

"SPORTS WEEK AT GREYFRIARS!" Read the Grand School Story Inside.

No. 903. Vol. XXVII.

Week Ending May 30th, 1925.

The **Magnet** 2nd Library

Complete School Stories.

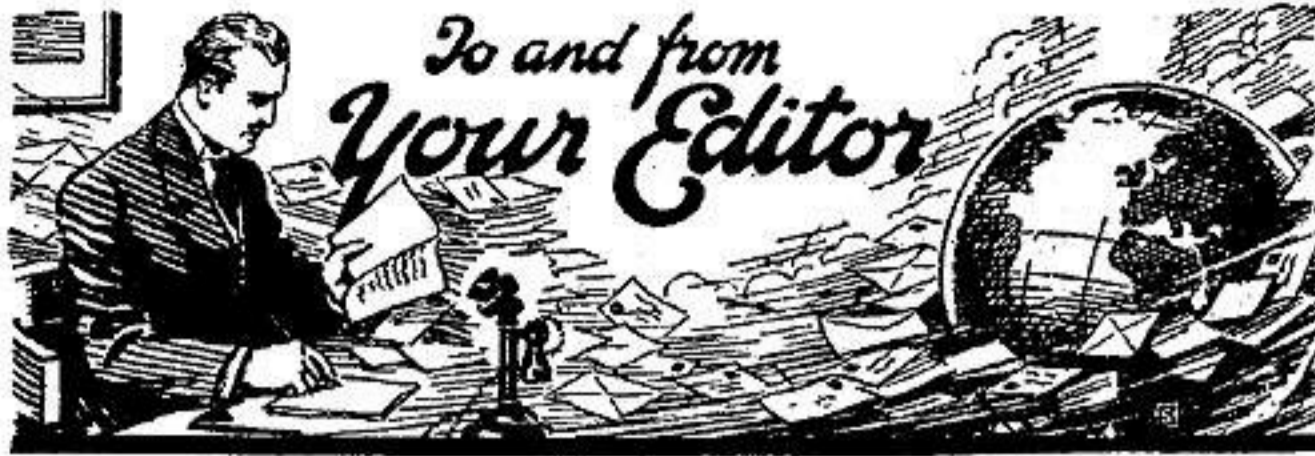
EVERY MONDAY.



WELL OVER!

FRANK NUGENT WINS THE HIGH JUMP!

(A fine action picture of the High Jump, taken from this week's grand story of the Greyfriars Sports - inside.)



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums. Write to him when you are in trouble or need advice. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a speedy reply. Letters should be addressed "The Editor," THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

SIMPLE NEW COMPETITION!

THAT'S an unexpected titbit of news for my loyal chums, I'll wager, and news that will be well received in all circles. This new competition will be a weekly affair, and will consist of a set of pictures dealing—the first week—with objects everyone sees at the seaside. Nothing frightfully difficult about that, is there, chums? You've all got eyes, and every man-jack of you has been to the seaside, I've no doubt. For instance, you all know what a pier looks like. You wouldn't mistake it for a railway engine. Well, that gives you a fairly clear idea of the simplicity of this coming contest. Another point I want to stress is that our

"WHAT IS IT?"

competition is a weekly affair. You don't have to collect a set of pictures published over a number of weeks and then send in the solution. All you have to do is to solve eight pictures, fill in your name and address, and then wait for the result. Meantime, you can enter the next week's competition, and so on. Now for the prizes.

THREE SPLENDID CAMERAS

will be awarded to those readers whose efforts are correct, or nearest correct. These cameras, let me mention, are made by Kodak's, Limited; having said which you are assured of their quality and usefulness. For the six next best efforts I am awarding

HANDSOME MODEL SAILING YACHTS

that are guaranteed "sailable." Make no mistake about it, boys, these models are really top-hole—not the kind of yacht that turns turtle in a pond the moment a puff of air catches the sails. Don't forget these yachts; they're going to prove an A 1 attraction. In addition to the foregoing,

12 USEFUL POCKET-KNIVES

will be presented to readers whose efforts show merit. Altogether, this makes a handsome prize-list, and one that should—and will—appeal to all reader chums. Look out, then, for the start of our

"WHAT IS IT?" COMPETITION

in a fortnight's time, and mind you fill in the necessary coupon.

