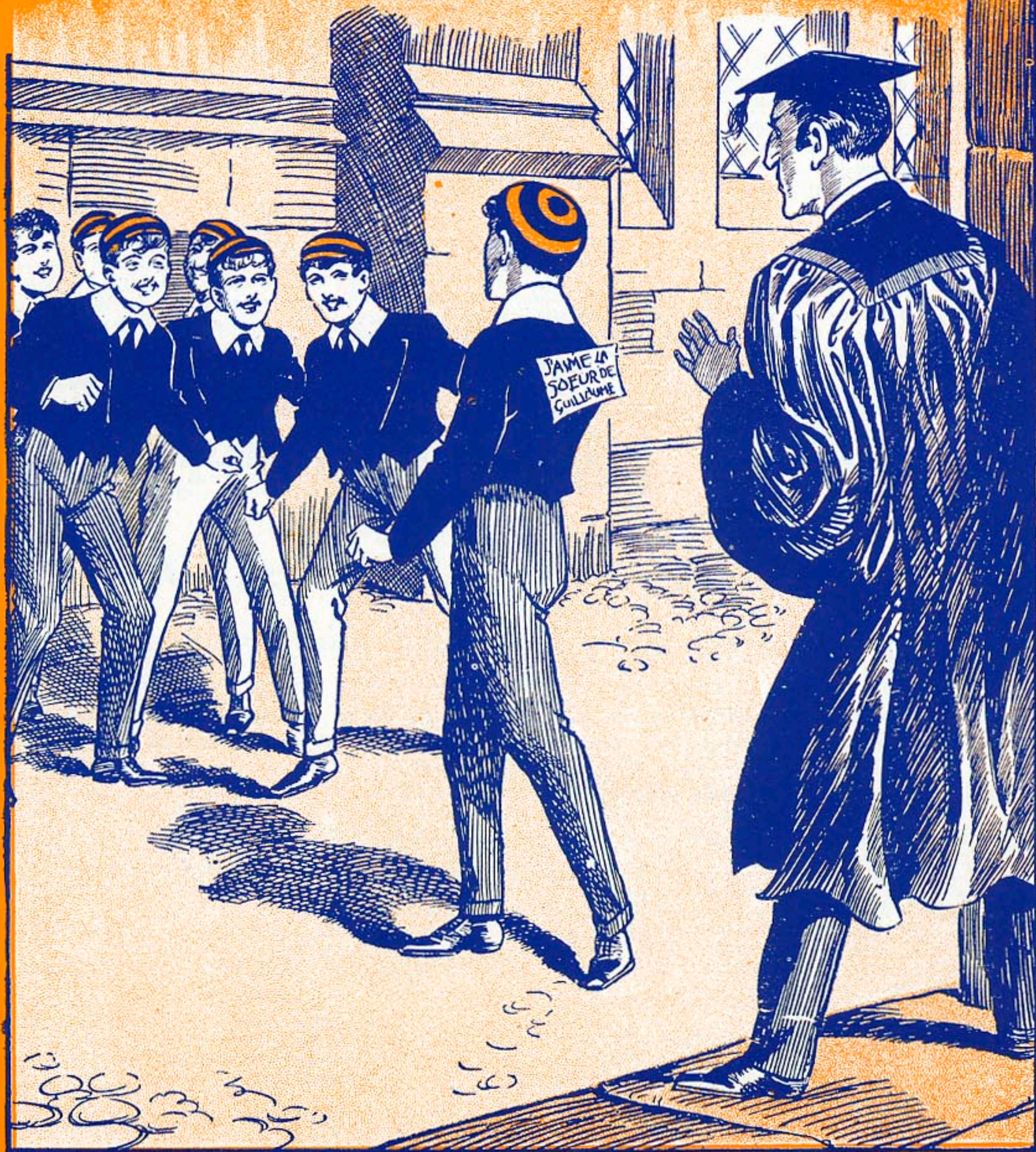


GRAND LIMERICK AND CRICKET COMPETITIONS
INSIDE.

No. 797. Vol. XXIII.

Week ending May 19th, 1923.

The
Magnet 2^d
Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



"I LOVE THE SISTER OF WILLIAM!"

(A screamingly funny incident from this week's magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)

**"THE HAND OF THE ENEMY!"**

By Frank Richards.

Next Monday's powerful story of Greyfriars, in which Ernest Levison figures prominently, to say nothing of Billy Bunter, Cecil Ponsonby of Highcliffe, and the Famous Five, will create a stir. Although the St. Jim's junior has passed unscathed, as it were, through a very stiff time, Fate has ordained that he should be put to the test still further.

This time Cecil Ponsonby of Highcliffe is the perpetrator of a decidedly shady scheme—a scheme that, but for the unexpected and certainly unintentional presence of Billy Bunter on the scene at the commencement of operations, so to speak, would have placed Ernest Levison in a most unenviable position. The whole plot, however, thanks to Billy Bunter, recoils on the head of the schemer himself, whereat Cecil Ponsonby wishes himself anywhere but near the enraged Levison, who proceeds to take the law into his own hands. Altogether, this is a fine yarn, chums. Don't miss it.

"THE RAID ON THE HOA HANGS!"

By Owen Conquest.

Ferrers Locke has perfected his plans to wipe out the terrible secret organisation known as the Hoa Hang Tong, and in next week's splendid detective thriller the energetic Inspector Pycroft and a picked body of men, in response to Locke's information, make a raid on the House of the Blue Mist. To describe their subsequent adventures would take up too much space here, but, chums, take it from me, this latest product from the pen of Mr. Owen Conquest is a real corker. Many a man has missed his train, but if any of you miss this stunning yarn of Mr. Fang you will regret it.

PRIZE-GIVING!

That is the subject which Harry Wharton & Co. have dealt with in their next supplement. Most of my readers, no doubt, bear some special recollections of Prize-day, with its lengthy speeches and peculiar prizes. The Greyfriars "Herald" staff has set out to show us the humorous side of Prize-Day, and success has crowned their efforts. Look out for next Monday's special supplement.

WIRELESS.

In addition to this bumper programme for next week is another Wireless article, which, incidentally, concludes the MAGNET Wireless Dictionary. This dictionary has been exceptionally popular, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking those hundreds of appreciative readers who have written me on the usefulness of this feature.

A SLIP OF THE MEMORY.

Just when I had thought out something rather special to put in my Chat this week—no, it was not about the grand new cricket competition; that will speak for itself safe as houses—the master printer came in and started an argument about the cooking abilities of the Ancient Peruvians. That is one of my pet subjects, but while chatting with the mighty man the other point completely slipped out of my head, worse luck! I shall not fall back on the record success of the "Holiday Annual," or any other of our topping features, but shall switch on an electric torch and look for the lost notion under the office table. Perhaps, after all, it was just something about the magnificent loyalty my chums are showing to the MAGNET, and all that it stands for in the way of sportsmanship, and playing the game.

Wanted.

Kingsley Sports Club (cricket section) has a few vacancies for members. Saturday and Sunday sections. Ground: Gladstone Park, Cricklewood. For full particulars, apply the hon. sec., Mr. Victor Rae, of 3, Kingsley Road, Willesden Lane, Kilburn, N.W. 6.

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 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 24th, 1923, and MUST NOT be enclosed with entrance forms for any other competition. They must be addressed "MAGNET Limerick No. 6," 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 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 797.

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.

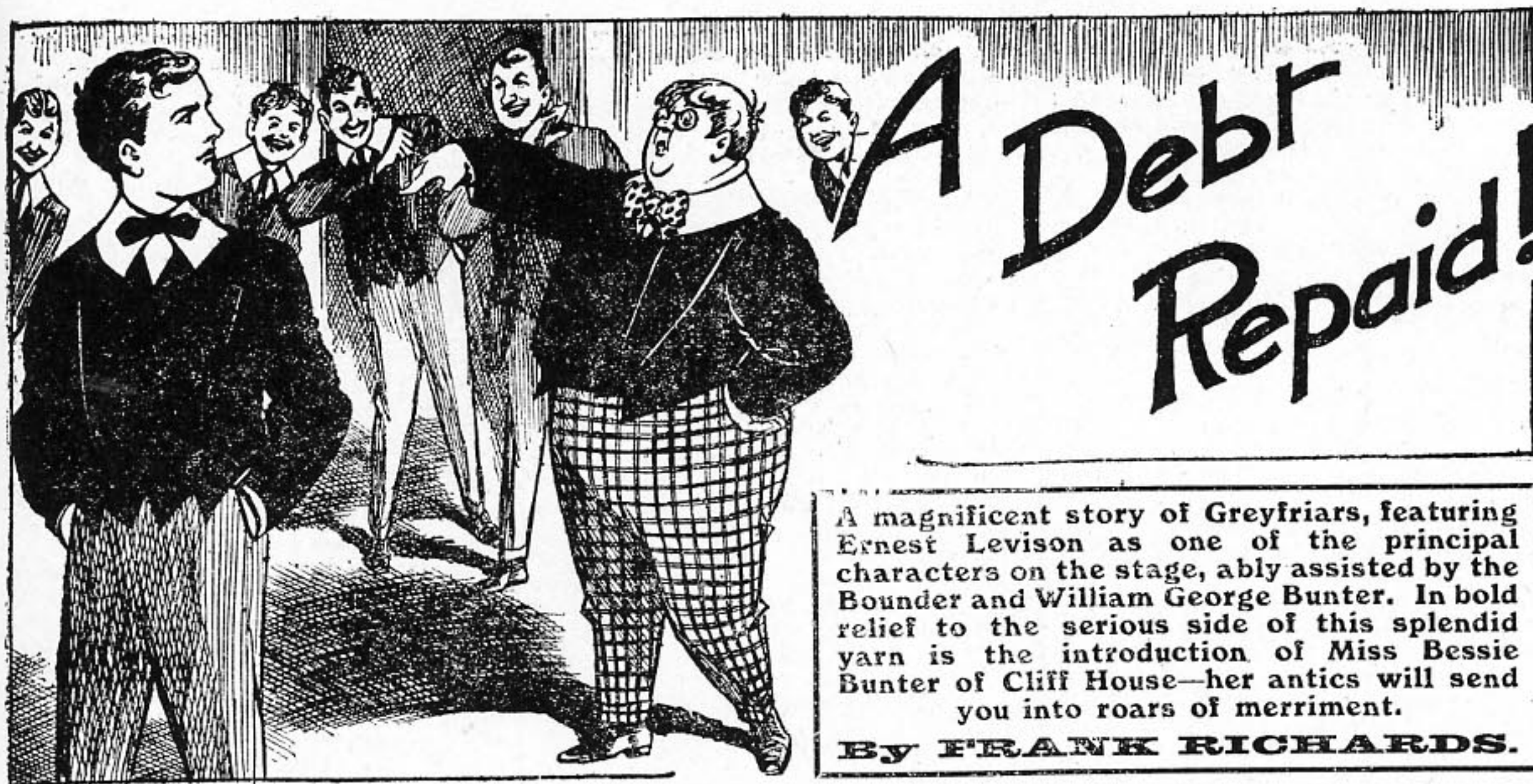
Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

No. 6.

"At cricket my form's simply great,"
Billy Bunter was heard to relate.
"I can conquer them all!"
But the very first ball

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU.*He managed to stop—with his pate!***CUT HERE**



A magnificent story of Greyfriars, featuring Ernest Levison as one of the principal characters on the stage, ably assisted by the Bounder and William George Bunter. In bold relief to the serious side of this splendid yarn is the introduction of Miss Bessie Bunter of Cliff House—her antics will send you into roars of merriment.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wasted Friendship!

OLD chap!" Billy Bunter's voice was affectionate; his manner was almost brotherly. He beamed upon Ernest Levison, his very spectacles gleaming with kind regards.

He stood in the doorway of Study No. 2 in the Remove, looking in at Levison.

Levison was alone there. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and most of the Remove were out of doors. Levison had some work to finish before he went out, and he did not seem very pleased by the interruption—in fact, he glanced at Bunter impatiently, apparently quite unmoved by the fat junior's affectionate cordiality.

"Well?" he rapped out.

"Busy?" asked Bunter.

"Yes."

"Let me help you," said Bunter.

"Wha-a-at?"

"I mean it," said Bunter, blinking at him seriously. "If it's lines, I'll help you, old fellow. I can make my fist near enough for Quelchy to take it for yours."

"I'm afraid you couldn't make your spelling near enough!" said Levison, with a laugh.

"Oh, really, Levison—"

Levison dipped his pen in the ink.

"Well, I'll sit here and keep you company while you get through," said Bunter.

"Don't take the trouble."

"No trouble at all, old chap." Billy Bunter sat down, perching his ample form on the corner of the table.

Tables in junior studies were not calculated to stand the weight of William George Bunter. The table creaked and rocked as Bunter's avoirdupois was plumped upon it. From Levison's pen a number of blots spurted over his paper, and Levison gave a yell.

"You ass!"

"Oh, really, old chap—"

"Get off the table, you fat duffer!"

"Look here—"

Levison picked up a ruler, with quite a ferocious look. Billy Bunter hastily removed himself from the table. He lodged his podgy person in the armchair instead.

"I say, Levison—"

"I'm working!" grunted Levison.

"Yes, I know. Tom Brown and Hazeldene have gone out, I suppose?"

"I suppose you can see they're not here?"

"Hem! Yes. You ain't very pally with Hazel, are you?"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Wharton's lot have gone out," said Bunter. "They've gone over to Highcliffe to see Courtenay. I was going with them; but I decided to give you a look-up instead, old chap."

Levison did not answer. His attention was given to his work; and Bunter, like Brutus of old, paused for a reply, and paused in vain.

"Wharton's talking about putting you into the cricket, Levison," went on the Owl of the Remove. "I shall give that idea my support."

Levison grinned.

"As you play for St. Jim's, I don't see why you shouldn't play for us while you're staying here, old fellow. You can rely on me to support your claims."

"Thank you for nothing!"

"Hem! I'm really glad you've come over from St. Jim's, Levison," said Bunter. "I hope you'll stay on at Greyfriars for the whole term—I do, really, old chap!"

No reply.

"I never forgot you, old fellow," said Bunter—"never! It was a blow to me when you had to leave Greyfriars, long ago. I missed you awfully!"

Levison's pen ran over the paper. It was a one-sided conversation; but perhaps Bunter felt equal to doing the talking for two. At all events, he went on cheerily:

"I thought at the time that it was hard lines for you to be kicked out, old scout—I did, really!"

"Oh, dry up!" said Levison, speaking at last.

"Tender subject—what?" grinned Bunter. "All right, old man; I won't mention it again. I've got tact. Now you've come back it's all set right—you are personal greater with all the school."

"I—I'm what?"

"Personal greater."

"Do you mean persona grata, you fat duffer?"

"Yes, I dare say that's it," said Bunter. "You're like Pontius Pilate,

you know—you came, and saw, and conquered!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Levison. "Make it Julius Cæsar."

"Julius Cæsar, then," said Bunter. "I know it was one of those old johnnies. It really doesn't matter which, does it? You remember what pals we used to be when you were a Greyfriars chap, Levison?"

"Not in the least."

"Hem! I always stood up for you, you know. You remember that?"

"No."

"You came jolly near coming a cropper last week, though," said Bunter, with a shake of the head. "I thought of going to Dr. Locke and putting in a word for you."

"Fathead!"

"It was jolly decent of you to stand by Hazel as you did, and get him out of his scrape," said Bunter. "Standing ten pounds to pay another fellow's debts is a bit thick! He was going to let you get it in the neck, when he ought to have owned up. Of course, in his place, I should have owned up at once!"

"I don't think!"

"Oh, really, Levison—"

"For goodness' sake, Bunter, give a fellow a rest!" exclaimed the St. Jim's junior impatiently. "I've got to get this done before I go out."

"If I'm bothering you—" began Bunter, with dignity.

"You are!"

"Sorry!" said the Owl of the Remove. And he ran on: "I say, Levison, your people must have plenty of money."

Levison looked up at that.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, ten pounds is ten pounds," said Bunter. "Of course, I'm accustomed to large sums of money myself. I get a good many postal-orders from my titled relations, and all that. Still, a tenner is a tenner. Your pater must stand you jolly good tips, or you couldn't hand out a tenner to get Hazel out of a scrape."

Bunter blinked inquisitively at Levison. The St. Jim's junior burst into a laugh. Billy Bunter's affectionate cordiality was explained at last. It was the "tenner" that had done it.

Since the affair of Hazeldene had become known, all the Remove fellows had remarked on the fact that Levison

of St. Jim's had "stood" that tenner to save the scapegrace from the results of his folly. And evidently it had been borne in upon Bunter's fat mind that a fellow who could hand out tenners was a fellow to be cultivated.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Levison.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter. "I say, old chap, get that rot finished, and let's get out of gates. They've got some splendid stuff in at Uncle Clegg's in the village—really splendid! It's my treat, you know."

"Has your postal-order come?" grinned Levison.

"Hem! You see, the post's not in yet," said Bunter cautiously. "I'm expecting a postal-order this afternoon. If it doesn't come in time, you could hand me—"

"Cut it out," said Levison. "As the whole school knows about my paying the tenners for Hazeldene, I can't keep that dark. But it may interest you to know that I borrowed it from Vernon-Smith."

"Eh?"

"The Bounder lent it to me, and it will take me a whole term to pay it back," said Levison. "Catch on?"

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Bunter.

The fat junior's expression changed wonderfully. He rose from the arm-chair, and bestowed upon Ernest Levison a blink of utter scorn.

"So that's it?" he said.

"That's it!" assented Levison.

"You don't get tenners from your pater?"

"Ha, ha! Not likely!"

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled to the door. A tenners-less fellow, so to speak, was not worth wasting Bunter's valuable time upon. The fat junior turned in the doorway, feeling that he was bound to give some expression to his scorn and contempt for this fellow who had, practically, taken him in.

"I might have known it was only swank," said Bunter contemptuously. "You're not a fellow to have tenners from home. I look on you as an impostor. Making out you've got lots of money."

"But I haven't made it out," said Levison mildly.

"Wasting my time," said Bunter wrathfully. "I might have borrowed a bob or two from Bessie, and I've wasted my time here. Yah! Swanker! The best thing you can do, Levison, is to get back to your own school. I don't see why you should stay here simply because your brother's taken into the sanatorium."

"No?" said Levison.

"No!" said Bunter emphatically.

"Like Wharton's cheek to bring the kid here, I think, and like your cheek to come here. As for your wedging into the cricket, I'm against it. I shall oppose it. I shall tell Wharton plainly that I don't approve of playing you in the Remove eleven."

"And then he will give up the idea at once, of course?" smiled Levison.

"Yah! You're an impostor! Borrowing money of Smithy!" said Bunter. "Smithy wouldn't lend me ten quids, I know that. I don't suppose you'll ever pay him. You've practically taken me in, Levison. All swank, after all. I must say I despise you. Yah!"

And Bunter, after giving the St. Jim's junior a final glare of contempt, turned his back on him.

Whiz!

Bunter's departure was intended to be lofty and dignified, expressive of the highest scorn for a fellow upon whom

he had wasted his valuable time, and who, after all, had no tenners, and no prospect of any.

But the effect was rather spoiled by a cushion whizzing after him, hurried by Levison's unerring hand.

Crash!

"Yooooooop!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter spun forward on his hands and knees and roared. Then he sat in the Remove passage and roared again.

"Ow—ow! Wow! Yow! Yoop!"

Levison picked up the ruler and came towards the doorway. The Owl of the Remove jumped up in a great hurry and retreated to the stairs.

"Beast!" he yelled back, as he vanished.

Levison of St. Jim's grinned, and returned to his work. It was finished without any further interruption from William George Bunter. William George's friendly regard had died a sudden death.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Beauty in Distress!

HELP!

Ernest Levison stopped and glanced round in surprise. He was following the lane towards Cliff House School, sauntering along easily and enjoying the bright sunshine. Through openings of the cliffs glimpses of the sea showed wide and blue, rolling in the sunlight. Levison of St. Jim's was feeling cheerful and happy, and at peace with himself and all the world, when his cheery reflections were suddenly interrupted by the call:

"Help!"

A plump young lady was standing at a little distance, and it was from this plump person that the call came.

The rotund figure, the podgy face, and the big spectacles were all so like Billy Bunter's, that anybody would have recognised the fat young lady as the sister of the great William George. It was Bessie Bunter of Cliff House School.

"Help!"

For the third time Bessie Bunter called, or rather yelled.

Levison stared.

He was willing—more than willing—to tender help where help was wanted. He was not likely to be deaf to the call of beauty in distress, or even of plainness in distress. But so far as he could see there was nothing the matter with Bessie Bunter. She simply stood and yelled, as if for the sake of exercising her powerful lungs.

"Help!"

"My hat!" murmured Levison. He decided to inquire further, so he advanced to Miss Bunter, raising his cap.

The Cliff House girl had evidently seen him, and was calling to him. She yelled again as he came up:

"Help!"

"Anything the matter?" asked Levison politely.

"Do you think I should be calling for help if there wasn't anything the matter?" demanded Miss Bunter.

"N-n-no! What's up?"

Instead of immediately explaining what was "up," Miss Bunter blinked at him inquisitively through the big spectacles, which made her look so much like her brother Billy.

"You're Levison?" she asked.

"That's my name."

"Still at Greyfriars?"

"Yes."

