil at the other end.

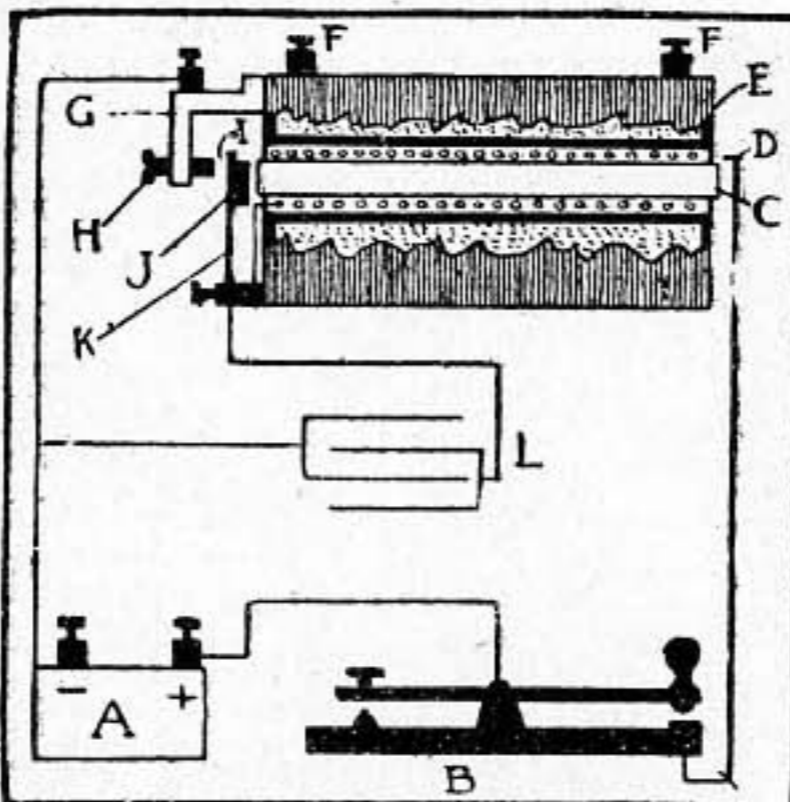
The number of the lines of force passing may be considerably increased by inserting a bar of soft iron in the centre of the coil, because the permeability of the iron is much greater than air. In other words, the iron is a better conductor of lines of force than air. This iron core becomes a magnet when a current is passing through the coil, but ceases to be a magnet when the current stops flowing. This is called an electro-magnet.

The strength of an electro-magnetic field depends upon the current passing round the coil, the number of turns in the coil and the reluctance of the

magnetic circuit. The reluctance is the resistance offered to the lines of force in their path through the magnetic field, and, as has been indicated, is less when an iron core is substituted for air.

INDUCTION COIL.—This is constructed on the principles of electro-magnetic induction, and is used for the production of high voltage impulses.

To make an induction coil, take a wood or ebonite bobbin upon which to wind the secondary coil—this must have a hole through the centre sufficiently large to hold the primary coil. Now



take a very fine wire, and wind about 5,000 turns upon the bobbin, connecting the two ends to two terminals at opposite ends of the bobbin. These two terminals are the high tension terminals of the coil. Now make a core for the primary coil by binding together with a piece of cotton tape a bundle of soft iron wire. Around this core wind about fifty turns of fairly thick wire, and connect the two ends to two other terminals, which will be the low tension terminals of the induction coil. The primary coil must be inserted in the secondary coil before connecting the two ends to the low tension terminals.

By connecting this induction coil with a four-volt accumulator very high voltage may be obtained at the high tension terminals. The method of connecting is shown in the sketch.

E is the bobbin of the secondary coil, the two ends of which are connected to the high tension terminals F F. C is the core of the primary coil, one terminal of which is connected direct to the switch or manipulator B, which in turn

is connected to the positive terminal of the accumulator A. The other terminal of the primary coil is connected to the trembler blade or spring arm K. On the side of the trembler nearest the core is a piece of soft iron J, and on the opposite side is a platinum terminal I, which makes contact with another platinum terminal on the bracket G. This bracket is connected by means of the terminal provided to the negative terminal of the accumulator A. A condenser L is connected across the contact breaker K to absorb the high voltage generated in the primary coil when the circuit is broken.

WAVE MOTION.—It is necessary to know something of the principles which govern wave motion before wireless telephony may be understood.

It is observed when a stone is thrown into a pond that the surface of the water becomes disturbed. Ripples, starting from the point of the disturbance, radiate in all directions until they die away or reach the edge of the pond.

This is due to the fact that any substance added to a pond raises the level of the water, but the inertia of the water is such that this is not effected immediately. The result is that the surface water heaps up around the stone, thus causing waves to propagate themselves in all directions at once.

It is important to observe that it is the wave that travels and not the water. When a cork floating on water is disturbed by a passing wave, it will bob up and down and sway to and fro, but it will not be carried onward by the wave. This shows that although the water is disturbed it does not change its position; if it did the cork would be carried along by the wave in the same manner that a cork is carried along by a running stream.

Because a wave causes a floating object to bob up and down, it is obvious that waves may be used as a means of communicating signals between two points, provided suitable apparatus is used. To put this knowledge to practical use one must know something of the measurement of waves, of wave amplitude, wave length, wave velocity, and wave frequency.

WAVE AMPLITUDE.—This is the distance between the top of the wave and the normal level of the medium in which it occurs. The medium is the substance through or over which a wave travels.

(Another instructive article next Monday.)

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