

GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION Starting Next Week!
(FULL PARTICULARS INSIDE.)

No. 818. Vol. XXIV.

Week ending October 13th, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories

EVERY MONDAY.



DISGRACED BY HIS FATHER!

(This week's powerful, extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greysfriars.)





THE COMPETITION FEVER!

EVERYBODY will soon be talking about the gigantic Football Competition, the start of which will be found in next week's issue of the *MAGNET*. It would be a wonder if it were otherwise. There has never been anything to equal this new and wonderful offer. It is just the sort of thing which makes for all-round enthusiasm, and spurs anybody on to extraordinary efforts to win.

THE CHANGE OF A CENTURY!

There is pretty certain to be a big, hearty rush for next Monday's copy, so be prepared. For though on all ordinary occasions the good old *MAGNET* is so much in request on the first working day of the week that the hard-pressed newsagent has to pause in executing orders to mop his noble forehead, next Monday is a red-letter day. We can leave the newsagent out of count, but be sure he is pleased as Punch, as we all are, for there is information to be found in the new issue out on Monday which will send a thrill of amazement through everyone. But it is all real. No visions, nothing in the dream department.

FOOTBALLERS' NAMES!

You will find on page 6 a full list of the prizes offered for successful entries. The business is easy enough to all who have followed the game of football, and know a famous centre-forward, a lightning goalie, or a celebrated half-back when they see such distinguished representatives of the winter sport. Just get your trusty pens ready, and prepare to write in in ink, the names which you think belong to the various portraits which will be found embellishing the next number of the *MAGNET*.

GRASP YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

There can be no possible question about the attractiveness of the prizes. You will long ere this have noted how much appreciated money is in these days of hard pressure. Well, the First Prize is £200, and the second £50. Then we come to a brilliant array of thirty motorcycles, all waiting for lucky owners, while the hundred Comet Cycles to be given away make no end of a brave show. After these facts which may well stagger the ordinary hard-working imagination, we find wireless sets, gramophones, fishing rods, match footballs, football equipments and outfits, billiards tables, and roller skates. There is no shadow of disappointment for anyone here—something to fit in pat with all wishes, while the thumping addition of consolation prizes rounds off a programme which may well be calculated to cause astonishment on all hands. But watch for next week's *MAGNET*, and then wire in at this opportunity of a lifetime.

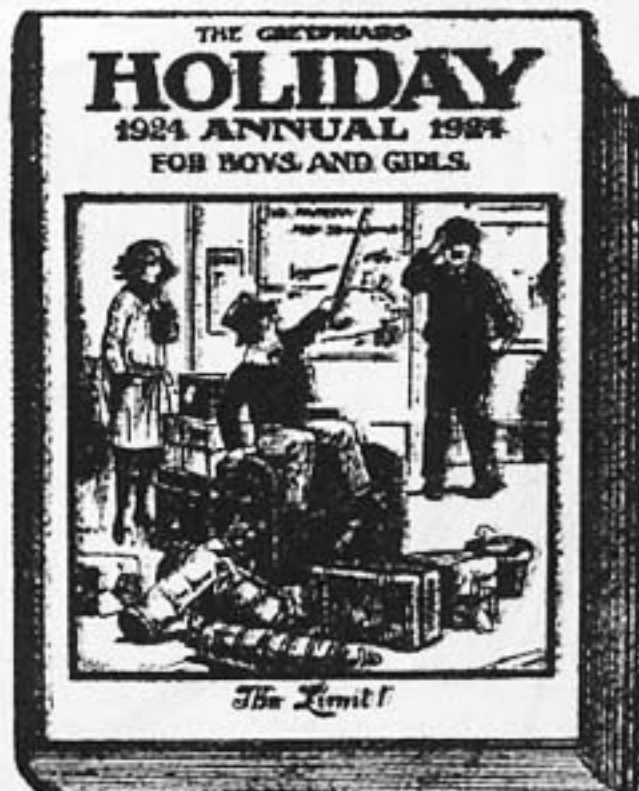
"MICK THE OUTCAST!"

By Frank Richards.

While paying considerable attention to the epoch-making competition, there is no need to overlook the fact that next week's grand complete story of Greyfriars School is one of the most dramatic kind. It is all that. You will be keenly interested in Mick from the very outset. He is a strange sort of fellow, a gipsy boy who has shaken the dust of his encampment off his feet, and is in quest of pastures new as it were. In the course of his very interesting wanderings through the world whom should he come upon but Billy Bunter.

Mick and Bunter do not precisely hit it off, however. The young nomad fails to understand the splendid character of the Owl of Greyfriars. His dispute with the comic fat fellow brings him into touch with the Famous Five, and after that the developments of this entrancing yarn are many and highly sensational in trend. For Mick performs a heroic act, and, thereby, earns the gratitude of the rich and powerful Sir Hilton Popper, a Governor of Greyfriars. Sir Hilton is a starchy personage, over disposed to ride the high horse, but all that is seen to be merely on the surface. He can be grateful, and he is more than anxious to do a friendly turn for the youngster who is actually down and out, but with all the makings in him of a fine fellow. So we find Sir Hilton putting it plainly to Mick what he most wants. What does Mick desire? For the answer, see a really powerful story next Monday.

THE BEST THAT 6/- CAN BUY—



NOW ON SALE!

Get your copy to-day, and brighten up the winter evenings.

Your Editor is your best friend—write to him!

"GALLOPING DICK!"

There is little need for me to enlarge on the merit of this series. It got well away from the first. The records of highwaymen are always appealing, for you find a plentiful dash of heroism in the life of a knight of the road. In the case of Galloping Dick the case is not different—it is only more so. Here we have a man who, though an outlaw, puts himself frankly and fearlessly on the side of that highest law of all, namely duty to one's fellows. We had to give this notable character a miss last week, and he is sure to have an extra warm welcome next as a consequence.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER!"

In next week's tense instalment we get an impression of the terrible duel between Red Mask and the powerful Englishman who has fixed his headquarters in Moscow for reasons which are good to him. Red Mask has been in the dark to a very considerable extent as to the motives underlying the strange actions of Ferrers Locke. The detective has played his part splendidly, affecting to be a collector of antiques, of which the historic capital of the old Russian Empire is full. In one sense the wily and relentless tyrant is right. Ferrers Locke is a collector, just as Red Mask takes him to be, but not of curios. Don't think it! There was another reason, and a good one. I should be glad to have the chance to deal at greater length with the astounding facts to be revealed. They can wait. It is sufficient perhaps to draw your attention to the tragedy and the sinister undercurrent of the events in Russia, and the keen-witted detective whose courage and resource are never found lacking.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS!

You will find an extra good story of St. Jim's in this week's "Gem," entitled "Just Like Gussy!" This is Martin Clifford at his best.

The "Boys' Friend" this week will contain another of Michael Poole's topping "Jolly Roger" stories, also a long instalment of "Fed Up With Football," by John W. Wheway.

The "Popular" has a star turn, among a host of good features, in its St. Jim's yarn, called "Baggy's Unlucky Day!"

"A REAL AMERICAN BOY!"

A chum writes to me from Montreal West in these terms: "It seems to me a pity that the *Remove* does not contain a decent American boy. Of course, I know the *MAGNET* is British, and really for British boys, but there are lots of your loyal supporters in the States who would be glad to see a real American boy at Greyfriars." This seems to me to be one up against good old Fisher Tarleton Fish, but Fishy has supplied many a hearty laugh, anyway. I will see what Mr. Frank Richards has to say about it.

Your Editor.

The Russell family, from something akin to poverty, suddenly blossom out as moneyed folk, and as a consequence Dick Russell at Greyfriars becomes a person of importance. Then comes the dark shadow of suspicion. Where did the money come from? From his pedestal of wealth Russell senior becomes a hunted fugitive—a "wanted" man—whilst his son is the object of scorn and derision amongst his schoolfellows. Where DID the money come from?



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Dick Russell!

"DOING anything?" Dick Russell, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, opened the door of Study No. 1 and made that remark. He found himself addressing five juniors instead of the two who claimed ownership of the study.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were there. That was to be expected, for it was their study. The other three juniors in the study were Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, who was a prince in his own country, but plain Inky to the Remove; Bob Cherry, whose fighting powers were as well known as they were respected; and Johnny Bull, who had a habit of saying just what he wanted to say in about half the number of words any other junior would have taken.

All five looked up as the door opened to admit Dick Russell.

"If Loder's looking for a fag. I'm busy," said Bob Cherry. "On the other hand—"

"If you've come to ask us to tea, Dick, we're your pals for life," said Harry Wharton, with a chuckle.

"The brokefulness of the esteemed Co. is terrific!" murmured Inky, in his weird and wonderful English.

"That's just what I have come to ask you," said Dick Russell quietly.

Bob Cherry closed the "Holiday Annual" which he had been reading, with a bang. Frank Nugent closed the account books of the Remove Football Club, and Harry Wharton laid aside the local newspaper.

"We're with you, old son!" said Bob Cherry affably. "Want any help to get the things from the tuckshop?"

Dick nodded.

"Yes. You see, I've had a letter by the afternoon post, and—"

"And there was a nice fat remittance in it, I suppose," said Frank Nugent.

"That's jolly useful, coming at a time when we're broke. It's good of you to ask us to help you spend it!"

"There was no remittance," said Dick Russell quietly. "The letter was from my father. He's coming to see me this afternoon."

"Oh!"

The Famous Five nodded. They understood now.

Dick Russell did not belong to the wealthy class. He was very popular, all the same. Dick was open and honest, frank and good-natured—attributes which went farther with the Famous Five than did the mere possession of money. There were fellows in the Remove who claimed millionaire fathers—Vernon-Smith, for example. But he was not more popular than Dick Russell on that account.

"I'd like you to meet my pater, and one can do it better over the tea-table than anywhere else, I think," said Dick. "The feed won't be lavish, you fellows but—"

"Don't talk piffle, you ass!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Of course, we'll be jolly glad to meet your pater."

"What-ho!"

"Then suppose you take this five bob, Franky, and get something from the tuckshop?" suggested Dick Russell.

Frank Nugent nodded, and took the proffered five shillings. That sum would not go very far in buying a feed for seven, but Frank could not very well point out that to his host.

Frank slipped out of the study, and walked quickly in the direction of the tuckshop. The rest of the Co. went with Dick Russell to his study, to assist him to prepare the table for tea.

By the time Frank Nugent returned with a good five shillings' worth of tuck the juniors had done their part of the work. The table was laid, and, as Bob Cherry mentally observed, if the tuck was not lavish, it was there in sufficient quantity to be better than tea in Hall.

"What time does the gov'nor come?" asked Harry Wharton.

"By the four o'clock train, I expect," said Dick, glancing at his watch. "He'll come to the school by the station hack. We'll meet him at the gates."

"Time we were getting down to the gates, then," said Wharton. "It's four o'clock now, and even old Tishy, which pulls the orange-box they call a cab, can get from the station to Greyfriars in ten minutes."

"If it doesn't cross its logs!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Kim on, my infants!"

And the Famous Five and Dick Russell strolled down to the gates.

There was no conveyance in sight when they arrived there. In fact, the only thing in sight was William George Bunter, the fattest junior at Greyfriars. And Billy Bunter, as Bob humorously remarked, completely filled the landscape.

"Waiting for the post, Bunty?" asked Wharton.

Billy Bunter blinked at the Remove captain through his big spectacles.

"As a matter of fact, Wharton—" he began.

"You've been disappointed about a postal-order, and if we like to advance you half-a-crown, you'd be much obliged," interposed Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Save your breath, Bunty. We know it all by heart."

"Oh, really, Cherry, I wasn't going to say anything of the sort! As a matter of fact, I was going to ask you chaps to tea, but—but—"

"But the post-office has gone all wrong," said Nugent, with a chuckle.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry suddenly. "Here comes the giddy chariot!"

The station hack was rolling into view, the old horse ambling along in a gentle trot. Six hands flew to six ties and jerked them straight. Then six hands

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went to six caps, and they were set at an angle suitable for the occasion.

Billy Bunter followed the procedure with interest.

"I didn't know your pater was coming, Bob, old fellow," he said affably.

"You didn't!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "My hat! Some ass said the age of miracles was past! You mean to say you didn't know my pater was coming, Bunt?"

"Of course not, as you didn't tell me," said Billy Bunter. "I'll be pleased to meet him again, old fellow. I always did like Major Cherry. I wish my postal-order had come now, so that I could ask him to tea with me. He'd be jolly glad to have tea with me. However, I'll come to tea with you with pleasure!"

"Right you are, Bunt!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "When my pater arrives, you shall come to tea with him."

The other juniors chuckled. Bunter was likely to wait a long time for that tea, for Major Cherry was many hundreds of miles away from that spot.

The station hack rolled up to the gates of Greyfriars, and there was further hurried jerking of neckties. Dick's face was eager. It was some considerable time since he had seen his father, and he looked forward to the visit.

He took a step forward, to open the hack door when it drew to a standstill. But the cab did not draw to a standstill. The cabby touched his cap, grinned, and jerked lazily at the reins. The old horse threw up its head and trotted on.

One glance at the interior of the cab supplied the reason. An old lady sat bolt upright on the seat, and gave the juniors one freezing stare. It was the old maid who lived in a cottage some two miles further along the road past Greyfriars.

"Then—then—" stammered Dick, in surprise.

"Your pater's missed the giddy train, old scout," said Bob Cherry.

"Or may have let the old lady have the cab," suggested Frank Nugent hopefully.

"Old Groam would have brought the two of them along," said Bob Cherry. "Would the pater be likely to walk, Dick?"

"I say, you fellows, I'll go and see, if you like," said Billy Bunter eagerly. "I'd do anything for Dick's father. You know, he's not like Smithy's father. It's up to us to show Dick's pater that we're not snobs. It's nothing to us that he's a poor blighter without tuppence—"

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat down hastily, aided by Dick Russell's boot.

"Ow! You silly ass! Yow!"

"Shut up!" snapped Dick. "You leave my pater alone, you fat rotter!"

"Yow!" gasped Bunter, as he pulled himself to his feet. "I wouldn't touch a—"

What Billy Bunter "wouldn't touch" was not known.

A great Rolls-Royce car sped down the lane and came to a sudden halt in front of the gates of Greyfriars.

The juniors stepped back respectfully, fully expecting Mr. Vernon-Smith to alight. The sight of a Rolls-Royce car at the gates of Greyfriars was always the signal for Mr. Vernon-Smith, multi-millionaire, to jump briskly out and demand to know where Herbert Vernon-Smith could be found.

But the florid, brisk Mr. Vernon-Smith did not alight.

A tall man, immaculately-dressed in a grey morning suit, grey topper, white spats, shiny patent leather shoes, and

with a rare orchid in his button-hole, stepped almost haughtily from the splendid car.

Dick Russell stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again.

"M—m—my hat! The pater!" he gasped.

Six caps were swept from six heads, whilst the juniors stared in dumb amazement at the resplendent visitor whom Dick was claiming to be his father. Billy Bunter's eyes fairly goggled with surprise.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he gasped.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Change of Fortunes!

"WELL, Dick, my boy?"

Mr. Russell held out a perfectly-gloved hand to his son, and Dick, still speechless with amazement, took it mechanically and shook it.

"You appear surprised, Dick," said Mr. Russell kindly. "Ahem! Perhaps there is cause to be surprised. Introduce me to your friends, my boy."

"I—I—I— This is Wh-wh-Wharton, sir!" stammered Dick, and he introduced the Famous Five one by one. By the time that little formality was over, Dick had partially recovered from his astonishment. "I thought you—you would come by the hack, sir!"

Mr. Russell did not answer that immediately. He turned to the chauffeur, who had jumped from the driving-seat and was respectfully standing-by for his orders.

"Williams, I am likely to be in the school for at least a couple of hours," said Mr. Russell. "You'd better run back to the village and get your tea. We shall be going to London to-night."

"Very good, sir!"

And a moment later the great car was rolling noiselessly away from Greyfriars.

"Perhaps you'd come up to the study, sir," said Harry Wharton quietly.

Dick nodded almost sheepishly. He was so amazed he had almost forgotten that tea was waiting in the study.

"That's it, sir—tea will soon be ready," he said.

And the six juniors led the way through the famous old gates of Greyfriars, leaving Billy Bunter still staring, goggle-eyed, at Mr. Russell.

"Well, my only hat!" exclaimed the Owl. "And that rotter Russell has always spoofed us that he's poor! The mean beast! Just so that fellows shouldn't—shouldn't—"

He broke off, and thrust his hands disgustedly deep into his pockets. If only he had known that Dick's father was a wealthy man, Billy Bunter might have found somebody to cash his non-existent postal orders for him.

Up in the study, Mr. Russell glanced around curiously.

"You do not seem to have very much furniture here, Dick," he observed quietly. "I must see to that for you. And—ahem—the tea, my boy, is not quite as one might expect from my son. Slip off to the grocers, my boy, and get something else."

"The tuck-shop, you mean, sir!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"Ahem! Yes—the tuck-shop!" said Mr. Russell, and he withdrew a wallet from his pocket.

Dick stared anew. The wallet was tightly packed with thin, rustling notes, not one of which could have been worth less than five pounds.

Harry Wharton looked from the wallet

to Dick's face, and from Dick's face to the five-pound note which Mr. Russell held out for anybody to take.

"I think we'd better all go and bring up the tuck," said Harry quickly. "The more, the merrier! I say, sir, this is jolly good of you!"

"Not at all—not at all!" said Mr. Russell languidly, and he replaced the wallet in his breast pocket.

The Famous Five left the study, Dick Russell casting a grateful glance at Harry Wharton as he passed out. Dick knew that Wharton did not want five juniors to get the tuck. One, or at the most two, could have done that. Wharton's suggestion was made so that Dick could talk with his father in private.

And Dick certainly did talk.

He had got over his astonishment. His eyes now were shining, and his face was flushed.

"Now, pater, perhaps you can tell me what all this means!" he said.

Mr. Russell laughed.

"A bit of a surprise, eh, Dick?" he said. "I deliberately planned this to be a surprise. My boy, my—our fortunes have changed. I'm now occupying a splendid position, with a very big income, and our poor days are over. I needn't turn over every pound note in future before I part with it. You needn't, either. You can have just as much money as you want, my boy!"

"But—but—father, what has happened?" stammered Dick.

"Very little, Dick. I am private secretary to an immensely wealthy man. That car you saw outside was a present to me from Mr. Gordon Gummer—that's my employer, my boy! He has also given me from time to time several thousands of pounds."

"My hat!"

"He's a master man, Dick. He's simply wonderful. Enormously wealthy, too! I've got locked up in my safe at home—a home, Dick, you would not recognise now that it's sumptuously furnished—papers which contain secrets which Mr. Gummer assures me are of vital importance and worth millions of money! That is why, of course, I am paid such an enormous salary. My confidence, Dick, is worth that money to Mr. Gordon Gummer. It's nice to know that!"

"Yes, but—"

Mr. Russell suddenly sat forward in his chair, his eyes dancing with eagerness, and all the languidness gone from him.

"Dick, it is wonderful—having as much money as one wants!" he said quickly. "I'm going to let you have a full swing. Spend what you like—I know you will spend it decently. I shall not ask any questions—what you ask for you shall have. I shall be in London for many weeks yet. You needn't worry any more about your subscriptions here for your sports, your clothes or your celebrations. There's plenty in my pocket, and there's plenty more to follow what's there when it's gone!"

Dick sat back in his chair. It was amazing, this sudden change of fortune. To be wealthy like Lord Mauleverer and Vernon-Smith! It seemed like a dream to the junior who always had had to be so careful with his very limited pocket-money.

"My only Aunt Jane!" he muttered. "Father! Isn't it—wonderful?"

Mr. Russell nodded, and sat back in his chair as there came a discreet tap at the door, and the Famous Five re-entered.

Besides our wonderful competition to "shout" about, there is, of course, a grand—

They had many little bundles with them. All of them carried something, possibly with a view to showing that it really was necessary for the five of them to have gone to the tuck-shop.