"You haven't been turned out, then?" asked Miss Bunter.

"Thanks, no," said Levison with sarcastic politeness. He realised that Miss Bunter shared her brother's polish of manner.

"That's queer," said Bessie Bunter. "Billy told me you were being turned out, you know. Weren't you caught gambling, or something, at the Feathers, up the river, the place where the prize-fighters go?"

Levison coloured a little. His late trouble was evidently known at Cliff House, owing to the Owl's tattling tongue.

"That was all a mistake," he explained. "It was another fellow, and it all came out. But never mind that, if you don't mind, Miss Bunter. You were calling for help, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was," snapped Miss Bunter. "I saw someone coming, so I called for help. If it had been Bob Cherry or Harry Wharton, he would have rushed up at once to help me."

"Well, I'm here, if I can do anything," said Levison in perplexity. "I can't see anything the matter."

Sniff, from Miss Bunter.

"Look at my cheek!" she said.

"Your—your cheek!" stuttered Levison. As a matter of fact, he had been struck by Miss Bunter's "cheek" in talking as she did. But he had not expected the young lady to allude to it herself.

"It's hurt," said Miss Bunter.

"Oh, your cheek!" said Levison, comprehending. Miss Bunter had laid a fat forefinger upon a fat cheek. It was that portion of her plump countenance that she was alluding to.

"It's Gadsby," she said.

"Gadsby?"

"That Highcliffe beast!"

"Oh!" Levison remembered Gadsby, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe. "You don't mean to say that Gadsby has hurt you, Miss Bunter? He's rather a worm, but he wouldn't punch a girl, I'm sure."

"Do you think I'd let him?" sniffed Miss Bunter. "I'd scratch him. He's been pea-shooting me!"

"Oh, I see! Awfully sorry!" said Levison politely.

"He's sitting on the stile, just up the road," said Miss Bunter. "He's waiting for me to pass, to pea-shoot again. See?"

"Oh!" said Levison.

"If you'd been Bob Cherry," said Bessie Bunter scornfully, "you'd have him off that stile, and mop up the ground with him, in two ticks."

Levison laughed.

"Well, I'm not such a terrific fighting-man as Bob Cherry," he said; "but I think I could handle Gadsby fairly well. Shall I walk up the lane with you? And if Gaddy weighs in with the pea-shooter I'll stop him soon enough!"

Miss Bunter condescended to smile.

"That's right!" she said. "Come on!"

Levison, with a smiling face, walked on with the fat junior of Cliff House. He was not looking for trouble that afternoon by any means; he was enjoying a quiet stroll amid old familiar scenes. But he was quite prepared to give Bessie Bunter any protection she needed.

They rounded the bend in the leafy lane, and came in sight of the stile. Gadsby, of the Highcliffe Fourth, sat there, pea-shooter in hand. Gaddy was idle and bored that afternoon, and was finding a little harmless and necessary amusement in making himself a general nuisance to passers-by. It was not chivalrous to pea-shoot a girl; but Gaddy had never bothered about such things as

Don't miss next Monday's story of Greyfriars, entitled:—

chivalry. In fact, he preferred a girl as a victim—as a boy would have been likely to punch his head—and Gaddy hated combats on equal terms.

There was a chortle from Gaddy as Miss Bunter heaved in sight.

"Hallo, Fatima!"

The pea-shooter went to his mouth at once.

"Chuck that, Gaddy!" called out Levison.

Gaddy did not heed. The little missile whizzed from the tube, and there was a terrific yell from Bessie Bunter as the pea caught her on her fat little nose.

"Whoooooop! Help! Whooop!"

Levison ran towards the stile. Gadsby gave him one look, and then jumped down on the other side of the stile, to run.

But he was not quick enough.

Levison had no time to get over the stile, but he reached across before Gadsby was out of reach, and grabbed the Highcliffe junior by the back of his collar.

Gadsby was stopped quite suddenly and dragged back with a crash against the stile.

"Ow! Leggo!" he roared.

"Help!" screamed Miss Bunter.

"It's all right, Bessie," called out Levison. "I've got him! Come and box his ears."

"Oh, good! He, he, he!"

Miss Bunter ran up to the stile as fast as she could carry her considerable weight. Gadsby struggled frantically.

"Leggo!" he yelled. "You Greyfriars cad, let go! I'll smash you!"

He twisted round to strike at Levison over the stile. The St. Jim's junior grasped him with both hands and dragged him over the stile into the road, gasping and spluttering.

"Hold him!" exclaimed Miss Bunter.

"Keep that cat off!" gasped Gadsby.

"Let me go, you rotter, and put up your hands!"

"All serene," said Levison.

He released the Highcliffe junior. But Gaddy, instead of putting up his hands, backed away, dodged, and ran for it. Unfortunately, Miss Bunter was in the way, and Gaddy collided with her. Miss Bunter sat down in the road with a heavy bump.

"Ooooooop!" yelled Bessie.

Gaddy staggered back from the collision. The next moment Levison had him by the collar again.

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Bessie. "I'm hurt! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Box his ears, Miss Bessie," said Levison encouragingly. "I'll hold him."

Miss Bunter staggered to her feet. Levison had the Highcliffe junior in an iron grip now, and Gaddy wriggled and struggled in vain. Bessie Bunter blinked at him ferociously through her big glasses.

"Hold him!" she gasped.

"I've got him."

Smack!

Miss Bunter bestowed a hearty box on Gadsby's left ear. The yell that Gadsby gave rang along the lane to a considerable distance.

Smack!

The other ear received the next whack. It was a terrific whack—Miss Bunter's hand was not small, and there was much weight behind it. The hapless Gadsby had a feeling that his head was being knocked off.

"That's enough!" ejaculated Levison as Miss Bunter drew back her hand for another terrific swipe.

"Rot!"

"But I say——"

"I'll give him a dozen!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Levison released the hapless Gadsby.

He felt that enough was as good as a feast. Gadsby dodged and fled before the third whack could reach him, and he disappeared up the lane in a cloud of dust.

— — —

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

"YOU duffer!"

"Eh?"

"You silly ass!"

"Oh!"

"I've a jolly good mind to box your ears!" exclaimed Miss Bunter, wrathfully, and Levison dodged back in alarm. Certainly he did not want any of those hefty swipes himself.

"You shouldn't have let him go!" said Miss Bunter.

"Well, you see——"

"Nonsense!"

"Hem! Anything more I can do for you?" asked Levison politely. He felt that he had had enough of Miss Bunter's fascinating society for the present.

Miss Bunter recovered her good humour, and smiled again.

"After all, I dare say he will remember that!" she remarked.

"I fancy his head will sing for a good while," said Levison, laughing. "Good-afternoon, Miss Bunter."

"Aren't you going to see me safe home?"

"Oh, yes! Certainly!"

"You are a good boy to take my part like this," said Miss Bunter. "If I wasn't so particular I would kiss you!"

"Oh!" gasped Levison, feeling exceedingly thankful that Miss Bunter was so particular.

"Pretty girls have to be more particular than plain girls," said Miss Bunter.

"Do—do they?"

"Yes. A plain girl like Marjorie Hazeldene, or Clara Trevelyn, or Barbara—that's different."

"I shouldn't call Marjorie plain," said the astonished Levison.

Miss Bunter sniffed.

"That's because you're silly," she explained.

"Oh!"

"What a girl needs to be good-looking is a figure," Miss Bunter further explained. "Now, I have a figure."

"I—I see," said Levison as gravely as he could.

"Marjorie hasn't a figure like mine," said Bessie.

"Certainly she hasn't," agreed Levison.

Miss Bunter smiled sweetly.

"I think I will kiss you, after all!" she said. "Of course, you mustn't tell anybody."

Levison backed away in alarm.

"I—I say, here comes Skinner!" he gasped.

Skinner, of the Remove, came strolling along the lane with Snoop. It was the first time on record that Levison had been glad to see Skinner. But he was glad to see him then.

Skinner and Snoop raised their caps to Miss Bunter, and grinned at one another as they passed. Levison caught their grin, and flushed angrily.

"Let's get on, Miss Bunter," he said;



Levison had Gadsby in an iron grip, and the Highcliffe junior wriggled and struggled in vain. "Box his ears, Miss Bessie," said Levison encouragingly. Smack! Miss Bunter bestowed a hearty box on Gadsby's left ear. (See Chapter 2.)

—"The Hand of the Enemy!" It's a winner!

Is your name amongst the prizewinners mentioned below

and without waiting for a reply he started for Cliff House.

Bessie Bunter rolled along with him, Skinner and Snoop standing under the trees, watching them and grinning.

It was a short distance to Cliff House School, and in a few minutes Levison and Bessie Bunter arrived at the gates. Hazeldene, of the Greyfriars Remove, was standing there, talking with his sister, Marjorie Hazeldene. Hazel glanced at Levison, frowned, and went into the garden. Apparently he did not want to speak to his study-mate.

"Here you are, safe and sound, Miss Bunter," said Levison, raising his cap to Marjorie.

Bessie gave him a nod, and rolled in at the gateway. Levison was turning away, when Marjorie came towards him. The girl's face was a little flushed. Levison stopped at once.

"I've been wanting to see you," she said, in her quiet way. "I—I know all about what has happened at Greyfriars. I—I think I owe you an apology."

"How's that, Miss Marjorie?" asked Levison, with a smile.

The girl's colour deepened.

"I knew that my brother was in trouble—that he had been reckless," she said, in a low voice. "I—I—I was afraid that you had something to do with it. I ask your pardon!"

For a moment a bitter look came over Levison's face. He wondered whether his old reputation—his juicy old reputation, as Skinner called it—would ever leave him in peace.

"I suppose it was natural that you should think so, Miss Hazeldene," he said quietly. "I suppose everybody knows that I was rather a rotter when I used to be at Greyfriars."

"I am sorry!" said Marjorie softly. "I know better now. I know that you interfered to help my brother, and that the blame fell on you. Wharton has told me about it. Hazel has told me, too. He let you take the blame for what he did, I am afraid."

"That's all right," said Levison. "Smithy got the facts out, and cleared me. He never said anything about Hazel, of course—it was Hazel's own fault that it all came out."

Marjorie nodded.

"I am glad it all came out," she said. "But while you were supposed to be guilty, you were to be sent away from Greyfriars; but they have forgiven my brother. I am glad of it. But it does not seem quite fair, does it?"

Levison laughed.

"You see, it would have been worse for me," he said. "The Head thought I had been taking him in—playing the goat, after he had let me stay at Greyfriars on the understanding that I was going straight. If I'd done what he supposed, I should have deserved to be kicked out. It's different with Hazel—he doesn't enjoy my jolly old bad name. And the Head knows, too, that he was led into playing the fool from sheer weakness of character. Nobody's ever suspected me of weakness of character." Levison laughed again. "I'm jolly glad Hazel got off so lightly!"

"There is another matter," said Marjorie gravely. "In helping my brother, you paid a debt for him—"

"That's all right."

"It is not quite all right," said Marjorie, with a faint smile. "The money has to be repaid. Hazel tells me that you borrowed it from Vernon-Smith."

"All the school knows that now," said Levison, wincing. "It can't be

helped. Don't you bother your head about it, Miss Marjorie."

"I—I only wanted to tell you that Hazel will find the money," said Marjorie. "It is impossible for you to be left with such a debt to pay. I wanted you to feel sure that Hazel would refund it."

Hazeldene of the Remove looked out at the gateway.

"I'm waiting for you, Marjorie," he said sourly.

Marjorie gave Levison her hand, and went in at the gates. The St. Jim's junior walked away with a thoughtful brow. He understood the cause of Hazel's black looks now.

Now that he was safely extricated from the affair, Hazel was quite willing to dismiss it entirely from his mind. The ten pounds which Levison had to find for repaying the Bouncer was dismissed by the scapegrace as a trifle light as air. Marjorie evidently took a different view; and Levison could guess that she had been trying to impress her view upon her brother. Hazel, anxious to get rid of every recollection of the unpleasant affair, was only irritated and angered by her insistence.

Certainly, Levison would have been glad enough if Hazel had found the money, as certainly he ought to have done. The Bouncer did not want to be repaid; but Levison was not the kind of fellow to remain in debt. And ten pounds was a large sum—it booked his pocket-money for a very long time ahead. But, knowing Hazel as he did, the St. Jim's junior had no intention of even asking him for the money, and he felt a strong repugnance to letting Marjorie be troubled about it. As he walked away from Cliff House he was conscious of a desire to take Hazel by the scruff

LOOK! Another £10 in Cash Prizes! RESULT OF LUTON PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the picture. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution contained one error:

WILLIAM SCOTT,
424, Parliamentary Road,
Glasgow.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following nine competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

W. A. Wood, 16, Elcho St., Peebles, N.B.; L. H. Shilvock, 104, Ivor Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham; E. C. Higgs, The House, Globe Works, Chatsworth Rd., Clapton Park, E. 5; E. A. J. Crook, West St., Banwell, Somerset; C. Joyce, 1, Hallett's Gardens, Huish, Yeovil, Somerset; Clarice Ogden, 41, Nugget St., Oldham; S. Ogden, 41, Nugget St., Oldham; Arthur Diver, jun., 55, Rutland Rd., South Hackney, E. 9; Charles H. Morton, 7, Eyre St., Pallion, Sunderland.

Twenty-three competitors, with three 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.

Football was played in Luton a long time before the Luton Club was formed. The town put into the field the first professional eleven that the south of England had ever known. The pay of each footballer was two-and-six a week. During the past few years Luton has not shone brightly.

of the neck and give him a sound shaking.

A chortle from two juniors in the lane interrupted his thoughts. He glanced up at Skinner and Snoop.

"Sorry we interrupted, old fellow!" said Skinner blandly.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"It was quite touching," continued Skinner, in the same tone. "What is it the giddy poet says—'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Snoop.

"You silly ass!" shouted Levison.

"Calmness, my boy—calmness!" urged Skinner. "If we'd known we wouldn't have butted in. But we never thought that a hard old case like you, Levison, would surrender to the beautiful Bessie's fascinations!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Snoop.

"Look here—"

"If beauty goes by weight," continued Skinner, "you've got a real prize-packet in Bessie! And one comfort is, you'll never have any rivals. I believe your glad eye is the first Bessie ever got!"

Snoop chortled.

Levison glared at the two grinning juniors, greatly inclined to take hold of them and knock their grinning heads together. But he restrained his annoyance, and walked on quickly, leaving Skinner and Snoop chortling.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"No!" to Loder.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

Five cyclists arrived at the gates of Greyfriars from the direction of Highcliffe as Levison came up. Bob Cherry's powerful voice greeted the St. Jim's junior.

The Famous Five jumped down.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" boomed Bob Cherry.

Levison smiled.

"Quite!" he answered. "I've had a jolly afternoon. You fellows had a good time at Highcliffe?"

"Topping!" said Harry Wharton. "I've fixed up with Courtenay about the cricket. He wants you to come over with us. And the Caterpillar asked after you, too."

"You're on rather different terms from the state of affairs in my time," Levison remarked, as he walked in with the chums of the Remove.

"Well, we're on much the same old terms with Ponsonby and Gadsby and that lot," said Wharton. "But we're on jolly good terms with most of the fellows now—especially Courtenay and De Courcy. We generally row with Pon & Co., when we meet them, in the old style."

"Somebody's been rowing with Gaddy this afternoon," grinned Johnny Bull. "He came in looking quite used-up while we were there."

Levison laughed involuntarily.

"You?" asked Nugent.

"Well, I met him," said Levison. "He had been peashooting Bessie Bunter, and I held him while Bessie boxed his ears."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Gaddy!" grinned Bob. "Bessie's got a hefty paw for boxing a chap's ears."

"The heftiness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a chuckle.

"Oh, here you are, Levison!" Tubbs of the Third came up. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Loder wants you."

The cads of Highcliffe are well to the fore next week!

The smile faded from Levison's face. "Loder of the Sixth?" he asked.

"Yes. And you're to go to his study before tea," said Tubb, with a grunt. "Pretty good, for a fellow to be wasting time hunting round for fags to give messages to—what?" And Tubb of the Third stalked away.

Levison stood silent and thoughtful. "You can cut off and see Loder while we're putting up the bikes," said Bob Cherry. "Then you're joining us at tea, Levison."

Levison shook his head. "I'm not seeing Loder," he answered. "Hem! Prefect of the Sixth, you know," said Bob. "You're in the Remove while you're here, you know; and the Remove have to take notice when a prefect sits up and barks."

"I know. But I'm not seeing Loder, all the same," said Levison coolly. And he went into the School House, while the Famous Five wheeled away their machines.

Harry Wharton & Co. found him in Study No. 1 when they came in. Evidently he had not been to visit Loder of the Sixth, in accordance with the prefect's commands. It was no business of the Famous Five, of course, and they made no remark on it; but they wondered a little.

The six juniors sat down to tea, which was interrupted by the fat face of Billy Bunter being projected into the study.

"Levison here?" snapped Bunter.

"Adsum!" said the St. Jim's junior.

"Loder wants you."

"Tell him I'm sorry I can't come."

Billy Bunter blinked at Levison blankly.

"You want me to tell a Sixth Form prefect that?" he asked.

"Just that!"

Bunter grinned.

"I'll tell him, if you like. He'll lick you."

"I'll chance that," said Levison coolly.

The Owl of the Remove chuckled, and rolled away, evidently with the intention of delivering the message. Such a message, from a Lower boy to a Sixth Form prefect, was certain to be followed by a licking, and in Bunter's opinion a licking was just what Ernest Levison wanted. A fellow whom Bunter had supposed to possess tenners, and who did not possess any tenners, ought to be licked.

Harry Wharton looked rather curiously at the St. Jim's junior.

"I don't want to butt in, Levison," he said; "but—if you'll excuse me—hadn't you better see Loder?"

"I think not. You see"—Levison coloured a little—"I had a good deal to do with Loder of the Sixth in my old days at Greyfriars. I dare say you know as well as I do, that I used to take messages for him, and fetch things for him—in fact, I was as big a blackguard then as Loder is now. I've changed, and Loder hasn't. I made up my mind to keep clear of Loder of the Sixth when I came back here."

"Oh, I catch on!" said Harry. "You think Loder wants you for something of that kind—smuggling smokes, or messages to some of his precious acquaintances outside the school?"

"I know he does."

"Then you'd certainly better keep clear of him."

"But he's a prefect, all the same," said Bob Cherry dubiously. "We know—or think we know—a lot of things about Loder; but the Head doesn't. Prefects have powers, you know."



With a spring Loder reached Levison. The junior turned on him like a tiger. Before Loder was aware of what was happening he was on the floor. "Hallo, hallo! They're at it!" Bob Cherry rushed into the study, with the rest of the Co. at his heels. (See Chapter 5.)

Levison knitted his brows.

"I know it's a rather difficult position," he said. "But I'm sticking to it. If I refuse to do what Loder wants—and I shall—he will lay into me with his ashplant. I'm not going to his study for that."

"That would be rather thick—even for a bully like Loder!" said Nugent doubtfully.

Vernon-Smith looked in at the door.

"Levison here?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Another giddy messenger?" grinned Bob Cherry. "Are you doing Mercury for Loder, Smythy?"

"That's it. He wants Levison," said the Bounder. "It seems that he's sent for him before, and Loder is getting ratty. He was cuffing Bunter, just before he called me to fetch you, Levison."

"I'm not going," said Levison.

"I understand," said the Bounder, with a nod. "More power to your elbow, old chap. All the same, if you don't go to Loder, Loder's pretty certain to come to you."

"Well, I can't help that," said Levison. "I'm not going!"

The Bounder nodded, and strolled away, looking very thoughtful. A little later—no more messages arriving from Loder of the Sixth—Levison finished his tea, and went along to his own study. Vernon-Smith looked into Study No. 1 after the St. Jim's junior was gone.

"You fellows game to stand by Levison in this?" he asked. "Loder will be along to see him pretty soon, and I fancy Levison is booked for a high old time."

If I hear a row goin' on in his study, I'm goin' to chip in."

Harry Wharton nodded slowly.

"It's up to us," he said.

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"The stand-by-fulness will be great, my esteemed Smythy!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows"—Billy Bunter grinned into Study No. 1—"Loder's coming!"

The juniors crowded to the door. Loder of the Sixth was coming up the Remove staircase, with a dark look on his hard face, and the juniors noticed that he had his official ashplant under his arm.

Loder glanced at the group of fellows in the doorway of Study No. 1.

"Is Levison there?" he snapped.

"In his study, I think," yawned the Bounder.

Loder of the Sixth strode on to the door of Study No. 2, hurled it open without the ceremony of a knock, and strode in. The door slammed behind him. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"The dear man is ratty!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Wharton set his lips.

"We'll wait here," he said. "If there's a row in Levison's study—"

"No 'if' about it," said the Bounder.

"There's going to be a row!"

"Then we chip in."

"Yes, rather!"

And the Removites waited.

The clever Ponsonby sets his wits to work against Levison!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**In a Hornet's Nest!**

LEVISON!"

The St. Jim's junior looked across the study table at Loder of the Sixth. He was alone in No. 2. Hazel had not yet come back from Cliff House, and Tom Brown was at tea in Russell's study. Levison looked quietly and coolly at the bully of the Sixth. The angry frown on Gerald Loder's face did not seem to disturb him.

"Yes, Loder!" he said.

"I sent for you!"

"Yes."