"THE RIVAL TUCKSHOPS!"

Harry Wharton & Co. have a high old time in next week's grand story of school life at Greyfriars. The title alone THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 903.

should intrigue you, and is undoubtedly sufficient indication of a real treat to come. Fisher T. Fish comes to the front with one of his "business propositions," and, like all Fishy's "stunts," there is something decidedly shady about it. Harry Wharton & Co. can stand at a distance and laugh at most of the wily American junior's wheezes, for they needn't participate in them unless they wish. But in this case the "stunt" touches upon something dear to the average schoolboy, and certainly to every junior boy at Greyfriars, namely, tuck! And when Fishy starts to "tamper" with that, he begins to sign his own death warrant as a business man. You'll enjoy every line of

"THE RIVAL TUCKSHOPS!"

boys, so mind you read it. It's not a bad idea to order your MAGNET in advance; it saves a lot of disappointment.

"THE SPORTING DETECTIVE!"

There is another long instalment of this amazing story, boys, on the programme for next Monday. The plot begins to "get a hustle on" almost from the first words, and the reader becomes conscious of some undercurrent of mystery that is distinctly fascinating. If any of you have drawn any conclusions from this fine yarn I should be pleased to receive a line from you. I'm not going to give "anything away" at



CRICKET!

WE MUST HAVE THOSE ASHES!
A Stirring story of the Tests.
By **ARTHUR S. HARDY**

Special Article entitled:—
All Out for Victory!
By **ROY KILNER**
(Yorkshire and England)

Read both these "star" features in
this week's

FOOTBALL and SPORTS FAVOURITE

On Sale Wednesday, May 27th. **2D**
Make sure of a copy.

this stage, for that would be pulling down in a single sweep the structure the author has taken great pains to build up. You'll like this instalment, my chums; you will like the climax, which gives a distinctly fresh touch to a story dealing with detective adventure.

"MR. QUELCH" SUPPLEMENT.

The learned Form master of the Lower Fourth takes the editorial chair in our next supplement. In fact, the whole supplement is devoted to Mr. Horace Henry Quelch. That it is well worth reading goes without saying. Nothing dull has ever appeared in our weekly supplement, and we're not going to start backsliding now! Mind you read it!

RESULT OF "PUZZLE-PARS" COMPETITION No. 4.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The First Prize of £5 has, therefore, been divided between the following two competitors, whose solutions, each containing three errors, came nearest to correct:

G. TURTON,
119, High Street,
Yiewsley, Middlesex.

L. WALLIS,
14, Egerton Road,
Bishopston, Bristol.

The Twelve Consolation Prizes of Pocket Knives have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions each contained four errors:

- Harry Allum, 10, Coleshill Street, Fazeley, Tamworth, Staffs.
- Bernard W. Bovingdon, Sunny Side, North Weald, near Epping.
- Miss G. Grigg, 5, The Esplanade, The Hoe, Plymouth.
- Edward Jeffrey, 14, Park Street, South-end-on-Sea.
- Ronald Kelly, 338, Winchester Road, Southampton.
- William O. Lancashire, Holly Cottages, Horsley Woodhouse, near Derby.
- W. Pitt, 20, Bark Place, Bayswater, London, W. 2.
- Miss B. Rains, 10, Woodberry Cres., Muswell Hill, London, N. 10.
- Arthur Smith, East Lodge, Quex Park, Birchington, Kent.
- William Tansley, Park House, Gunthorpe, near Nottingham.
- J. Tulley, Sandford, Hessle, E. Yorks.
- Chris. Wilkinson, 27, Clarence Park Road, Bournemouth.