Dick was the most light-hearted of the seven during the meal that followed. He tucked into the good things as if there was no such thing as to-morrow. He was, as Johnny Bull afterwards observed, like a kid in a cradle, jabbering and chuckling away at nothing in particular.

Mr. Russell was kindness personified. When he heard that Frank Nugent was treasurer of the Sports Club of the Remove, he insisted upon contributing five pounds to the funds. He gave Dick two five-pound notes, and reiterated his willingness to send along as many more as Dick wanted.

Russell junior took them as one in a dream. He had handled extremely few five-pound notes in his time. The possession of two at one time, and the prospect of as many more as he wished for,

Dick felt he was walking on air as he went back into the School House.

"Thanks, you fellows!" he said lightly. "It's jolly good of you. It all seems too wonderful to be true. And look here, there's no need why I shouldn't tell you how it's all happened."

"We're not curious!" said Johnny Bull, in his blunt way.

"All the same, I'm going to tell you," said Dick, laughing.

And he did; and the juniors could not help thinking that Mr. Gordon Gummer must indeed be a wealthy man to give away a Rolls-Royce car as a present.

"Well, you've fallen upon your feet, old son," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "I'm jolly glad. Take a tip, Dick—'ware of Bunter!"

"I say, Dick, old fellow—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Talk of angels, my son, here comes your dearest pal, Bunt! He always did like you, and could never stand snobs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

carefully handled, would be an impending source of supply.

And the fat junior determined that the sudden change in the Russells' fortunes should signalise a change in the Bunters' fortunes, too!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Something Wrong!

THE news of Dick Russell's sudden accession to wealth and prosperity quickly went the round at Greyfriars. Loder, the unpopular prefect of the Sixth, made a point of congratulating Dick in person, doubtless with some ulterior motive in mind.

Skinner & Co., probably the most unpopular members of the Remove, suggested that now that Dick had plenty of money he might care to join the select circle of "blades."

Skinner, who put forward the proposition, got a punch on his nose which



"My father seems to have left hurriedly," said Russell anxiously. "I——" He broke off suddenly. Two sturdily-built men appeared in the dining-room. "What are you doing here?" demanded Russell. "We want your father!" came the significant reply. (See Chapter 4.)

was something he could not get over in five minutes.

Then the great Rolls-Royce car came back, and Dick's father was escorted to the gates by the Famous Five and Dick Russell himself.

And when the car commenced the long journey to London, with the elegantly-dressed Mr. Russell lying languidly in the soft upholstery, Dick and the chums of the Remove stood and gazed after it long after it had disappeared round the bend in the lane.

Harry Wharton was the first to break the silence. He held out his hand to Dick.

"Congrats, old fellow!" he said simply. "I'm jolly glad!"

"Here, here!" chimed in Bob Cherry heartily. "Give us your mit, old son!"

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific!" purred Hurree Singh.

And a dusky hand clasped Dick's white hand and gave it a grip which, in itself, showed the Nabob's sincerity.

Dick joined in the laugh, and, in sheer exuberance of spirits, he tossed a half-crown to William George Bunter—which was probably the first half-crown Billy Bunter had ever received without having to ask for it.

Billy caught the coin neatly, and made a bee-line for the tuck-shop. In less than two minutes that half-crown had passed into Mrs. Mimble's till, and a plate of pastries was before Billy Bunter.

"My hat!" muttered the Owl of the Remove. "This is prime! I always did think Dick Russell was all right—although he's spoofed us all, the mean beast! Did you say I'd only spent two shillings of that half-crown, Mrs. Mimble?"

"No, I didn't, Master Bunter!" said Mrs. Mimble grimly.

Billy Bunter grunted, and finished off the tarts and pastries. He had an idea at the back of his head that Dick Russell,

made him see stars, and the subject was dropped—hurriedly. Coker, the burly, good-natured Fifth-Former said that fags shouldn't have too much money, and suggested he should look after it for Dick and give him a few shillings at a time. Coker went out of the study on his neck, helped there by the application of several boots.

But of all the Removites, only Billy Bunter made a sensible suggestion—in Billy Bunter's opinion. He suggested that Dick should have regular afternoon "at homes" twice a week, to which his chums, and William George Bunter in particular, could be invited. Dick reported that he would hold an at home for Billy Bunter's sole benefit twice a week—in the gym—where the boxing-gloves were kept.

Fisher Tarleton Fish, the American junior, devised many schemes by which he could turn Dick's fivers into fiftys. Dick kindly but firmly refused to entertain any of the schemes.

—story of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday!

Truly a winner!

Thus many of the fellows who hoped to derive personal benefit from Dick's new position of wealth were disappointed. That is not to say that Dick kept his money to himself. Far from it.

He subscribed liberally to the club funds, to the property fund of the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society, and did not forget that there was a hospital in Friardale which was in sore straits.

Letters between Dick and his father were now daily affairs. Every letter arriving at Greyfriars contained a remittance bigger than that which had once been a year's supply to Dick.

Feeds galore were held in the studies and the Common-room, and it only wanted a whisper that a football team was coming to Greyfriars for Dick immediately to arrange a sumptuous feast for the twenty-two players after the match.

In short, Dick spent his money lavishly. Billy Bunter was successful in cashing many postal-orders which never arrived, and would never arrive. But never for more than half-a-crown. Dick apparently believed in the existence of the half-crown postal-orders, but flatly refused to be convinced that one of Billy's titled relatives had sent a wire to say that there were two letters containing postal-orders for a pound each already in the post.

The whole of the Remove appeared to be in a flourishing state on account of Dick's money. There were no demands by obdurate treasurers for club contributions, and that left a little more pocket-money for everybody. There were no calls for whip-rounds to pay for the entertainment of Form guests. That also made a difference—to everybody save Billy Bunter, who never had sixpence to contribute to anything or anybody save Mrs. Mimble, of the tuck-shop.

Two weeks of absolute bliss to Dick Russell passed by, and he was getting quite used to having his pockets "well lined." He dropped in at Study No. 1 on the Monday evening after prep, and Frank Nugent gave a faint chuckle.

"No, thanks, Dick, we've got plenty of money, and we don't want another fiver!" he said.

Dick laughed. "I wasn't going to suggest anything like that!" he said. "I say, you fellows, do you remember, some time ago, when Mauly stood a treat to the Remove? You know, when he took us all out in motor-buses!"

"What-ho!" said Harry Wharton. "Top-hole day, that! Mauly did us well!"

"I—I—I was thinking that we might have a motor-charabanc trip," said Dick thoughtfully. "I don't want to appear big and all that tommy rot, you know, but—but I think it's a jolly good idea!"

"It's a topping idea, my son!" said Frank Nugent eagerly. "The country is great in the autumn. Put my name down right away, old tulip!"

"And mine!" said Wharton laughing. Dick nodded eagerly. He was genuinely pleased to be able to offer these little gifts and excursions. Perhaps he thought that, as he had so often accepted such gifts and excursions from other fellows, he was now repaying something back.

That news, too, spread with lightning-like rapidity. Before bedtime Dick Russell was besieged, not only by Removites, but by Fifth-Formers and inky fags, who desired to see their names go down on the list of trippers.

Dick could not take everybody. He

**I SAY, YOU FELLOWS,
JUST FIX YOUR EYES
ON THIS WONDER-
FUL PRIZE LIST!**



would have wanted a big fleet of charabancs to do that. But he promised to take eighty fellows, which meant two big charabancs.

Harry Wharton & Co. helped him to compile the list, and then helped him to write the letter to his father, asking him to stand the cash to pay for that little lot. Never for an instant did Russell think that he was asking too much.

The letter was posted by the first mail in the morning, and would reach London before teatime that same day. His father would doubtless reply by return, and Dick would get the money by the first post on Wednesday morning, the day which, being a half-holiday at Greyfriars, Dick had selected for the excursion.

All through Tuesday Dick was the subject of much pleading from those who wanted to go on the trip, but had not been selected. In the end Dick had to shut himself up in his study, behind a locked door, and bellow out refusal after refusal. And at last the disappointed ones gave it up in disgust.

Dick Russell was the first down on the Wednesday morning. The postman came along, left the letters and parcels with Gosling at the lodge, and departed. Dick could scarcely restrain his impatience whilst Gosling slowly sorted out the post.

**First Prize, £100.
Second Prize, £50.**

- 30 Splendid "James" Motor-Cycles (complete with lamp, horn and licence-holder).
- 10 two-valve Wireless Sets.
- 100 "James" Comet Cycles (complete with lamp, bell, etc.).
- 20 Gramophones.
- 50 pairs of Boxing Gloves.
- 100 Match Footballs.
- 100 Fishing Rods.
- 6 Riley Billiards Tables.
- 20 Model Steam Locomotives (with rails, etc.).
- 40 Football Outfits (boots, stockings, shorts and shirt).
- 100 pairs of Roller Skates.
- 250 Books for consolation prizes.

**TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN
OUR GRAND NEW
FOOTBALL COMPETITION
STARTING NEXT
MONDAY!**

Dick peered up at the rack as Gosling, with aggravating slowness, put up the letters in the Remove rack.

Gosling had about thirty letters for the Remove that morning. One by one they appeared in the rack—one for Wharton, one for Johnny Bull, and several for Lord Mauleverer. But the one from London for Dick did not appear, and the bundle in Gosling's hand was fast thinning down.

"Buck up, Gossy!" said Dick impatiently. "I want my letter!"

"Which I ain't seed one for you, Master Russell!" said Gosling stolidly. "My memory ain't what it used to be, but I ain't seed no letter for you."

"Are you sure?" Dick Russell fairly panted out the question. No letter! That meant—

"Positive certain, Master Russell! I've sorted these 'ere letters proper like for this last forty year!" said the porter affably. "Man and boy—"

"Yes—yes, but—" burst out Dick impatiently.

"And that there's the lot, Master Russell!" grunted the porter.

"But—but, Gosling," exclaimed Dick, "you—you must have dropped mine! Let's go to your lodge and have a look for it! I'm certain of a letter this morning! My father—"

"Your father might have missed the post, Master Russell," said Gosling. "Sich things do 'appen in the best regylated 'ouses!"

"It's—it's impossible!" muttered Dick anxiously. "I say, Gosling, are you positive? I'll give you five bob—a pound—if you find that letter!"

"Fifty pounds won't find a blinkin' letter what ain't arrove!" said Gosling sourly.

And the porter tramped noisily along the passage towards the stairs.

Dick looked after him, his face almost white.

"Gosling! Gossy! Wait a minute!" he called out, and ran down the corridor to the porter. "Look here, Gossy, you run down to Friardale with a telegram for me. I'll give you a quid for your trouble. I—I—I must have some money by lunch-time, and I can get it by telegram!"

Gosling had looked dubious at the mention of Friardale, but the subsequent mention of a pound for himself drove any thoughts of refusal from his mind.

"Write it out, sir," he said affably.

Dick took a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and quickly scribbled a message to his father, pointing out to him the urgent necessity for immediate supplies of cash, as per letter sent on Tuesday morning.

The telegram was duly despatched, and Dick, in the dining-hall, was the picture of anxiety.

None of the juniors appeared to notice that he hardly touched his breakfast. No one asked him why he was looking so jolly worried on a day when everybody else was almost bursting with excitement and anticipation.

During morning lessons came the answer to the telegram; and Mr. Quelch, with an indulgent smile, permitted the page-boy to deliver it to Dick Russell.

"I trust that it does not contain bad news, Russell," he said kindly.

Russell stammered his thanks, and fairly ripped open the buff envelope. The next moment it dropped from his hands, and he staggered back into his seat.

Mr. Quelch looked at him in alarm.

"MICK THE OUTCAST!" will add yet a further laurel to the triumphs of—

"My poor boy! Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

The Form master of the Remove had the reputation of being a beast, but a just beast. There was no doubt but that he was a stern old martinet at times. But when there was a suspicion of trouble for any one of his pupils Mr. Quelch could always be relied upon to come sympathetically to the scratch.

"No—nunno, sir!" stammered Dick, and he turned round to face the curious-eyed Form. "I'm—I'm sorry, you fellows! The trip's off!"

"Off!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"My hat!"

"The—the— My father is not at home. He— There's something wrong!" blurted out Dick.

"Perhaps he has gone away, my boy," suggested Mr. Quelch kindly.

"He told me that he was certain to be in London for some months to come, sir," said Dick anxiously. "May I—may I go and use the telephone, sir?"

"Certainly!" said the master quietly.

Dick Russell hurriedly left the Form-room and went along to Mr. Quelch's study. He gave his father's telephone number, and then impatiently paced the floor of the room whilst the trunk call was being put through.

Time and time again his anxious eyes glanced at the instrument. Would the call never come through?

The bell rang at last, and Dick, who was by the window, made a dash for the instrument as if his life depended upon it.

"Dad! I say, is that you, father?" he exclaimed.

A voice answered him—not a man's voice, but the calm, collected voice of the girl operator.

"There is no reply from that number," she said.

"Oh crumbs! Oh dear!" panted Dick; and, struck by a sudden thought, he added, "I say, miss, would you mind telling me if that number was used yesterday, or early this morning? It—it's my father I'm anxious about."

"Wait a minute or two, and I'll let you know," was the reply.

There was another aggravating interval, and Dick tapped impatiently upon the table whilst he waited.

"Hallo!" came the operator's voice suddenly. "Yes, there were four calls put through to the number you want last night, and five out-going calls. None this morning, though."

"Oh, th-th-thanks!" stammered Dick, and he replaced the receiver.

For a moment he stood irresolute, his mind in a whirl.

His father, then, had been in the house yesterday. That meant he would have received Dick's letter all right. But why was there no reply? What had happened? What was the reason for this sudden, dramatic silence from his father?

There was something wrong!

There was no getting away from that fact. Even if Mr. Russell had had suddenly to change his plans and go away from London, he surely would have let Dick know—he would have sent the money.

Before Dick could move out of the room the bell rang for cessation of classes, and Dick staggered down the corridor and hastily locked himself in his study.

What was he going to say to all the fellows whom he had invited to the charabanc trip? There was plenty of time, fortunately, to telephone through



"Your father is wanted on a charge of high treason," said the detective quietly. Smack! Russell's fist flashed out and caught the officer full on the chin. "Say that again, you rotter!" roared Russell. (See Chapter 4.)

to the garage and stop the charabancs from coming to Greyfriars.

And stop them he must, for he could not pay for them now. The money for that purpose was to have come that morning, and it had not arrived. Dick Russell, from the happiest fellow in the Remove, was suddenly the most miserable, the most anxious fellow in the whole of Greyfriars!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In London!

"CHEER up! Things ain't always what they seem!"

Bob Cherry, boisterous as ever, burst into Dick Russell's thoughts as the two juniors went in to dinner. Dick started, and tried to smile. But a smile was hard to force, in the circumstances.

Many of the fellows looked at Dick Russell as he made a pretence of eating his dinner. And, in spite of the fact that Billy Bunter was included, not one of the party blamed Dick for the sudden cancelling of the excursion. Dick Russell was in trouble—or it looked very much like it—and that trouble was quite obviously worrying him. So Dick was left very much to his own thoughts during the dinner-time.

When the meal was finished and the juniors began to make their way out of the Hall Dick signed to Harry Wharton & Co.

"Are you fellows game for a run up to London this afternoon?" he asked bluntly.

"London!"

"Great Scott!"

"I've been thinking it out. I feel I

ought to go to London and see if I can find out what has happened," said Dick quickly. "The operator said that the phone was used yesterday. My father must have used it. Something must have happened, or he would have written. He's answered every letter before—"

"Like a little brick!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I wish my pater would answer my letters as promptly, and enclose a fiver every time he did it!"

"So I'm going to London—we can easily get permission from Quelchy," said Dick Russell, too earnest even to smile. "Will you fellows come?"

"Like ducks to water, my son, if old Quelchy will give permish!" said Harry Wharton. "We'll trot along and speak nicely to him."

Whether it was because they spoke nicely to their Form master or not, the juniors secured the permission they sought. They darted up to their studies, changed, and in ten minutes they were ready to catch the two o'clock express train to the great metropolis.

Curious eyes watched them go. Billy Bunter moved towards Dick Russell as the party approached the gate, as if he wanted to say something. But Bob Cherry significantly pushed back his cuffs, and Billy Bunter hastily scuttled away.

The train bore them swiftly away to London, and it was as much owing to Bob Cherry's geniality and cheerfulness that Dick Russell began to feel his load of worry leaving him. Soon, anyhow, he would know the best—or the worst. There was some comfort in that—much better than sitting about Greyfriars, moping, and racking his brains in trying to find answers to endless questions.

A taxi took them to the house; and

it was when the juniors alighted from the taxi that they had the first inkling that something was wrong.

All the blinds were drawn.

Harry Wharton looked sharply at Dick's face.

Dick was white now, and his underlip was trembling. His eyes were fixed upon the blinds, and it was only with an effort that he dug his hands into his pockets and drew out a key.

"I—I—I thought of this, fortunately," he muttered. "But—but we'll ring first."

Harry Wharton nodded, and it was he who rang the bell. They heard its noisy clatter somewhere down in the basement of the house. But there came no answering footsteps in the hall.

Dick fidgeted uneasily.

"Ring again—and knock!" he said.

Bob Cherry knocked, and he did it in his usual boisterous fashion. The banging went through the house like the knell of doom. The bell clanged again under Harry Wharton's pressing finger. But still there came no footsteps.

"Walk in, my tulip!" said Bob Cherry, with as much cheerfulness as he could muster in the circumstances.

Dick inserted the key in the lock, and one turn of his hand was sufficient to send the door swinging open. He led the way into the spacious hall—a very different hall from that which Dick had known so well.

There was a thick carpet on the floor now, whereas before there had been linoleum and a few rugs. But it was not the carpet which attracted Dick's attention.

There were two raincoats—practically new—which were cast upon the floor in a muddled heap, which caught his eye. Beyond the scattered coats lay two or three caps, a bowler hat, and a grey silk topper. Gloves were in several corners, the whole hall bearing the appearance of either having been the scene of a burglary, or a hurried exit.

Without a word Dick opened the first door—the dining-room door, which was on the right of the hall. The other juniors, glancing at one another in dismay, followed silently behind their chum.

The room was in much the same state as the hall, with the exception that papers were scattered about in great profusion, whereas the hall had been clear of papers. There was nothing on the sideboard save a few ornaments. The grate was full of blackened paper.

Dick turned to his companions, dismay on his face.

"Wh-wh-what does all this mean?" he demanded weakly.

The Famous Five could do nothing but shake their heads. They could not give any answer to that question, for the simple reason that they were asking it of themselves.

"M-my father seems to have left hurriedly," said Dick anxiously. "I say, you fellows, I sup— Hallo!"

Dick broke off suddenly.

Two shadows had darkened the hall, and a moment later two sturdily-built men walked into the dining-room.

"Who are you?" demanded one of them bluntly.

"We're from Greyfriars. This is my father's house," said Dick quietly. "I think I'm entitled to ask you the same question!"

"Rather!" said Bob Cherry indignantly.

"Where's your father?" snapped the man curtly.

Dick started. He did not like the look

of these men. There was something about them which seemed to spell trouble.

"I—I—I don't know! That's what I'm here for!" said Dick uneasily.

"Your name is Russell?" queried the man sharply.

"Yes, Dick Russell of Greyfriars. My father—"

He broke off again. The man was looking at him with eyes which were no longer stern and forbidding. Dick saw sympathy there—and sympathy at that moment was the last thing Dick wanted.

"I'm sorry, son," said the man gently. "But there's no good to be got out of withholding the truth from you. We want your father!"

Dick went pale suddenly.

"And—who are you, sir?" he asked.

"Detectives from Scotland Yard!" was the reply.

"Oh!"

That ejaculation came in a gasp from six throats. The Greyfriars juniors were staggered. It was Dick himself who broke the ensuing silence.

"What do you want him for?" he demanded hotly. "My father is a jolly good sort! He's—"

"He's wanted for embezzlement, sonny, and for something a lot worse!" said the detective quietly.

"Good heavens! Not—not—"

"Not murder—no! But treason! He's been selling important papers to foreign governments! And all done under the guise of a company secretary!"