"You didn't come to my study."

"No," assented Levison.

"I don't know what your manners and customs may be like at St. Jim's," said Loder, "but at Greyfriars a fag has to obey an order sent him by a prefect of the Sixth Form."

"I know. I used to be a Greyfriars chap, you know," agreed Levison. "It's the same at St. Jim's, for that matter."

"I suppose you understand that while you're here, you're treated the same as any other fag of the Lower Fourth?"

"Quite! If Wingate, or Gwynne, or Walker should send for me, I should go at once," explained Levison.

"But not when I send for you?"

"No."

"Have you forgotten that I'm a prefect?"

"I haven't forgotten that you're a blackguard!"

"What!" roared Loder.

He let the ashplant slip down into his hand. Levison, across the table, eyed him unmoved. His coolness impressed the prefect a good deal. Loder well remembered that in the old days Ernest Levison had been the hardest case at Greyfriars—a bad fellow to quarrel with, even for a high-and-mighty Sixth Form prefect.

"Let's get to the bottom of this, Levison," said Loder more quietly. "I don't quite catch on. When you were at Greyfriars before you were useful to me in some ways. A good many times I should have reported you for kicking over the traces, but I didn't."

"You neglected your duty!" said Levison.

"Wha-a-at?"

"You ought to be ashamed of it."

"I—I—" Loder stuttered and gripped his ashplant. But he calmed himself with an effort. "I let you off a good many times. I made things easy for you, in one way and another. You made yourself useful in return. When I heard that you were coming back here for a few weeks, I decided to be kind to you."

"Thanks!"

"I'm quite willing to put you on the old footing," said Loder. "You can rely on me for a pass out of gates occasionally, and so on. But I shall expect you to be useful, on the old lines. Now, I want a message taken to the Bird-in-Hand."

"I know that," assented Levison. "That's why I didn't come to your study, Loder. It's no good coming the prefect with me. Prefect or not, I'm going to keep you at a distance while I'm at Greyfriars."

Loder's grip closed almost convulsively on the cane. He was not used to plain talk like this.

"So you refuse?" he asked.

"I refuse!" assented Levison.

"I suppose you know that you'll have to suffer for it," said Loder with an unpleasant grin. "But perhaps now you've

become a good and model youth you're prepared to join the noble army of martyrs?"

"Not if I can help it," said Levison coolly. "I'm keeping you at arm's length, Loder, and I warn you to keep clear. I'm not going on any messages. I'm not going to smuggle smokes into the school. I'm not going to take a hand in a game of nap. I'm not going to have anything at all to do with you. I've tried to make that plain already. You know I've kept out of your way. Now you've forced me to speak out you've got it in plain English. I hope you're satisfied."

"Have you done your lines, Levison?"

"Eh? What lines?"

"The lines I gave you yesterday for sliding down the banisters."

"I didn't slide down the banisters, and you didn't give me lines." Levison laughed. "That chicken won't fight, Loder. Haven't I told you that you can't come the prefect now?"

Loder came round the table.

"I think it was fifty lines," he said meditatively.

"Make it fifty thousand, if you like," said Levison coolly. "I sha'n't write a line for you."

"They are doubled," said Loder.

"Treble, if you like, or quadruple," said Levison. "Any old thing. If you're finished now, give a fellow a rest."

"I shall expect that hundred lines before bedtime."

"You can expect."

"And I am going to cane you for not handing me in the fifty before tea."

"You're not," said Levison.

The prefect swished the cane.

"Hold out your hand!"

"Rats!"

"You refuse?"

"How many more times? Yes!"

"You'd rather I took you to your Form master, and reported you for refusing to hand in an impot, and refusing to be caned?"

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"I've told you that that chicken won't fight," he said. "You're beginning to be a bore, Loder. Run away, there's a good chap."

Loder breathed hard and deep. He had been prepared to be quite kind to the one-time black sheep of Greyfriars—on his own terms. But he had no use for a reformed character. He gave a free rein now to his rage.

With a spring he reached Levison. He grasped the junior by the collar and swung him round, and with the other hand he made play with the cane.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

There was a roar from Levison of St. Jim's. Loder laid on the cane, across Levison's shoulders, as if he were beating a carpet.

Levison turned on him like a tiger.

He returned grasp for grasp, hooked his leg in Loder's, and before the senior knew what was happening he was bumping on the floor. He dragged Levison down with him, and they rolled on the carpet, Loder grasping at the St. Jim's junior, panting with rage, Levison hitting out with all his strength.

The study door flew open with a crash.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! They're at it!"

Bob Cherry rushed into the study with the rest of the Co. at his heels. The Famous Five hurled themselves on Gerald Loder and dragged him away from Levison. Loder sprawled yelling on the carpet, and Ernest Levison jumped breathlessly to his feet.

"Thanks, you fellows!" he gasped.

"Let me go, you young rotters!" yelled Loder.

"Kick him out!" shouted Vernon-Smith.

"Hurrah!"

"Outside, Loder!"

"The outsidfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Singh, grasping Loder by the hair. "This way, my esteemed disgusting Loder."

"Yaroooooooh!"

Loder rolled over to the door in the grasp of the excited Removites. He sprawled in the doorway, and the Bouncer bestowed upon his sprawling form a hefty kick that rolled him into the passage.

"Now travel, old bean!" gasped Smithy.

"I—I—I—" spluttered Loder.

He staggered breathlessly to his feet. A dozen fellows had crowded out of the Remove studies, and were looking on in amazement. "Handling a prefect" was a rather unusual proceeding, even for the reckless young scamps of the Remove.

"You—you—you—" gasped Loder.

"Travel!" said Johnny Bull. "We know what you want Levison for, and we're standing by him."

"Yes, rather!"

Loder gripped his cane and charged into the study furiously. He lashed out right and left, careless where his blows fell.

There was a chorus of howls in the crowded study. At such close quarters every lash told with great effect.

"Down him!" yelled Nugent.

"Collar the cad!"

"Chuck him out!"

The Co. closed on Loder and fairly dragged him over in the grip of many hands. The bully of the Sixth struggled fiercely, but his cane was wrenched away, and he was whirled out of the doorway into the Remove passage again. Then, in the excited grasp of the juniors, he was rushed away to the stairs.

"Roll him down!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Down you go, Loder!"

Loder went rolling down, half-a-dozen boots helping him to go. He rolled and tumbled over the stairs, and landed on the landing with a bump. There he sprawled and gasped and spluttered.

"After him!" shouted Bob Cherry.

But Loder did not wait for the warlike Removites to come after him. Dusty and dizzy, torn and dishevelled, he scrambled up, and fled away down the lower stairs, thinking only of escape. A yell of derision from the Remove staircase followed him.

"So much for Loder," Bob Cherry grinned breathlessly.

"I say, you fellows, you'll get called before the Head for this!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "You'll get flogged, you know. He, he, he!"

"Now roll Bunter down."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter retreated before he could be rolled down. The juniors returned to their studies, rather in a serious mood. The Famous Five were not sorry that they had stood by Levison against the bully of the Sixth. But they were very well aware that Gerald Loder would not let the matter rest where it was, and in a serious mood they prepared for the wrath to come.

Billy Bunter figures prominently next Monday! Look out for him!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Loder Thinks Twice!

WINGATE of the Sixth came up to the Remove passage with a grim brow about a quarter of an hour later. He looked into Study No. 1, where Harry Wharton and Nugent were beginning prep, though they were thinking less of prep than of the trouble to come.

"Wharton!" rapped out the Greyfriars captain.

"Yes, Wingate."

"All the Remove boys that were concerned in the attack on Loder of the Sixth are to show up in Mr. Quelch's study at six-thirty," said Wingate. "Loder has reported the matter to your Form master."

"Very well, Wingate."

"You'll see that all the fellows concerned are present."

"Right-ho!"

Wingate looked rather hard at Wharton and left the study. When he was gone Wharton and Nugent exchanged dismal glances.

"Well, there was bound to be trouble, after rolling a prefect down the stairs," said Nugent philosophically.

"I suppose so. Loder made his tale good, of course," said Harry. "I suppose it means a jolly good licking. Well, it can't be helped."

"Better tell the chaps."

"I'll tell them."

Wharton left the study to inform his fellow delinquents of the summons to the judgment seat. He called in Study No. 2 last, where he found Tom Brown and Hazeldene with Levison. Levison listened to his message with a quiet smile.

"Six-thirty," he said. "Now it's just turned six. I dare say something will turn up before half-past."

"Eh? What can turn up?" asked the captain of the Remove, puzzled.

"Loder may change his mind, and beg us off from Mr. Quelch."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Not likely!" he said.

"Oh, you never know your luck!" said Levison.

Wharton returned to his study, not in the least sharing Levison's hopeful view. Hazel gave his study-mate a sour look.

"In a row with Loder?" he asked.

"That's it," said Levison.

"More fool you!" said Hazel. "Chap in your position ought to be jolly careful in dealing with a prefect!"

Levison made no reply to that remark. He left the study, and went down the stairs, and made his way to the Sixth Form passage. There he tapped at Gerald Loder's door.

"Come in!" rapped out Loder's surly voice.

Levison entered the study.

"You!" ejaculated Loder.

He stared at the junior in astonishment. Loder still looked rather red and flustered after his exciting experiences in the Remove passage, though he had put himself to rights, and looked a good deal tidier than when Levison had seen him last.

"Little me!" assented the St. Jim's junior.

"Well, you can clear!" said Loder, with an unpleasant grin. "The matter's reported to your Form master now; and I may as well tell you that you're booked for a Head's licking—the whole gang of you! You'll find that you can't handle a Sixth Form prefect, you young cub!"

"You've reported us to Mr. Quelch?"

"Yes. The matter's in his hands now, or I'd give you a licking myself."

"You could take it out of his hands," suggested Levison mildly. "Mr. Quelch would let you withdraw the matter, Loder, if you asked him."

Loder stared at him, and burst into an angry laugh.

"That's likely!" he sneered.

"I hope you'll do it, Loder!"

"Ha, ha! You've come round now, have you, you cheeky young cad?" grinned Loder. "You're beginning to understand what you're up against? Well, it's too late! Mr. Quelch will deal with you—and report you to the Head for a flogging! Clear out of my study!"

"I hope—"

"Get out!"

"I'm not speaking for my own sake, you know," said Levison calmly. "I'm speaking for yours, Loder!"

"Eh—what?" Loder stared at him.

"What do you mean?" "I mean that if you know what's good for you, you won't let us go before Mr. Quelch at six-thirty," said Levison coolly.

Loder grasped the cane that lay on his table, and turned an evil eye upon the St. Jim's junior. Levison did not retreat a step. He stood as firm as a rock, and met the prefect's angry glare coolly.

"You see, I'm not going to let my friends be flogged for standing by me against a bully and a rotter," continued Levison. "I shall explain the whole matter to Mr. Quelch. I don't want to—I should hate to give anybody away; even a bully like you, Loder. But if we come before Mr. Quelch, I shall have no choice in the matter. You've spun him a

yarn about unruly juniors. I shall explain to him what you wanted of me."

"Do you think he will believe you?" sneered Loder. "Any fag called up for punishment could spin a yarn like that."

Levison smiled.

"You don't do Mr. Quelch justice," he remarked. "He's well known to be a downy old bird. He's got quite sense enough to distinguish between truth and lies, Loder. Skinner and Bunter have found that out often enough, and they could tell you. If Mr. Quelch does not believe my statement, I shall demand investigation, and appeal to the Head."

"You—you'll appeal to the Head!" ejaculated Loder, staring blankly at the cool St. Jim's junior.

"Certainly! I shall give him a full history of our old dealings, when I used to be at Greyfriars; and explain that you're down on me because I refuse to begin the old game."

"And how will you prove a yarn like that?" asked Loder, eyeing the junior with great uneasiness, and something very like fear.

There was a quiet steadiness and tenacity in Levison that did not fail to have its effect on the bully of the Sixth.

"Leave that to me," said Levison, with a smile. "It's not very difficult to prove the truth, Loder. There are fellows in the Remove who have seen you dodging in at the back way of the Bird-in-Hand!"

"What!"

"I shall call them as witnesses!"

"Witnesses!" stammered Loder.

"Yes; witnesses to your character, you know!"



In the excited grasp of the juniors Loder was rushed away to the stairs. "Roll him down!" yelled Johnny Bull. "Down you go, Loder!" The prefect went rolling down the stairs, several hefty boots helping him on his way. (See Chapter 5.)

And in an indirect manner he saves Levison from disgrace!

Loder stared open-mouthed at the St. Jim's junior. Levison had almost taken his breath away.

"Up before the Head, they'll have to speak out," said Levison cheerfully. "I fancy your number will be up as a prefect, Loder—even if you're not turned out of the school."

"Do you think the Head will believe what a parcel of fags choose to say about a prefect?" said Loder huskily.

"I fancy so—when it's the truth. You see, you're not dealing with a fat fool like Bunter or a funk like Skinner," explained Levison. "You're dealing with a fellow who was once as shady a sweep as you are yourself, Loder, and who won't stick at a trifle to keep clear of dropping into that kind of thing again. I know too much about you for you to be able to afford to drive me to attack you. Catch on?"

"You cheeky cub—"

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Hard words break no bones," he said carelessly. "If you choose to risk it, take your choice. I don't want to give you away—I don't want to have anything to do with you. I foresaw this when I came back to Greyfriars; and I thought it out, and decided how to act when the pinch came. If it comes to a tussle between us before the Head, I fancy I shall be able to make my case good. I'm willing to risk it."

Loder stared hard at Levison, and there was a silence in the study. The prefect broke it at last.

"Get out!" he said.

"I'm going. If we're called before Mr. Quelch, you know what to expect. I've warned you!"

Levison quitted the study with that. He closed the door quietly, and walked away.

Loder stood where the junior left him, staring at the door blankly. He was utterly taken aback by the St. Jim's junior's icy coolness and determination. As Levison had said, he had thought the matter out—thought it out in his cool, clear-headed way; and his plan for dealing with the bully of the Sixth was all ready, cut and dried. It dawned upon Loder that he did not hold the upper hand, as he had supposed—the whip-hand was Levison's!

"The young scoundrel!" gasped Loder at last.

It was a bitter pill for the bully of the Sixth to swallow. But he knew, when he had reflected, that he dared not enter into that contest with Levison. The one-time black sheep of Greyfriars knew too much—and he had his wits too thoroughly about him. Loder remembered from of old that Levison had been a dangerous customer to corner. Loder realised that it was "not good enough"; and, bitter as it was to him, he made up his mind to the inevitable—and in a few minutes he was on his way to Mr. Quelch's study—as Levison had clearly foreseen.

Levison returned to the Remove passage, where he found Harry Wharton & Co. gathered in Study No. 1. They were all looking very thoughtful, perhaps a little lugubrious.

"I think it's all right, you fellows," said Levison.

"The all-rightfulness does not seem to be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You'll see—before six-thirty."

Levison was right. A few minutes later Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth Form, put a frowning face into Study No. 1.

"You fellows know whether your Form master's insane?" he asked, looking at the Removites.

"Eh—what?" ejaculated Wharton.

"I think he must be!" said Temple.

"What do you mean, you ass?"

"He's sent me here with a message," explained Temple. "Fancy that! A Fourth Form chap sent on a message to Remove fags! If it isn't insanity, it's pure, unadulterated cheek!"

"You silly owl!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's the message?"

"Oh, the message," said Temple carelessly, as if that detail were a very unimportant trifle indeed. "The message is that you kids needn't go to his study after all."

"Oh!" said Bob Cherry. "That's it, is it?"

"He says I'm to tell you that Loder has asked him to overlook the—the—now what was the jaw-cracker he used?" said Temple. "He meant rumpus, but he didn't say rumpus."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I remember! The unruly ebullition," said Temple. "That was it! You fellows been springing unruly ebullitions on Loder of the Sixth?"

"Just a few!" grinned Bob.

"Well, it's jolly odd for Loder to beg you off, then," said Temple. "Blessed if I should have expected that of Loder. He can't be such a beast as he makes out. Well, you're pardoned for your giddy, unruly ebullitions, which is Quelch dialect for a rumpus. But fancy his cool neck in sending me to tell you so!"

And Cecil Reginald Temple walked away in lofty dudgeon, quite annoyed by Mr. Quelch's obvious ignorance of his importance. But Temple's annoyance did not worry the heroes of the Remove. They exchanged looks of very great satisfaction.

"All serene!" said Nugent.

"The serenefulness is—"

"Terrific, not to say horrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "But what on earth made Loder draw in his horns like this?"

"I fancy Levison knows!" remarked the Bouncer, with a keen look at the St. Jim's junior.

Levison laughed.

"I had a talk with Loder," he said. "I persuaded him to do the right thing. Even Loder can do the right thing—sometimes. When it means bad trouble if he doesn't, for instance. We've done with Loder."

Levison went along to his study in a cheerful mood. He had foreseen the trouble with Loder, and he had foreseen its end. It was the last cloud on his sojourn at Greyfriars, and he was glad that it was over.

The next day, when Levison passed Loder of the Sixth in the quadrangle, Loder's eyes glittered; but he walked on, affecting not to see the St. Jim's junior. Levison walked on, too, smiling. He was done with Loder!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Pulling Levison's Leg!

THERE were smiling faces in the Remove Form-room when Levison came in to class in the afternoon. Levison had been to the sanatorium to see Frank, and he came back to the School House in time for class. The Remove were all in the Form-room, but Mr. Quelch had not yet entered, and Levison, as he came in, noticed that most of the Remove were grinning. Some joke, evidently, was on, and it seemed to the St. Jim's junior that he was the object of it. But Mr. Quelch entered before he had time to make any inquiry, and Levison took his place.

In the presence of the Form master jokes had to take a back seat. But Levison could not help observing that nods and winks were exchanged among the fellows when Mr. Quelch was not looking; and he wondered more than ever what was "on."

When Mr. Quelch was busy for a few minutes at his desk Levison found an opportunity of whispering to Hazeldene, who was next to him.

"What's going on, Hazel?"

Hazel grunted.

"Some rot!" he said. "Don't bother." Hazel was not in a good temper, and he was not sharing in the general hilarity of the Remove.

Ever since the affair of his disgrace Hazel had been in a depressed and angry mood. Levison knew what was the matter with him—it was the ten-pound debt, and Marjorie's clearly-expressed opinion that the money should be paid. Hazel did not see his way to paying it, and he did not want to be bothered about

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MYSTERY	NOW ON SALE!	ADVENTURE

Start reading the new Mill story in the "Gem"! It's great!

the matter at all, hence his "tantrums." Levison turned away from him without any rejoinder.

He met the grinning glance of Squiff, and whispered to the Australian junior.

"Is there some joke on, Field?"

Sampson Quincy Ifley Field grinned more widely.

"I think so!" he murmured.

"Up against me?"

"H'm!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Cave!" murmured Squiff, "Quelch's looking round." And the subject had to drop.

Levison was puzzled.

He could not imagine what was the joke that seemed to tickle nearly all the Remove, and he had to put off inquiry till after lessons.

But the joke, what ever it was, was irrepressible. That his class was in a hilarious mood was soon clear to Mr. Quelch, whose brow assumed a deep frown. Hilarity in the Form-room did not meet with the severe gentleman's approval. Mr. Quelch was dealing with "English Literature," and there was nothing in that subject to cause hilarity in his class. His frowning glance swept over the Remove in a minatory manner. Every fellow upon whom his glance fell became instantly as serious and solemn as a stone image. Nobody in the Removed liked meeting the Form master's gimlet eye. Yet the undercurrent of hilarity persisted.

Wibley was called on to read aloud the celebrated soliloquy in "Hamlet," some of the beauties of which Mr. Quelch intended to expound unto his class. Wibley, apparently, had the wrong place, for what he recited was from quite a different place:

"I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the Remove.

Mr. Quelch blinked.

"You have the wrong place, Wibley!" he snapped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

The laughter died away. Mr. Quelch frowned at his class. Levison looked round him in astonishment. Why such a burst of merriment should have followed Wib's mistake was as deep a mystery to Levison as to Mr. Quelch. Every fellow who met Levison's eyes grinned. Skinner seemed to be wriggling with suppressed merriment. It dawned upon Levison that the mysterious joke, whatever it was, which concerned himself, had something to do with Wib's mistake, which was intentional.

Levison was utterly perplexed. Mr. Quelch was angry.

"You should be more careful, Wibley," he rapped out.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Wib meekly.

"Nevertheless, I see no reason for this outburst of hilarity," said the Form master. "Skinner!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Kindly explain to me your utterly unseemly outburst of laughter."