The correct solution was as follows:

With the spring here, bringing longer days, all active boys will be looking forward to the start of summer sports. Footballs and hockey-sticks will be packed away, being replaced by the cricket bat, which, after receiving a covering of oil, will be tested at the nets. The tennis racket will be taken from its frame, and fresh interests will be found by one and all.

Your Editor.

TOO MUCH FAG! The very mention of Sports sends a shudder down Lord Mauleverer's spine, for Mauly much prefers to take "forty winks" whilst his Form fellows perform amazing feats of energy. But with the arrival of his cousin "Jimmy," Mauly's outlook on life receives a sudden change. He is made to take an interest in—



A Magnificent, New, Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., introducing Lord Mauleverer's cousin "Jimmy."

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Bombshell for Mauly!

WELL, of all the lazy, born-fired slackers!" Bob Cherry made that ejaculation as he halted on the threshold of Lord Mauleverer's study in the Remove passage.

Bob was attired in running shorts, a snow-white sweater, and rubber shoes. He looked the picture of radiant health as he stood in the doorway, frowning at Lord Mauleverer.

His lordship, however, quite failed to notice the frown. He was not even aware of Bob's presence. He was reclining at full length on the sofa, with his head pillowed by a pile of soft cushions. His eyes were closed, and there was a smile of contentment on his lips. Lord Mauleverer was enjoying a blissful slumber—"full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Bob Cherry gave a snort. He had glanced casually into the study on his way to the playing-fields, and he had scarcely expected to find Mauly at home.

Sports Week had started at Greyfriars—a week of glorious tussles on river and field and running-track; a week of welcome immunity from the drudgery of the Form-room. This was the opening day, and practically all Greyfriars had congregated on the playing-fields. Outside, the sun was streaming down from a cloudless sky. It was a perfect summer day—an out-of-doors day. Certainly it was no day for stewing in a stuffy study.

True, Lord Mauleverer was a hopeless and an incurable slacker; but Bob Cherry had expected even Mauly to be out of doors on such an afternoon.

"Mauly!" roared Bob, in a voice which would have done credit to Stentor of old. "Wake up, you ass!"

His languid lordship did not stir. He lay perfectly motionless, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

"Mauly!"

Bob's voice had the effect of a peal of thunder reverberating through the

study. Had it been an actual thunder-clap, however, it was doubtful if it would have aroused Lord Mauleverer.

Having failed to rouse his school-fellow by vocal methods, Bob Cherry promptly proceeded to drastic action. He strode towards the slumbering Mauly and upended the sofa. Mauly fairly shot off on to the floor, landing on the carpet with a terrific concussion.

"Yaroooooo!"

"I thought that would do the trick!" grinned Bob. "Mauly, you're the biggest slacker in the four kingdoms! You're too lazy to live! The sports are starting in an hour's time, you ass! Had you forgotten?"

Lord Mauleverer sat up on the floor and ran his fingers over his anatomy to make sure that no bones were broken. Then he blinked reproachfully at Bob Cherry.

"It's really too bad of you, Bob, to come bargin' in when I was in the middle of an entrancin' dream!" he said. "Why can't you let sleepin' dogs—or, rather, sleepin' ears—lie?"

"You're coming to see the sports, my son!" said Bob grimly. "Strictly speaking, you ought to be taking part in them. But you haven't put your name down for a single event. It's downright disgusting!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!" yawned Mauly. "Is there a sleepin' contest, my dear fellow? If so, I'm willin' to take part in it at once."

"Snoozing and snoring is about all you're fit for," grunted Bob. And then his glance fell upon a letter which lay on the table. The letter was addressed in a round, feminine hand, to Lord Mauleverer, and it was unopened.

"Did you know this letter was here, Mauly?" demanded Bob.

"Yaas, begad."

"When did it come?"

"By the morning post."

"And you've left it here unopened all this time? You silly cuckoo! It might be urgent!"

Lord Mauleverer was still sitting on the floor, using the sofa as a back-rest. It would not have required much energy to rise, but Mauly appeared to

have no energy at all. He was utterly limp.

"It was too much fag to bother about openin' the letter," he murmured drowsily. "Open it for me, Bob, there's a good fellow, an' read me the contents."