"He wasn't a company secretary, and he hasn't committed treason!" roared Dick. "My hat, you're not going to say that!"

A moment later he had thrown himself at the detective, and before the officer could defend himself Dick's right fist caught him on the point of the jaw, sending him flying across the room, to bring up against the far wall with a crash which shook the house.

"You—you rotter! You—you—" roared Dick. "Say that again, and I'll—I'll—"

"Steady, old son!" counselled Bob Cherry, and he turned grimly to the officer. "You'd better say the rest now, sir!"

"You're coming to the nearest police-station, my lads!" said the detective angrily. "We'll talk to you kids where we've got somebody to look after you! That—that dangerous—"

"There's more to follow!" roared Dick. "You're going to take back those words, or I'm going to—"

"Sh-sh!" whispered Harry Wharton, catching the excited and furious Removite by the arm. "Don't be a fool, Dick! You can't fight the whole giddy police-force!"

"Come on, the whole bunch of you!" said the detective, tenderly fingering his jaw.

A moment later Dick's arm was seized in a vice-like grip, and he was marched to the front door. By the time he got there he realised the futility of fighting the law, and he shook himself, without, however, being able to throw off the detaining hand.

"I'll come with you!" he muttered. "Take your confounded hand away!"

"I'm not trusting you!" said the officer grimly. "You hit too mighty hard for a school kid!"

Bob Cherry chuckled at that. Dick Russell had won the Public Schools Championship at Aldershot, so there was good reason for his possessing a powerful punch.

"You can take his word for it, sir," said Bob Cherry. "Honour bright!"

Perhaps the officer knew what that meant. At any rate, he released his grip upon Dick's arm and carefully shut the door of the house as soon as the juniors had passed into the street.

"Isn't it the blessed limit?" whispered Frank Nugent.

"The limitfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh warmly. "To be taken through the streetfulness like the esteemed and ludicrous crook is disgustingly terrific also."

"I hope it isn't far," said Johnny Bull, with a grunt. "I feel as if all the eyes of London are upon me!"

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry.

Dick Russell did not speak. He seemed half-stunned.

His already white face paled still more when they turned into the main road and came face to face with a glaring newspaper poster, which read:

"Treason Plot! Well-Known Men Implicated! Latest!"

The faces of the juniors burned as they read it, and their hearts went out to Dick Russell in his trouble.

They were glad when they turned into the police-station and found themselves out of the gaze of the curious.

"Now get it over sharp," muttered Dick Russell. "What do you want to know?"

"In the first place," said the detective, "has your father had much money lately? I mean, more than usual?"

"I don't know that I'm compelled to answer that question," said Dick slowly.

The detective shrugged his shoulders, and nodded his head towards the officer who had accompanied him, and who had a notebook and pencil in his hand.

"Where did your father say he was going?" he demanded suddenly.

"Don't I keep telling you that I don't know where he is? I came up to see him, as a matter of fact!" said Dick impatiently. "I was worried because I hadn't heard from him lately."

"When did you last hear?"

"Monday."

"You fully expected to hear—when?"

"This morning," said Dick. "I didn't hear, and I and my chums received permission from our Form master to visit town here and see what was the matter."

"You know now!" said the officer grimly. "We want your father, my boy. We'll get him in the end, so if you are concealing anything you're doing yourself and your father no good."

"Nice gentleman!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"You can clear out now! Where's Greyfriars, anyway?"

"In Kent," muttered Dick Russell, and added hotly: "I suppose you're going to set spies upon me now, eh? Well, let me tell you that if I see anybody resembling a police officer watching my movements, I'll punch his silly fat head for him!"

"You'd better take this in a better spirit, my son," warned the officer. "You can't take on the whole force, you know."

And with that the official conducted the Removites to the door of the station.

"Come on, you chaps!" said Russell thickly. "I—I—I feel as if this place is choking me! Let's get back to Greyfriars! I want to think!"

The other juniors nodded, but did not speak.

Twenty minutes later they were at the London terminus, and very shortly after

Sir Hilton Popper—the fiery-tempered Governor of Greyfriars—

that they were speeding down the line towards Greyfriars.

Dick Russell looked very bitter. In the midst of his happiness, this blow had come as a bolt from the blue.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked more anxious than bitter. They, not being so intimately affected, had time to think of what was going to happen when the news became known at Greyfriars.

Their thoughts, on that score, were not pleasant.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

"The Sins of the Fathers—"

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter fairly burst his way into the Remove Common-room that afternoon. William George Bunter was excited—very excited. In fact, he was so excited his eyes fairly started from his head, and his lips were quivering so much that he could scarcely speak.

"I say, you fellows!" he gasped again.

"Say it, fatty, and leave us in peace!" said Skinner wearily.

"But I say, you know, Russell's father's going to be shot for treason!" panted Bunter. "Oh crumbs! I say, you fellows—it's in the papers! I've seen it!"

"Don't talk out of the back of your neck, you fat ass!" snapped Vernon-Smith. "I'll give you a thick ear if you talk rot like that!"

"It's—it's in the papers!" howled Bunter wrathfully.

"Wha-at!"

Bunter's stories were usually accepted with reserve, if they were ever given a second thought. Consequently, when Bunter really did tell the truth, nobody believed him.

But it was quite obvious that Billy Bunter had really seen something on this occasion. Skinner knew that, and it was part of Skinner's unenviable nature that he liked to hear about decent people's troubles.

"Where's the paper, Bunt?" asked Skinner almost affably.

"I've got it in my study—I left it there—"

"Because you were in such a hurry to spread the news?" sneered the Bunder.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Shut up, you little rotter! Wait until Russell comes back from London, and then shout it out. Perhaps he'll have something to say about that!"

And with that the Bunder walked out of the Common-room.

But although Vernon-Smith evidently did not want to hear the news, there were many others who did want to hear it.

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott went along to Billy Bunter's study, with Bunter jabbering all the way, almost incoherently at times, to read for themselves the startling news which Bunter had shouted in the Common-room.

Skinner's eyes gleamed as he read the account—a brief report to the effect that Richard Russell, who had been acting as secretary to Gordon Gummer, was wanted by the police for embezzlement, and probably high treason as well.

"So that's how Dick Russell got his money!" said Skinner, with a chuckle. "Paid by the giddy foreigners, by gad!"

"Bit rough on Russell—what?" murmured Stott, in whom there was a spark of decency.

"My hat! Fancy having a father for

whom the police will offer a reward!" said Skinner excitedly. "My hat! Fancy bills all over Friardale and Courtfield, with a description and perhaps a photo of the wanted man! And everybody in Friardale knows Dick Russell! My hat!"

"I expect he'll be back soon—Dick Russell, I mean," said Snoop. "Let's go down to the gates and see what happens."

Skinner nodded, and he and Snoop proceeded with more haste than decency to see the son of the wanted man. Stott, mumbling an excuse, walked away towards his study.

As it happened, Skinner, Bunter, and Snoop were the only three Greyfriars fellows at the gates when Dick Russell and the Famous Five came in.

Skinner dodged to one side, making a pretence of covering his pockets with his hands. Dick Russell looked at him, with eyes that glared with rage, but he did no more than clench his hands.

But Bob Cherry was not in quite the same state of mind.

"What's biting you, Skinney?" he asked quietly.

Dick did not wait to hear the answer to that question. Already his cheeks were burning. He passed on into the school. The Famous Five remained at the gates.

"How much reward is offered?" asked Skinner, with an attempt at bravado he was far from feeling.

"For what?" asked Wharton calmly.

"For—for Russell's father, of course," said Skinner.

"Are you wanting to claim the reward?" sneered Johnny Bull.

"Oh rats!" said Skinner.

"Look here, Skinney—and you, Snoop!" said Bob Cherry. "Any attempt to plague Dick Russell because his

father's in trouble is going to be rewarded in a style you won't like! There's a thick ear and a thumping good hiding awaiting anybody who says a word against Dick Russell! Get me?"

"Hear, hear!" said Wharton warmly.

"So, any of your tricks, my son, and you'll know all about it!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "Let Russell alone. He's got quite enough trouble, without your barging in with more! If you're looking for trouble, I'm your bird!"

Skinner muttered something unintelligible, and thrust his hands deep in his pockets as he strolled away, with the nervous Snoop by his side.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked after them, their hands tightly clenched.

"There's going to be trouble!" prophesied Johnny Bull.

"The troublefulness will be terrific!" purred Hurree Singh. "Poor old Dick!"

"We stand by Dick, you fellows?" asked Bob Cherry hastily.

"What-ho!" chorused the others.

Bunter had already rushed away to spread the news that the Famous Five and Dick Russell had returned from London, and many curious eyes were directed at the Co. as they made their way to Study No. 1.

They had not been there two minutes before there came a tap at the door, and Coker of the Fifth walked in.

"I heard Bunter spreading a yarn about Dick Russell's father," he said bluntly. "Anything in it?"

The Famous Five looked at one another. There was no good denying it.

"Unfortunately—yes," said Wharton.

Coker nodded.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I've punched Bunter's head for telling lies. I'm going to punch his head again now for being a cad!"

And Coker of the Fifth went out of the



Dick Russell's white face paled still further when, in company with the two detectives and the Removites, he turned into the main road. A glaring poster met his eye, proclaiming to all and sundry his father's guilt. (See Chapter 4.)

—figures prominently in this coming yarn! Don't miss it, chums!

study again, pushing back his cuffs as he went.

"Good old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "He's a champion ass, but he's a decent old ass, all the same!"

"The decentfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh. "The fatful Bunter looks like getting the esteemed and ludicrous hiding of his life!"

"Serve the fat ass right!" grunted Johnny Bull.

There came another tap at the door, and it opened to admit Vernon-Smith.

"Seen the papers, I suppose?" said the Bounder quietly.

The Co. nodded.

"We've also been questioned by the police—between you and little us," said Bob Cherry. "Old man Russell's let Dick down rather badly."

"There'll be trouble," said the Bounder briefly. "Count on me."

Bolsover major was the next caller. The burly Removite bounced into the room.

"Dick Russell's father's wanted by the police, I see," he said grimly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Me?" said Wharton, at whom the bully of the Remove was looking as he spoke.

"Of course."

"What's it got to do with me?"

"You're captain of the Remove. I suppose you ain't going to sit tight, and let us live with a fellow whose father's a convict, are you?"

Wharton shut his lips tight.

"Take my tip, Bolsy, and keep your mouth shut," he said quietly. "This is a time when the Remove's got to rally round old Russell."

"Rally round a convict's son!" exclaimed Bolsover indignantly. "My only hat! What next will you be asking us to do?"

"Get out of the study!" said Bob Cherry calmly. "Savvy?"

"Look here—" began Bolsover.

"Oh, chuck him out!" snapped Johnny Bull.

There was a rush, a scrimmage, and somebody went flying through the doorway, to bring up with a crash against the wall on the far side of the corridor. It was Bolsover.

"Yow! Oh, crumbs! You silly chumps! I'll punch your silly heads!" he roared.

He picked himself up and rushed towards the study. But the door closed suddenly, and it was the door which Bolsover punched. There was another howl, as he started to dance upon his toes and suck his damaged knuckles.

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh, my hat! Yah!"

And with that Bolsover strode away, feeling that a liberal application of cold water would considerably ease his damaged hand. For the time being he had had enough of Dick Russell and the Famous Five.

But the Famous Five were not left alone for long. There came another tap at the door, and Bob Cherry took up an ebony ruler with a businesslike air.

"Come in and be slaughtered!" he said invitingly.

But when the door was opened it was George Wingate, the popular captain of Greyfriars, who entered.

"Oh!" said Bob Cherry lamely.

"Ahem! You see, Wingate—"

Wingate did not take any notice of the ruler in Bob Cherry's hand. He turned at once to Harry Wharton.

"You, of course, have heard about Russell. I heard you'd been to London with him," said Wingate quietly. "It's up to you, Wharton, to see that there's no ragging. Russell can't help what his father does."

"We know," replied the Remove captain. "Thanks all the same, Wingate!"

"But there'll be trouble, all the same," warned Wingate grimly. "I'm going to let it be known that I'm going to lick any kid who talks about the matter in Russell's hearing. But there are plenty of worms like Skinner who'll see that Russell doesn't get off scot-free. I thought I'd tell you that."

"Good old Georgey!" murmured Bob Cherry.

And Wingate nodded and retired, without handing Bob Cherry a thick ear for his "cheek," as he would have done in other circumstances.

It was soon all too apparent that Wingate was right. Skinner and Snoop, and others of the same kidney, were extremely indignant that they would have to remain in the same school as a traitor's son.

Dick Russell, even behind the locked door of his study, could not get away from the sneering voices. His face

flamed and paled alternately, and his heart beat with a rapidity which threatened to choke him.

"Oh, heavens!" he muttered miserably.

He thought of all the money he had spent in the school of late—of the fivers he had dished out to clubs and societies and hospitals. He thought of the food he had eaten—food bought by money supplied to him by a traitor.

"Oh, it's all wrong!" he muttered, as he began to pace the floor of his study.

"There's—there's a mistake somewhere!" Dick did not stir out of his study until he had to go to the Remove dormitory. By the time he arrived there everybody else was undressing and getting into bed. Skinner's voice could be heard above the whispered buzz that broke out when Dick appeared and quietly went to his bed.

"What about a trip to the Tower of London next half, Bolsy?" asked Skinner.

"The place where they keep spies and traitors, you mean?" said Bolsover affably. "Certainly, Skinner, I'll come!"

"I say, you fellows, I'll go, too!" broke in Bunter excitedly. "I'd love to see the Traitors' Gate!"

Whiz!

A boot hurtled through the air and brought up against Bolsover's head with a thud which could be heard the length of the dormitory.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bolsover hotly.

"Who threw that boot?"

"I did!" said Bob Cherry coolly.

"Here's another coming!"

Whiz!

Bolsover ducked, but the boot flew towards Skinner, who howled with pain and wrath.

"You—you silly fool!" he spluttered.

"Groo! Ow!"

"Shut up, then!" snapped Cherry.

Skinner shut up, but Bolsover did not. Whatever faults Bolsover had, he was no coward. The boot did not deter him.

"When are we going to get rid of the traitor's son?" he roared.

Dick, his face the colour of his pillow-case, strode from beside his bed, and, without a word, lashed out. Bolsover warded off the blow, and in another moment the two would have been at it hammer-and-tongs.

"Stick it, Bolsy!" exclaimed Skinner.

But Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull sprang at the juniors and separated them.

"Let me get at him!" roared Bolsover. "I'll fight the rotter! I'll jolly well show him what we think of traitors at Greyfriars!"

"And we'll jolly soon show you what we think of you!" said Bob Cherry hotly. "You toads! Let a fellow alone, can't you?"

"Why should we? It's the truth, ain't it?" bellowed Bolsover.

Dick Russell started, and his hands fell to his side.

The truth!

"Good heavens! The truth!" he muttered; and, without another word, he staggered back to his bed, and flung himself down upon it.

His abject misery touched even Bolsover. The Bully of the Remove looked down at the recumbent figure on the bed, and his bellow relapsed into a mutter as he undressed himself.

Mark Linley, the scholarship boy from Lancashire, who knew better than any other fellow at Greyfriars what poverty meant, touched Bolsover on the shoulder suddenly.

"Another word from you on that subject, Bolsover, and I'm taking you outside, whatever the time of the night!" he said quietly.

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"Oh, go to blazes!" snapped Bolsover.

Mark Linley shrugged his shoulders, and went back to his bed.

A few minutes later Wingate came in, an ashplant under his arm, to turn out the lights. He gave one piteous glance at Dick Russell, and snapped down the switch.

"No noise, and no chatter," he said quietly. "A sound from here, and it's lickings all round! Understand that!"

And he went out of the dormitory, leaving Dick Russell to get into bed when the mood prompted him.

But Wingate's warning, though it was sufficient to stop any junior who had thought of openly discussing the Russell case, could not stop the whispering.

Muttering came from all sides of Dick Russell's bed. He heard the slight sounds, and he gulped in his throat in an effort to get rid of the lump that would persist in rising there.

They were talking about him—talking about his father, who was wanted by the police.

The mere fact that Mr. Russell had gone away, leaving the house in such a state of disorder, was sufficient to tell Dick that any hope of there being a mistake was gone. He would not have run away if there was the remotest chance of proving his innocence.

He was guilty, and everybody knew it. Everybody who looked upon him, who thought about him, would conjure up in their minds the fact that he was the son of Richard Russell, wanted by the police for the worst crime in the land.

The disgrace was as much as even Dick Russell, courageous and proud though he was, could stand.

For long, weary hours—long after the last whispering voices had been quietened in sleep, Dick lay and stared up, with sightless eyes, at the ceiling. The clock in the old tower boomed out hour after hour, but no sleep would come and give his brain that rest he so badly needed.

The darkness intensified, and then began to change to a grey. Dawn was approaching, and it was with a groan that Dick at last stopped his restless turning from side to side, his arms outflung on the bed, to lay still.

And somewhere, perhaps, a man was thinking much the same thoughts. Perhaps he was thinking of the disgrace his terrible mistake was heaping upon his defenceless son, one of the most popular juniors at one of the biggest public schools in the country.

Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, and it looked as if there was a great deal of truth in the saying which tells us that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Split in the Form!

THAT the affair with Bolsover was by no means over was apparent as early as seven o'clock the next morning.

The rising-bell clanged out its message on the crisp morning air, and many of the fellows turned out with considerable more promptitude than was their wont.

The reason was obvious in a very short time.

Bolsover, as soon as he was dressed, hurried out of the dormitory, to return a few minutes later with the morning newspaper in his hand. This he carefully scanned, found what he sought, and for a full minute was silent whilst he read.



"Chuck him out!" snapped Johnny Bull. There was a rush, a scrimmage, and Bolsover went flying through the doorway, to bring up with a crash against the wall. "Yowp! Oh! Wow-ow!" groaned the bully of the Remove. (See Chapter 5.)

He tossed the paper to one side when he had finished.

"There is no news," he said, to nobody in particular.

"Good!" said Vernon-Smith coolly.

"Of course, you don't want the traitor run down by the police," sneered Bolsover. "You don't care if a rotter sells the country's secrets to foreign agents, do you?"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry hotly. "Bolsy, I'll punch your fat head in a minute!"

Bob's stentorian yell was enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. It awoke Dick Russell, who sat up in bed, haggard, and with black rings under his eyes.

He caught sight of the newspaper on Bolsover's bed, and was getting out of his own bed when Mark Linley's voice broke in.

"There's no news, Dick," he said quietly.

Something like a prayer dropped from Russell's pale lips. He rose from his bed, dressed and washed himself, and left the dormitory. He did not speak. His hands were shaking, and his eyes darted restlessly from side to side.

It was Billy Bunter who first brought the news that Greyfriars was being watched by detectives. The fat junior, by some means possessed of sixpence, had taken a hurried journey to the tuckshop to spend it before breakfast. He had caught sight of a tall man walking slowly up and down the road outside the school, and Bunter immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was a detective, waiting on the off-chance that Mr. Russell would sooner or later come and see his son.

The news was received with mixed feelings at Greyfriars. And it spread like wildfire.

Some of the juniors who had hitherto

stood aloof from any argument concerning Russell began to frown and chatter amongst themselves. Others, openly angry, spoke in loud voices as they gave vent to their opinions.

It was too thick, Greyfriars being watched for a criminal to appear. Why didn't the Head give Dick Russell the order of the boot, and thus remove the obnoxious police-officer who silently kept vigil outside?

Before the morning was out, the Forms were split in their opinions, especially the Remove. There were those who stood out that Mr. Russell's trouble was Dick's misfortune, and that, therefore, Dick was to be pitied and not blamed. There were others who were openly against Dick Russell, and declared that if a fellow had a father who was a traitor to his country, the sooner that fellow was out of Greyfriars the better it would be for the old school.

Dr. Locke, the venerable old Head, was seen to be frowning and thoughtful. Mr. Quelch's lips seemed thinner than ever, but no word was heard from him. Even Gosling, the school porter, looked askance at the unfortunate Removeite as he strolled aimlessly and alone in the Cloisters.