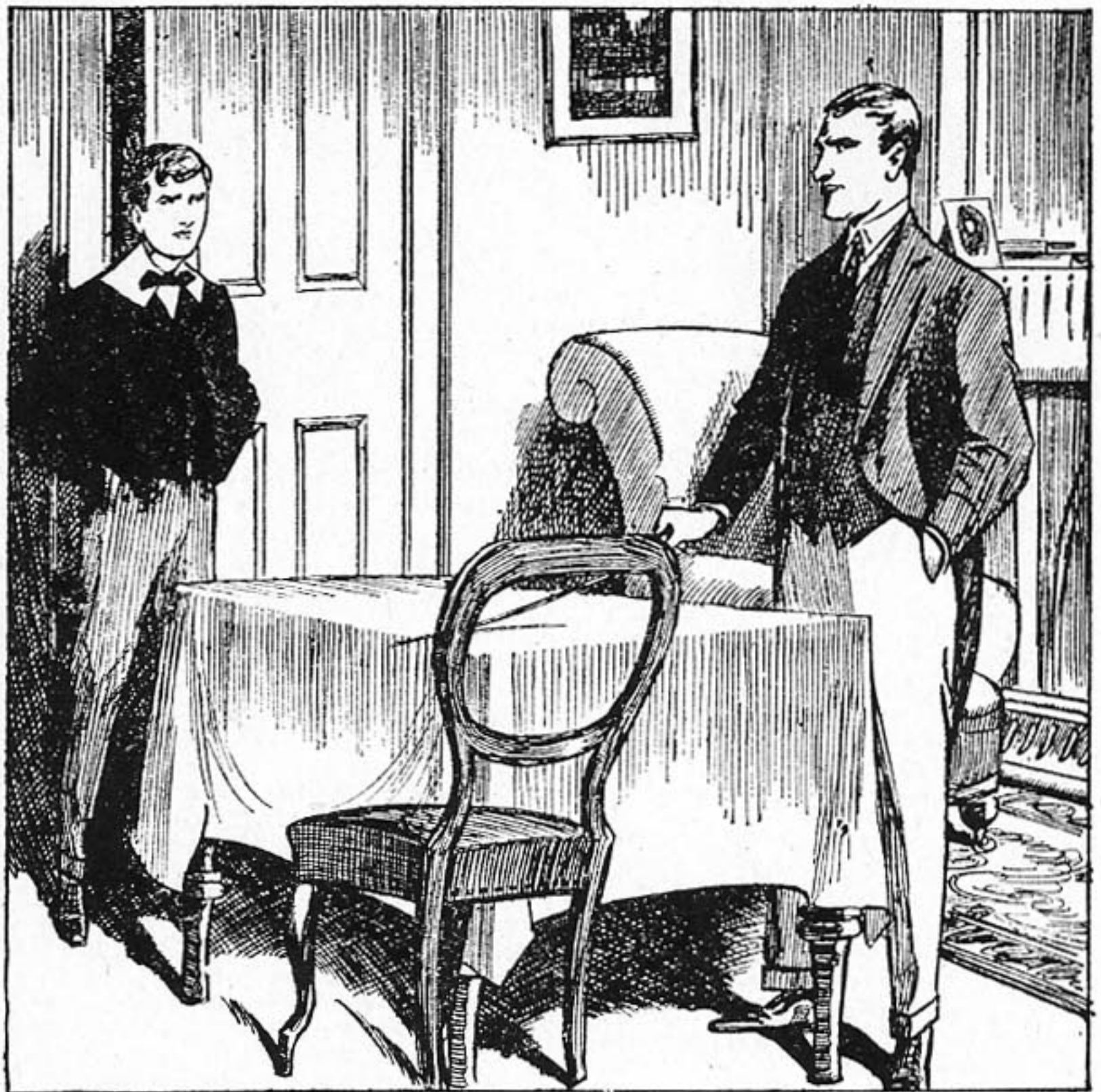
"Oh, sir! I—I—the fact is—"

"Well?" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"Nothing, sir."

"It appears," said Mr. Quelch, with a glare at his class, "that there is some untimely jest here. I warn you to be serious."

The Remove were serious enough after



"I'm not speaking for my own sake, you know," said Levison calmly. "I'm speaking for yours, Loder." The prefect stared at him. "I mean," continued Levison, "that if you know what's good for you, you won't let us go before Mr. Quelch at six-thirty." (See Chapter 6.)

that—for a time. But the mysterious joke seemed too much for them in the long run. Three or four grinning faces were bent over Skinner's desk, and Mr. Quelch suddenly rapped out again:

"Skinner!"

"Yes, sir."

"What is written on that paper?"

"Only some Tennyson, sir," said Skinner meekly.

"Nonsense, Skinner. There is no reason why Tennyson should cause unseemly mirth in the class. Read out to me at once what is written on that paper on your desk."

"Certainly, sir." And Skinner read out:

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

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

Mr. Quelch glared. Levison stared. He was still as puzzled as the Form master.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Skinner, bring that paper to me."

Skinner obeyed.

Mr. Quelch looked at the paper; those well-known lines from "Locksley Hall" were written there—those, and nothing more. There was nothing to account for the merriment they had caused.

The subject of "love," it was evident, was uppermost in the minds of the Removites that afternoon—a most unusual subject for their boyish thoughts to turn upon. Evidently the mysterious joke turned

upon that subject. Levison realised that; he wondered in perplexity. The Removites could not suppose that he had any "mashing" proclivities—that couldn't be the joke. But he was the object of the fun; he could see that. He realised, too, that Skinner, the humorist of the Remove, was at the bottom of it. And then suddenly he understood. He remembered the meeting with Bessie Bunter, and Skinner's remarks thereon.

That was it! Levison's cheeks coloured with annoyance.

"You may go to your place, Skinner," said Mr. Quelch. He was puzzled, and he had no clue to the mystery, as Levison had now. "Boys! You will note that in case of any further unseemly merriment in this class, the whole Form will be detained for an hour after lessons."

After that warning the joke was suppressed. Matters were getting too serious—and even pulling Levison's leg on the subject of Bessie Bunter was not worth an hour's detention. Great gravity was cultivated by all the Remove until Mr. Quelch left them in the charge of Monsieur Charpentier for French.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice!

"BON-JOUR, mes garçons!" beamed Monsieur Charpentier as he trotted into the Remove Form-room. He bowed his polite bow to the class, and the sunlight from the high windows glittered on the bald spot on his head.

Known all over the globe—the Famous Five!

The Remove were glad, for once, that it was French that afternoon. They were in a merry mood, and Mossoo was much easier to deal with than Mr. Quelch when they were merry.

Levison was not smiling.

He was aware now that Skinner and Snoop had related the story of his meeting with Bessie Bunter to nearly all the Remove, humorously giving their own turn to the story.

To be supposed to be "mashed" was not agreeable to a serious fellow like Levison. To be supposed to be "mashed" on Bessie Bunter was ridiculous. There was always a tincture of ill-nature in Skinner's little jokes. But the story was going the round of the Remove now, and Levison knew that there was no help for it till the juniors tired of their little joke.

"Cheer up, old chap!" Bob Cherry whispered to Levison from behind.

Levison started, and looked round.

"Eh, what?"

"Don't look so down in the mouth, old fellow," said Bob encouragingly. "It's a half-holiday again on Saturday, and it's not far to Cliff House."

"You silly ass!" breathed Levison.

"I say, Levison!" whispered Fisher T. Fish. Whispering in class was much more facile with Mossoo than with Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, Fishy."

"Did you kiss Bessie, or did she kiss you?"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Skinner says it was you, and Snoop says it was Bessie—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You thundering chump!" exclaimed Levison. "It was nothing of the sort. It's one of Skinner's rotten yarns."

"I guess—"

"I zink zat zere is too much to talk in zis class, mes garcons," said Monsieur Charpentier in his mild way. "N'oubliez pas—forget not zat it is lesson. Vat is it, zen, Skinnair?" Skinner's hand was up to attract the French master's attention.

"I thought perhaps you'd help me with a French sentence I have here, sir," said Skinner smoothly. "I haven't been quite able to manage it."

"Certainly, Skinnair. You shall write him on ze black-board, and ve vill take him in ze lesson," said Monsieur Charpentier.

"Thank you, sir."

Skinner came out before the class and took up the chalk. Monsieur Charpentier beamed on Skinner, quite pleased at this show of keenness on the part of a fellow who was usually a slacker. The Remove watched Skinner with quite different feelings. They easily guessed that Skinner was making a new move in the humorous business of pulling Levison's leg. All eyes were on Skinner as he chalked on the blackboard:

"L'amour est enfant de Boeme,

Il n'a jamais, jamais connu la loi."

Most of the Remove could read French to that extent, and there was a roar as they read what Harold Skinner had written.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's the sentence, sir," said Skinner blandly. "I think perhaps, sir, Levison could translate it to the class. Levison is rather a dab at this kind of thing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Taisez-vous, mes garcons," said Monsieur Charpentier, puzzled by the merriment. "Zere is no occasion for to laff. Zat is not a sentence zat I zink I should choose for ze class, Skinnair—it is from ze opera. Cependant, allons! Levison, mon garcon."

"Yes, sir!" grunted Levison.

"Translate zat sentence to ze class, Levison."

Levison stood up, with a crimson face. This was really a master-stroke of Skinner's. The Removites hung on his words, in great enjoyment:

"Love is a child of Bohemia."

Levison's translation was interrupted by a yell from the Removites

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Levison; you know all about it."

"Listen to the man who knows!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat you do not interrupt. You may proceed, Levison."

Levison proceeded and finished, and sat down with burning cheeks. Monsieur Charpentier blinked at his class in perplexity. Like Mr. Quelch, he failed to understand the hilarity of the Remove that afternoon.

When Skinner, after some not unintentional mistakes concerning the verb "aimer," was commanded to write on the blackboard a sentence containing that verb, he produced the following:

"Il aime la soeur de Guillaume."

The Remove burst into an irrepressible yell. "He loves the sister of William," was the translation of Skinner's sample sentence. Monsieur Charpentier held up his hand for silence.

"Zere is no occasion to laff," he exclaimed. "Skinnair has written ze good sentence. Bon! Vy for you laff, mes garcons?"

But the Removites could not explain "why for" they laughed; but they could not help laughing.

Ernest Levison was glad when lessons were over for that day. He was frowning when he came out of the Form-room with the Remove. But his frown only added to the merriment of the juniors.

"Cheerio!" roared Bolsover major. "Nothing to look glum about, Levison. Look here, you stand Billy some tarts, and he'll put in a good word for you with Bessie."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" growled Levison. "Look here, you fellows—"

"All serene," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We know it's only Skinner's rot, Levison."

"The rotfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh soothingly. "But the charmfulness of the beauteous Bessie is great, and if the esteemed Levison is lovefully smitten—"

"Fathead!" roared Levison.

"They're always like this," said Skinner, with an air of wisdom. "You fellows remember when Mauly was chucking sheep's eyes at the girl in the bunshop he was no end ratty about it. Now, if you'd seen Levison looking at Fatima like a dying duck—"

"I didn't!" shrieked Levison.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Like an expiring goose," said Skinner.

Levison stalked away, followed by a howl of laughter. A little later, in the quadrangle, Skinner came running by in great haste, and bumped into the St. Jim's junior. Levison spun round on him angrily.

"You clumsy ass—"

"Sorry!" gasped Skinner, backing away.

Levison walked on, frowning. He was quite unaware that Skinner, by means of a fish-hook, had hooked a

little card to the back of his jacket, upon which was written, in block letters:

"J'AIME LA SOEUR DE
GUILLAUME!"

All unconscious of that startling announcement on his back, Levison sauntered in the Greyfriars quadrangle, and fellows who glanced after him burst into unaccountable laughter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, when he sighted the card. "Ha, ha, ha! That's a straight tip, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Straight from the horse's mouth, by gad!" ejaculated the Bounder.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Nugent. "Levison, old man, si vous aimez la soeur de Guillaume?"

"What?" exclaimed Levison, spinning round.

"No need to advertise it, you know!" grinned Nugent.

"You silly ass!"

"Do you want all Greyfriars to know?" chortled Johnny Bull.

"To know what?" shrieked Levison.

"That you love the sister of William!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Levison walked away, and a yell followed him. Mr. Quelch was standing in the doorway of the School House, and he glanced in surprise at Levison as the St. Jim's junior came up. From all sides fellows were staring after Levison and roaring with laughter. Mr. Quelch was puzzled. He made a sign to the crimson-faced junior to stop.

"What is the meaning of this, Levison?" he asked.

"Of—of what, sir?" stammered the hapless Levison.

He glanced back at the yelling mob of juniors, and, in doing so, gave Mr. Quelch a partial view of his back. The Remove master jumped as he saw the card.

"'J'aime la soeur de Guillaume!'" he ejaculated. "Bless my soul!"

Levison stared at the Remove master. He had not expected so grave a personage as Henry Quelch to enter into this jape.

"Really, sir—" he exclaimed hotly.

"What do you mean by this, Levison?"

"Mr. Quelch—"

"Who is 'Guillaume'?" demanded Mr. Quelch. "I suppose it means William. Bunter's name is William. Levison, is it possible that you are so stupid, so—so absurd, so—so crass—"

"Certainly not, sir!" gasped Levison. "It's a silly joke of the fellows, because I was seen speaking to Bessie Bunter the other day."

"Then what do you mean by making such an announcement?"

"Such a—a—a what?"

"And parading in the quadrangle, sir, with that absurd statement actually written and pinned to your jacket?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Are you out of your senses, boy?"

"Pip-pip-pip-pinned to my j-j-jacket?" stutted Levison.

Mr. Quelch jerked off the card, and held it up under Levison's startled nose.

"Look!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Levison.

He blinked at the card blankly. He understood now the irrepressible howls of mirth that had followed him round the quad.

"Some beast stuck that on my back!" he gasped.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "You

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
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"Enough's as good as a feast"—but you can't have too much of the **MAGNET!**

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 125. HARRY WHARTON EDITOR Week Ending May 19th, 1923.



THE REMOVE SWIMMING SPORTS!

By **GEORGE WINGATE**
(who judged the events).

young ass!" I said sternly. "I don't want to have the unpleasant job of fishing you out with a boathook—and that's what would happen if you took part in the race!"

So Bunter retired, in his rainbow-coloured bathing-costume, to the dressing marquee.

There were a dozen entrants for the quarter-mile. And a very thrilling affair it proved.

It looked, at one stage, as if Vernon-Smith would perform the hat-trick by winning three events in succession. He cut out the pace, and his speedy side-stroke carried him through the water

MY WATER WINGS!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

I bought a pair of water wings
To help me get along;
At first I thought the beastly things
Did not look over strong.
The man who sold them said to me,
"Why, they're as strong as strong can be!"

I took them to the River Sark,
And then removed my clothes;
The fellows begged me to embark—
"All right," I said. "Here goes!"
I made the pluckiest of springs,
And tightly clutched those water wings.

They bore me up in splendid style,
Or so it seemed at first;
But when I'd covered half a mile
The whole contraption burst!
The waters closed above my head,
I sank into the river bed.

The chaps had dashed along the bank
To watch the fun, you see;
'Twas Vernon-Smith I had to thank
For promptly saving me.
He towed me to the shore with vigour,
And there I lay, a panting figure.

The water wings, now sadly shrunk,
Went sailing down the stream:
Although I'm not a beastly funk,
In future I sha'n't dream
Of trusting to such useless things
As frail and feeble water wings!

at a great rate. But he kept no energy in reserve, with the result that he "cracked up" when in sight of home.

Meanwhile, Wharton and Linley had been swimming finely, and it now resolved itself into a tussle between these two. First one and then the other took the lead. But Wharton had a trifle more in him than the Lancashire lad, and, with a desperate spurt, he overhauled him at the finish. Wharton's victory was very popular, and it was loudly cheered.

An interval for tea followed. The meal was served in the large boat-house, and we found that Bunter had forestalled us. A big inroad had been made into the supply of cakes and pastries, and I had to despatch a couple of fags to the village for more. Bunter was soundly bumped for raiding the tuck.

Tea was a merry meal. Most of the fellows partook of it in their bathing-costumes, for it was a warm and sunny afternoon.

After sufficient time had elapsed for the meal to be digested, the sports were proceeded with.

The next event was one in which the competitors had to swim fifty yards on their backs. Tom Brown, showing surprising form and a powerful leg action, won this event, and Bob Cherry was second.

Then came another diving display, of a different nature. Tin plates were scattered in the bed of the river, and they had to be picked up. The fellow who found the biggest number, and brought them successfully to the bank, would be adjudged the winner.

This contest was won by Field, who remained under water a very long time, and eventually landed fourteen plates. Redwing came next, with twelve.

The final event was the mile, and only the cream of the Remove swimmers entered for this stern test of endurance. Personally, I think any fellow who can swim a mile is entitled to a pat on the back.

Competitors had to swim half a mile downstream, and then—I was going to say retrace their steps, but that would seem as if they were swimming with one leg on the bottom, wouldn't it? What I mean is, they had to swim half a mile downstream and then return.

Again we saw a thrilling duel between Harry Wharton and Mark Linley. But on this occasion the Lancashire lad lasted better, and in an exciting finish he beat Wharton by a yard. Only four fellows finished the course, which was not surprising, in the circumstances. The other two were Bob Cherry and Dick Penfold.

I came away with the impression that Linley is the best long-distance swimmer in the Remove, and that Vernon-Smith is the "star" performer over a short distance. Both these fellows should find places in the Remove team when the real Swimming Sports are contested.

THE real Swimming Sports, against the rival schools, will not take place until late in the summer. But the Remove organised a Grand Swimming Tournament early in the season, probably with a view to picking out their best men for later on.

I was asked to judge the various events, and to write a brief account of them for the "Greyfriars Herald." With my usual generosity—ahem!—I consented to do so.

The contests took place in the River Sark. And the first race was a straightforward one of fifty yards. There were no less than twenty entrants, with the result that there was a congestion at the start. Those who dived the farthest broke away the quickest, and had the best chance.

Harry Wharton was a hot favourite for this event, but he found himself sandwiched between Bull and Redwing, and could not get away.

Vernon-Smith, who had taken a beautiful dive, bobbed up yards in front of the others, and struck out strongly. He was never seriously challenged, and won rather easily by six yards. Cherry came in second.

The next event was the diving contest, and Vernon-Smith won this also, as I imagined he would, after the way he "took off" for the fifty yards' race. This junior has just the right build for a diver. He and Frank Nugent, both slim fellows, performed very gracefully; but Vernon-Smith was slightly superior, and I had no hesitation in awarding him the verdict.

Now came the quarter-mile, which called for plenty of stamina and endurance.

I saw Bunter preparing to take part in this event, and I asked him what he meant by it.

"Why, I'm going to win, of course, Wingate!" he replied.

"Go and put your clothes on, you

A special Prize-Giving Supplement next on the list!

SWIMMING SNAPSHOTS!

By BOB CHERRY.



OF the forty-two fellows in the Greyfriars Remove, no less than thirty-six are swimmers. The exceptions are Billy Bunter, Alonzo Todd, Wun Lung, Fisher T. Fish, Snoop, and Stott.

Judging by Bunter's talk, you would imagine he could swim like a fish (I don't mean a Fisher T. Fish). As a matter of fact, the fat junior makes a mighty splash, and thrashes the water like a whale, hoping that the onlookers will mistake this for swimming. But the onlookers weren't born yesterday!

The gentle Alonzo Todd finds the water little to his liking. "My Uncle Benjamin," says he, "considers that participation in aquatic sports would undermine my frail and delicate constitution. I once had a young cousin who took a chill while bathing. I don't know what he did for it; but it certainly did for him! When musing on his tragic fate, I always recall that very sensible little verse:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water!"

"Swimming is a sheer delight to some fellows, but personally I prefer to remain on 'terror firmer,' as Billy Bunter would say!"

Fisher T. Fish guesses and calculates that a cute business man has got no time for swimming. "One of these days, when I've exhausted all my money-making schemes," says Fishy, "I'll take a swim across the Herring Pond, and astonish the natives of Noo York City." Sounds big, Fishy, to talk of swimming across the Atlantic. But at the present moment you can't even swim across the Sark at its narrowest part!

Snoop and Stott dislike the water as cordially as Fish and Bunter. They can do a few jerky strokes, but no more, so they are not entitled to be classed as swimmers. Snoop is showing slight improvement this summer, and perhaps we shall be able to make a Captain Webb of him yet. Stranger things have happened! I look forward to the day when every fellow in the Remove can swim the length of the Courtfield Baths.

Which is the Best Summer Sport?

BOB CHERRY:

Cricket takes pride of place, in my opinion. Tennis, and cycling, and swimming are jolly nice in their way; but cricket has a charm of its own. Anyway, I feel more proud of making a century at cricket than at swimming from Pegg to Dover—a feat which Coker, of the Fifth, attempted, but failed dismally!

MARK LINLEY:

I don't suppose I shall find many fellows who will agree with me that swimming is the best summer sport; but I prefer it to all others. What could be nicer, on a scorching hot afternoon, than to lie on one's back in the cool water and float at leisure? Cricket can be very tiring at times, when there is a lot of leather-chasing to be done; but swimming is refreshing and grand. Anyway, I'm jolly thankful that river and sea are within a stone's throw of Greyfriars!

DICK PENFOLD:

Talk not to me of summer sport! I've just been on the tennis-court and played a dozen sets with Rake, who fairly thrashed me, no mistake! And so I'm hardly in a state to touch this topic—it must wait!

DICKY NUGENT:

I can't quite make up my mind which is the best summer sport. Sometimes I think cricket, and then paper-chasing, and then swimming, and then marbels; but I hezzitate to say which of these is the best; however, if you will give me six months to think it over—(Nuff said!—ED.)

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which I don't hold with no forms of sport, and what I says is this here: all sport ought to be abollicated. I've had my parlour-window broken six times this week with a cricket-ball, so my feelings in the matter is very strong. As for the young rips what keeps coming to me asking me to fish their marbles out of the drain-pipes, let me tell them that I'm a porter, I am; not a dratted explorer! And if any more marbles gets lost in the drain-pipes they stay there!