"Why, you—you—" Bob Cherry was almost at a loss for words. "If that isn't the giddy limit—the last word in laziness! Day by day, in every way, you get slacker and slacker and slacker. Here's your letter. You can jolly well open it yourself!"

The letter was thrust into Mauly's hand, and Bob Cherry gathered up a cricket-stump from the corner to enforce his commands.

Lord Mauleverer sighed deeply and ripped open the envelope.

"Wish people wouldn't write letters to a fellow," he said plaintively. "He's got the beastly fag of openin' them, an' readin' them, an' answerin' them. I'm beginnin' to pine for some peaceful spot where the letter-writers cease from troublin', an' the weary are at rest."

Languidly his lordship drew out the letter and started to peruse it. Then he uttered a startled exclamation, and his face turned quite pale. His hand trembled, and the letter fluttered on to the carpet.

Bob Cherry was all concern at once.

"Bad news, old man?" he asked anxiously.

Lord Mauleverer nodded without speaking.

"Illness at home?" suggested Bob.

"Nanno."

"Then what the thump—"

There was dismay, almost despair, in the glance which Mauly bestowed upon Bob Cherry.

"Cousin Jimmy is comin'!" he muttered hoarsely.

"Eh?"

"Comin' this afternoon!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. "She'll be here in half an hour, begad!" he added, in tragic tones. "Oh, dear! This is awful!"

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Bob Cherry looked perplexed.

"I—I don't quite catch on, Mauly," he said. "First you talk about your cousin Jimmy, and then you refer to him as 'she.'"

"My cousin Jimmy is a gal," explained Lord Mauleverer. "Her name's Jemima, really, but she's always been called Jimmy because she's such a masculine gal. One of the very modern, athletic sort, you know—simply bubblin' over with energy! An' she's comin' to Greyfriars for Sports Week. She's goin' to stay with the Head's daughter. She met Molly Locke last vac, an' they became pals. Oh, dear! Cousin Jimmy will lead me a dog's life! She's always takin' me to task, in her letters, with bein' a slacker; an' when she's here, on the spot, she won't give me a chance to slack, not even for five minutes. She's got a most disturbin' way with her; she's a sort of galvanic battery. An'—an' she's comin' for a week! Oh, jiminy!"

Lord Mauleverer groaned. The news that cousin Jimmy was coming to Greyfriars had considerably ruffled his serenity. Cousin Jimmy, with her shingled hair, her brisk and bustling manner, and her wholesome contempt for slackers, would lead Mauly a dreadful dance. Mauly remembered how he had spent a holiday with her once, and she had kept him up to the scratch, making him turn out early in the morning; and take lots of exercise, and all that sort of thing.

Mauly liked cousin Jimmy all right, but he liked her best at a distance. It was certainly a case of distance lending enchantment. Cousin Jimmy at close quarters was too boisterous to suit Lord Mauleverer's ease-loving temperament.

Mauly groaned again—a deep and hollow groan, which ought to have moved Bob Cherry to commiseration. Bob, however, was grinning gleefully.

"Well, I hope your cousin Jimmy will take you in hand, and make you stir your lazy bones," said Bob. "If she can cure you of slacking, Mauly, she'll be a miracle-monger. I've tried to reform you often enough, goodness knows; but I've always had to give it up as a bad job. P'r'aps cousin Jimmy will be a bit more drastic in her methods than I was."

"Bob," said Mauly, "you are unkind, unfeelin', an' uncharitable. You ought to be soothin' me with honeyed words of sympathy, instead of grinnin' like a Cheshire cat at my misfortune."

Bob went on grinning.

"You'd better buck up and go and meet the train," he said. "Your cousin won't like it if you're late."

"Oh, begad! I—I say, Bob, I wish you'd save me the fearful fag of trudgin' down to the station. Couldn't you an' your pals—Wharton an' the others—go an' meet cousin Jimmy for me?"