Sir Hilton Popper, one of the governors of Greyfriars, came along to see the Head, and as soon as he appeared the watchful man in the lane stopped in front of him.

"Would you mind telling me your name, sir?" he asked politely.

"My name, sir?" roared the irate old gentleman in a voice that could be heard all over the school. "Sir Hilton Popper, sir, and what the blazes has it got to do with you?"

"Nothing now," said the officer calmly; and before the baronet could say any more the officer walked away,

Talking of thrills, what about your copy of "The Holiday Annual"? It's full of 'em!

but only a matter of fifty yards up the lane. There he turned and again resumed his watch upon the gateway of Greyfriars.

Sir Hilton told the Head of the impudent jackanapes who had stopped him, and the Head discreetly explained the reason.

The baronet grew purple with rage.

"Fine thing for the old school, heh?" he blurted out. "Dr. Locke, I'm not a man, I hope, to kick a lame dog getting over a stile and all that, but, really, you know, it's bad, begad—rank bad!"

"I know," said the Head uncomfortably. "I know. But—but one cannot blame that unfortunate boy because his father has—er—made a mistake. That is not like Greyfriars, either. But—but—bless my soul, I hardly know what to do, or what to think!"

Sir Hilton Popper paced the floor, his hands clasped behind his back.

"Supposing—only supposing, mind you—that the boy was—er—told that it would perhaps be better—better if he took a holiday?" he suggested lamely.

The Head shook his head.

"Where could he go?" he asked.

"Huh!" snorted the baronet. "Something's got to be done, sir!"

Dr. Locke nodded then. He agreed upon that point. But the question was—what could be done?

If Dick was sent away from Greyfriars, where could he go? He was homeless. Greyfriars was his only home. But at the same time, there was the good name of Greyfriars to consider. What would the parents of the other pupils think?

Perhaps—indeed it was extremely likely—the majority of the parents would think sympathetically of Dick Russell. Others, on the other hand, would think only of themselves and their pride.

The Head was facing the biggest quandary of his life.

"I can't send the boy away!" he said suddenly. "The boy has done nothing of which he could be ashamed. On the contrary, he is a model pupil in every way—one of our best. No; he must remain at Greyfriars, Sir Hilton!"

"Huh!" was the baronet's only comment upon that decision.

Later that day the masters discussed the unfortunate affair, and if they came to any decision in the matter, they kept it to themselves.

Wingate was busy cuffing fags who, in an excess of zeal and from thoughtlessness, spoke disparagingly of Dick Russell. Bob Cherry's knuckles were bruised and practically useless before the dinner-hour was over and classes re-assembled for the afternoon lesson on the same account. The remainder of the Famous Five were in much the same condition as were Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Lord Mauleverer, and several other juniors.

The other side wore their damages on their noses and ears and heads. But they were adamant. They went on speaking, sometimes in whispers, sometimes in loud tones which called for war.

The Remove was split completely by teatime. And yet during the whole of that day Dick Russell never opened his lips to speak. He scarcely ate any of his meals, and by the time bed came round Harry Wharton & Co. were anxious.

Dick was growing wild-eyed under the ceaseless taunts of Skinner, Bolsover, and others of the same kidney. Never once did he lose his temper and answer back, although his eyes burned with rage a score of times.

It was because it was the truth that Dick felt it so keenly. Had there been a suspicion of doubt in the matter, Dick

would have fought until he dropped to keep his father's name clean. As it was, he felt that he must bear the taunts; must put up with the insults and bitter denunciations. What was the good of trying to defend a name that was bound to be blackened for ever in the highest courts of the land?

That was Dick's viewpoint, but it did not alter the bitterness of the days. Even Billy Bunter, who a few days before had borrowed half-crown after half-crown on the pretence of a postal-order being in the post, never spoke directly to him.

The money Dick had brought back with him from London lay, so far as the notes were concerned, a mass of blackened ashes in the grate in his study, burned there in a moment of abhorrence for anything he had received from his father. The coins were scattered from the study window—anywhere. Dick Russell was once more one of the poorest juniors at Greyfriars. In fact, as he had precisely nothing, he was with the poorest of the poor.

Night came again—night, with its dreaded darkness, and the terrible thoughts which racked his brain. And still there was no news—still the ever watchful guardian of the law kept his vigil outside.

Dick Russell felt that he must go mad under the terrible strain. He found himself longing for his father to be caught—longing for the trial and the bitter truth. The suspense was awful—terrifying.

Tears—tears which he had never known before—rolled from his eyes, down his cheeks, and fell unheeded upon the bedclothes. He could have cried aloud—sobbed until his heart broke. It might have done him good had he completely given way and done so.

But he would not let the fellows see his tears. As much as possible he would keep the tragedy of his soul to himself. His eyes, dulled during the day, glistened that night as the water welled into his lids.

The morning!

With a gulp Dick sat up in his bed, his hands clutching at the bedclothes in a startled grip. The morning!

The fellows—every fellow—every servant at Greyfriars would see his tear-stained eyes, and would know what had been happening in the silent hours of the night.

"Oh, Heaven! It's more than I can bear!" groaned the unhappy junior.

A moment later he was out of bed. He staggered, from sheer weakness, on his legs. His hands felt for and found the iron rail of the bed, with which he steadied himself whilst he tried to stop the wild beating of his heart.

He pulled himself together with an effort, and took up his clothes, stooping down to the floor to pick up his shoes and socks. A moment later he was tiptoeing from the dormitory, going he knew not where—and cared the less.

Skinner & Co. had succeeded. The Head was relieved of his worry. Tomorrow there would be no question as to what must or should be done, as was openly known had been the case.

Dick Russell had gone!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

In the Night!

BOB CHERRY sat up in his bed. He was the lightest sleeper in the Remove, and it needed but a slight sound to awaken him.

He strained his ears in the effort to hear better.

He heard a strangled sob and a sudden, swift patter of bare feet.

"Who's that?" he demanded.

There was no reply.

Even Billy Bunter was not snoring. The silence of the night had only been broken by that one sob and that swift patter of bare feet.

"Who's up? Is it you, Skinney, you rotter?" demanded Bob Cherry again.

Still there was no reply.

"Then I'll thumping soon see who it is!" snapped Bob Cherry. "Shady rotters been breaking bounds, I suppose!"

He jumped out of bed and fumbled for a moment for the electric light switch. In a second the dormitory was flooded with a dazzling white light, which momentarily blinded him.

Rows upon rows of sleeping juniors greeted his gaze when at last he could see properly. But there was one bed empty—Dick Russell's.

Bob shut his lips tightly, and a gleam of understanding entered his eyes. He switched off the light and fumbled his way in the darkness towards Harry Wharton's bed.

"Harry!"

"O-o-oh!"

Bob shook him again; and Wharton, rubbing his eyes, sat up.

"Harry, Dick Russell's gone—just gone!" whispered Bob. "Come on, we'll have him back, the silly ass!"

"Rouse Franky and Johnny and Inky," muttered Harry Wharton, leaping from his bed.

The other juniors were roused, grumbling, from their sleep. But they ceased to grumble when Bob whispered to them what had occurred.

In less than five minutes five juniors hastily dressed and trod silently out of the Remove dormitory. They moved cautiously; they did not want to draw attention to themselves or to Dick Russell.

But once outside the school, they threw caution to the winds, and ran for the old oak-tree by the wall.

"He can't have got very far," said Bob Cherry.

"The can't-fulness is obviously terrific!" said Hurree Singh softly.

The five nimble juniors were over the wall and in the lane in another minute. Once there, they grouped in the darkness, and hesitated.

"He'd probably go towards Friar-dale," said Frank Nugent quickly.

"We'll try that way first. He's—"

"Listen!" said Bob Cherry sharply.

The juniors listened.

Faintly, from the distance, came the uneven crunch, crunch, as of feet upon the stony roadway.

"Come on!" said Wharton tersely. "That's Dick, for a pound!"

The Famous Five took to their heels and ran for it, choosing the grassy pathway to soften their footsteps as much as possible. They had proceeded in this manner for probably two hundred yards when they caught sight of the dim figure in front of them.

The figure was staggering, rather than walking, and more than once the midnight walker tottered on his feet, as if physically exhausted.

"That's him!" said Bob Cherry quickly. "Collar him!"

"Gently does it, old son!" said Wharton softly. "Poor old Dick!"

Dick Russell turned sharply, glimpsed

Another ripping instalment of our grand detective and adventure serial—

the five dim figures, and took to his heels and ran.

But he was in no condition to run. His legs felt as if they were dropping; and the pitiful, fast beating of his heart made breathing difficult.

In another hundred yards Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton had caught up with him.

"Let me go!" said Dick Russell passionately. "Let me go, you chaps! I'm going away—"

"Dick!" said Wharton sharply. "Pull yourself together, old son!"

"Wharton—and the others, I suppose," muttered Dick Russell. "Let me go, you fellows! I can't stand it any longer! I'm done up, I tell you! The rotters, the toads, the wasters, the—"

"Come on back," advised Johnny Bull in his blunt way. "You're not going to give in to a lot of rotters like Skinner & Co. are you?"

"It's—it's others as well!" muttered Dick. And suddenly his passion and anger rose again. "I'm going, I tell you! Look at me now! Do you think I can go back and let anybody see me like this? I tell you I'm going mad!"

Harry Wharton nudged Bob Cherry and took one of Dick Russell's arms. Bob Cherry took the other, whilst Hurree Singh, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull stood by, ready to help should occasion demand it.

Dick put up a feeble struggle, but in his present condition he was as a babe in the grip of the two strongest juniors at Greyfriars.

"Wharton, be a pal! You've stood by—you and the others!" pleaded Dick, as suddenly limp as he had grown passionate. "Bob, old fellow, tell Wharton that I'm doing the right thing! Greyfriars will be better without the son of a traitor in its midst!"

"Rats! Go and eat coke! Piffle!" snapped Bob Cherry. "What's done is done, and you've nothing to be blamed for. You're coming back, old tulip!"

"I'm not! I tell you I'm not!" shrieked Dick.

"Take him up!" said Harry Wharton tersely.

And, kicking, struggling, growing weaker and weaker at every movement, Dick Russell was carted bodily back to the school wall.

Wharton, Johnny Bull, and Inky climbed up on the wall and knelt there, whilst the other two raised Dick and handed him up. The three juniors grasped the now half-fainting Russell, and held him on the wall until Nugent and Bob Cherry had climbed up and dropped into the quad.

"Now, shut up, Dick!" said Harry Wharton. "Don't make a fuss! You're going in, fuss or no fuss! So you might just as well go quietly."

There was no intelligible answer from Dick Russell. Only a faint moan broke from his lips.

"Put him down," said Bob Cherry hurriedly. "I believe he's fainted."

They put him down, their hearts beating fast with anxiety. But Frank Nugent, who held Scout honours in First Aid, quickly relieved their minds.

"He's asleep!" he said quietly. "Dead beat to the world—exhausted! He'll lie in his bed all night."

"Good!" said Bob grimly. "Cart him along, you fellows!"

Only Billy Bunter's snore was heard in the Remove dormitory when the panting, breathless juniors staggered in with their burden.

They did not speak. They knew instinctively what they had to do. Dick Russell, still fast asleep—practically unconscious—was undressed and placed between the sheets. He gave another slight groan as he was placed on his side, and then his head sank limply down to the bottom of the pillow and he was still.

"I'm going to sit up with him for a bit," whispered Frank Nugent. "You fellows go to sleep."

"I'll stop!" volunteered Wharton and Cherry in chorus.

"No, I understand this better than you do," whispered back Nugent. "Get in bed, chaps. I'll wake one of you when I get tired, and you can take a turn. He mustn't be left—that's all."

The juniors did not stop to argue. It was useless, for they knew that Nugent was right. They undressed in the darkness, and their beds creaked as they climbed in.

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In five minutes Nugent heard their steady breathing, and he realised that he was the only fellow awake in that dormitory. His own eyes felt heavy, and now and then his head would sink until his chin touched his chest.

But he roused himself every few minutes to listen to the exhausted junior's unsteady breathing.

Dawn came up, and Nugent himself was half asleep. He was glad enough when the light came in the dormitory sufficiently strong to enable him to see.

Dick was the colour of putty. His eyes, closed in exhausted sleep, were puffed and dark. And Frank Nugent, himself the gentlest fellow in the Remove, felt his own heart beat in sympathy with the unfortunate fellow over whom he watched.

With the light of day Nugent roused Bob Cherry, and that junior readily undertook to keep watch for the remainder of the time until rising bell clamoured its reveille.

Nugent climbed on to his bed, dressed as he was.

"Franky, get undressed, old scout!" said Bob Cherry. "The fellows will guess what's happened if they see you in your bags and shoes."

Nugent nodded, and wearily undressed and climbed into bed. Almost before his head touched the pillows he was asleep.

And thus Dick Russell's friends stood by him in his time of strife.

Perhaps, as Bob Cherry thought, it would have been better if Dick had gone. It would have saved him much trouble and many bitter taunts. But, by the same reasoning, he had nowhere to go, and a hospital was his inevitable destination did he leave the old school.

There was no wonder that even Bob Cherry felt bitter towards Dick's father. Dick, though poor, was proud, and he felt keenly the disgrace brought upon his name by his nearest relative. Bob reflected bitterly that had Mr. Russell by any means been able to see what his disgrace was going to mean to his son, he would have hesitated to accept gold for honour.

But it was too late now. The damage had been done. Time alone could heal the wound—if Skinner & Co. let time work its way.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Very Famous Man!

RISING bell was the signal for activity at Greyfriars.

On the morning following Dick Russell's terrible night, half the Remove was up before the bell had ceased to ring. Bolsover, as he had done the day before, went for the newspaper as soon as he had drawn on his trousers and shoes.

He came back with the paper open in his hands and excitement on his face.

"Listen! I say, Russell's father is known to be near Friardale!" he said eagerly. "My hat! Supposing he comes here? Supposing they collar him here and march him off to the Tower? My hat!"

"Nice thing for Greyfriars!" sneered Skinner. "Anyhow, they'll have the rotter very soon now!"

"And you'll have my fist a lot sooner, if you don't keep your rotten tongue in your cheek!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, there's a reward offered, you know!" piped Billy Bunter eagerly.

"That's all you think about, you toad!" snapped Mark Linley.

"Well, a man like that is dangerous to his country, ain't he?" demanded Bunter.

"Not half so dangerous as you are!" said Vernon-Smith. "A toad like you ought to have been slaughtered long ago!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Rats! Shut up!" snapped the Bouncer, and he resumed his dressing.

Dick Russell was still fast asleep, and no one awakened him. In fact, any attempt to do so would have resulted in a free fight, for the Famous Five knew that until Dick Russell had had his sleep out he was liable to serious illness. Hours of sleep would go a long way towards setting him on his feet, giving him courage to withstand still more the ordeal which had been thrust upon him.

The Removites, with the exception of Vernon-Smith and the Famous Five, went out by ones and twos, discussing

(Continued on page 16.)

—Watch out for some startling developments between Red Mask and Ferrers Locke!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 146. HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR Week ending October 13th, 1923.



By H. VERNON-SMITH.

Quite the best "scrap" of the week was that which took place between Squiff and Tom Redwing. It was a friendly affair, for Squiff and Redwing are on the best of terms. Harry Wharton acted as referee, and the gym was packed. It was fine to see the way these two fellows hammered each other. They made no bones about it. Some boxers seem to devote all their time to dodging and ducking; but Squiff and Tom Redwing believe in hard hitting, and they fairly made the fur fly, so to speak. The sailor's son had slightly the better of the argument up to the fifth round, and then Squiff sailed in and floored him with one of the most powerful "knock-outs" I've ever seen. It was truly a great scrap, and there were rousing cheers for vanquished as well as victor.

Another great scrap—not a friendly one this time—took place between Johnny Bull and Bolsover major. It appears that they had a mild argument, which worked up into a warm one, and gradually led from words to blows. At any rate, Bolsover struck Johnny Bull across the cheek with his open palm, and Johnny promptly challenged him to a fight. It was a fierce affair from start to finish, for both Bull and Bolsover are powerfully-built fellows. We all wanted to see Johnny win, for he happened to be in the right. In the early rounds our hearts were in our mouths, for Johnny wasn't shaping at all well. But after a time he woke up, and Bolsover retreated under a bombardment of blows. Johnny Bull kept it up, and at last he got in a terrific upper-cut which sent the burly Bolsover to the boards. Bravo, Johnny!

Yesterday we witnessed an amusing scrap between Dicky Nugent and George Tubb. There was nothing half-hearted in the way these two fags pommelled each other. It seemed to be the fixed intention of each of them to knock his opponent off the face of the earth. I'm afraid they didn't keep strictly to the

rules of the ring. Not content with hitting each other, they had a sort of wrestling match—by way of variety, I suppose. They rolled over and over on the floor, with arms and legs interlocked, and you could scarcely see them for dust! The Third-Formers cheered Tubb to the echo, and the babes of the Second yelled themselves husky on behalf of Dicky Nugent. Rake of the Remove was referee, and he disqualified both the combatants, so there was no result.

The Remove Boxing Tournament is to take place shortly, and the draw for the first round has already been held. The couples are paired off in a very interesting manner. For instance, Harry Wharton has to meet Bob Cherry, Dick Russell is drawn against the writer of this article (who hopes to make him bite the dust), and Peter Todd and Mark Linley are paired together. Billy Bunter, who insisted on his name going into the hat, was drawn against Bolsover major. As soon as the result of the draw became known, Bunter promptly gave it out that he had sprained his wrist. Billy is evidently not a bit keen on facing the bully of the Remove in fistic combat. I think he rather hoped to be drawn against Alonzo Todd, or some equally inoffensive person! Bunter is now wandering about seeking sympathy, and deploring the fact that his sprained wrist will prevent him getting the boxing championship of the Greyfriars Remove!

Who will win the Boxing Tournament? Well, he is a bold person who ventures into the realms of prophecy, but I fancy the honours will go to Bob Cherry. On present form Bob has no superior in the Remove; and I am not forgetting the skill and science of Dick Russell, or the pluck of Harry Wharton. I shall expect to see Wharton and Cherry in the final, and I shall also expect to see Bob victorious, after a hard-fought fight. At all events, may the best man win!

There's nothing like a good laugh—

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

MY morning post-bag—always a very bulky affair—contains no less than half-a-dozen requests for a Special Boxing Number!

It seems that my reader-chums are very keen on the noble art of self-defence; and they are eager to know what the Remove boxers are doing.

One of my correspondents wants to know whether Bob Cherry could lick me in fistic combat. Another wants to know who is the lesser "dud" out of Alonzo Todd and Billy Bunter. And a third reader—a fellow with a vivid imagination—asks me to forecast the probable result of a "scrap" between Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch!

Let me tackle these queries in due order. First of all, I admit without hesitation that Bob Cherry is my superior in the boxing-ring. This does not necessarily imply that Bob would lick me every time. Boxers, like every other type of sportsmen, have their moods. I have beaten Bob Cherry before now, when he has been a shade off-colour, and when I have been on top of my form. Five times out of six, though, I fancy Bob would be able to put me on my back.

As to the respective merits of Alonzo Todd and Billy Bunter, they are the biggest duffers who ever stepped into a boxing-ring. But I fancy Alonzo is slightly the better man—or the lesser of two evils, if you like. You see, Billy Bunter is so short-sighted that he never manages to hit his opponent, except by accident; whereas Alonzo can get in plenty of blows, even though they have no power behind them.

What would happen if Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch came to loggerheads I really can't say. We have never yet seen the edifying spectacle of two masters "scrapping" save on one occasion, a good time back, when Monsieur Charpentier got frightfully excited, and "went for" the German master! Personally, I consider that a duel between Prouty and Quelchy would be well worth watching—especially if Prouty brought his Winchester repeater into the argument!

I will now leave you to chuckle over an issue which has plenty of "punch" in it, and which Bob Cherry describes as "a fair knock-out!"

HARRY WHARTON.



The Pride of the Ring!

By Billy Bunter.

I'M a born boxer. Figgeratively speaking, I was born with a pair of boxing-gloves on my hands.