Bunter lets his imagination run riot—next Monday!

COKER'S SWIM!

By DICK PENFOLD.



When Coker started out to swim
From Pegg-on-Sea to Dover,
I'm glad to note he took a boat—
It was the Yellow Rover.

"It's only fifteen miles," said he,
"I'll see you later, Potter."
Why do you laugh, and jeer and chaff?
Dry up, you cackling rotter!"

"You'll never swim beyond the bay,"
Was Potter's gay prediction.
"Yes, you can squirm, but that's my firm
And resolute conviction!"

So Horace Coker started off,
Amid a peal of laughter;
The little craft, manned fore and aft
By fishermen, came after.

Ho hadn't gone a hundred yards
Before his strokes grey weary;
Ahead, the sea stretched endlessly,
In manner vast and dreary.

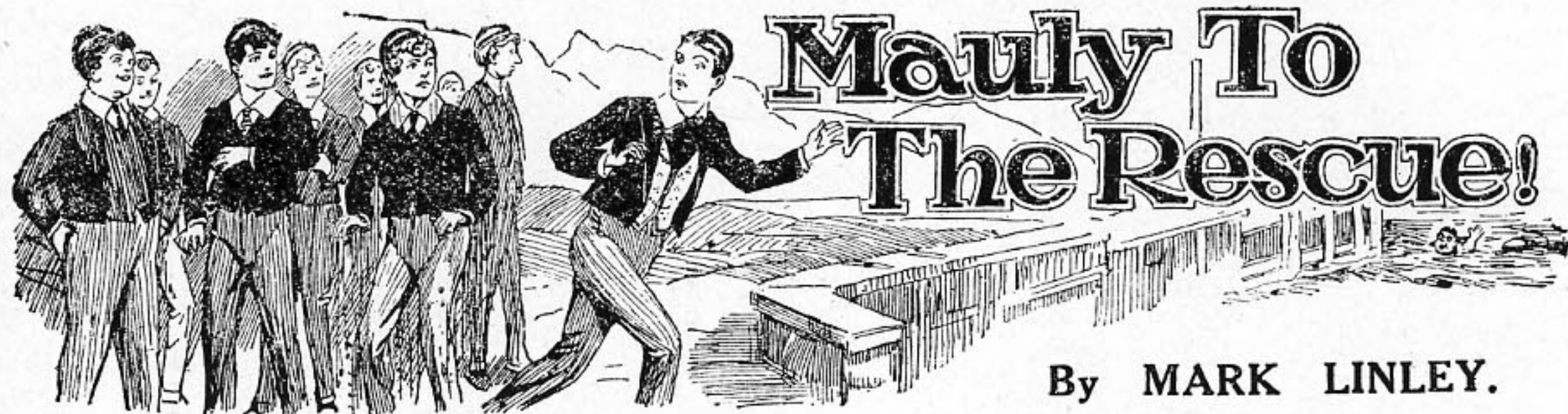
"I'm not so certain, after all,
That I shall swim to Dover,"
Old Coker roared to those on board.
"Just let me think it over!"

He struggled on a few more yards,
With energy diminished,
Then gave a shout, "Hi! Take me out.
I'm feeble, faint, and finished!"

With ready hands they hauled him in,
And grins were on their faces.
"Why, fifteen miles?" said Fisherman
Giles,
"He ain't come fifteen paces!"

They landed him upon the beach,
His chums were laughing loudly;
And Coker went into his tent
To dress—and far from proudly.

Said Fisherman Giles, who had a beard
Just like Sir Walter Raleigh:
"The likes of him will never swim
From Dover unto Calais!"



By MARK LINLEY.

A WEEK ago, if you had asked the average Greyfriars fellow what he thought of Lord Mauleverer as a swimmer he would have burst out laughing. But he wouldn't laugh now.

As a matter of fact, Mauly is one of the best swimmers in the Form—when he chooses to exert himself. The pity of it is he seldom chooses.

Mauly's idea of sea-bathing is to float idly on his back, with his hands clasped behind his head, and to let the waves take him whither they will.

But an incident occurred the other day which showed his lordship up in quite a different light.

It was Wednesday afternoon. There was no cricket match, and Harry Wharton & Co. went for a ramble along the coast. Mauly accompanied them.

They were tramping along the shore at Pegg when suddenly Bob Cherry gave a shout.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's our prize porpoise!"

Billy Bunter was bathing off the end of the jetty. The water was deep at that part, and the juniors began to look alarmed, for they knew that Bunter was no swimmer.

Bunter's antics increased their alarm. He was wildly thrashing the water, and shouting for help at the top of his voice.

"The—the silly chump!" muttered Nugent, turning pale. "He's got out of his depth."

It was a time for action, not words. And the action was taken by Bob Cherry.

Bob raced along the jetty till he reached the end. Then, without even pausing to take off his coat or shoes, he dived into the swirling water.

Suddenly Bunter ceased to struggle. His fat face, streaming with water, wore a broad grin as Bob Cherry came swimming towards him.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

Bob Cherry was frankly astonished. He couldn't understand it. Bunter had been bawling for help one moment, the next moment he was convulsed with merriment.

And then Bob saw that he had been fooled. The fat junior was not in difficulties at all. He was supported in the sea by a pair of water-wings.

"He, he, he! Ever been had, Cherry?"

Bob uttered a snort of rage. "You—you fat villain! You've made me get drenched for nothing! You wait till you come out of the water. I'll pulverise you!"

Bob Cherry swam ashore. He looked like a drenched terrier when he rejoined his chums.

"Spoofer!" shouted Bob angrily. "The fat rotter was yelling for nothing. He's got a pair of water-wings, and he's as right as rain."

"Oh, my hat!"

"When he comes out," hooted Bob, "I—I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Suddenly there was a fresh commotion.

Billy Bunter again began to thrash the water, and to yell wildly for help.

"Well, of all the nerve!" gasped Wharton. "He's actually trying to have us on toast again!"

Bunter turned an appealing face towards the shore. If he was acting, as the juniors thought, then he was playing his part perfectly. His face, apart from its appealing expression, was distorted with terror.

"Help! Rescue!" wailed the fat junior.

The juniors stood motionless.

"You don't catch me napping a second time, my pippin!" said Bob Cherry.

"I—I'm drowning!" came a bubbling cry from the plump bather.

"Drown away, then!" said Johnny Bull. "When you're washed ashore we'll have you stuffed and sent to the museum. 'Prize porpoise washed ashore at Pegg.'"



"Help, help!" cried Bunter. "I'm drowning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's struggles grew feebler. Perhaps he realised that it was not much use keeping up the deception.

And then Lord Mauleverer happened to notice something which had escaped the attention of his schoolfellows.

Bunter's water-wings had burst. They were now deflated and useless, and were being carried away on the outgoing tide.

Mauly gave a violent start.

"He's not shammin' this time, dear boys! He—he's drownin', begad!"

"Gammon!"

Lord Mauleverer didn't wait to argue the point. He sped along the jetty just as Bob Cherry had done a few moments before.

"Come back, you ass!" shouted Wharton.

But Mauly neither heard nor heeded. On reaching the end of the jetty he dived swiftly.

He came up within arm's length of the

struggling Bunter. And he saw at once that his fears were well founded.

Bunter was helpless without his water-wings. Had he kept a cool head he could have trod water for some time without difficulty. But it was not Bunter's way to keep a cool head in an emergency. The fat junior was in a state of panic.

"It's all serene!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Leave everythin' to me, Bunter; do as I tell you, an' you'll be all right."

But Bunter was a difficult person to rescue. He treated his rescuer as if he were a foe instead of a friend. His first action was to clutch wildly at Mauly's throat.

Lord Mauleverer shook himself free.

"Drop that!" he said sharply. "Turn over on your back, so that I can hold you under the arms."

But Billy Bunter was too hysterical to obey. He clutched at Lord Mauleverer as a shipwrecked person might clutch at a piece of wreckage.

There was only one thing to be done, and Mauly did it. He dealt Bunter a blow on the side of the head which temporarily dazed him. Then, in the approved life-saving fashion, he started to tow the fat junior to the shore.

Harry Wharton & Co. realised, by this time, that no play-acting was going on. And Bob Cherry, who had already had one ducking, and therefore didn't mind another, hurried in to the assistance of the schoolboy earl.

Bringing Bunter's huge bulk to shore was no easy matter, particularly as Lord Mauleverer was handicapped by clothes and shoes. But Mauly proved that he was a very strong swimmer, and that he had far greater powers of endurance than his schoolfellows had ever given him credit for possessing.

The assistance of Bob Cherry brought relief to Mauly. Between them they brought Bunter successfully to shore, and there was a cheer.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Mauly!"

Billy Bunter was dumped upon the sands. He was still dazed, but after an interval he opened his eyes.

The fellows expected him to gush with gratitude—to turn to Lord Mauleverer with tears in his eyes and thank him for having saved his worthless life.

Instead of which Bunter took their breath away by pointing to Lord Mauleverer and shouting indignantly:

"That rotter hit me on the head!"

"Why, you—you—" gasped Harry Wharton. "It was a jolly lucky thing for you that he did! Mauly saved your life, you ungrateful beast!"

"Well, he needn't have brained me in the process!" grumbled Bunter.

The juniors were too flabbergasted to reply. But when they got back to Greyfriars they told Bunter in plain language what they thought of him. And they gave him a record bumping into the bargain.

THE END.

Don't miss "Some Brains Suggestions," by Tom Brown—next week!



MY LIFE-SAVING FEATS!

By BILLY BUNTER.

shall have plezzure in putting his nose out of joint.

After I had saved Wharton I urged him to say nothing about it to the Royal Life-Saving Sossociety, bekwase I had gained so many meddles already for saving life that they might think I was greedy.

The very day after I fished Wharton out of the river Mr. Quelch was foolish enuff to topple off the jetty at Pegg, where he

was fishing.

Fortunately, I happened to be on the beach at the time, looking for winkles.

"Hi, Bunter!" yelled Mr. Quelch. "I've come a frightful cropper, and I'm in the very dickens of a hole! Come and fish me out, for the love of Mike!"

Those may not have been Quelch's actual words, but I'm giving you the jist of what he said.

Into the water I rushed, as brave as a lion. I grabbed the Form master by the scruff of the neck, and brought him ashore.

"I shall be internally grateful for this, Bunter!" he said. And yet the old tyrant canes me in class every day! He has long ago forgotten my gallant life-saving eggsploit.

But to show you how far ingrattitude can go, I will tell you of a little insident which occurred down at Margate, where I was spending a part of the summer vack.

I was laying back in a deck-chair, reading the "Boys' Friend." (An obvious fib, because no deck-chair would stand your weight!—ED.) Suddenly I heard a wild scream for help. Gazing out to see, what did I see? A small boy, bathing off the end of the pier, in the throes of cramp. His mother was

who funks will be a long time learning, if he learns at all.

I don't approve of non-swimmers being thrown into the deep end of the bath until they can manage to struggle out by themselves. Of course, there are big fellows at hand, ready to rescue the unfortunate victim; all the same, this is too drastic a method. The beginner should start to practice in about four feet of water, and a good instructor will soon put him through his paces, and make a swimmer of him in next to no time.

It is safe to assume that the great majority of my readers are swimmers. I am sure they will welcome our Special Swimming Number, which contains plenty of good fun, and also a few thrills.

Billy Bunter tells me that he doesn't intend to publish a Special Swimming Number of his WEEKLY—probably because he doesn't know the first thing about swimming! Bunter is certainly a porpoise—but not of the aquatic variety!

"Dog of Devon" (Exeter).—"Your Special Highwayman Number fairly made me howl!"—With laughter, we trust?

"Curious" (Chelmsford).—"What is Billy Bunter's circumference?" We have sent our fighting editor along with a tape-measure to find out.

dancing about on the beach in a distracted state.

"My poor George Henry!" she sobbed. "He is at the mercy of the brakers! Will no one save him?"

"You leave it to me, ma'am!" I said cheerfully. And with strong, swift strokes I made my way to the seen of the kallamity.

George Henry was pretty nearly a goner by the time I got to him. He had been under twelve times, and I knew that the thirteenth time would be the last.

He kicked and struggled something awful when I grabbed hold of him. First he got me by the throat, then he gave me a fearful crack on the ear, and then he kicked me. In all my long eggspereience as a life-saver I don't remember a more difficult job than this. But I tackled it with my usual curridge, and after a stern struggle I manngaged to get George Henry back to his mother.

I eggspected her to thrust her purse and all its kontents into my not-unwilling hands. But no! She turned on me like a dragon, and said:

"Fightin' with my George Henry in the water, you was! How dare you? You might have drowneded him!"

And then she rushed at me with her parrasole, and dealt hefty blows over every portion of my annatermy. I yelled, of corse, but more with serprise than with pane.

I am beginning to think that life-saving is not worth while. Nobody thinks any the better of you for it. My locker in the Remove dormitory is full of meddles and sustifficates I have reseaved from the Royal Life-Saving Sossociety, and all Greyfriars ought to be proud of me.

During the present summer I eggspect I shall save duzzens of people from drowning, but I sha'n't get so much as a "Thank you!" You see!

(Our plump contributor has let his imagination run riot this week. His own life has been saved on several occasions, but I can only recall one instance where he saved somebody else's. That was in connection with Miss Cora Quelch, and Bunter really covered himself with glory for once!—ED.)

R. J. K. (Manchester).—"Why doesn't the Famous Five become the Sporting Six, and take in Vernon-Smith?" Smithy prefers to be independent.

"Indignant" (Wimbledon).—"My pals all shout 'Walrus' at me because one tiny hair has appeared on my upper-lip. What shall I do about it?" Shave, my dear fellow, shave!

"Phantom" (Winchester).—"Is there really a Ghost of Greyfriars?" Well, I've never actually seen it, but I suppose there must be, because in one of his stories Mr. Frank Richards says, "Billy Bunter nearly gave up the ghost!" He could hardly do that if there were no ghost to give up, could he?



EDITORIAL AND BRIEF REPLIES!

By Harry Wharton.

IT goes without saying that every fellow ought to learn to swim, and to acquaint himself with the procedure of life-saving.

You never know when you may be called upon to assist someone who is in danger of drowning. And what could be more tragic than to stand helplessly on the river bank, utterly incapable of rendering assistance?

Many great men have regretted that they never took lessons in swimming, or taught themselves. The poet Shelley was one of these. His inability to swim cost him his life. At all events, had he been a swimmer he may have had a sporting chance of getting to shore when his boat was overturned in the Gulf of Leghorn. One writer says: "Shelley never ceased to regret that he, a man of thews and sinews like other men, had not mastered the simple art of swimming."

For it is a simple art. Some fellows pick it up amazingly quick. They take to the water like a duck. It is simply a question of self-confidence. The fellow

A supplement that scores a boundary every time—in the MAGNET!

A DEBT REPAID!

(Continued from page 12.)

did not know it was there? Ah! Hem! I—I understand! You may go, Levison." Mr. Quelch turned hastily away; his lips were twitching. Levison strode into the House, and took refuge in his study. He preferred solitude for a time, until the Removites had had time to tire of their little joke at his expense.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Indignant Brother!

VILLAIN!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Villain!"

Billy Bunter stood in an attitude of scornful denunciation. His fat right hand was raised; his podgy forefinger bore at Levison. His little round eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Levison had come upon Bunter in the Remove passage after tea. In that unexpected and surprising manner did Bunter greet him.

The St. Jim's junior stared at Bunter in amazement. There was a chuckle from several other fellows in the passage.

"Rascal!" continued Bunter.

"You fat idiot——"

"Dastard!"

"Is the fat duffer mad?" exclaimed Levison, in utter astonishment. "Anybody know what's biting him?"

"I'm going to put my foot down!" said Bunter, with dignified wrath. "You—you serpent!"

"What?"

"Serpent!" roared Bunter.

"Go it, Bunter!" yelled Skinner.

"Pile it on! Give him jip!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I'm warning you, you rotter!" continued Bunter. "Keep clear of Cliff House after this! That's all!"

"Cliff House?" ejaculated Levison.

"Oh, don't pretend that you don't understand!" said the Owl of the Remove scornfully. "I refuse to allow you to go to Cliff House mooching after Bessie!"

"Bessie?" shrieked Levison.

"Bessie wouldn't look at you!" resumed Bunter. "In any case, as her brother, I'm putting my foot down. Keep off the grass!"

"You crass dummy!"

"Giving my sister Bessie the glad eye!" said Bunter indignantly. "I've a jolly good mind to wallop you!"

"I never——"

"You needn't deny it, Levison! Mind, I'm not surprised," said Bunter, more amicably. "Bessie's got her share of the good looks of the family!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Snoop.

"The girls ain't so good-looking as the boys in our family," said Bunter; "still, they are handsome. Bessie is a Bunter, and I'm not surprised when fellows give her sheep's eyes. But you're barred, Levison. I'm not going to allow you to make up to Bessie!"

"You fat frog!" shouted Levison, in great wrath. "Haven't you sense enough to know that Skinner has only been stuffing you? Haven't you the brains of a bunny-rabbit?"

"It's no good trying to get out of it like that, Levison. I want you to understand that my foot's down. You've got to keep clear of Cliff House. I refuse to allow you to go after Bessie!"

The fellows in the Remove passage were shrieking. Bunter was evidently taking Skinner's yarn with great seriousness, and coming out strong as the indignant brother. That was really the last straw. The most inveterate "masher" might have been expected to hesitate when it came to "mashing" Miss Bessie Bunter. Apparently that wasn't William George Bunter's opinion. He had—all to himself—a fixed belief in the good looks and fascinating charms of the Bunter family.

"It's got to stop!" added Bunter sternly.

"There's nothing to stop!" roared Levison.

"You've got to chuck it! Trifling with Bessie——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's the conduct of a villain, a rotter, a dastard, and—and lots of things like that!" said Bunter. "I despise you, Levison! As Bessie's natural protector, I'm putting my foot down. I'm squashing the serpent—you're a serpent, you know! Catch on?"

Levison breathed hard.

"I'll jolly well squash you, if you give me any more of your rot!" he exclaimed.

"Punch him, Bunter!" yelled Skinner. "Stand up for Bessie!"

"Back up, Bunter!" chortled Bolsover major. "I'll be your second! I'll hold your barnacles!"

"I—I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?" asked Bob Cherry, coming along from Study No. 13.

"Fight between Bunter and Levison!" said Skinner blandly.

"What!"

"Bunter's going to thrash Levison for giving his sister the glad eye!" howled Russell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

"Go for him, Bunter!" shouted Ogilvy. "He's backing out!"

Levison was retreating along the passage, anxious to get out of the ridiculous scene. Billy Bunter was encouraged by his retreat, and he allowed his friends to urge him forward.

"Stop!" he shouted.

"Oh, go and eat coke, you fat ass!" snapped Levison.

"Coward!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison grinned. That taunt from Billy Bunter did not hit him very hard. He backed out of the crowd.

"Funk!" roared Bunter.

"Go for his nose, Bunter!" exclaimed Skinner.

"I'm going to thrash him!" exclaimed Bunter. "Hold my spectacles, Skinner. Now then, Levison!"

"You silly ass!"

"Stop him!"

Bolsover major and half a dozen other fellows, eager for the fun, hustled round Levison, and hustled him back towards the Owl of the Remove. Bunter on the war-path was a sight worth seeing.

"For goodness' sake, stop rotting!" exclaimed Levison, shoving Bolsover major back.

"Stand up to Bunter!" grinned Skinner. "You shouldn't go around throwing sheep's eyes at Bessie if you didn't want Bunter to call you to account."

"Hear, hear!"

"Stand up to him, Bunter!"

"I'm ready! He's a funk—he's dodging!" howled Bunter. "Make him come up. I'll give you sheep's eyes, you serpent! I'll give you glad eyes, you trifling villain! Come on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter brandished his podgy fists and advanced on Levison in the most warlike manner. Bolsover kindly held his glasses; Bunter's spectacles were rather a handicap in a scrap. Unfortunately, without them, the Owl of the Remove saw all things in a mist. He pranced up to Levison, whose retreat was cut off by the laughing juniors, and delivered a terrific drive. A drive with Bunter's weight behind it was no joke. Unhappily for the humorist of the Remove, Bunter—seeing things in a mist—mistook Skinner for Levison.

Crash!

Skinner had not been expecting that drive. Naturally, he was not on the look-out for it. It took him quite by surprise.

Skinner went crashing to the floor, with a terrific yell that woke every echo of the Remove passage.

"Yaroooooop!"

"Yah! Got him down first whack!" gasped Bunter. "Get up, you rotter! Get up, you funk! I'll teach you to chuck sheep's eyes at Bessie, you villain! Get up and have some more!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The juniors were almost in hysterics. Levison yelled with laughter. Bunter, still seeing things "as in a glass darkly," was under the impression that he had knocked Levison down—while it was Skinner who sprawled and roared at his feet.

"Ow!" gasped Skinner, clasping his nose with anguish as he sat up. Crimson streamed through his fingers. "Ow! My nose! Wow! Groogh! Oh! Ah! Um! Ooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bunter!" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"Bravo, Bunter! Give Skinner some more!" shouted Wharton.

Bunter jumped.

"Skinner!" he ejaculated. "Wasn't that Levison?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll show you whether it was Levison, you blind owl!" spluttered Skinner, scrambling to his feet.