I suppose I inheritted the tallent from my grate-grandfather, who flurished in the days of the Corinthians. He was known as the Gentleman Broozer, and he took part in many a shrrilling fight with bare fists.

This grate-grandparent of mine won the Porker-weight championship of Britain about fifteen years running. Then he put on so much flesh that he had to give up prizefighting. He retired into the country, and took a little inn, which is known as "The Bunter Arms" to this day.

My grandfather, too, was pretty hot-stuff at doling out straight lefts and smashing upper-cuts. He fought his biggest battle on a broiling hot day in August. I eggspect that's why he was known as the swelter-weight champion of Europe.

My pater, owing to business ties, and to an unfortunate plumpness in the middle of his annatermy, has had to retire from the boxing-ring; but when he was in his prime he laid out Cromwell, and Wellington, and Nappoleon, and all the sellybrated fighting-men.

To-day, my pater is so plump that when he gazes downwards he can't see his feet. So it wouldn't be much use if he tried to "come back," like Billy Wells did. If somebody hit him just below the chest, he'd go off like a punctured football!

But what about me? With my usual modesty, I haven't said much about my own abilities, up till now.

The fact is, I possess all my grate-grandfather's power, and my grandfather's punch, and the skill and sciense which my father possessed in his prime. I am the living emboddiment of all that was best and bravest in my ansestors.

Soon after Harry Wharton came to

Greyfriars, I saw him being brootally boollied by that beast Bolsover majer. What did I do, dear readers? Did I turn and flee for my life? Not me! That's not the way a Bunter behaves in an emergency. I strode up to Bolsover majer, my cheeks flaming, my eyes gleeming, my chest heaving.

"Drop that, you cad!" I cried sharply.

Bolsover took no notiss of me. He went on twisting Wharton's arm. So without another word, I threw off my fists and clenched my coat, and rushed at Bolsover majer. The first time I hit him I missed him; but the second time I gave him such a "tuppenny" that he turned a komplete summer-salt, and mezzured his length in the Close.

Harry Wharton threw himself into the arms of his gallent protector. He was sobbing with grattitude, and he offered me ten bob, if I remember rightly, for taking up the cudgels on his behalf. But my pride forbade me to take the munny. (Needless to state, I haven't the faintest recollection of this incident!—Ed.)

Since that time, I have taken part in a hundred fights, and won ninety-nine of them. The other ended in a dead-heat or a goalless draw, I forget which.

My fists are always ready to protect the weak, and to punnish the strong. Where'er I go, I fear no foe. But a good many fellows fear me, for am I not the best boy boxer the world has ever seen? Echo answers—

(No!—Ed.)



Some of our most famous fighting-men—and others—contribute their recollections.

BOB CHERRY:

I've taken part in so many fierce "scraps" that it is difficult to say which was the fiercest. Perhaps I ought to award the palm to my bout with five Highcliffe fellows. They were ambushed behind a hedge, and as I passed along the lane they sprang out on me, intending to take me prisoner and truss me up to a tree. I had to fight like a tiger for my freedom. I floored Ponsonby and Gadsby, but the other three stuck to me like limpets. We rolled over in the roadway, fighting and struggling and shouting, for about ten minutes, and I should certainly have been overpowered if my pals hadn't come along. But as soon as reinforcements arrived the tables were turned, and the "nuts" of Highcliffe were made to bite the dust!

DICK PENFOLD:

The fiercest fight I ever had was when I was a little lad. A chap upset me, I suppose, and so I punched him on the nose. He didn't yell; he gave a grin, and so I punched him on the chin. He said, "Stop tickling me, you guy!" And so I punched him in the eye. He didn't seem a bit distressed, and so I punched him in the chest. Then he exploded like a squib; I smote him fiercely in the rib. He toppled backwards with a groan. That was the fiercest fight I've known!

HURREE SINGH:

The most thrilling scrapfulness I have ever indulgently taken part in was with one of the village louts. He called me an esteemed and ludicrous nigger, so I rushfully leapt at him, and smote him hipfully and thighfully, as the saying goes. He was a hard nut to crackfully crack, but I found his weak spotfulness, and hammered away at it for all I was worth, and I had the satisfaction of making him bitefully lick the dustfulness!

MR. PROUT:

The fiercest fight I was ever engaged in was against a hostile tribe of savages in the Wild West. I did not fight with my fists, of course, but with my celebrated Winchester repeater. The odds were at least a hundred to one against me, but I did not falter. Savages fell on every side like leaves in an autumn gale. It was a dreadful but necessary slaughter. Had there been any British eye-witnesses of my single-handed battle, I should have been recommended for the V.C. Needless to state, I came through without a scratch, and my foes were either killed or put to flight. I was never molested by savages after that. They let me sleep in my tent in peace!

AFTER THE FIGHT!

(Adapted from the poem "Jock of Hazeldean.")

By DICK PENFOLD.

"Why weep ye in the gym, Hazel?
Why weep ye in the gym?
Has big Bolsover hulled ye,
And torn ye limb from limb?"
'Twas Harry Wharton murmured thus,
With grave and anxious mien;
For he was sore perplexed to see
The shock of Hazeldean!

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
Let no more tears be shed;
And come to Study No. 1,
For there's a ripping spread!
I cannot bear to see ye look
So sick and sad, old bean."
But nothing Wharton said could cure
The shock of Hazeldean!

"A sausage-roll ye shall not lack,
Nor buttered scones galore;
We'll give to ye a sweeter snack
Than e'er ye had before.
So quaff the foaming ginger-pop,
And scoff the gay sardine!"
This tempting offer failed to stop
The shock of Hazeldean!

"Come, tell me what it's all about!"
Cried Wharton, in dismay.
"Has some big bully knocked ye out
In fearful fistic fray?
"Your nose is swollen twice its size,
And your complexion's green."
Such statements failed to minimise
The shock of Hazeldean!

His sobs were painful to behold—
In fact, they never ceased;
And then his tragic tale he told—
He'd called Tom Brown a beast!
And bawled caused him aches and pains;
A fearful fight was seen.
Methinks this handsomely explains
The shock of Hazeldean!

—and you can always get that from our SUPPLEMENTS!

DISGRACED BY HIS FATHER!*(Continued from page 13.)*

the important news which the newspaper Bolsover had brought had given them.

For a full minute after the six juniors were left alone with the still sleeping Dick Russell, there was silence save for the splashing of water.

Then Vernon-Smith, his keen eyes roving from one junior to another, spoke. "He went out last night, then?" he said calmly.

"Eh? What do you mean?" asked Wharton, and there was a trace of anxiety in his tone which Vernon-Smith was quick to notice.

"There's wet mould on Russell's shoes—and there's more on yours," he said coolly. "There was a heavy dew last night. Yesterday was as dry as a bone."

"Easy, my dear Watson," murmured Bob Cherry. "We were out, Smithy. We went to fetch Russell back. He bunked."

Vernon-Smith nodded. "In my opinion this hanging about is doing Dick Russell no good," he ventured. "Why don't you fellows persuade him to get hold of a really good detective and have old man Russell run down? He'll be caught in the end, and there's all this suspense for Dick for nothing!"

Bob Cherry shuddered. "Blessed if I like the idea of suggesting that—although I think you're right, Smithy," he admitted. "But—but if they sent him to prison, I should never sleep a wink at nights for thinking that I'd helped to send him there."

"There is one great point always to remember," said the practical Bounder. "There's always two sides to every question. We've only heard the police view."

"He ran away! He must have been afraid!" said Frank Nugent, shrugging his shoulders. "Personally, and quite frankly, I'm not siding with Mr. Russell. It's Dick I'm backing up."

"Same here!" said Johnny Bull bluntly.

"The same herefulness is terrific!" assented Hurree Singh. "If the esteemed and ludicrous Mr. Russell has played the giddy goatfulness he must pay the honourable piper, as your English proverb has it."

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not believing anything until it's proved to the hilt. I've had some!" he said, and there was a trace of bitterness in his voice. "So have you chaps. Wharton has been accused of things before now—and sacked, too! I have, too—dozens of times! Look at Ponsonby—how he's planted things on several of us, and the Head's taken it all in. But when the time of the proving comes up there's always a hitch. We're still here!"

There was silence for a few moments. "Smithy's right," said Bob Cherry suddenly. "You're right, Smithy, old man! We ought to get the matter settled one way or the other, for Dick's sake. After all, it's nothing worse to be the son of a—a—of a convict than it is to be the son of a man wanted by the police. There's very little difference."

"Exactly!" said Vernon-Smith calmly. "That's what I think."

Nugent looked down at Dick Russell, and a frown gathered at his brow.

"In my opinion Dick will be in the sanny this morning—and for some time to come!" he said. "I jolly well know

that he'll want a doctor when he wakes up. He's as near brain fever as anybody is ever likely to be!"

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "That's going to mess up things!"

"Not at all!" said the Bounder coldly. "All the better. We'll carry it off on our own bat!"

"My hat!"

"Smithy's right again!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "When you grow up, Smithy, you ought to be a consultant. You'd make a fortune!"

"Perhaps!" said Vernon-Smith, with a faint smile.

"Then look here, Franky!" said Harry Wharton. "We'll go and see the Head and see if we can get his cousin on the case. You all know Ferrers Locke. He's the man for the job. You stop here, Franky, in case he wakes up. If he does, get him carted off to the sanny. He'll be better there—he won't want watching."

"He won't!" came in a faint whisper from the bed. "He's jolly well going to see Ferrers Locke. Smith's right—this suspense is what is killing me!"

The six juniors swung round at the sound of Dick Russell's voice. His eyes were still closed, as if the lids were too heavy for him to lift.

"Dick—you'll be better in bed, old man!" advised Harry Wharton gently.

"Rats! I'm fighting now—and Inky was right, too, when he said that if my father has played the goat he must pay the piper!" said Dick weakly. "Get me some grub, you fellows. I'll be all right then. We'll see the Head together."

The grub was obtained, and Dick Russell, a shadow of his former self, ate it, sitting up in bed. It did him good, for some little colour came into his thin, white cheeks.

The juniors helped him dress, and that little exercise further helped to strengthen him. By the time they reached the Head's study Dick Russell was walking by himself—in fact, holding himself with his head high.

They tapped at the door, and the Head's stern, kindly voice bade them enter. He looked at the party in surprise for a moment, but there was compassion in his eyes as they rested finally upon Dick Russell.

"Well, my boy?" he asked gently. "I—we want to speak to you, sir, about my father," said Dick, with an effort. "We think—"

"You'd better sit down, Russell," broke in the Head, and the junior shot him a grateful glance as he obeyed.

"We want Ferrers Locke to find my father, sir, so that the matter can be brought to a head," said Dick, in a low voice.

The Head started. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me, Russell, that—that you want your father—er—traced and arrested?"

"Anything, sir—anything is better than this suspense. He—he must be feeling it, too. Hunted all day—all night. Always praying for covering darkness and a little relief. It—it will be better all round, sir!" muttered Dick.

The Head tapped his desk with a penholder, obviously deep in thought.

"You may be right, my poor boy," he said at last. "But—but Ferrers Locke is engaged upon a case which has taken him to Russia. I'm afraid he will not be able to help you."

"There's still Sexton Blake, sir!" said Vernon-Smith coolly.

"Vernon-Smith, the fees for the services of such a famous man would be—would be very great!" said the Head. "Anybody who has been in trouble at Greyfriars and needed the aid of a detective has always had Ferrers Locke's free assistance. It's a favour to myself."

"Money, sir, doesn't count when a fellow's happiness is at stake!" ventured the Bounder, and he flushed uncomfortably.

"You mean you'll pay, Smithy?" blurted out Bob Cherry.

Vernon-Smith nodded. There had been a time when he had flounced his money before all the eyes of Greyfriars. But that time was gone now—Smithy and his money had both, so to speak, become respectable.

"Then—then I—what do you want me to do?" asked the Head.

"Give us permission to see Sexton Blake, sir—this morning!" said the Bounder quickly.

The Head nodded, and looked at Dick's white, pleading face.

"I scarcely agree that it is necessary for all of you to go," he said slowly. "But—but as I happen to know that you've stood by Russell up till now—even to a point of breaking bounds—"

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I heard your conversation last night—I waited to see what would happen," explained Dr. Locke quietly. "You did well, my boys. I should not have mentioned my knowledge of your breaking bounds, in other circumstances. You may go!"

"Th-th-thank you, sir!" stammered the juniors.

Once they were outside the study Bob Cherry turned upon his chums and slapped Johnny Bull so heartily upon the shoulders as to make that sturdy junior stagger.

"Yow! You ass!" panted Johnny.

"Ain't he a brick?" ejaculated Bob.

"He's a—gentleman!" said Dick Russell softly, and the others nodded.

"I'll bet he was coming back from the vicar's!" said Bob Cherry. "The downy old bird! Fancy his being there—and looking on. You'd have had to come back, you see, Dick!"

Dick nodded.

"Let's get away—quickly!" he said.

"I'm just going to the 'phone," said the Bounder quietly, and he hurried away before anybody could ask his reasons.

As a matter of fact the reasons were explained when they got to London. The great Rolls-Royce car, belonging to Vernon-Smith's millionaire father, was at the station to meet them.

"You're a brick, Smithy!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically.

"Sexton Blake won't like to be kept waiting," said Vernon-Smith indifferently. "You see, I fixed the appointment this morning!"

"Oh! Good old Smithy!"

There were looks of frank admiration on the juniors' faces as they glanced at the Bounder. Somehow or other, Vernon-Smith always did think to do the necessary things before they made themselves apparent to other people.

Thus it was that Sexton Blake, probably the world's most famous detective—for Ferrers Locke rose to fame after Sexton Blake—received in audience no less than seven juniors from Greyfriars.

There was a kindly smile on the detective's face as he nodded to the boys.

Our Football Competition is the greatest ever! Such a magnificent—

"Rather a crowd—chairs, my dear Tinker!" he said quietly.

The juniors felt a little awed. But they soon recovered their spirits when Sexton Blake ordered in coffees and cakes for nine. Tinker, the sprightly young man with the keen, cold, grey eyes, moved about silently and with almost incredible speed, seeming to anticipate his master's slightest want.

"And now, my boys, I suppose you want me to find Mr. Russell?" said the detective quietly.

"Well, my only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry in amazement, whilst the other juniors simply stared.

"I've looked up the case—and I see that you were mentioned as being at Greyfriars, Russell. Thus, when I had a call from Greyfriars this morning, the inference was obvious," explained Sexton Blake easily. "I have already thought out my position, boys. There is no need to waste your time—or mine. I'm willing to find your father, Russell—but he must take his trial! Do you agree to that?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick, in a low voice.

"I hold no man guilty, however black the evidence, until that evidence is conclusive," went on the detective in his cold, calculating tone. "I will find Mr. Russell. He shall take his trial. If he is guilty, he must suffer the penalty. That is all I need say on that point. We will proceed to your father's house, Russell."

Vernon-Smith rose uncomfortably from his chair.

"If—if—if I may mention it, sir—" he began.

"You may not, Master Vernon-Smith!" said Sexton Blake, and for the first time he spoke sharply. "There is no question of fees. Years ago, a very dear friend of mine was at Greyfriars School. He is now—dead. You are Greyfriars boys—what I do, I do for the sake of my dear friend, who held the good name of Greyfriars sacred!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith excitedly. "Then you hope—"

"I hope—much!" said Sexton Blake sharply. "And I hope—nothing!"

Vernon-Smith nudged Dick Russell in his excitement, as soon as the famous detective had left the room to get ready to leave the house.

"Dick—take it from me," said the Bounder eagerly, "Sexton Blake has got an idea in his noddle that everything is not so black as it seems. He's taken on the case in the hope that he'll save the good name of Greyfriars. That means—well, that's obvious!"

Dick's eyes shone for a moment, but the dull, miserable, hopeless expression came back very quickly.

"Now, boys," said Sexton Blake, as he came into the room, with his hat in his hands. "I do not desire all of you to be with me. Master Russell had better come—and you, Vernon-Smith. The others will please go back to the school."

"Hold on, sir—I mean, excuse me, sir," said Bob Cherry eagerly. "May we stay in town, and meet Dick—Russell, I mean—later on, to go back, you know, sir. We—we're rather anxious about him, sir."

"Do what you like, my boy," said the detective quietly. "Master Russell will, I think, be at the terminus by five o'clock."

"Thank you, sir!" said the juniors in unison.

"Tinker—and you boys," said Sexton Blake briskly, and he nodded towards Russell and Vernon-Smith, "we'll start at once."



"I'm not going back!" moaned Russell weakly. "Take him up!" snapped Wharton curtly. Kicking and struggling, growing weaker and weaker until he was almost unconscious, Russell was lifted over the school wall. (See Chapter 7.)

A minute later Vernon-Smith's great car was whirling Sexton Blake, Tinker, and the two Greyfriars fellows towards Dick's home.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

On the Trail!

AN insight into Sexton Blake's method of working was a revelation to the Greyfriars fellows.

He did not utter a word as Dick let him into the house. There was a police officer on guard at the house, but he made no attempt to interfere with the world-famous detective who had so often assisted Scotland Yard.

Sexton Blake examined the hall first. What he thought about it the juniors never knew. Tinker hovered in the hall, his keen eyes searching the narrow place. Then the detective entered the dining-room, knelt down by the grate, where there were a few blackened papers, and then stood up again.

Vernon-Smith wondered how he could have seen through his half-closed lids. But he knew that the keen eyes were examining every minute detail of the room.

"Did your father have a study?" he demanded briefly.

Dick shook his head in the negative. "He used the bed-room for his private work, sir," he explained.

Sexton Blake indicated that he wished to see the room, and Dick led the way upstairs.

"Stay outside," whispered Tinker to the juniors. "The gov'nor likes to be alone."

Sexton Blake was at least half an hour in the bed-room. The waiting juniors heard his feet moving over the carpet, and more than once they heard him mutter something to himself. When he came out of the room at last there was a faint smile on his lips.

"Have you plenty of petrol in your car, Vernon-Smith?" he asked.

"I—I—I expect so, sir!" said the Bounder in surprise.

Sexton Blake nodded. "We shall have a journey, I think," he said quietly.

And he led the way down the stairs without appearing to notice that something was upon Dick's lips—a question which Tinker stifled by the simple expedient of placing his hand over Dick's lips.

Sexton Blake spoke to the officer on guard, and remained in conversation for nearly five minutes. In the course of that time, the officer's notebook was produced for Sexton Blake's examination, and when at last the famous detective entered the great Rolls-Royce, he was rubbing his hands in evident pleasure.

"Tell your man to take us to Biggleswade," he ordered Vernon-Smith.

—prize list has never before been put within the grasp of **MAGNET** readers!

Vernon-Smith obeyed, taking the opportunity to ascertain that there was plenty of petrol in the tank for such a long journey.

Sexton Blake did not speak until the car had covered thirty miles of the journey. Then he turned to Dick Russell.

"Have you ever heard your father speak of a man called Judo?" he demanded.

"No, sir," answered Dick. "Gordon Gummer was the only name he mentioned to me."

Sexton Blake nodded, and took a small, torn piece of paper from his pocket-book and examined it thoughtfully under a powerful magnifying glass.

"This," he explained, as if he were speaking to himself, "is part of a note from a man named Judo. He merely was a servant. I see such words as 'I am directed,' then it's torn. He signs himself Judo. Underneath is the word 'Biggleswade,' which I take to be Biggleswade, where we are now going. I hope he is there. Fortunately, Biggleswade is a small place."

"Might—might I ask, sir, how it was the police did not find that paper?" asked Vernon-Smith eagerly.

"Well, even the police make mistakes," returned the sleuth quietly. "I came across this slip of paper stuffed in the toe of a slipper, strangely enough. Lots of people have recourse to such a simple expedient when their slippers are a trifle on the large side."

"Oh!"

And the detective relapsed into silence, and did not speak again until the car arrived at Biggleswade, and then it was only to remark upon the fact that the journey had been made in excellent time.

The two boys were left with the car, and Sexton Blake and Tinker went off on their own. They were away an hour, and then they came back to the car and climbed inside.

"Hadley Wood—we came through it," said Sexton Blake briefly.

And the order was passed on by Vernon-Smith, and the great car turned its nose towards London. Again there was silence during the journey.

Hadley Wood was reached, and, although it was long past lunch-time, no one suggested a meal. Even the chauffeur did not grumble—perhaps he was only too willing to drive such a world-famous man in the great car.

In Hadley Wood—a little town on the Great North Road—Sexton Blake made a few more inquiries, and in due course found the place he wanted. He led the way, with the boys, to a small cottage just off the main road, and knocked upon the door.

The door was opened by a tall, swarthy man before the knocker had left the detective's hand.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Judo!" said Sexton Blake affably.

The man gave a start, and supplemented it with a grin. He produced pencil and paper from his pocket, and wrote upon it, handing the note to the detective.

"I am deaf and dumb. I saw you enter the garden. Who are you, and what do you want?" read Sexton Blake.

He looked thoughtful for a moment, then absently took a heavy cigarette-case from his pocket, and fumblingly removed a cigarette. Then the case fell suddenly from his hand, and its heavy edge caught the man on the toe.

"Hang you!" he muttered.

The next instant he received a push which sent him staggering back into the

cottage, and Sexton Blake and Tinker followed him in with wonderful quickness.

"Shut that door!" said Sexton Blake sharply.

Vernon-Smith pushed Dick Russell into the cottage, and obeyed the command.

"Now, Mr. Precious Deaf and Dumb Judo," snapped Sexton Blake, "where's Russell?"

Judo shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know!" he muttered.

"Oh, bump him, sir!" said Vernon-Smith impatiently.

To his surprise, Sexton Blake laughed. "A good idea!" he said. "Bump him—lend a hand, Tinker!"

In a moment the surprised Judo was collared and borne to the ground. Tinker took his legs and Dick Russell and Vernon-Smith took his shoulders. In that fashion he was bumped as only schoolboys know how to bump a victim.

Thump! Crash! Whack! Thump!

"Yow! Oh lor! Ow!" yelled Judo.

And although he struggled hard to get away from the grip of the Greyfriars fellows and Tinker, he was helpless.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh lor!" he howled.

"Let up, hang you!"

"Where's Russell?" demanded Sexton Blake.

"Court"—bump!—"dale!"

"Where's that?"

"Ow! Kent, hang you!"

"Perhaps he means Courtfield, near Friardale, sir?" suggested the Bounder eagerly. "That's near Greyfriars."

Sexton Blake nodded.

"We'll just hand this fellow over to the police, to be looked after, then we'll shoot back to Courtfield," he said grimly. "Cart him out to the car, my boys!"

Judo, pale now, was carted out to the car none too gently. Dick Russell was in no mood for gentleness. A short journey to the police-station, and Judo was left in a cell, there to ponder over the fact that honesty is the best policy.

"Now for Courtfield!" said Sexton Blake. "I'm afraid your schoolfellows will return alone, my boys. That, however, is a detail!"

"Trust them to come back all right, sir!" said the Bounder confidently.

And the car rolled on swiftly towards Courtfield.

Of the party there was one at least who looked forward to their arrival with considerable dread. Now that the crucial point was near, Dick Russell was fearful for his father's safety. But memories of that terrible night overcame all other scruples. The worst would soon be known, and that was something.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Luck!

IN the meantime, Billy Bunter, and a host of other fellows in the Remove Form at Greyfriars, looked forward keenly to the outcome of the Famous Five's visit to London.

The majority agreed that Dick Russell was a fool to engage Sexton Blake. That famous detective was sure to run down the traitor, whereas he had so far eluded the police. What, as Skinner said, was it going to be worth to Dick Russell, knowing that his father was a convicted traitor and embezzler instead of a hunted man?

Skinner did not know the answer to that question. It was a certain peace of mind for Dick Russell—that was the answer.

Bunter, obsessed by the temptation of the reward offered for the capture of Richard Russell, went off on his own. He was, as he pointed out, the only fellow at Greyfriars who had the slightest chance of making a success of the search, for his ability as a detective was far and above any others. That was Bunter's opinion, freely expressed.

"You wait!" had been his final words before he set out on the search.

For a fellow possessed of such wonderful abilities as a detective, Bunter found it difficult to know where to start his search. He wandered aimlessly through Friardale, and thence on to Courtfield, which was a bigger town than Friardale. Through Courtfield he proceeded to the coast, where he rested on the cliffs, tired and disappointed.

It was a lonely spot. Far down below him was the sea, the sands deserted, and only one solitary fishing-boat to be seen.

"I wonder why they don't have a tuck-shop out here?" he muttered dolorously to himself. "I could do with a ginger-beer now. Rotten, I call it! But when I get that reward—"

Billy Bunter licked his lips in anticipation of the feeds to come—when he got that reward. His fat face broke into a fat grin, and a chuckle came from his dry throat.

"Oh, my hat! Won't they stare—"

Bunter broke off suddenly.

A man had suddenly appeared on the beach below and entered the sea. A moment later he was swimming strongly.

"Well, my only aunt! The silly ass!" said Bunter aloud. "Why does he want to come all this way for a bathe? The silly ass!"

For a few minutes Bunter watched the swimmer in disgusted silence. Bunter himself would never have walked ten yards for a swim in the sea. Water, as Bob Cherry often remarked, was the one thing with which Billy Bunter was sparing.

Suddenly Bunter sat bolt upright.

"My only aunt!" he exclaimed. "I wonder—Oh, great Scott!"

He fairly staggered to his feet, and ran towards the path that he knew lay some little distance away, and which led down to the beach. His fat little legs went like clockwork.

He pulled up suddenly, his heart beating fast. He remembered suddenly that he was alone. He would stand little chance against the swimmer, whom, even at that distance, Billy Bunter already thought he recognised as Mr. Russell. The wanted man would, no doubt, fight to avoid capture, and Billy Bunter did not like fighting.

"Oh dear! Five hundred pounds going begging! Oh, my only hat!" he mumbled. "I wish I had brought Skinner—no, I don't! The beast is sure to have wanted half the reward, the mean rotter! Oh dear!"

Bunter was in a quandary. He did not know what to do. One eye, so to speak, saw the wanted man rushing for him; the other eye was upon five hundred pound-notes—and five hundred plates of pastries!

Bunter was between two fires. His stomach told him to keep on and risk everything, in the hope that the swimmer would give in. His heart quailed at the thought of a fight.

"Oh dear! I—I—I wonder what Sexton Blake would do in a case like this?" he muttered feebly.

In the end, he decided to keep out of the way as much as possible, and see if he could find out where the swimmer kept

Start right in with the first week of the competition! There's no—

his clothes. If he could search those clothes, and prove to his own satisfaction that the swimmer was Richard Russell, Bunter made up his mind that he would forgo half-a-crown of the reward, and find some farm-hand or fisherman to help him effect the capture.

Billy kept as low as he could, in case he should be seen by the swimmer. He managed to get down the path without being spotted, however, and found there were plenty of rocks behind which he could hide even his corpulent figure.

He gained courage, as he was not seen. He would have plenty of time to examine the clothes—if he found them.

Bunter's luck was certainly in that afternoon. He dodged suddenly behind a large rock, and it was there that he found the clothes. In a moment he was on his knees.

Bunter had no scruples at all. He never thought for a moment that should the swimmer not be Russell, after all, he was on the way to being a blackguard of the first water. He did not stop to ponder upon that important fact.

Billy Bunter proceeded to empty the pockets.

He did not find anything there, however, which helped him in any way. He grunted in disgust, and commenced to feel the linings of the clothes. He had read and heard that sometimes criminals kept their secret papers in the linings of their clothes.

"Can I help you?" came in a quiet voice from behind him suddenly.

"Oh crumbs!"

Bunter fairly leaped to his feet, despite his bulk. His eyes fell upon the swimmer, calmly looking down at him, although the corners of his mouth twitched uneasily.

"I say, Mr. Russell, I wasn't looking at your clothes—not at all!" he stammered. "I wouldn't think of doing such a thing, you know. Besides, I was only trying to find out to whom they belonged, so—so that I could return them to their rightful owner, you know. That's all. Trust me, sir, I wouldn't do such a thing. Skinner—"

"But why trouble yourself at all?" asked Mr. Russell, for there was no doubt now that the swimmer was the wanted man.

"Oh, really, sir—"

Bunter broke off. He did not like the gleam in Mr. Russell's eyes.

"And now, I suppose, you're going to blurt out that I'm here?" said Mr. Russell.

"Oh, not at all, sir," said Bunter indignantly. "I don't care about running a man down, although he is a rotten traitor! As I said to Dick only this morning: 'You're the son of a convict, but count on your old pal Bunter!' Those were my exact words, sir! The reward—poof! Who wants the reward? I sha'n't know what to do with it when I get it—at least, not all of it! Five hundred quid's a lot of money, isn't it, sir?"

"A lot more than you'll ever handle, I think," said Mr. Russell; and he took up a towel and began to dry himself.

Mr. Russell knew Billy Bunter of old. His recent visit to Greyfriars was not his first visit there, by any means. And when there were visitors about there were generally feeds, and where there were feeds Billy Bunter was sure to be found.

"You're doing a very foolish thing, Bunter, if you go back and say where I am," said Mr. Russell indifferently. "If a newspaper man happens to hear you he'll write it up for his paper, and that will spoil the plans of the Government."

"Eh? But they're saying—" said Bunter.

"That's all part of the plan," persisted Mr. Russell. "If I'm found out I sha'n't have served my country faithfully. I think there will be a title for all the people who help us at this moment."

He pulled on his trousers as he spoke. Bunter, for a detective, was certainly playing an amazing part. He was simply having a chat with the man he wanted to make his prisoner.

"A title?" said the fat Removite, with interest.

Titles always did interest Billy Bunter. "Yes, certainly," said Mr. Russell. "You see the position, Bunter? I'm here, and Gordon Gummer has gone. Where are the papers? Ah, where are the papers?"

And Mr. Russell assumed a dramatic interest he was far from feeling. He was in a tight corner, and he knew it. Everything depended upon whether he could bluff Bunter. At the moment it looked as if he might succeed.

"I am on the trail. Speak, and you spoil all the work of Scotland Yard and the Government," went on the wanted man dramatically. "Hold your tongue, and I promise you a title. How do you like Lord de Bunter, of Greyfriars?"

"Oh, my hat! Lord de Bunter!" gasped Billy. "My hat! The fellows would simply have to look up to me

then. Lord de Bunter! Oh crumbs! What would Sammy be then, sir?"

"Who's Sammy?"

"My brother."

"Oh! He would be a baronet. I expect," said Mr. Russell lightly. "But you would be Lord de Bunter. There would be money to go with the title, of course."

Billy Bunter's little eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Lord de Bunter—and all for keeping his mouth shut!

"I'll help you, sir!" he fairly panted. "Trust me, sir! I won't say a word! Besides, if I did, somebody else would get the reward, wouldn't they, sir? Or is the reward all spoof?"

"Spoof, of course. That's part of the plot. To—to—to make Germany think—think we're serious, you see," said Mr. Russell uneasily.

"The deep rotters!" grunted Bunter. "I never did like these polictishuns!"

Mr. Russell gulped something in his throat, and turned his head away quickly.

"I should hurry away now, if I were you, Lord de Bunter," said Mr. Russell quietly. "We mustn't be seen together, you know."

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter loftily. He liked the sound of the new name promised him. And he rolled away.

Probably he would also have liked to



The heavy cigarette case fell from Sexton Blake's hands and landed full on Judo's toe. "Hang you!" he roared angrily. Next moment Judo received a push that sent him sprawling, and Blake, Tinker, Vernon-Smith and Russell forced their way into the cottage. (See Chapter 9.)

--encouragement to equal that of an enthusiastic start! And think of the PRIZES!

have heard Mr. Russell's next observation.

"The silly, fat, young ass!" muttered the wanted man. "Phew! If that had been that boy Vernon-Smith, now——"

He shuddered as if the thought chilled him.

Billy Bunter went back to Greyfriars, walking as if he owned the county. Gosling, the porter, was the first person to note his lofty air.

"My heye, Master Bunter!" ejaculated the porter. "Has your postal-order come, sir?"

"Don't talk to me, fellow!" said Bunter haughtily. "You forget yourself!"

"My heye—mad! Mad as a 'atter!" gasped Gosling.

Billy Bunter lost a little of his haughtiness when he saw a small group by the School House. Dick Russell was there, and the Famous Five, and a tall, thin gentleman, and a much younger man. Bunter did not need telling that the man was Sexton Blake, and that the young man was the celebrated Tinker.

In his eagerness to be in the swim, so to speak, Billy Bunter forgot that he was nearly a lord. He rushed forward.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "This is Billy Bunter, sir—our prize fat porpoise!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"The biggest ass in the world! He's going on tour when he leaves Greyfriars!" added Harry Wharton, with a chuckle.

"Oh, really, Wharton! You'll sing a different tune when I get my title!" said Bunter indignantly.

The Famous Five gasped.

"Your whatter?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"My title—Lord de Bunter!" said the Owl of the Remove loftily, and added, in a burst of generosity, "I'll give you all my cases, Mr. Blake!"

"Thank you!" said the detective dryly.

"He'll never get a title, sir!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Not more than he's already got, I mean. Silly ass—prize idiot, fatheaded chump—those are the titles that he gets every day!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here!" howled Bunter. "You disbelieving lot of mokes! I'm blessed if I'll tell you now where I'm going to get my title from. I was promised this afternoon——"

"Who promised it—Gosling?" queried Frank Nugent humorously.

"Or Mrs. Mimbles?" asked Johnny Bull.

"You silly chumps—no!" howled Bunter. "So long as they get Gumpot—that's his name, I think—Gumbottle—something like that—and they don't get——"

Bunter broke off, and Dick Russell, whose face had gone white, made a step forward. Sexton Blake gripped Dick's arm and held it as if in a vice. Bunter was too short-sighted to see either move.

"Oh, so you're on the list, are you, Master Bunter?" said Sexton Blake respectfully. "Dear me! I thought it was a secret that only I and a few others held. You meant, of course, Gummer."

"That's it!" said Bunter eagerly. "I didn't know you were in this, sir. Mr. Rus——"

Billy Bunter broke off again, but this time he was too late. Sexton Blake had drawn him into his trap—and the word was out. The deferential manner dropped from the famous detective like a cloak. His keen, cold eyes were like gimlets;

they seered through William George Bunter until that worthy fairly trembled.

"Of course, I was going to say Mr. Rusling—you know him, don't you, sir?" he said hastily. "He's in the business, too, sir!"

"Will you please tell me where you saw Mr. Russell to-day?" asked Sexton Blake quietly.

"Who, sir?" asked Bunter innocently. "Mr. Russell, sir? Shouldn't know him if I saw him! Never seen him in my life, sir——"

"Liar!" said Dick Russell hotly. "You were at the gates——"

"Tinker, would you mind please fetching a policeman," said Sexton Blake coolly. "I think Bunter had better be taken to the Tower. He'll be shot at once as a spy——"

"Ow! Oh dear! Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter trembled like a fat jelly. His spectacles simply rolled down his face and hung perilously on one ear.

"Oh dear! Mr. Russell said it was all spoof—I mean, I've never seen—I'll deny it on my deathbed—I mean—— Oh dear!" panted Billy Bunter.

"Where did you see Mr. Russell?" demanded Sexton Blake sternly.

"Oh crumbs! You chaps will bear witness that I haven't sneaked," gasped Bunter. "Never said a word. Mr. Blake guessed it all. Oh dear!"

"And where?" snapped the detective.

In a minute the truth was out. Sexton Blake stared contemptuously at the fat junior when he had blurted out all that he knew, but it was so obvious that Bunter acted through sheer obtuseness that the detective simply had to laugh.

"You have saved me a bit of trouble, Bunter," he said. "But I don't think they'll make you Lord de Bunter for your part!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the juniors.

Vernon-Smith came running across the quad from the gates.

"I've sent the wires, sir," he said. He had been in the car to Friardale to send off a few telegrams for the famous detective, who intended stopping the night at the school.

But Bunter altered that intention. There was work to be done now which Sexton Blake could not have foreseen. He had to get out after Richard Russell.

Dick watched him go, a shadow on his face, and a bitter gleam in his eyes. To him Sexton Blake looked like some avenging god, grim, cold, relentless.

The juniors saw the detective to the car, and this time they did not go with him. The car drove off, and only Sexton Blake and his famous young assistant went with it.

"The curtain draweth nigh!" murmured Vernon-Smith.

And he strolled away, leaving the Famous Five, who had come down from London by train, to look after Dick Russell. Billy Bunter made himself scarce—he had an idea that the Famous Five might have something to say—and do—to him when they found him.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Law Decides!

THE next few days were as tortuous years to Dick Russell.

Up in London the man for whom the police of the country had searched was taking his trial. Twelve good men and true sat silently, intently, in their narrow box. A wigged judge, stern and forbidding, sat before the prisoner, whose face was white and

tense, and whose fingers clutched nervously at the sides of the dock.

The Famous Five were Dick Russell's constant companions. But even cheerful Bob Cherry could not drag a memory from Dick Russell—a memory of a certain night, when he had lain and twisted under the disgrace his father had brought him. Now Mr. Russell himself was facing the terrifying ordeal of a trial by jury—a trial for his liberty—and Dick, his son, had put him in the dock!

They were in their Study, No. 1 in the Remove passage, for the whole afternoon during which the trial was taking place in London. Many people passed the door of the study, stopped, and passed on, speaking in whispers.

Others stopped and held a conversation outside the study door, but they were but two in number. Harold Skinner and Percy Bolsover were the juniors concerned.

"I don't think they shoot traitors now, do they, Bolsy?" came in Skinner's voice.

"No; but they get umpteen years' penal servitude—in nice pretty suits with broad arrows!" answered Bolsover loudly. "I wonder if Greyfriars chaps will ever wear nice clothes like that!"

There was a rush of feet. Bob Cherry reached the door first. He flung it open and dashed out.

Once—twice, his fists lashed out.

"Wear that!" he roared.

Bolsover flew back on his back, his hand to his eye. For the moment he was half-stunned by the shock of the blow. The next second Skinner landed on top of him, completely knocked out by a terrific right from Harry Wharton.

"You unutterable cads!" said Wharton disgustedly. "Get up and have some more!"

"Ow—yow! Ooough! Yaroo!"

"You utter toads!" roared Bob Cherry. "The jury is trying Mr. Russell—not you! Get up, you maggots! Get up and be licked off your feet! You sneaking, rotten, unspeakable——"

Bob Cherry broke off. Words simply failed him. Bolsover and Skinner, moaning and groaning and grovelling on the floor, never so much regretted having spoken in their lives. Bob Cherry was almost beside himself with rage, and it would have gone badly with them had they got to their feet. But they did not rise; they felt safer where they were.

The door of Study No. 1 slammed behind Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton. There would be no more remarks of that nature that day!

The day wore on wearily. Dick Russell, his hands trembling, sat speechless, almost fainting in the one armchair which the study boasted. The other juniors moved about quietly, their hearts full of pity, and, so far as Frank Nugent was concerned, with more than a suspicion of tears.

Dick Russell was passing through torment such as comes to few people. He was not to blame. It was his father's disgrace. But he felt the disgrace just as keenly. He did not speak. His lips alone, twitching, trembling, with marks of his own teeth, told the story of his misery.

There was a sudden scampering of feet in the passage without, and there followed a steady tramping and a tap on the door.

It was Mr. Quelch who came in. Russell sat bolt upright in his chair, his eyes starting from his head.

"Is it—have you—did the jury——" he stammered thickly.

Mr. Quelch looked down at the junior's white face, pity such as the

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juniors never thought he possessed, in his eyes.

"Russell, my poor boy," said the Remove master softly. "I think there is someone on the telephone wishing to tell you—"

"My heavens!" gulped Russell.

"Good news!" said Mr. Quelch hastily.

"Oh, Heaven! Where, sir—oh, where, sir?" panted Russell.

He seemed galvanised into life. His hands, like his face, were wet with perspiration. In his excitement and agitation, he flung his hands out and caught the master by the lapels of his coat, shaking him fiercely.