He fairly hurled himself at the Owl of the Remove. The humour of the situation was quite lost on Skinner now. The damage to his nose was a serious matter—to Skinner, at least, though the other fellows seemed to think it funny.

Levison grabbed Skinner just in time by the back of the collar. Skinner was dragged back.

"Let go!" he roared.

"Cheese it!" said Levison coolly. "You set on that fat idiot to play the goat—and you're not going to punch him!"

"Look at my nose!"

"I'll give you an eye to match if you touch Bunter," said the St. Jim's junior coolly.

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Cheese it, Skinner! It's really funny, you know, if you could only see it."

"The honourable nose looks terrifically funny," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"I—I'll——"

"You won't!" said Levison, and with a swing of his athletic arm, he spun Skinner along the passage. "Hook it, Bunter, you ass!"

"I—I say, Skinner——" stammered Bunter.

"Wait till I get at you!" gasped Skinner.

"Gimme my specs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter grabbed his spectacles,

Who wants some pocket-money? See pages 2 and 20!

jabbed them on his fat little nose, and fled. Apparently he did not want to wait till Skinner "got at" him. Levison chuckled, and went into his study. The indignant brother was gone, and "Skinner's latest" had rather recoiled on the humorous Skinner himself. For quite a long time Harold Skinner was busy in a bath-room, bathing his hapless nose; and when he appeared in public again his nose was crimson and swollen and decidedly ornamental—rather in the rococo style, as the Bounder remarked. And for that evening, at least, Skinner was the least humorous of humorists.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Takes a Hand!

HERBERT VERNON - SMITH stood at his study window on Saturday afternoon, looking into the quadrangle. There was an unusually pleasant expression on the rather hard face of the Bounder; and Tom Redwing, his study-mate glancing at him, wondered what had brought it there. He smiled as he joined the Bounder at the window. Down below a graceful, girlish form could be seen coming towards the School House.

"Marjorie Hazeldene!" said Redwing. "She's coming to see her brother, of course," said the Bounder. "Poor old Hazel!"

Redwing looked at him.

"Why 'poor old Hazel'?" he asked. "I wish I had a sister like that."

"I dare say you'd appreciate the gifts of the gods more than Hazel does!" grinned the Bounder. "I know I should! But I fancy Miss Marjorie is about the last person that Hazel wants to see to-day. Redwing, old man, will you ask Hazel to come along here and speak to me?"

"Certainly!"

Redwing wondered a little what was in the Bounder's mind; but he never asked questions. He left the study, and a minute or two later Hazeldene came in with a lowering, sullen face. He gave the Bounder a hostile look.

"Redwing says you want to speak to me!" he grunted.

"You've got it!" assented the Bounder. "Look here!" He indicated the window.

Hazel scowled at the sight of Marjorie in the quadrangle. The girl had stopped to speak to Harry Wharton there.

The Bounder regarded the scapegrace of the Remove curiously.

"You've never settled with Levison about that tenner," he said.

"No business of yours. Is that what you wanted to speak to me about?"

"That's it!"

"Like your cheek, then! It doesn't concern you!"

"Well, it does a little, as I lent Levison the tenner."

"You did it with your eyes open," said Hazel sullenly. "You refused to lend it to me when I asked you. Go and eat coke! I don't care twopence whether you get your money back or not."

"Marjorie does!" said the Bounder significantly.

Hazel's brow grew blacker.

"Oh, you're pretty keen!" he said savagely. "I suppose you can guess that Marjorie, now she knows about it, is bothering me to settle with Levison. Well I can't; and I'm not specially keen to do it, either. Levison shouldn't have butted into my affairs, if he didn't want to take the consequences."

"He seems to be taking them," drawled the Bounder. "He's quite determined to settle with me—and he doesn't expect you to settle with him—and that means he will have to shell out all his pocket-money for a long time to come."

"Well, I can't help it, can I?" snapped Hazel uneasily. "I'd settle if I could. I've told Marjorie that. I'm not going to be worried about it—and I shall tell her that, too."

"Levison won't be here much longer," remarked the Bounder. "He will have to get back to St. Jim's in a week or two. You ought to pay him before he goes—even if you have to borrow the money in the Remove to do it. With a Greyfriars fellow you could let the debt stand over longer."

Hazel laughed angrily.

"Catch any fellow lending me ten pounds—even if a fellow had it to lend," he sneered. "You could, but you wouldn't! And I'm not going to let Marjorie sell her gold watch—" He checked himself suddenly.

"Oh, that's the idea, is it?" said the Bounder, with a curl of the lip.

"It's her idea, not mine," said Hazel sullenly. "I won't have it, though; they'd ask about it at home, and—and—"

"I see. Suppose I lent you the money?"

"Oh, don't try to pull my leg! Catch you lending a fellow a hand to get out of a scrape."

The Bounder coloured.

"I didn't ask you here simply for the pleasure of your conversation, Hazel, delightful as it is. If you want to square Levison, I'll lend you the money—on one condition."

Hazel's face brightened.

"I say, you're not such a bad chap, Smithy," he said. "Excuse what I said; I've been no end worried about this, and my temper's suffered. Of course, I'd like to square Levison—it's a shame to stick him for a sum like that, when he's not got any too much money. But—"

"There's the condition."

"Well, what's the condition? You're not a fellow to ask interest on a loan, like that cad Fishy."

"I hope not," said the Bounder dryly. "The condition is, that you don't tell a single soul that you borrowed the money from me. Not Levison, not your sister. Not a soul. Catch on?"

Hazel stared at him.

"Blessed if I understand you," he said. "I—I should have thought you'd rather want to swank about lending tenners."

"Well, I don't!" said the Bounder tartly. "That's the condition. I'll lend you the tenner on your promise that not a single soul ever knows that it came from me."

"Done!" said Hazel with a laugh. "I don't see your motive, but that suits me down to the ground, of course. I'd rather let Levison suppose that I've paid him off my own bat."

"Right-ho, then," said the Bounder. He took out his pocket-book. "Get it over before your sister mentions the subject again."

"You bet!"

Hazel seemed scarcely able to believe his eyes as the Bounder counted out ten pound notes. He grasped them eagerly.

"I—I say, this is awfully decent of you, Smithy," he faltered. "I—I'm really very much obliged. When do you want this back?"

"Same date that you would have paid Levison!" said the Bounder ironically.

Hazel winced.

"Next term," he said.

"Any old thing," yawned the Bounder.

Hazel shoved the pound notes into his pocket and left the study. The Bounder looked after him with a cynical grin. The millionaire's son had plenty of money; but it was not like him to part with it easily—it was very unlike him. But Vernon-Smith had his reasons. He had not forgotten his old obligation to Levison, of St. Jim's; he had a good memory for benefits as well as offences. And he was very unwilling to let the burden of the debt remain on Levison's shoulders. The pound notes were coming back to him—through Levison. But if the St. Jim's junior had known that Smithy provided the money he certainly would not have accepted it from Hazel; he would have known that it was only a "dodge" of the Bounder's to relieve him of the debt, for it was quite certain that Hazel would never repay the Bounder.

Hazeldene did not trouble to think out Smithy's motives; that detail did not interest him. He was only too glad that the source of his supply was to be kept a secret.

He went cheerily along the Remove passage to the stairs.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry hailed him from the staircase. "Marjorie's comé, Hazel."

"Right-ho, old scout," said Hazel with unaccustomed cordiality. And he went downstairs with Bob.

His face was bright and smiling as he joined Marjorie. The girl's own face brightened as she saw his looks. She went into the visitors' room with her brother.

"You're staying to tea in the study, old girl?" asked Hazel, with more affection than he was wont to show to Marjorie. Hazel was affectionate enough when his mind was at ease, and when he could forget himself and his own affairs for a little while.

"Yes, Hazel, if you like," said Marjorie. "You're looking very cheerful. I—I was going to speak about—"

"I know! That's all right now. I'm settling with Levison this afternoon," said Hazel.

"You have the money?" exclaimed Marjorie in astonishment.

Hazel tapped his pocket.

"Yes, that's all right."

"But how—"

Hazel's irritable look returned.

"Look here, I've got it, and it's all right," he said. "No need to worry any further. Let's go and walk round the quad till tea-time."

Marjorie asked no more questions; Hazel was not a fellow to be questioned. But he looked so cheerful and at ease that she was fain to believe that it was "all right," as he declared, and to let the matter rest at that. She went out into the quadrangle with Hazel, and Bob Cherry was not long in joining them; and Hazel soon left Marjorie with Bob, and went to look for Levison.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Levison in Luck!

I SAY, old fellow—"Oh, clear off, Bunter!" exclaimed Levison.

"But, I say—"

"Cut!"

Ernest Levison was busy in his study when Billy Bunter rolled in.

The Owl of the Remove was, apparently, no longer the indignant brother.

Cecil Ponsonby receives the hiding of his life next Monday—

He was quite friendly. Perhaps Levison's occupation had something to do with that.

The St. Jim's junior was counting up a little heap of coins, with a couple of ten-shilling notes, apparently making a careful calculation of his financial resources. Bunter's eyes opened wide behind his spectacles at the sight of the money.

Levison, as a matter of fact, having received his allowance, was calculating just how little he could manage on for the ensuing week, and just how much he could spare as an instalment on his debt to the Bounder. In that/serious occupation he did not want interruptions.

"I won't interrupt you, old fellow," said Bunter, beaming on Levison. "I say, old fellow, I'm willing to be friends."

"Buzz off!"

"About Bessie——"

"Dry up, for goodness' sake!"

"That beast, Skinner, was pulling my leg, you know," said the Owl of the Remove. "I say, Levison, do you want those ten-shilling notes specially to-day?"

"Yes, ass!"

"I'm expecting a postal order for ten shillings on Monday," explained Bunter. "If you cared to lend me the ten bob now, I'd hand you the postal order when it comes. It would come to the same thing, you know."

"Br-r-r-r."

"Did you say I could have one, Levison?" A thievish, fat hand was slyly extended towards the notes.

Crash! A ruler descended on the table within an inch of Billy Bunter's fat paw, and the Owl of the Remove jerked back the paw in a great hurry.

"Oh, really, Levison——"

"Will you travel off?" roared the exasperated Levison.

"Hem! I say, old chap," Bunter lowered his voice confidentially, "I'm going over to Cliff House."

"Go, then, you fat duffer! The sooner the better," growled Levison.

"Like to come?"

"What?"

Bunter nodded and grinned. "I mean it," he said. "I'll take you with me—to see Bessie, you know."

Levison stared blankly at the fat junior. The indignant brother had changed into a very amiable brother. The St. Jim's junior burst into a laugh.

"Honest Injun!" said Bunter.

"You fat duffer——"

"I'll put in a word for you!" whispered Bunter.

"A-a-a word for me?" stuttered Levison.

"Yes. I mean it! I'll put in a word for you with Bessie."

Billy Bunter blinked at Levison, and nodded and grinned again. He even went to the length of winking at him.

Levison burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," said Bunter. "I mean it, Levison. I'll help you on with Bessie! I will, really! D-d-did you say you'd lend me ten bob, old chap?"

Levison rose to his feet. Even Bunter's generous offer to put in a word for him with Bessie did not seem to have impressed him. He took Bunter by the collar and led him to the door.

"I—I say, old chap——" gasped Bunter.

"Bunk!"

"But, I say! I—I'll tell Bessie what a splendid chap you are. I will, really! I'll—I'll make it all right for you! Yaroooooh!"

Levison raised his right foot, and it came into sudden contact with Bunter's tight trousers.

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Beast!" roared Bunter.

He shook a fat fist at Levison, and rolled away down the Remove passage, evidently no longer with the amiable intention of putting in a word for Levison, and helping that youth into the good graces of Bessie Bunter.

Levison returned to the study table, and sat down to his calculations again. He had just finished when there was another caller. Hazeldene walked in. He surprised his study-mate by bestowing upon him a nod and an agreeable smile.

"Hallo! Counting up your giddy wealth?" he said with a laugh.

"That's it," said Levison. "I shall be able to let Smithy have a pound off his tenner to-day."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Hazel with a slight sneer. "You don't expect to get anything from me, I suppose?"

Levison looked at him.

"Well, no," he said, "I don't! What's the good of beating about the bush? You can't square, and I fancy you're not specially keen to do so, either. Anyhow, I'm not going to dun you."

"You don't need to dun me, as it happens," said Hazel coolly. "I happen to have the money, Levison."

He slammed the ten notes on the table with a flourish.

"There you are!" he said.

Ernest Levison made no motion to take the money. His face became very grave.

"Better count it," said Hazel.

"Hold on!" said Levison quietly. "You've come into this money rather suddenly, Hazel?"

"Do you think I've pinched it from the Head's safe?" sneered Hazel.

"Don't be an ass! I've told you I'm not dunning you for the money," answered the St. Jim's junior. "Will you tell me where it came from?"

"That's my business, isn't it?"

"Yes, in a way. But——"

"But what?" sneered Hazel.

"I'd better speak out plainly," said Levison. "I'm not going to take your sister's money, Hazel."

"Oh, is that it?" sneered Hazeldene. "Well, you needn't worry. I may tell you that Marjorie offered to sell her gold watch to find the money, and I wouldn't let her do it. This doesn't come from Marjorie—not that it's any business of yours."

"I think it is my business, to that extent," said Levison in the same quiet tone. "You have no right to ask me to take Marjorie's money, and if it is hers I refuse to take it."

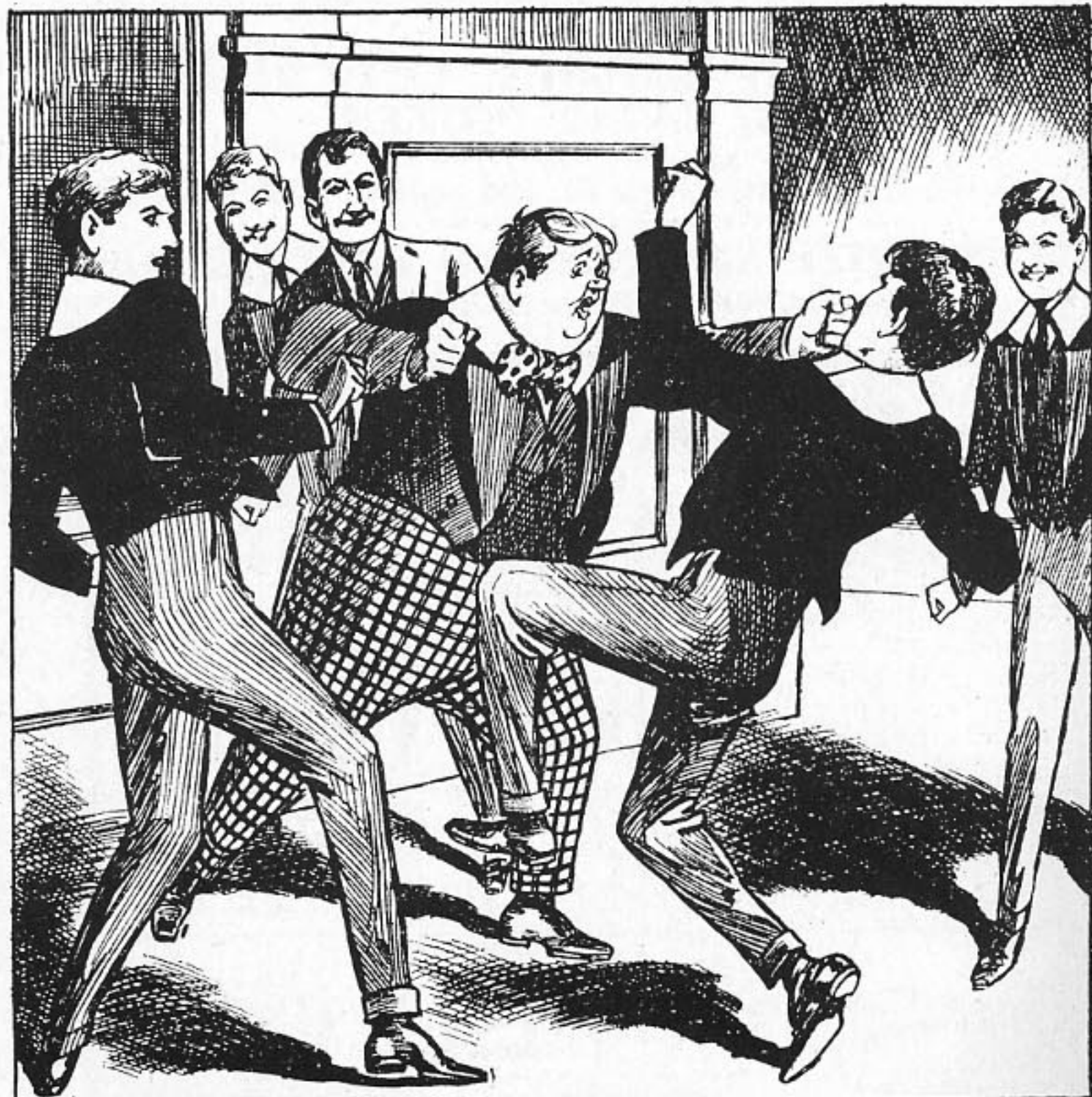
Hazel shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it isn't," he said. "Marjorie couldn't raise ten quids to save her life, except by selling her gold watch; and if you're curious, you can see it on her wrist, as she's coming here to tea. Can't you take my word for it, confound you?"

"If you give me your word this isn't from Marjorie——"

"Well, I do give you my word!" snapped Hazel.

"That's good enough," said Levison.



Bunter pranced up to Levison and delivered a terrific drive. Unhappily for Skinner, Bunter mistook him for Levison. Crash! "Yoop!" The humorist of the Remove went crashing to the floor. "Yah! Got him first whack!" gasped Bunter. (See Chapter 9.)

—and the plot he weaves recoils on his own head!

And he picked up the little heap of pound notes.

"That's settled!" said Hazel. "I'm glad it's off my mind."

"I'm glad it's off mine, too," said Levison with a smile. "I can settle with Smithy in a lump now, and—and it means a big relief to me for next term, Hazel. I'm much obliged to you."

"What rot!" grunted Hazel. "You had no right to suppose that I shouldn't square."

Levison made no reply to that. He left the study with a light step. The repayment of Hazel's debt to him simplified matters very much for the St. Jim's junior. He walked along cheerily to Study No. 4, and tapped at the door and looked in.

"Trot in," said Vernon-Smith with a nod. "You're looking very chippy, Levison. Has Bessie Bunter smiled on you?"

Levison laughed.

"Ass!" he said politely. "I'm feeling rather chippy, Smithy. Hazel's paid me the ten quids."

"Great Scott!"

"Well, it rather surprised me," said Levison. "As a matter of fact, I never expected it. I can settle up now."

He laid the ten notes on the table.

"Hazel's given me his word that it's not from Marjorie," he added quickly. "I wouldn't have touched it otherwise. I think Hazel's word is good enough on that, don't you?"

"Oh, quite!" said the Bounder carelessly.

He stuffed the ten notes into his pocket-book, Levison little dreaming

that they had occupied the same place an hour earlier.

"Let's go down and talk to the distinguished visitor," suggested the Bounder, who had his own reasons for wishing the affair of the ten pounds to sink into oblivion without discussion.

"Right-ho!" said Levison.

And the two juniors went downstairs together, and Marjorie greeted Ernest Levison with a very sweet smile.

There was quite a happy tea-party in Study No. 2, Hazeldene and Levison doing the honours, and Harry Wharton & Co. and Vernon-Smith being specially invited to meet the honoured guest. Billy Bunter rolled in, and Levison picked up a cushion.

"You chuck that cushion——" Bunter began.

"Roll away!"

"And I'll tell Bessie——"

"What?"

"And she won't speak to you again!" said Bunter impressively.

"You—you——" gasped Levison.

"I mean it!" said Bunter.

Whiz!

Perhaps Bunter's warning was an added inducement to hurl the cushion. At all events, it was hurled with deadly aim, and Bunter and the cushion rolled into the passage together.

THE END.

(There is another magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, next Monday, entitled "THE HAND OF THE ENEMY!" Mr. Frank Richards has excelled himself in this fine yarn. Don't miss it, chums!)

READERS' NOTICES.

Miss E. Edwards, 1, Victoria Lane, Maindee, Newport, Mon., wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 15-16; all letters answered.

Fred W. Woolley, 20, Hollings Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs, wishes to correspond with readers about the Companion Papers.

Evan G. White, 2, David's Terrace, Pentremalwed, Morriston, Swansea, South Wales, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere on any subject.

Stanley Histon, 3, Egremont Drive, Gateshead, wishes to correspond with readers who are keen on sports photos and cigarette cards.

Amateur authors should communicate with S. Ryan, office of the "Boys' Companion" (amateur magazine), St. Brendan's Cross Avenue, Booterstown, Co. Dublin.

Arthur B. Perry, 3, West View Villas, Dimsdale, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent, wishes to correspond with readers interested in amateur acting, and motion-picture production; ages 17 up.

Jim Kelly, c.o. Mr. J. Margallis, 206, Mile End Road, London, E. 1, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in stamps, and newspapers.

Bob Kane, c.o. 257, Mile End Road, London, E. 1, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Scouts especially asked.

Jack Green, c.o. 37, Highfield Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs, England, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

GRAND NEW CRICKET COMPETITION! BIG CASH PRIZES.