"In my study. There is no one there, my boy!" said Mr. Quelch, forcing a smile to his rather thin lips. "Be calm, my boy. Wharton, accompany him!"

"Yes, sir!" gulped Harry.

Nugent turned his head away and forced back a lump that rose in his throat.

the jury's verdict and the judge's speech. Mr. Russell left the court without a stain on his character!"

"Oh, thank Heaven—and you, sir!"

The next moment Dick Russell had collapsed over the table, and the telephone was swept off the table on to the floor, where it lay, the vulcanite splintered and smashed.

Wharton picked it up.

"Dick's collapsed, sir. It's Wharton speaking!" he said; and his own voice sounded thick and harsh.

"He'll be all right soon, Wharton," said Sexton Blake softly. "I think we may say that the good name of Greyfriars is still untarnished. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, sir, and—and thank you!"

Wharton rang off, the last he heard of Sexton Blake being a soft, even merry chuckle. The detective was evidently pleased with his work.

Then Harry Wharton ran for help to get Dick Russell into the sanny.

It was there that Mr. Russell met his

lighter sentence, confessed that Mr. Russell was only a tool in Gummer's hands. Gummer's real name, when it was made public property, revealed him as one of the most thoroughpaced scoundrels in the world.

Bunter's part was forgotten in the excitement. Dick Russell had to go away to recuperate, and the whole school—even Skinner and the thoroughly ashamed Bolsover—turned out to cheer father and son on their journey.

Three weeks elapsed, and the public had almost ceased to discuss the sensational Russell case. But at the end of that time the newspapers revived the affair by announcing that Mr. Gordon Gummer had been tracked to Vienna—whence he had flown—and from there back to London.

Although the scoundrel had adopted a clever disguise, it failed to help him—the police were certain of their man.

Thus it transpired that Mr. Gordon



Grunting with disgust, Bunter was about to abandon his search when he heard a movement behind him. "Can I help you?" came a quiet voice. The fat junior fairly leaped to his feet. His eyes fell upon the figure of the swimmer calmly looking down at him. "I—I wasn't looking at your clothes!" spluttered Bunter. "Shouldn't dream of doing such a thing, you know!" (See Chapter 9.)

Russell dashed from the study, careless of the fact that in his haste he bruised his arms against the door. Vernon-Smith, his lips drawn tightly together, looked on with a fixed stare, his throat working hard at something which seemed to be stuck there. Johnny Bull and Inky were looking out of the window—and seeing only Russell's agonised face.

And in Mr. Quelch's study Dick picked up the telephone, whilst Wharton softly closed the door.

"Yes—yes!" called Dick, in a voice no one would have recognised as belonging to Russell of the Remove.

Back over the wires came the cool, collected voice of Sexton Blake.

"Russell, we have managed to settle the case quite satisfactorily," said the detective. "Your father is completely exonerated. He is, I believe, on his way to see you now. The papers will be printing a full report of the trial and

son a few hours later. The man's face was still white and strained, but his eyes were burning with hope and relief.

The story he told was simple.

It was he who had discovered that Gummer was a spy and an embezzler, and it was he who had driven the rogue from the country without a single paper in his possession. But those papers had been stolen in turn by Judo, and without them he—Mr. Russell—could not prove his own innocence in the matter.

It was Sexton Blake who found the papers in Judo's cottage at Hadley Wood, whither the swarthy man had flown at the first sign of danger. How did Sexton Blake know about the papers? Mr. Russell himself had told him, whilst he was on his way to London and a prisoner's cell, and Sexton Blake had promised to do his best.

His best had been Mr. Russell's salvation. The papers had been found, and Judo, hoping, no doubt, to receive a

Gummer walked into a carefully-laid trap, and was taken into custody. In due course he stood his trial at the Old Bailey, and the judge's address to the prisoner after he had been pronounced guilty was short and to the point.

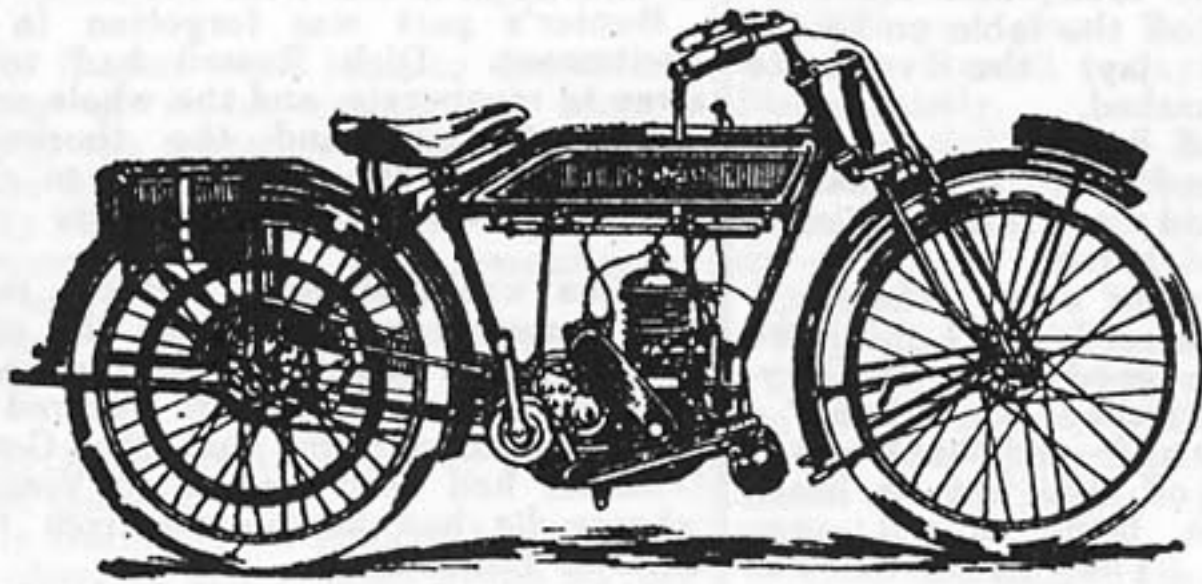
And when Dick Russell came back he was welcomed by the whole of the Remove, and, curiously enough, it was Bolsover and Skinner who did the most work in connection with the greatest feed ever known at Greyfriars.

The hero of the hour was Dick Russell, the boy who had been disgraced by his father and cleared by Sexton Blake. Harry Wharton & Co. came in for a good deal of kudos, it is true, for without them it was a recognised fact that Dick Russell would never have withstood the terrible ordeal.

THE END.

(Now look out for "MICK THE OUTCAST!"—next week's ripping Greyfriars yarn.)

Spread the glorious news, chums! Our "Footer" Competition starts next week!



FOR YOU! A "GO-ANYWHERE" MOUNT.

*All About Our
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IN view of our remarkable offer of thirty fully-equipped motor-cycles, in addition to hundreds of other magnificent prizes, in our Great New Competition, readers will be eager to learn further particulars of these machines. For, of course, there are motor-cycles and motor-cycles; some are very much better than others. Well, readers can rest assured that the machines offered in this wonderful competition are the very best that money can buy. They are genuine $2\frac{1}{4}$ horse-power "James" motor-cycles, made by the James Cycle Company, of Birmingham, one of the oldest firms in the motor-cycle industry. These machines are listed by the James Company at £50 nett cash. Each machine is fully equipped in every way, including lamp, horn, and licence-holder. It will not be necessary for the lucky winners to pay one penny-piece for extras of any sort—the machines will be

presented to them ready for the road in every respect.

The two-stroke engine, rated at $2\frac{1}{4}$ horse-power, is of the simplest type, proved by exhaustive tests to be the best and most suitable engine for hard and continuous service. The actual power developed by it is considerably in excess of its rated horse-power of two and a quarter, and, in conjunction with the two-speed gear, is sufficient to take one rider—or even two—over any roads in Britain and for the longest tours with the greatest of ease. This particular type of engine—the two-stroke—is particularly suitable for the motor-cycling novice, as it embodies the minimum of moving parts; valves and valve-springs, which are always potential sources of trouble, are eliminated, the gas being admitted and ejected from the cylinder by means of ports, which are uncovered in turn by the piston itself. This is the least complicated and most reliable system, used on the majority of modern motor-cycles.

The $2\frac{1}{4}$ James is light enough to afford easy handling and perfect control at all times; but not so light as to be uncomfortable or unsafe, as very light machines sometimes are. The kick-starter and easily manipulated clutch make starting and stopping and manoeuvring in traffic matters of the greatest ease. The footboards are sprung, as well as the saddle, to obtain the maximum of riding comfort. It would be an easy matter to ride 200 miles a day, without undue fatigue, on the $2\frac{1}{4}$ horse-power James.

Running costs are always a matter of interest to the prospective motor-cyclist, and it may safely be said that it is impossible to obtain a real serviceable "go-anywhere" mount which costs less to run than the James. An outlay of half-a-crown would comfortably cover the expenses of a run of 120 to 150 miles. What other form of transport can give equal service for a like amount, to say nothing of the joy of humming along the open road?

Many people still fail to realise that motor-cycling nowadays is one of the most inexpensive of pastimes. Petrol, oil, tyres—the cost of the machines themselves—have dropped enormously in price in recent months. The convenience, the health-giving properties, and, above all, the fascination of owning your own motor-cycle, are making enthusiastic recruits to the pastime every day. No one need be frightened of the "works" of the modern motor-cycle. The engine and other mechanism is now so simple and "fool-proof" that any child could manage it; and, what's more, keep it in good running condition. Motor-cycles are far better today than ever they were, and the latest modern up-to-date machines, equipped with every new device to ensure comfort and efficiency, like the James, are really marvellously simple, and yet wondrously powerful and efficient pieces of mechanism.

No motor-cyclist, whether he be a beginner or an old devotee of the pastime, could possibly wish for a better mount than the $2\frac{1}{4}$ James—the "go-anywhere" mount. The chance represented by the Competition, announced elsewhere in this issue, in which no less than thirty of these magnificent machines are offered to readers, is one that simply no one can afford to miss. Without the least exaggeration, it may be called the chance of a lifetime!



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THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER



A magnificent story dealing happening in distressed Russia detective, FERRERS LOCKE. person who, for obvious reasons,



with the extraordinary events featuring the world-famous Related by a well-informed takes the pen-name of "X."

The Mysterious Voice!

THE ink faded a short half-hour after Father Petro was taken away," the commandant said ruefully. "And that cursed design took its place. It was only then that I realised that a trick had been played, and I sent to inform your Excellency at once."

The iron jaw beneath the red mask set until the muscles stood out on it. The owner was staring down at the signature, and he looked up now with an angry nod.

"They've tricked you cleverly," he said. "But this signature baffles me! I would swear that it was mine."

The commandant leaned forward eagerly.

"I, too, could swear to that," he said. "And that is how I fell into the error. I thought your Excellency had altered your mind, and had other—other plans for that interfering, meddling priest."

Red Mask folded the sheet and slipped it into his pocket.

"Father Petro must be caught," he said. "The brotherhood of the White Heather is gaining power, and we must crush it now."

"I have ordered the police out, and the railways and roads are being watched, your Excellency," the commandant went on. "No one is allowed to leave the city to-night. They will catch him, for he is well known, Father Petro."

A silence fell on the room, and Red Mask resumed his restless pacing to and fro. A servant appeared with a meal, and an hour passed. Then, somewhere about midnight, the telephone on the commandant's desk whirred. The officer reached for it to answer the call. Then he bowed to Red Mask.

"Someone desires to speak to you," he said.

Red Mask took the receiver, and a cool, level voice came to his ears.

"Is that Count Heinrich von Galtz?"

"Yes."

"Good evening, count. I wonder if you are interested in Father Petro?"

"What do you mean? Who are you?" Red Mask was endeavouring to place that voice. It seemed familiar, yet there was a drawling sound in it which no one in all Moscow had ever dared to use to the listener.

"My name doesn't matter, Count Heinrich; it's my information," the cool voice said. "Father Petro is now at Minsk, and by to-morrow morning he will be beyond the frontier."

"Who are you—who are you?"

THE CURTAIN RINGS UP ON

FERRERS LOCKE, England's premier detective, who has journeyed to Moscow and founded a secret society known as the Brotherhood of the White Heather. Its governing object is to stamp out the tyrannical power of Red Mask, who holds some mysterious sway over the destinies of distressed Moscow.

JACK DRAKE, the detective's young and able assistant.

PRINCE IVAN, MR. MALTBY, and FATHER PETRO, members of the Brotherhood, who have fallen into the clutches of Red Mask.

BORIS SAROV, a prominent member of the Brotherhood.

An eleventh-hour rescue of Father Petro is effected by Locke and Sarov by a carefully faked letter to the commandant of the fortress, bearing Red Mask's actual signature to a request for the release of the prisoner.

Meanwhile, Jack Drake, by posing as a mute, becomes a special messenger of **DIMITRI**—a trusted emissary of Red Mask—and the great "Chief" himself. Jack is commanded by Red Mask to deliver a letter to Dimitri, but the lad immediately makes tracks for the chambers of Ferrers Locke and hands over the important missive to him.

And whilst Locke is carefully reading the letter in the safety of his chambers, Red Mask and the commandant of the fortress are pacing up and down like a pair of wild beasts. Ever, and anon they pause to look at the letter which the commandant had naturally supposed came from Red Mask, ordering the release of the prisoner. But now, instead of the written instructions to that effect, appears only a well-drawn picture of a sprig of white heather!

(Now read on.)

Red Mask's voice rose in a bellow of rage as he leaned towards the mouth-piece.

"We have already been introduced, my dear count, and you ought to be clever enough to recognise my voice. I rang you up to put an end to the activities of your police; they merely waste time. Good-night!"

Red Mask heard the click of the receiver, and he turned round, facing the commandant.

"Find out who telephoned here!" he broke out. "Quick! Do you hear?" "And what was the news, your Excellency? Was it—was it good?"

Red Mask had leaped to his feet, and he turned with clenched fists.

"No, you fool!" he rapped out. "Your police have failed. Father Petro is forty miles away now, and your fool police are useless. I want to find out who spoke. I've heard that voice before I—"

The commandant made inquiries, but it was discovered that the voice had spoken from one of the public kiosks.

"If your Excellency recognised the voice it should not be difficult to recognise the man," the commandant said at last.

Red Mask crossed to the door and halted, glancing back over his shoulder.

"I shall recognise the man some day, and when I do he will find out what it means to make an enemy of me!"

As Red Mask strode down the dark corridor his evil heart was filled with a new sensation—cold fear. At long last someone had risen out of the unknown to face him and challenge him, and already had scored two swift successes. A sense of foreboding, and the grim retribution awaiting him, came to the black-hearted tyrant as he strode onwards.

Who was that man with the cold, cynical voice?

"I shall find him! I shall find him!" Red Mask muttered to himself, with his face grim and vicious.

Always bright and gay—MAGNET readers!

The Official Permit!

ALL Moscow was filled with the amazing news that gradually leaked out on the following morning.

Ferrers Locke and a tall Russian, strolling leisurely down one of the main thoroughfares, were met by a dapper Frenchman, who himself gave them full and complete details, with many additions of his own.

According to his account, Father Petro had been snatched away from the wall in front of the firing-party, and he assured Ferrers Locke that the mysterious Red Mask was raging through Moscow, trying to find the perpetrators of the plot.

"I am afraid he will have a long job," the Frenchman went on. "For, of course, it is the work of this Brotherhood of White Heather, and there are many of us who are glad to find that at last there is someone courageous enough to tackle that mysterious tyrant who has held sway for so long."

The Russian who was with Ferrers Locke gave the little Frenchman a warning nod.

"I should not speak too loud about Red Mask, monsieur," he said. "It is not safe."

The Frenchman moved on, and Ferrers Locke, after walking another hundred yards or so, suddenly turned and spoke to his companion.

"By Jove! I quite forgot!" he explained. "This escape of Father Petro means that I win a small wager. Do you know Count Heinrich von Galtz?"

The man with whom Ferrers Locke was walking was known to be a Government official, and in Moscow the rumour was that he held a big position on the Secret Service—although, nominally, his work was in connection with the railway.

Ferrers Locke had called on him that morning to discuss some trivial business matter, and had invited the tall man to lunch. The real reason of that invitation was only revealing itself now.

"Count Heinrich? Oh, yes, I know him very well!"

"Well, I must call on him this morning. Perhaps you will come with me? The business will only take a few moments."

They turned in the direction of the count's palace, and Ferrers Locke sent in his card. He was not kept waiting very long; and presently he and his companion—Ivan Lapskei—were shaking hands with the tall, well-dressed count.

"This is quite a surprise, Mr. Locke," Count Heinrich said. "I did not know that you were friendly with Mr. Lapskei. Now, what can I do for you?"

"I merely called to remind you of that small wager of ours," Ferrers Locke returned.

Count Heinrich's brow grew black.

"Yes, I remember."

He turned his head and looked hard at Locke.

"I cannot think how you came to imagine that such a thing could happen," he said. "It is fortunate for you, sir, that you did not mention your belief to many others. It might have got you into serious trouble. Well, I have to admit defeat, and shall be very pleased if you will dine with me this evening here. Come about eight o'clock."

"Then your Excellency will be in Moscow this evening?"

It was Lapskei who put the question, and, although Ferrers Locke did not move, he saw the quick glances exchanged between the two men.

"Yes, I shall be here in Moscow this evening," Count Heinrich returned.

He ordered wine, and they spent another half-hour together.

Then Locke and the tall railway official left the palace and went on into the business quarter of the city, where Lapskei entered his offices near to the railway-station.

This Englishman seemed to be very interested in railways, and Lapskei, a rather bumptious official, had promised Locke to show him how the new Government ran their system.

The office was covered with maps of various sorts, and Locke and Lapskei entered into a long conversation concerning them. Finally, one huge map of the Siberian Railway was laid out on the desk, and Lapskei pointed out the various sections.

A telephone-bell rang, and the tall Russian left the room. As soon as he had gone Locke slipped a crinkling sheet from his pocket and carefully placed it over the map on the desk. To his satisfaction he found that it was an exact copy of Lapskei's original one; and now the various signs and codes that had been unintelligible to Locke were made clear. Nijni-novgorod to Perm by steamer—thence by railway to Tiunan—and steamer again. Good!

When Lapskei returned to his office he found Ferrers Locke gazing idly out of the window, with his hands in his pockets.

"I've seen enough of railways, Lapskei," the detective said. "I can't understand how you fellows have managed so well."

"Oh, you will find that Russia can handle her own affairs if she is left alone!" the railway official retorted. "It is only when interfering foreigners come here that trouble starts."

He nodded across to Locke.

"And now I shall have to be going," Locke said. "By the way, would it be possible for me to see your engine-yard and repair depots any time?"

"Certainly! I will give you a permit now."

It was an official permit that Lapskei wrote out and signed. He wanted to impress Locke with his importance; and the detective's smile was very bland as he folded the sheet and stowed it into his pocket.

On leaving the offices Locke went straight back to his mansion flat, where he found Jack Drake kicking his heels impatiently.

"All right, Jack," Locke said. "You can go to Dimitri now with that letter."

"What's to happen afterwards?" Jack asked.

"I want you to get down to Butirka Junction," Locke returned. "You will find a special train drawn up on the siding—the special train that Dimitri and his prisoners will be travelling by. There is a passenger coach and also a luggage-van, with a guard's coach behind. It's up to you to get into that luggage-van, Jack, and stow yourself away there."

"My hat! Governor, where am I going to?"

"I can't quite say, young 'un; but you needn't worry. Wherever you're going I shall be with you. It's a long, long journey that we're going to tackle now, Jack, and I don't quite know where it will end."

An Unexpected Development!

AT eight o'clock that night Ferrers Locke, in immaculate evening-dress, presented himself at the doors of the great white palace on the river, and was led into the gorgeously-furnished salon, where dinner had been laid for two.

Count Heinrich greeted his guest, and the meal began. The tall, cool Englishman made most of the conversation, while his host was obviously in a vile temper, which he made no attempt to conceal.

It was an hour later before they left the table, and Locke strolled out on to the white marble balcony, and looked over the carved balustrade down to the dark river below.