Solve the Simple Picture-puzzle, and send in your solution.

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s.
Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid Cricket competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a simple history of Yorkshire Cricket Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Yorkshire" Competition, MAGNET Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, May 24th, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be regarded as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," "Gem," and "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter "Yorkshire" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address

M.



HIGH FREQUENCY CURRENTS (OSCILLATING CURRENTS).

—When an aerial wire is being charged a current of electricity flows into it in large quantities at first, but gradually diminishing until the wire is fully charged. When the wire is fully charged the current stops flowing into the wire and begins to flow out of it as the aerial discharges. This surging to and fro of the current caused by charging and discharging of the aerial is called an oscillating current.

It has been explained that wave-length equals $\text{Velocity} \div \text{Frequency}$, therefore, because the velocity of pressure-waves in ether is constant, namely, 300,000,000 metres per second, it follows that the wave-length may be varied by altering the frequency of the waves. To produce a wave-length of 300 metres a wave frequency of 1,000,000 per second would be required. These high frequencies cause these currents to be named High Frequency or Oscillatory Currents.

These currents may be produced by charging a condenser, then discharging it by connecting the two opposite plates together by means of a conductor. The current flows from the positively charged plate to the negatively charged plate, and because of inductance it continues to flow even after the plates are at the same potential, so that the plate that was formerly negatively charged becomes positively charged, but not to the same voltage as before, because some of the pressure has been used to overcome resistance, and also to create a pressure pulse in the ether. Immediately the current stops flowing in one direction it commences to flow in the other direction. That is, it surges to and fro, but each time with less strength than before, until it finally stops flowing altogether. It is important to note that in these oscillations the frequency remains constant; that is, the time of the swing does not alter; the amplitude decreases, but the frequency remains the same.

OSCILLATORY CIRCUIT.—The frequency of the current flowing in an oscillatory circuit, and therefore the wave-length, is decided by the inductance and the capacity of the circuit.

OSCILLATION CONSTANT.—The wave-length produced is equal to the square root of the capacity in microfarads multiplied by the square root of the inductance in microhenrys.

OSCILLATION TRANSFORMER (JIGGER).—Apparatus for transforming trains of oscillations from one circuit to another.

CONDENSERS IN PARALLEL.—Increase the total capacity; it has the same effect as increasing the size of the plates. The capacity is equal to the sum of the separate capacities of the condensers in parallel.

CONDENSERS IN SERIES.—Decrease total capacity.

INDUCTANCES IN PARALLEL.—Decrease total inductance.

INDUCTANCES IN SERIES.—Increase total inductance.

CRYSTAL DETECTOR.—Constructed because certain combinations of metallic crystals, or of crystals and metals, permit a current to pass more readily in one direction than the other, thus rectifying a train of oscillations by converting it into an intermittent direct current for use in connection with a sensitive telephone.

CRYSTALS.

BORNITE.—A crystal rectifier used in connection with Zincite. It is a copper ore composed of approximately 60 parts copper, 14 parts iron, and 26 parts matrix crystals.

CARBORUNDUM.—Artificial silicate of carbon, produced in an electric furnace. Varies in colour from grey to purple. Silver-grey is a most sensitive detector.

COPPER PYRITES.—Copper sulphate of brass-yellow colour. Low potential rectifier used in conjunction with Zincite and Tellurium.

GALENA.—Crystal sulphide of lead. The cubical crystal is a non-potential rectifier. It is a thermo-electric detector used with an adjustable graphite point resting on its surface.

IRON PYRITES.—Iron sulphide. Has the appearance of gold—and is sometimes called "fools' gold"—is a sensitive rectifier when used with a phosphor-brone or gold point.

SILICON.—Fused silicon is a potential crystal rectifier used in contact with copper, antimony, arsenic, bismuth, gold or steel.

TELLURIUM.—Used as a rectifier in contact with copper, galena, or zincite.

ZINCITE.—Oxide of zinc, red in colour. Low potential crystal rectifier used with bornite, but most sensitive with copper pyrites.

ACCUMULATOR OR SECONDARY CELL.—One built up of plates made of lead sulphate and filled with acid, all contained in a suitable receptacle made of glass, celluloid, or some other suitable substance. Before using, the plates require "forming" by passing a current through the cell, which process is known as charging. The maximum voltage of a cell of this type is 2.5 volts. When the voltage drops to 1.18 volts the cell requires recharging. When the cell is fully charged the specific gravity of the acid should be at least 1.2, and when discharged it should be about 1.17.

ACCUMULATOR CONNECTORS.—These are short conductors with lugs at each end so as to enable them to be

readily connected to the accumulator terminals. They are used for connecting accumulators.

AERIAL.—Name given to a system of wires which are suspended above but insulated from the ground, and connected through suitable apparatus to earth. An aerial is used for the radiation or reception of energy transmitted in ether waves from oscillations flowing along the aerial in the case of radiation, and across it in the case of reception.

There are many forms of aerial, one being a **BALANCING AERIAL**, so called because it is used in Duplex Stations, and consists of a low horizontal extra aerial placed at right-angles to the receiving aerial, and is fitted with coils so arranged that its own transmitted signals are balanced out.

The **BELLINI TOSI AERIAL** is of a square or triangular form, having its base above and parallel to the earth. Strongest radiation or reception is in the plane of the aerial, while the zero point is at right-angles to the plane of the aerial.

The **CAGE AERIAL** is one in which the wires are held in position around a star-shaped spreader. This type of aerial is used by the British Admiralty, and may be observed on our warships.

A **FRAME AERIAL** consists of a large single coil of wire built up around a suitable supporting frame.

The most common form of aerial used by amateurs is the **INVERTED L AERIAL**, which is one where the leading down wire is taken off one end of the horizontal wire.

A **T AERIAL** is one in which the leading down wire is taken off the centre of the horizontal, thus forming a letter "T."

An **UMBRELLA AERIAL** is one where the wires radiate from a central mast in very much the same manner as the ribs of an umbrella radiate from the stick.

A **DIRECTIVE AERIAL** is a looped aerial, which gives greatest radiation in the plane of the aerial and in the direction of the loop that is in the opposite direction to the direction in which the open end points.

An **EARTHED AERIAL** is any aerial using the earth as balancing capacity.

When any apparatus is placed in series with the aerial, for the purpose of artificially varying its electrical length or frequency, the aerial is said to be loaded. Thus, by placing a condenser or inductance, or both, in series with the aerial, you load the aerial. An unloaded aerial is one in which no capacity or inductance is added for tuning purposes.

(To be continued next Monday.)

Another ripping Wireless article next week, chums!

The Treasure of Wong Moh!

By
**OWEN
CONQUEST.**



Being another thrilling adventure of Ferrers Locke amongst the powerful secret society, the Hoa Hang Tong, whose downfall he has sworn to accomplish. Recounted in vivid style by your favourite author.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Before the Supreme Tribunal!

IN a smoke-filled gaming-room behind Wing Chow's grocery shop in Hempten Causeway, Limehouse, sat a well-knit, haggard-looking man in an old reefer suit and a blue scarf. A cigarette hung unlighted from between his lips; a pile of newspapers were littered about his chair.

Nearby two or three Chinese were gathered about a fellow-countryman who was throwing a dice on a green, numbered cloth. The white man in the reefer suit seemed scarcely to be aware of their existence, for his head was buried in one of the newspapers.

Presently old Wing Chow himself, the proprietor of the grocery shop and gambling den, entered and touched the Englishman on the shoulder.

"You no wanchee play chuck-a-luck this afternoon, Pompey Cree," he muttered. "Velly niceo game for passing the time."

"I know; but I don't feel like it. What's the time, Chow?"

"Tlee o'clock." The Chinaman put his wizened face nearer and whispered: "In half an hour I come for you. Li Fang say that he see you at four o'clock. Me tinkee better be early. Li Fang no likee if we are late. Here is an evening paper. Maybe you likee see it?"

The Chinaman handed over the newspaper, and ambled back through a narrow passage to his shop.

In reality old Wing Chow, though known to most people in Hempten Causeway only as a grocer, was a member of the notorious Hoa Hang Tong, a Chinese secret society, whose headquarters were in Peking, and whose criminal activities were world-wide.

And Wing Chow fondly imagined in the white man he was sheltering at the back of his premises was Pompey Cree, an ex-mercantile marine officer, and a useful member of the same secret society.

It would have been a shock to the old Chink could he have known that his haggard-looking guest was really Ferrers Locke, the world's greatest private detective!

Strange circumstances had brought Ferrers Locke into hiding in Limehouse. The sleuth was aware that Pompey Cree, the desperado who had been mixed up with the Hoa Hangs, had been dumped into the River Thames by Chinese, who had been under the impression that they were disposing of the body of Locke himself. Locke had seized his opportunity, and had penetrated some of the innermost haunts of the Tong in the guise of Pompey Cree. He, in this role, had even been given credit for having slain Ferrers Locke. At most times this curious situation would have afforded Locke some amusement, but now he knew that his life was in the deadliest peril.

He and a Chinese named Chang Lung had been selected by the Tong to bring about the death of Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard. But Ferrers Locke, in the nick of time, had saved the life of his old friend of the C.I.D. from the murderous Tongman. Luckily, Chang Lung, who had been captured, had not been aware of the cause of his failure, and Pycroft, owing to Locke's own special request, had made nothing public about the actual happenings of the previous night when this episode had taken place.

The general public believed Locke dead. And now as the sleuth, in the guise of Pompey Cree, sat in Wing Chow's premises, he was highly relieved to find that Pycroft had stuck to his word and not mentioned him in connection with the Chang Lung affair.

"Egad," muttered Locke to himself, "but I'm not out of the wood yet!"

He was thinking of the summons conveyed to him by Wing Chow. At four o'clock he was to appear before Mr. Fang—or the Yellow Spider, as he was

sometimes called—and the supreme tribunal of the infamous Hoa Hangs. This, Locke gravely suspected, was likely to prove an ordeal of the most nerve-trying kind. But Ferrers Locke had sworn to break up the English branch of the Hoa Hang Society, and he did not regret putting his head into the lion's mouth again.

He turned to the evening paper which Wing Chow had brought him. There was little more mention of the affair at Pycroft's house on the previous night. But another item of news attracted his interest.

This was to the effect that no less than £300,000 in golden sovereigns had disappeared from the strong-rooms of the London branch of the Hong Kong and Cochin Bank. Wong Moh, the sleek, Oxford-educated manager of the bank, had also disappeared. Needless to say, the police, with their usual keenness of intellect, suspected that the disappearance of Wong Moh and the loss of the £300,000 were in some way connected. They were not aware, however, why Wong Moh had made a hurried departure from his highly respectable position in London business life. This was because he had become aware that Ferrers Locke had discovered that he was a member of the Hoa Hang Tong, and one of the most cunning rogues in England.

"Wong Moh is in hiding down here in Limehouse, or I'm a Dutchman," murmured the sleuth to himself, as he finished reading the account of the missing money.

But during the time he had spent among the Chinks in Limehouse he had heard nothing of the fat, oily rogue, and suspected that Wong was being carefully sheltered by the mysterious Yellow Spider himself.

With a start the detective awoke from his ruminations, to see Wing Chow beside him.

Don't miss "The Raid on the Hoa Hangs!"—next Monday's fine story!

"Come, now," whispered the Chinaman. "Me takee you before Li Fang."

Feeling far from comfortable in his mind, Locke threw the evening paper aside and staggered to his feet. Then, imitating the nervous walk of the late Pompey Cree, he followed the old Chink from the gaming-room.

Passing up a flight of stairs, they entered a room stored with old boxes and other lumber. There were three doors to this store-room, but Wing Chow halted, and insisted that the white man should be blindfolded before proceeding farther. Locke demurred at first.

"Pshaw!" he scoffed in the voice of Pompey Cree; "you fellows are mighty scared that I should learn of your meeting-place. I'm a Tongman, too, aren't I? Wasn't I initiated the other night?"

"Me savvy that," said Wing Chow. "But now we go to the House of the Blue Mist again. Only Mr. Fang and supreme council of Tong savvy exact place where this house is. No other Tongman savvy."

"But you yourself savvy, don't you, Wing Chow?"

The old Chinaman shook his head.

"Me only savvy one way to it. My nicee clobber uncle makee passages two tlee years ago. But, altogether, me tinkee there are twenty other secret passages to House of the Blue Mist. Evely Tongman know just one passage. Savvy?"

"H'mm, I savvy," said Locke. "Well, blindfold me and let's get along. We don't want to offend old Fang by being late."

The Chinese tied a heavy scarf over Locke's eyes. After that the sleuth had only his ears and sense of touch to tell him how they were proceeding. He heard the Chink open a door, and felt himself brushing along between two walls. Slight hissing sounds came to his ears at intervals, and Locke suspected that these noises were caused by the opening and closing of heavy doors worked by compressed air. He had seen similar doors open and close automatically on a previous occasion in the strange, secret world of London's Chinatown.

Presently the sleuth sensed they were in a small room. He felt the hand of Wing Chow on his arm, and heard the Chinaman whisper in his ear. The bandage was whipped from his eyes, and he beheld an awe-inspiring sight.

The room in which he found himself was hung with silken tapestries in black and gold, embroidered with Chinese characters and weird scenes depicting various punishments meted out to traitors of the Hoa Hang Tong. Two Tongmen, one of medium height, and the other tall and grossly fat, stood by a glowing coke brazier. They wore the yellow robes of the order. Near to them, in a carved ebony chair, sat a small, wizened figure of a Chinaman, his black eyes glowing like live coals out of his yellow, parchment-like skin. On his finger tips he wore long golden nail-sheafs. These gave his gnarled hands the appearance of the talons of some ill-omened bird of prey.

Although Ferrers Locke felt reasonably safe in his disguise of Pompey Cree, he could not help a chill of dread passing

through his frame. He rightly guessed he was in some room of the mysterious House of the Blue Mist, as the Tongmen called the place where they held their principal meetings. That he was in the presence of Mr. Fang himself, he was equally convinced. He had run up against the man before, but now the Spider seemed, if anything, a trifle more sinister and cruel than he had been on the previous occasions when the sleuth had seen him.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Cree," drawled Li Fang in oily accents. "I have summoned you before the supreme tribunal of the Tong to obtain a trifling explanation from you."

Locke shrugged his shoulders.

"You wish to ask me about last night's affair, sir?" he said gruffly. "I did my best."

The gold nail-sheafs of the terrible little Asiatic rattled against the ebony chair arms as he drummed his fingers impatiently.

"But Inspector Pycroft lives," he said. "You and Chang Lung were selected by ballot to encompass his death. Chang Lung was captured and is in prison. We shall hear his explanation and deal with him in the distant future. But why did you not send this hated Scotland Yard man to his doom? You arrived at the inspector's house in West Norwood later than Chang Lung, I believe?"

"I did," replied Locke. "Of course, I was not aware that anyone else had been selected besides myself to do the deed. Had I known that it was the rule of the Tong to select two by secret ballot I should have gone earlier, and with a better chance of success."

"What happened at Norwood? Are the reports in the newspapers true?"

"Fairly so. I entered the garden behind Pycroft's house, and scaled a water-pipe to his bed-room window. Suddenly I heard the sound of a scuffle in the room. Reaching the window-sill, I drew my revolver. I was just in time to see the policeman knock the knife out of Lung's hand and send him to the floor. I fired, missed my balance, and fell. The house was roused. It was impossible for me to return. So I beat it back to Limehouse as best I could."

The Yellow Spider extended one hand palm upwards.

"Let me see the revolver I gave you," he commanded.

Ferrers Locke drew the weapon from his pocket and handed it over, silently thanking his lucky stars he had had the forethought of firing one shot into the dark waters of the River Thames on his way back to Chinatown on the previous night.

Taking the lethal weapon in his hand, Fang examined it carefully, and gave a suspicious grunt.

"It mentioned in the papers," he said, "that another person had attempted to assassinate the inspector after the Chinese had failed, but it made no statement to the effect that a shot was fired."

"No doubt the police have kept that dark for their own purposes," answered Locke. "They do not tell the newspapers' reporters all they know."

Mentally he was grateful to Pycroft for having given out that story about the other assassin. For the sleuth knew well that if Fang had even faintly suspected that he had been the means of saving the inspector's life on the previous night, his own life would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

There was a pause, and Fang beckoned the two robed Tongmen, who, with himself, constituted the supreme tribunal of the dread secret society. But as Ferrers Locke shrewdly suspected, it was the Spider himself who made the important decisions—the others merely confirmed them.

After a short conference with his two confreres, Mr. Fang spoke to the disguised detective again.

"We are of the opinion, Mr. Cree," he murmured in a silky voice, "that you are in some measure to blame for not having sent your bullet into the heart of this hated Scotland Yard man. The revolver, which I am retaining, is fitted with a silencer, and so you might have waited and secured another opportunity of rectifying your unfortunate failure."

"But—but I should have been caught!" expostulated Locke. "As it was, I only managed to get clear before the neighbourhood was roused."

"Far better is it to die by the official hangman's noose than at the hands of the Tong, Mr. Cree," drawled Mr. Fang, his eyes glowing through the almond-shaped slits in his faded skin. "However, you are a white man, and have only been one of us for a short time. You do not know us well, or you would not risk failure. There is one thing that we find in your favour, and that is that you were the slayer of Ferrers Locke, my most hated enemy. On that account we shall not send you to your doom."

Ferrers Locke breathed a trifle more freely.

"No," resumed Mr. Fang. "Instead, you shall merely be marked by us, so that should the failure be repeated, and you attempt to escape, we shall be able to track you down to the ends of the earth."

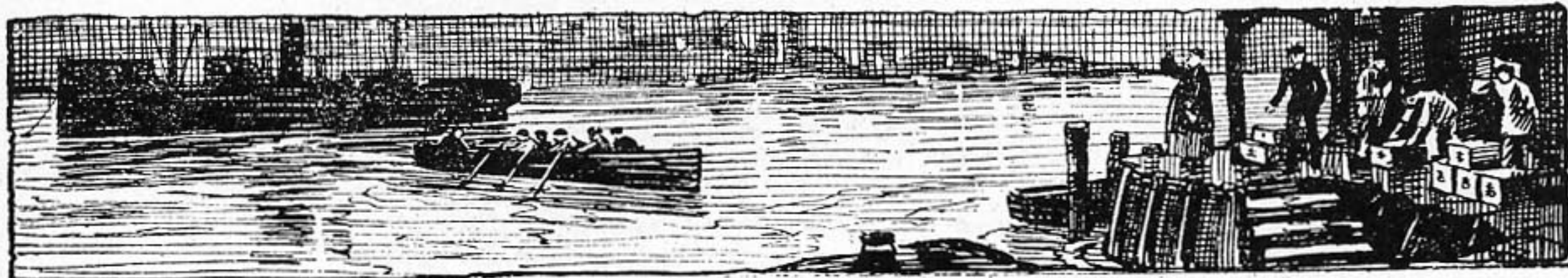
He clapped his hands. The smaller of the robed Tongmen and Wing Chow gripped the sleuth firmly by the wrists. Li Fang arose from his chair and leaned over the detective, his claw-like hands waving over the sleuth's eyes.

"Because you failed!" he screeched in sudden passion, "you shall be branded with the sign of the Spider!"

As the Yellow Spider sank back into his chair the huge Tongman by the brazier took a long, iron rod out of the glowing fire, and advanced slowly towards Locke. Wing Chow, with a sudden movement, whipped the sleuth's blue scarf from off his neck.

But Ferrers Locke had no intention of letting the fiendish Tongmen brand him on the neck with the sign of the spider, or any other symbol. With a mighty heave of his powerful shoulders he sent Wing Chow hurtling full length across the room.

The burly Chinese hurled himself forward with the branding-iron. Locke drew



back, but the other robed Tongman clung to him like a bulldog.

"Let go, you yellow dog!" said the sleuth fiercely.

Turning, he gripped the fellow round the waist. The man was strong, and wrestled furiously. Locked in each other's arms, the detective and the Tongman swayed dangerously towards the burning brazier. Li Fang shrieked a warning in Chinese to his fellow member of the tribunal, and raised the revolver. Fearful lest he should hit his fellow countryman, he refrained from firing for a few seconds. Then he pressed the trigger, and a bullet zipped past the sleuth's ear.

Before the Spider had time to fire again, Locke sent the Tongman staggering against the brazier, which upset and scattered live coke upon the matting. The robes of the Tongman caught fire, and shrieks of alarm left the lips of the man and the other Chinks.

Li Fang dropped the revolver into a pocket, and joined Locke and the others in an effort to extinguish the blaze. In this they were successful, though one fellow was rather badly burned about the hands and legs. The fire in the matting was stamped out, and less damage was done than seemed likely at first.

As Wing Chow assisted the injured Tongman out of one of the doors of the room, Mr. Fang drew the revolver again and covered the sleuth.

"You have more spirit than I suspected, Mr. Cree!" he snarled. "Instead of being branded, you shall meet your death! No, Mr. Cree, do not draw yourself up to receive a bullet in your breast. It is not my intention that you shall die by any such pleasant method as that. We have slower and more artistic methods than that in our pleasant little brotherhood. There is a cellar beneath this building where we can incarcerate you, Mr. Cree, and keep you awake until you die!"

He gave a gurgling chuckle of malevolent cruelty, and continued:

"Yes, one is apt to lose one's reason first when one is forcibly kept awake day after day and night after night! But it is a protracted death, Mr. Cree—perhaps a trifle too protracted. No, in your case, I think it will have to be the death of a thousand cuts. That will only take three days!"

Ferrers Locke ground his teeth in sheer, impotent rage. Yet, by sheer force of habit, he used the voice of Pompey Cree as he replied:

"You demon in human form! Do your worst! I'm not as yellow-livered as some of your own species!"

The burly Tongman in the robes drew closer to the Spider, and began whispering rapidly to him. All the time the eyes of Mr. Fang remained on the detective's face. But gradually Locke noticed that the cruelty in the Chink's countenance was fading, and a look of evil cunning was taking its place. The sleuth breathed a little more freely. Somehow he thought that the danger to himself was passing.

In this he was correct. As the big Tongman finished speaking, Mr. Fang nodded his head, and said something in Chinese. Then to Locke, in English, he remarked:

"Perhaps after all I have been unduly wrathful with you, Mr. Cree. I can forgive you for the unfortunate accident to our fellow-Tongman. As for your failure to deal effectively with the hated Pycroft, perhaps you may be able to rectify that matter later. I will leave you in the care of my right-hand man!"

Fang indicated the burly Chinese in the yellow robes, and, rising from his seat, ambled silently from the room.

That he had been spared out of no goodness of heart on the part of either Fang or the other Tongman, Locke was convinced. It was far more likely that he had been reprieved merely because it was considered that he would be of some further use to the criminal secret society.

"Well," he said to the robed figure who remained with him, "what's the stunt now, mate?"

Instead of replying, the Chinese slowly removed the hood which enshrouded his head. And, without betraying the keen interest he felt, Ferrers Locke recognised in his companion the sleek ex-banker, Wong Moh!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Fatal Ribbon!

"COME with me, Mr. Cree," murmured Wong Moh, in a friendly voice. "Forget the—er—little unpleasantness of the last few minutes. I have a job of work for you which, I think, will interest you."

"I thought so!" muttered Locke to himself.

He followed the imposing Chinese through a door and along a winding passage to another door, which was bolted and barred. The Chinaman rapped three times, and, after a wait during which could be heard the sliding of stout steel bars in their sockets, the door was opened enough to admit them. Somewhat to Locke's surprise he found himself in a lavishly furnished room. Two or three white-coated Chinese hovered about, and took the robes from their master and attended to his orders.

"You will dine with me this evening, Mr. Cree," murmured Wong Moh. "The meal will not be ready for an hour, though, I am afraid. But there are plenty of English papers and magazines here, so you can make yourself at home. I have one or two important matters to attend to, and will see you later."

With the utmost courtesy, the Chinese saw Locke settled on a comfortable divan, and told one of the retainers to put a box of cigarettes to his guest's hand. Then he entered another compartment, and the sleuth was left to his own devices for an hour.

At the end of this period one of the white-coated servants glided cat-like into the room, and bade Ferrers Locke follow him. The man escorted Locke to the door through which Wong Moh had disappeared previously, and told him to enter. The detective did so, to find himself in his host's sleeping-chamber.

Wong Moh himself was in the room. He had discarded his weird and ugly robes of the Hoa Hongs, and had garbed himself in the elaborate costume of a Chinese mandarin. The robes he now wore were wonderfully embroidered with golden dragons. A squat hat of some material that shimmered in the electric light was upon his head, and he sported the little red button to which a Chinese of mandarin class is entitled.

"I always dressed for dinner," explained Wong Moh, with a smile, as he noted the wonderment on Locke's face. "I am a mandarin in my own country, and it is a little conceit with me to don my best attire when I am about to sit down to a meal with guests."

"With guests?" said Locke, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes—with you, my friend, and with Che Yang. You do not know him by name, I think, but he is a member of our illustrious Tong. He is to receive a great honour at my hand this evening. Perhaps you would like to have what you English call a 'wash and brush-up'?"

An alabaster bowl of scented water had been set with clean towels, and Locke, after discarding his coat, made a pretence at washing. He did, in fact, thoroughly wash his hands, but he had to be more chary about his face, which was cleverly made up in exact likeness of the late Pompey Cree.

As he donned his coat after his spruce-up his keen eyes saw a small object which looked at first sight like a strip of black paper lying on the floor. He picked it up and turned it over in his hand. It was a black silk ribbon, and on it was the sign of the yellow spider.

Wong Moh, turning from an inspection of himself in a large oval mirror, saw the sleuth standing there with the ribbon in his hand, and gave a frown of annoyance.

"Give that to me, my friend!" he said, extending his hand. "It must have fallen from my other garments."

Locke handed over the ribbon, and concealed the suspicion he felt regarding its discovery.

For Locke himself had drawn a similarly marked ribbon from the ballot-box of the Tong when it was being decided who should be the assassin of Inspector Pycroft. He wondered had there been another ballot of the Hoa Hongs, and whether Wong Moh had been selected for some equally discreditable work.

He was wise enough not to attempt to pump his host at this stage, for he had seen that Wong Moh was annoyed even that he had seen the ribbon.

A gong sounded in an adjoining apartment, and Wong Moh pulled aside a curtain to admit the sleuth into the dining-chamber. Here white-coated servants were waiting by a well-laid table.

Che Yang, the Chinese guest, entered by another way simultaneously with the appearance of Locke and Wong Moh. The mandarin greeted the fellow, who was plainly dressed in neat blue cloth, and then introduced him to Locke.

Many times during the course of his

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eventful career had the famous private detective dined with Chinese in Oriental fashion. But never before had he sat down to such an elaborate and wonderful meal as this in the household of the ex-bank manager, Wong Moh.

Many of the most expensive dainties of the Chinese epicure were introduced, though Locke himself was not able to do justice to them all. White birds'-nests soup, worth two guineas a plate, was followed by stewed shark's fin and bech-de-mer. A chop suey of fine breast of chicken, with mushrooms, celery, onions, bean sprouts, and young bamboo shoots came next. A delicious prawn curry and various sweets and fruits, including the delectable li chee, a fruit of surpassing merit, were among the other good things. Silver knives, forks and spoons were provided for the use of the white guest, but Wong Moh and Che Yang used ivory chop-sticks.

Finally rice-wine was served in fine-wrought silver goblets. Chinese fashion, Wong Moh first exchanged goblets with

with a slightly contemptuous smile hovering about his thick lips.

"You yellow-livered assassin!" he cried. "So that is the voyage you intended to send our guest upon! You invited him here to poison him. You'll swing for this, or my name is not—"

He stopped short and bit his lip. The white-coated servants were watching him like so many coyotes, ready to spring at his throat.

That Wong Moh should pay for this foul crime the detective was determined, but if he were to bring about this desirable end he must control his passion until he could perfect some plan for accomplishing the downfall of the smug, yellow fiend.

So, as the sleuth stood there, inwardly boiling with righteous rage and indignation, he had perforce to restrain his tongue lest he placed his own life in the gravest jeopardy again.

Without so much as a glance at his white guest Wong Moh gestured to his servants, and said something to them in

and Q's. He said nothing, however, and waited on Wong Moh to broach the topic of the "little job" which it had been suggested Locke would be required to do.

At last the stout Chinese came to the point.

"You are an ex-officer of the mercantile service, Mr. Cree," he remarked. "You would have no objection to taking charge of a ship for a voyage if you were well paid, I presume?"

"None," answered Locke.

"None," answered Locke, shortly leaving this country—for the benefit of my health. I have many valuable personal belongings I wish to take with me. But I cannot trust them into the hands of the careless employees of



The Spider rose from his chair and leaned over Locke, his claw-like hands waving over the sleuth's eyes. "Because you failed," he screeched in sudden passion, "you shall be branded—with the sign of the Spider." A huge Tongman took a long iron rod out of the glowing brazier, and advanced towards the captive. (See Chapter 1.)

Locke, and, standing, offered a toast to "new endeavours," a remark which the detective did not quite understand. Next he exchanged goblets with Che Yang.

"By the orders of the supreme council of our illustrious Tong, Che Yang," purred the host, "you will be leaving this sordid Limehouse very shortly. I wish you a quick and pleasant voyage."

Both Chinamen drank the wine, and Wong Moh set down his empty goblet with a curious smile.

Che Yang remained standing, a strange, puzzled look upon his yellow face. Then a wild cry left his lips. His hands clawed his throat, and, with a gurgling moan he fell lifeless to the floor!

So swift and unexpected had been the tragic happening that for a moment Ferrers Locke was petrified in his seat. Then he threw himself down by the side of the stricken Chinaman and made a brief examination of him. Che Yang was dead, and of the manner of his death there was not the slightest doubt. He had been poisoned!

Rising to his feet the sleuth turned on Wong Moh, who stood immovable,

Chinese. The men picked up the body of the unfortunate Che Yang and conveyed it from the room.

When this had been done Wong Moh sank back in his seat and invited the detective to do likewise.

"An unpleasant bit of business very successfully accomplished, my friend," he murmured. "None can deny that Che Yang had a most swift and, comparatively, pleasant voyage to the realms celestial. I am sorry for your sake that we had to introduce this little act into our homely meal, but the opportunity was the best I could make. You see, Che Yang had failed badly to carry out an order of our illustrious Tong. I had been selected to—er—punish him, though he was totally unaware of the decision of the supreme tribunal in his case. But let us chat of more interesting things over our cigars."

A shrewd idea struck in Ferrers Locke's mind that the killing of Che Yang on this particular occasion was done partly to impress himself. He had failed to accomplish the purpose of the Tong, and the death of the Chinaman was in the nature of a gentle hint to him to mind his P's

the regular steamship companies. There is a ship owned by a Chinese syndicate lying in the River Thames which it has been arranged I should use for the purpose. But the captain is not a reliable man. He has been what you call sacked from his job. You are to take his place."

"When do I go aboard?" said Locke gruffly.

"To-night. At eleven o'clock you will be conducted to a house in Wapping, where I shall meet you. My belongings will be secretly conveyed there in advance."

"This luggage of yours is here, I suppose?" said Ferrers Locke.

"It is. I will let you see it. You must take the greatest care of it, and, in due course, deliver it into the hands of a certain merchant in Shanghai. But full instructions will be given you later. The cargo of the ship will be cotton goods, and my belongings will be stowed below the other cargo, and only you and other members of our Tong, who will be in the crew, will be aware of their existence on the ship. But come with me. I will show you the secret freight."

—or will the "Tiger" have to admit defeat? See next Monday's ripping yarn!

He led the way from the room and down a flight of stairs. In a cellar, beneath a coloured lantern, were stowed a number of green-painted chests. Each one was crudely marked in black on the side with a Chinese character thus:



"There are thirty of those chests," said Wong Moh. "You will help us to get them aboard the good ship Keng-tse to-night."

He turned and spoke to a servant who had come down the stairs with a message. Locke seized the opportunity of his host's back being turned to draw a stub of pencil from his pocket and hastily copy on a scrap of paper the curious Chinese character which appeared on each box.

Hardly had he stuffed the paper back into his pocket when Wong Moh addressed him again.

"An old friend has come to see me, Mr. Cree," he said. "You must excuse me. I will have you escorted back to your temporary lodgings. To-night Wing Chow will bring you to the house in Wapping where we shall meet again."

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Fate of Wong Moh!

"WONG MOH tellee you allee 'bout job, eh?"

The old grocer and rogue, Wing Chow, made that remark to Ferrers Locke as the latter lounged into his shop half an hour later.

"He did," replied the disguised detective. "You're to take me to some joint down in Wapping, I understand. By the way, Johnny, can you tell me the meaning of this mark?"

Locke showed the old Chink the copy he had made of the Chinese character which appeared on each of the chests of Wong Moh's belongings.

The Chinaman held the scrap of paper close to his eyes.

"This is called 'wan' in Chinese language," he said. "Allee same ten thousand."

"Oh, it's just a number, eh?" said Locke. "I saw it on some boxes, and thought it might mean the place to which they're to be shipped."

Leaving Wing Chow he ambled back into the gaming-room, lighted his pipe, and settled himself to think.

Of one thing he was reasonably certain. There was little in the way of private belongings of the ex-banker in those green painted chests. Each chest was marked with the "wan"—a character representing the numeral, ten thousand. There were thirty chests. And three hundred thousand represented the number of golden sovereigns which had so mysteriously disappeared from the vaults of the Hong Kong and Cochin Bank, of which Wong Moh had been the manager.

That during his term of office in the bank, the fat, oily Chinaman had gradually annexed this wealth, probably with the assistance of some underlings, Locke had no doubt whatever. How to prevent Wong Moh getting out of the country with his wealth was the problem.

After much careful thought, the sleuth decided it would be best to let the Chinese get the chests on board the Keng-tse. It would doubtless prove a much simpler matter to have the ship raided than to have Wong's private apartments in the House of the Blue Mist searched. For one thing the detective had not been able to unearth the exact locality of this mysterious place as yet. Each time he had been conveyed to it through winding secret passages which gave no indication of the direction or distance to and from the house.

Just before eleven o'clock that night, Wing Chow came to Locke and indicated that it was time to be moving. The old Chinaman did not leave the front door of his shop, but led the way through passages to a street some distance away. Now and again he entered a laundry or an innocent-looking tobacco shop by a side door, and resumed the journey by secret passages. Never before had Locke realised how thoroughly Limehouse was honeycombed with passages and tunnels for the use of the Chinese malefactors.

Within half an hour of leaving the little grocery shop in Hempen Causeway, Wing Chow entered a dilapidated-looking house near the riverside in Wapping.

A shifty little Chinaman, who reminded Locke of some unpleasant species of water rat, escorted the two visitors down to a damp cellar lighted with lanterns. Here Wong Moh and two or three other Chinese were waiting.

"Ah, here you are at last, Mr. Cree!" said the fat mandarin, offering his hand. "You see we have brought my belongings here. The next job is to get them on board the Keng-tse."

How the thirty heavy chests had been conveyed from the House of the Blue Mist to this foul cellar Locke was unable to discover. But the method of getting them to the ship was speedily made clear.

A heavy, moss-grown door in the cellar was opened after considerable difficulty. Just outside were some old stone steps which led down to the swirling waters of the River Thames. Out in the river was the dark form of a small steamship which Wong Moh pointed out as Locke's future command.

The mandarin blew a shrill blast on a silver whistle, and soon a large cutter manned by Chinese members of the vessel's crew put off from the Keng-tse and pulled to the stone steps.

Five of the green-painted chests were loaded into the cutter and conveyed to the ship. The journey was performed six times, until all the chests had been taken aboard the Keng-tse through an aperture in the ship's side. Ferrers Locke and Wong Moh went aboard with the last load.

"Come with me to the bridge, Mr. Cree," said Wong Moh. "I will introduce you to the pilot who will take you down river on the ebb-tide. We will leave the Tongmen among the crew to stow my poor belongings."

The mandarin introduced Locke to the pilot—a black-bearded rascal who had been well paid in advance by the wily Chinaman for making a hurried night exit from the river with the Keng-tse. Then Wong Moh took the sleuth aside.

"You will take charge when we reach the Nore, Mr. Cree," he said. "Until we get out of the river, you will not move off this bridge, though."

"Look here," growled Locke in the voice of Pompey Cree, "am I the

skipper o' this packet or am I not? If I am, I'm going to please myself as to where I stay."

The fat Chinaman regarded him with a slow, leering smile.

"You are the captain, Mr. Cree," he said; "but, nevertheless, you are under my orders on this ship. Your job will be chiefly concerned with the navigation of the vessel. Remember, I am one of the supreme tribunal of our illustrious Tong. I have the powers of life and death in my hands, and, Mr. Cree, I shall not be merciful over any disobedience of my orders. You will remain up here until we get out of the river."

Ferrers Locke had hardly expected this turn of events, and he was troubled as to what to do for the best. To let this ship get past the Nore with her mysterious cargo was no part of his intention. To hail a river police launch or to dive overboard or attempt to borrow one of the ship's boats was to invite a revolver bullet.

He waited near the pilot until Wong Moh had gone to his cabin and the crew were busily engaged under the supervision of the mate in hoisting the cutter on the davits. Then he quietly ran down the ladder from the bridge and looked about him. A rope was hanging down from the vessel's side on the port quarter, and he thought, after all, he might be able to swim away unseen. But he was doomed to failure. Wong Moh himself emerged silently from a door aft and saw him. Without the slightest hesitation the burly mandarin whipped out an automatic pistol fitted with a silencer and fired a shot at the detective's head.

Unarmed as he was—for Locke had been unable to obtain a revolver from any of his associates in Limehouse—the sleuth was badly up against it. He took the safest course, and hurled himself down a companion-way nearby. Moh fired again, missed, and set up a loud shouting. Soon the whole ship was roused. Locke, as he made his way below, could hear soft pattering feet hurrying along the decks.

Gliding swiftly through an alleyway, he came to another iron ladder and descended it to find himself in a hold. And here, stacked neatly in two rows, were the thirty green-painted chests. He tried to lift one. It was as heavy as lead. An axe lay on the deck nearby. He picked it up, and with a few sharp blows shattered the stout wooden side of one of the boxes. Out ran a little stream of golden sovereigns.

With his theory of the stolen gold absolutely proved to the hilt, the sleuth looked for a means of escape. The ports were too small to squeeze his body through. He ran up the iron ladder again. Proceeding cautiously along an alleyway, he glimpsed two or three excited Chinese run out of the engine-room and make their way forward. Locke entered the place, and the sight of a small wheel gave him a idea. The Keng-tse should not leave the Thames. He would scuttle her first!

Unseen by the engineers, who had joined in the general search by order of Wong Moh, the sleuth opened the sea-cocks. The brown waters of the river began to pour into the ship.

That the crew would discover she was sinking and abandon her Locke was certain. And with the Keng-tse resting on the muddy bed of the Thames it would be an easy matter to salvage the gold from the green-painted chests.

But even as he was completing his work he heard a soft footfall behind him. He swung round to see the fat, yellow face of Wong Moh. The slant eyes of the Chinese gleamed with fury, and his hand which held the pistol trembled in his rage.

Locke hurled himself at the Chink. There was a spurt of flame, and a bullet zipped a piece of cloth out of the shoulder of the detective's reefer coat. Next instant he had kicked the gun out of the mandarin's fist.

With far more agility than Locke thought possible, Wong Moh stepped in and threw his great arms about the detective's waist. He attempted to cry out, but the sleuth secured a hold on the mandarin's throat and choked back his words.

Locked in death grips, the two men wrestled on the narrow ribbed iron platform of the engine-room, while the water poured into the vessel. The ship listed heavily and settled deeper. Shouts came from various parts of her, and it was clear that the crew had realised that the Keng-tse would soon be at the bottom.

During the course of his titanic struggle with his formidable opponent, Locke heard the creak of pulleys as the boats were lowered from the davits into the water. Sirens sounded over the river like a funeral dirge for the ill-fated vessel.

With increasing desperation, Locke became aware of the rising water in the engine-room. It was swirling in, in a mud-brown flood, and was already beginning to lap the iron platform.

"Let go, you yellow brute!" panted the sleuth in the ear of the mandarin. "Get up that ladder and off this ship! We will settle this matter later."

But a fury, blind even to Fate itself, possessed the Tong-man. As he felt Locke's hold on him slacken, he staggered to his feet and endeavoured to wrap his fingers about the detective's throat. In self defence Locke upper-cut with all his force. His fist struck the Chinaman under the chin. Wong Moh gave a howl like that of a stricken wild beast and staggered backward along the platform, lost his balance, and plunged into the swirling water!

"Good heavens!"
With that exclamation Ferrers Locke threw himself down full length and tried to grasp the man. His fingers touched the mandarin's coat, but in an instant the Chinaman was drawn away from him in the muddy vortex.

Unwilling to leave the man to die like a rat in a trap, villain though he was, Ferrers Locke dropped into the water and tried to find his late opponent. But Wong Moh had gone down somewhere among the flooded machinery, and it was impossible to discover his whereabouts.

For nearly three minutes the detective remained until he knew that to prolong the search was both hopeless and dangerous. Wong Moh, the foul slayer of Che Yang, had met the doom he so richly deserved!

Fearful lest he himself was now trapped in the sinking ship, Locke scrambled on to the iron platform of the engine-room, and made for the companion-way. As he reached the deck he became aware of boats lying off the Keng-tse and keeping their distance to avoid the undertow when the ship went down.

The bow of the vessel was almost completely submerged. And as Locke got his feet on to the ship's rail to take the plunge overboard, the ship gave a sudden slide down to her resting-place on the river bed. Locke leapt out, was drawn below, struggled to rise until his lungs felt as though they must burst, and then he shot up to the surface.

A launch of the river police picked him up shortly afterwards, and Locke told his story. Those Chinese members of the Keng-tse's crew who had been picked up by other craft were ordered to be detained. And among this number the police subsequently discovered several badly "wanted" criminals.

Later, from the headquarters of the river police, Ferrers Locke telephoned through to his old friend Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard.

"Pycroft," he said, "if you are still interested in that little case of the robbery of three hundred thousand pounds worth of gold from the Hong Kong and Cochin Bank, I can give you a good tip. Be on hand when the salvage company raises the Keng-tse which sank to-night off Wapping. There are thirty green-painted chests aboard, each of which I have reason to believe contains ten thousand British sovereigns. And the arch-thief, Wong Moh, is on the ship at the bed of the river guarding his treasure!"

THE END.

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