"I've heard that Prince Ivan and my fellow-countryman, Mr. Maltby, have been imprisoned in Butirka fortress," Ferrers Locke said, turning round and nodding over to his host. "Is it permissible for anyone to visit the fortress?"

Heinrich was smoking a huge cigar, and he looked at Locke and laughed.

"I should not advise you to do anything so foolish, my dear Locke," he said in his harsh voice. "Russians prefer their prisoners left unvisited."

He took out a gold watch and glanced at it.

"I am afraid that I may have to leave you soon," he went on. "I am expecting a message—a rather important one. When it arrives I shall have to go."

They were chatting together when the sound of a car rose to them from the quiet below, followed a few moments later by the appearance of one of Count Heinrich's manservants. He handed his master a letter, and the tall, broad-shouldered rogue opened and read it. He had turned the envelope over, and Ferrers Locke had caught sight of the Government seal on the envelope, while Heinrich's manner indicated the importance of the communication.

"I am afraid I must leave you," he said hurriedly. "I've been asked to attend a meeting at the Kremlin."

The balcony was deserted, and with a quick movement Ferrers Locke placed himself in front of the open window.

"I am also in a hurry to go, Count Heinrich," he said. "But I want that letter."

He snapped out the words in a grim, hard tone, and Heinrich, in the act of slipping the note into his pocket, swung round on his heel.

"You—you want this letter?"

Locke's arm was raised, and Heinrich found himself looking into the muzzle of an automatic.

"Our little comedy has played itself out, Count Heinrich," said Locke, in his low, languid drawl. "You may as well know the truth now. You are searching for a man in a black velvet dress. You caught many, but the real one escaped you. I am the man who found you in the room with the dead body of Nicolas!"

"You! You!"

Under that menacing weapon Red Mask stood motionless, while his heavy face twitched convulsively. He was looking hard at the clean-cut face now, and

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Keep your eyes upon Ferrers Locke in this latest case of his—

for the first time he began to realise its power.

There was a smile on Ferrers Locke's face as he watched the helpless figure. With a quick movement Locke turned over the lapel of his evening-dress, and Count Heinrich saw there the little badge of white heather.

"We shall not play in the dark any longer, Red Mask," Locke said. "Quick! That letter!"

He took a pace forward, and before Count Heinrich could make the slightest effort of resistance, Locke had snatched the folded paper from the fingers of the tyrant.

Red Mask made a lunge at Locke, but the tall, virile figure evaded his rush. Footfalls sounded from the salon, and a liveried servant appeared.

"Quick! Quick! This man is a spy! A traitor!"

Heinrich's hoarse voice raised the alarm, and Locke heard answering shouts. Then a number of figures came darting towards the window, heading for the balcony.

For a moment Locke hesitated, with his revolver in his hand. He had backed against the balustrade, and his fingers itched to press the trigger on the man he was covering.

"No, Red Mask—not this time."

Count Heinrich saw the tense figure turn, and as the hurrying servants poured on to the balcony, Ferrers Locke leaped on to the edge of the balustrade. Then, as Heinrich threw himself forward, the poised figure vanished in a headlong dive into the murky river below.

Ferrers Locke Arrives!

JACK DRAKE, in his ragged garb, was lying full length on the top of a pile of sleepers that stood on the left of the railway line. In front of him was a ramshackle engine-shed, and to the right, standing in a small siding, was a solitary passenger coach, a goods-van, and a guard's van.

It had taken Jack some time to locate the exact spot in the huge goods' yard where this little train was waiting, but he had managed it at last. The rusted rails, and the general air of slackness, indicated that this great siding was seldom used nowadays.

A solitary engine had come sliding out of the shed, up the line, and round the bend, and one or two railwaymen had emerged from a line of huts, and gone off towards the station, but beyond these few signs of activity the place might have been derelict.

Jack had delivered the letter to Dimitri at the Peresilni, and had seen the look of grim satisfaction that had spread across Dimitri's face.

"You're a clever one!" Dimitri said, handing Jack a few dirty rouble notes. "When I come back to Moscow again I may find work for you to do."

He had insisted on the lad having a meal at the Peresilni, and Jack, knowing that it might be some time before he could get another square feed, had tucked into the black bread and hunk of cheese with a will.

Now, lying along the top of the pile of sleepers, Jack was cudgelling his brains as to how he should get into that covered goods' van. He dare not approach the train openly, for there were men at work in the engine-shed, and they were bound to see him. He had been waiting for perhaps the best part of half an hour when the first signs of real activity began. Three men came down the line—one of them obviously a

superior official, for the other two dropped to a respectful distance behind him. They reached the side-tracked train, and made a very careful inspection of it, examining the passenger coach and the other two vans.

"Jolly good job I didn't stow myself in there," Jack told himself as he watched the trio at work.

When the inspection was over two of the men were left behind, while the other crossed to the roadway and went off in the direction of the station. Jack saw the two men separate, one taking up position at the front of the train; while the other disappeared into the guard's van.

The man at the front of the train began to pace to and fro, obviously on the



Still holding the letter, Ferrers Locke leaped from the edge of the balustrade into the murky river below. (See this page.)

watch, and again Jack realised the difficulties before him.

"How the dickens am I going to get in the van with these fellows watching it?" he muttered to himself.

A rumbling of wheels caught his ears, and he looked in the direction of the road. A heavy lorry was coming along beside the railway fence, and it halted at the small gateway which opened out on to the siding. The wagon was packed with boxes and bales of various sorts, and the driver, slipping from his seat, crossed the gate and opened it. The man on sentry duty in front of the train called to him.

"You had better hurry, my friend!" he cried. "You ought to have been here long ago."

"I came as quickly as I could," the driver answered surlily. "These roads are not fit to drive on. Besides, where are the men to help me unload? Am I supposed to carry all these things myself?"

The railway official placed a whistle to his lips and blew a short, quick blast. Jack saw four or five figures emerge

from the engine-shed and commence to cross the line. Instantly his quick brain gave him an idea. He slid across the top of the pile of sleepers and dropped down on to the permanent way. Then, darting across the line, he reached the engine-shed; and, hurrying along it, he fell into pace behind the straggling group that had emerged from the shed. No one took any particular notice of him, and Jack grinned quietly to himself as he trudged on after the men. They reached the gate, and one of the party spoke to the vandriner. Then a general move was made to the laden wagon, and Jack, slipping through the group, grabbed at one of the cases as it was tilted out of the back of the van, and set off with his burden.

The huge sliding doors of the railway truck had been opened, and Jack, thrusting the case inside, climbed after it. Man after man came up, depositing his load; and Jack worked like a nigger,

stowing the cases away in the roomy interior. In less time than it takes to tell there was a huge stack of cases and bales piled up, and Jack, watching his opportunity, carried out the second part of his scheme.

The men unloading the motor-van had called a halt for a moment, and were standing together beside the gate on the road. Jack walked across to the back of the railway-van and, hauling himself over a heap of cases, dropped quietly into a little space that he had carefully left in the far corner of the van.

A long minute passed. Then Jack heard footfalls, and another case was dumped at the open doorway. One after another the unloading gang came up and deposited their cases, until there was a jumble of them blocking the gap. Then an angry voice arose.

"Where is that young loafer who was loading the van?"

"How should I know?"

"Anyhow, he's gone, and one of you others will have to get inside. Quick!"

Jack heard someone climb into the van and, cursing volubly, begin to pack the cases and bales away from the door,

—and be prepared for some thrilling situations! Has Red Mask met his match?

A quiet sigh of contentment came to Jack's lips as he settled down in his hiding-place. He had taken a long shot, and it had come off. The last package was stowed away, and Jack heard the doors rasp as they were forced into place. Then the clank of the heavy hasp sounded as the van was locked.

Jack climbed out of the hollow shaft of packing-cases, wriggled his way over the arranged rows, and dropped into the open space in front of the door. It was almost dusk now, and the interior of the van was in semi-darkness. The cases and bales interested the youngster, and he began to examine one or two of them. There was no address on them, and no indication as to their ownership. One bale had been slit, and Jack, thrusting his hand through the gap, drew out the sleeve of a coarse cotton garment. It was a bale of rough clothing. Another obviously contained shoes of the heavy, peasant type, and there were also a few bales of cheap blankets.

"My hat! There are enough clothes and blankets here to supply a small army!" Jack told himself. "I wonder what Dimitri is going to do with them all?"

He moved to the other end of the van and felt a current of colder air strike his cheek. Looking up, he saw that one huge panel in the roof was jutting out above the others. Climbing on a case, Jack thrust cautiously at the panel, and found that it gave to his touch. The van had evidently had a severe handling of some sort or other, and the lackadaisical railway employees had not troubled to repair the roof.

How long Jack waited he was never able to say, but it must have been hours. Now and again a train would rumble past, and once he heard a murmur of voices coming from the siding, while occasionally footfalls came to him as someone patrolled the length of the little train. It was evidently being well-guarded, and Jack smiled quietly to himself as he perched under the broken panel.

"I'm in all right," he told himself. "But goodness only knows how I'm going to get out!"

Finally he heard the harsh toot of a motor-horn, and, kneeling on the top of the case, ventured to thrust his head through the gap in the roof, raising the panel carefully until he was able to see the roadway. A closed car had come to a halt beside the gate, and from it there emerged two armed sentries, who took up positions on either side of the gate. Another figure appeared, and behind it came two shapeless forms. As they passed under the light of the motor-lamp Jack saw that they were dressed in grey robes, while heavy hoods were drawn down over their heads. They stumbled forward—the taller figure in advance—and Jack saw that a slender steel chain linked them together.

The foremost figure stumbled as it passed through the gate, and the man in charge turned and struck him, driving his fist on to the hooded head, so that the man reeled against the armed sentry. The man thrust him back, and, lowering his bayonet, jabbed at the unfortunate wretch. A low cry of pain came to the watching youngster.

"You skunk! You hulking brute!" Jack muttered savagely, clenching his fists.

He had recognised the tall man in charge of the two grey-robed prisoners. It was Dimitri; and now his harsh voice sounded, barking out an order. The

armed sentries hurried forward and reached the passenger coach, and Jack heard the prisoners being forced into a compartment, while Dimitri and the armed men followed them. Then the motor-car swung round and went off back along the road.

Ten minutes later an engine came clamping and clattering out of the goods-shed, took the points, and slid down the siding until it jarred against the buffers of the laden goods-van. Jack had withdrawn his head now, and he heard the couplings being adjusted. A few minutes later, with a rattle and a jolting, the tiny train was on the move, clanging over the points and going off down the main line.

Jack reached up again and thrust his head through the gap in the roof, and, with the wind rushing past his ears, he saw the glimmering lights of Moscow appear and fade. It seemed to Jack that the train was rushing forward through the darkness without signal or sign to mark its course. The engine—a powerful one—was gathering speed at every turn of its wheels, and along the dark track it began to move like a rocket, drumming through cuttings, roaring over bridges, with the smoke belching from its short stack, and the flare of the fire casting a blood-red glow on either side of the way.

The goods-van, rattling and creaking on its way as it was dragged onwards, seemed about to topple over at every moment, and Jack, clinging to his hold on the roof, had all he could do to preserve his balance.

"Well, my governor told me to get in here, and I've done what he ordered, but I'll be hanged if I know what is going to happen! It seems to me that I'm getting further and further away from my governor with every jump of this blessed train."

A dark station loomed ahead, and with a rumble and a crash the little train tore through it, sending a cloud of dust and cinders dancing across the deserted platform. Jack had ducked into his shelter, but as soon as the train had cleared the platform he peered out again, and caught his breath sharply.

Silhouetted against the red glow on the foot-plate, Jack saw a form rising slowly to view. It was climbing over the heaped coals in the tender, and came on steadily until it reached the end of the tender, where it crouched for a moment to balance itself. There was a gap of five feet between the tender and the van, but Jack saw the figure launch itself forward, landing with a thud on the roof of the van.

Stooping, Jack grabbed the loose panel, and drew it downwards. As he did so the sprawling figure reached out, and slid through the opening.

"Steady on, Jack," a quiet voice whispered into the lad's ear. "I've been watching you for this last half-hour!"

"My hat! The governor!"

A Change of Identity!

JACK almost fell off the pile of cases, as he heard Ferrers Locke's chuckle. Then, swinging round, the detective lowered himself gently on to the floor below. The light of an electric-lamp flashed into life, and Jack, squatting on the top of the cases, stared at his governor in mute surprise.

Ferrers Locke was dressed in the greasy blue overalls of a fireman. His hands and face were grimed, and the

cap, pulled well down over his brows, made his disguise complete.

"So you've—you've taken on engine-driving, have you, governor?"

"Not exactly, Jack. I've got a better man for that job—Boris is the engine-driver, and I am the fireman."

"Boris here as well? My hat! What are we going to do?"

Ferrers Locke placed the lamp on the top of a case, and turned to his young assistant.

"Listen to me, Jack," he said, in quiet tones. "You and I have to take on a very big job. Mr. Maltby and Prince Ivan are in that passenger-van, guarded by the two soldiers and Dimitri. They are being taken on the long, long journey—Red Mask's special punishment for men he hates and fears."

The grimed face of the detective hardened.

"It's the only chance that I shall get of discovering the truth, Jack," he went on. "I want to find out what has happened to the many Britishers and others that have vanished so mysteriously from Moscow. They are supposed to have died, some by being shot at while trying to escape, and others of diseases in the various fortresses where they were supposed to be confined, but I know that is not true, and I am going to find out just what their fate has been."

He leaned forward, putting a hand on Jack's ragged shoulder.

"We've been in a lot of tight corners, sonny—you and I, but this job is perhaps the biggest we have ever tackled. I regard it as a direct challenge from Red Mask, and the brotherhood of the White Heather has taken it up. The fireman and engine-driver allotted to drive this engine belong to the League, and that is how Boris and I managed to take their places. Dimitri's map has helped us, and we know how the various stages of the long, long journey are carried out. Now, this is my plan: within the next two hours the engine will stop for water at a small junction, sixty miles from Moscow. There will be a motor-car waiting beyond the junction with a party of the White Heather Brotherhood."

Locke leaned forward, and placed a hand on Jack's arm.

"Between then and now, you and I have to take the places of Maltby and Prince Ivan," he went on slowly. "Dimitri will take two prisoners with him on his long, long journey, but they will not be the two he thinks. They know what is going to happen, for we managed to get a message to them while they were at Butirka fortress."

"Take their places, governor! But how are we going to manage that?" Jack broke out. "There are two armed soldiers and Dimitri guarding them!"

He stared at his chief for a moment. To Jack it seemed an utter impossibility to carry out this suggestion.

"It's got to be done, young 'un," Ferrers Locke said. "Presently Boris will check speed, and give us a chance to make a move. We are going to snatch these two away under the very noses of their guards, old chap. Maltby is ready for us. He has been warned when the rescue will be attempted, and the rest we'll have to leave to chance."

For another long hour the swift rush through the night continued. Then Jack felt the speed slacken, and the van steadied down to a quieter pace.

"Now, young 'un! Come along?" Ferrers Locke extinguished the light.

and arose to his feet, thrusting the panel clear. He slipped through the opening, and Jack followed him. Ferrers Locke crept to the edge of the roof and caught at a hand-rail, lowering himself down on the foothold. Jack followed his master's example, and found himself reaching for the hand-rail of the passenger-coach. Swinging round to the foothold, he clung there for a moment. Ferrers Locke was hanging on below a lighted window, and Jack saw the grimed face appear in the glow for a moment as Locke peered into the carriage.

It was a small sleeping-compartment, and sprawling in a narrow bunk lay the lean, powerful figure of Dimitri. He had evidently made up his mind to travel in comfort, for he had removed his heavy cloak, and lay in his shirt-sleeves. On a small table was a flask and tumbler, and the stump of a cigar. From Dimitri's attitude it was obvious that he had fallen asleep.

Ferrers Locke went on along the foot-board, and Jack slipped quietly after him. The train was steady now, running along a high embankment, and the passenger-coach—an old-fashioned type—had a thick hand-rail which made it an easy task to move onwards.

Jack drew up to his master, and Locke came to a halt again under another wide window. There was only a dim light shining from it, and Jack, raising his head, peered into the half-gloomy space. He saw the grey-robed figures leaning back in one corner of the compartment. Opposite, stretched out on the seat, lay one of the soldiers with his rifle at his side. The second man was seated next to the window, puffing contentedly at the pipe between his lips. He was facing the two silent shapes in grey, and it was obvious that he was on the alert. His rifle, with fixed bayonet, was propped up between his knees, and the light glimmered on the long, ugly steel.

Ferrers Locke had reached the door of the compartment, and he made a warning gesture to Jack. The youngster crouched low, hanging on to the hand-rail, with his eyes fixed on his master. Jack saw Ferrers Locke slip one hand into the greasy overalls he wore, and a small cylinder appeared when he withdrew his hand again.

Raising the cylinder, Ferrers Locke tapped on the window of the compartment door, keeping carefully out of sight. A moment later Jack saw the figure of the soldier appear against the light. Then a thick arm was reached out to tug at the strap of the window.

The window was lowered, and, with bated breath, Jack watched the burly head and shoulders loom outwards. Ferrers Locke raised his arm sharply. There was a faint hiss of escaping vapour, and a moment later the broad-shouldered, uniformed figure drooped forward, almost falling out through the open gap.

Ferrers Locke clutched at the shape, thrusting it inwards. A moment later the intrepid detective had opened the door of the compartment; and Jack, following him, found Locke bending

over the limp sentry. The man's heavy breathing sounded; and, motioning to Jack to stand still, Locke crept across the compartment to where the other uniformed shape lay sprawling on the seat.

One of the grey-robed figures moved slightly, thrusting its head forward. There was a long, tense moment of waiting, and then Ferrers Locke reached the second sentry, and again the polished cylinder came into play. Whatever it was, the stuff was certainly potent enough. The sleeping sentry did not even stir, but his breathing changed into a thick, heavy sound.

"All right, Jack; we've just exactly ten minutes."

The taller of the two muffled prisoners rose to his feet with a clank of chains. The hood fell back, revealing the white, tense face of Maltby.



There was a faint hiss of escaping vapour, and a moment later the sentry pitched forward, almost falling out of the window into the arms of Locke and Drake. (See this page.)

"Then it is really you, Locke?" the Britisher broke out. "By James, I hardly believed it possible!"

"There's no time to waste, Maltby," Ferrers Locke returned swiftly. "Come along! You know what we've to do."

He reached out for Maltby's pinioned wrist, and, drawing a small bunch of keys from his pocket, loosened the iron handcuff. Then, turning to Prince Ivan, he performed a similar service, and the frail old nobleman arose to his feet.

"A miracle! A miracle, Mr. Locke! But listen to me. I cannot permit you to carry this on any further. It is not right; it is not fair that we should allow you to take our places."

"No; that's quite true," Maltby

chimed in. "We've talked it over, the prince and I, and we do not see why you should be permitted to make this sacrifice for our sakes."

"It is not a question of sacrifice, Maltby," said Locke in low, grim tones. "But you could have stayed in Moscow. No one suspected you—"

The grimed face of the detective slipped into a smile.

"I only escaped from Moscow by a miracle, Maltby," he returned. "Red Mask knows me now. I had dinner with him, and a grim little comedy followed."

"You were with Red Mask?"

"Yes. I knew that he was going to receive a letter, and I wanted to obtain possession of it. I've got that letter, Maltby, and it's given me the information I sought."

He turned and nodded to Jack. "Help the prince off with his robe, youngster," Locke said. "You and I have to take their places."

Again Prince Ivan tried to reason with Locke, but the detective carried out his desire. And so presently Locke

and Jack were arrayed in the voluminous grey robes.

"We're drawing near to the station now, gentlemen," said Ferrers Locke. "As soon as the train stops you must get out. Keep in the cutting, and wait there till we go on again. There is a car there that will take you to safety."

"That is all very well, Locke," Maltby said again. "But what is going to happen to you? You are placing yourself in the hands of your enemies."

"I am doing so for my own purpose," returned the detective. "Remember, I have sworn to either rescue or avenge my unfortunate countrymen!"

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