"We could," agreed Bob, "but we're jolly well not going to! The sports will be starting soon, and we've got to be on the spot. In any case, the exercise will do you good, Mauly. Jump to it!"

Lord Mauleverer tottered slowly to his feet. He yawned, and stretched himself, and gave Bob Cherry a look which might have melted a heart of stone. But Bob's heart remained hardened, and Mauly, with a deep sigh, perched his topper on his head and sallied forth to the station to meet cousin Jimmy. A merry chuckle followed him down the corridor.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

In the Toils!

THE train was late. It was not even signalled when Lord Mauleverer lounged on to the little platform of Friardale Station.

His lordship was showing signs of distress—not at the belatedness of the train, but because of the heat. A blazing sun had beat down upon him while he walked, and what little energy Mauly possessed seemed to have melted completely away. He staggered towards a seat, and sank limply upon it, and called out in a faint voice for a porter to come and fan him. But there was no porter to be seen, so Lord Mauleverer pulled out his handkerchief and set a gentle breeze blowing.

But even fanning himself was "too much fag," and Mauly quickly sank into a doze. His last wish, before dropping off, was that he might emulate the celebrated Rip van Winkle, and sleep indefinitely.

The train came in, with a grinding of brakes and the sound of carriage-doors being thrown open. But Mauly did not stir. He lay back on the seat, slumbering placidly.

But there was a rude awakening for his lordship. His aristocratic nose was suddenly tweaked in a vice-like manner, and a voice exclaimed:

"Why, Herbert, what's the meaning of this? Fancy going to sleep on the platform!"

"Yaroooo!" yelled Mauly.

He opened his eyes with a start, to behold cousin Jimmy gazing down at him sternly.

Cousin Jimmy looked more athletic and masculine than ever as she stood there, with her thumb and forefinger forming a sort of clamp, in which Lord Mauleverer's nasal organ was firmly fixed.

Cousin Jimmy's face and arms were tanned and freckled by the sun. She was wearing a tennis frock, and white shoes, and she was hatless. Her black, shingled hair gave her quite a boyish appearance. Indeed, there were several fellows at Greyfriars whose locks were longer than those of cousin Jimmy. Blinking up at her in surprise and anguish, Mauly reflected that these out-of-door girls—these modern muscular maidens—were holy terrors.

"Wow!" yelped Mauly. "Leggo my nose, dear gal! You're crushin' it, begad!"

Cousin Jimmy released Mauly's nasal organ, which, smarting from the indignity it had suffered, looked like a crushed strawberry.

"Herbert," said cousin Jimmy, "I'm surprised at you! Is this how you meet a young lady?"

"I was merely takin' forty winks," murmured Mauly apologetically.

"Still as lazy as ever, eh? Well, I'm going to cure all that. Shake a leg!"

"Eh?"

"Jump about! Put a jerk in it!"

Lord Mauleverer sighed deeply. He did not feel like shaking a leg, or jumping about, or putting a jerk in it. The sun was too uncomfortably warm for such exertions.

Mauly made a feeble gesture of protest, but cousin Jimmy ignored it.

"Go and fetch my suitcase!" she commanded.

The suitcase had been ejected from the luggage-van, and was lying on its side on the platform. It was an extra large suitcase, and Lord Mauleverer eyed it with considerable misgiving.

"Hurry up!" rapped out cousin Jimmy impatiently.

"Ahem! The—the porter will see to that, dear gal!" said Mauly. "He'll put it on the station hack for you."

"The station hack?" echoed cousin Jimmy, in surprise. "We're not going to make use of that antiquated affair. We're going to walk up to the school."

"Oh, lor'!"

"You can carry my suitcase, and I'll push my bike!"

Lord Mauleverer gave his cousin an appealing glance. But cousin Jimmy was proof against appealing glances.

"Do you want me to shake you, Herbert?" she asked.

"Nunno!"

"Wake yourself up, then, and get a move on!"

With a despairing groan, Lord Mauleverer advanced towards the suitcase. He gave a gasp as he lifted it clear of the platform. That suitcase was a weighty affair. It seemed to be filled with bricks. Mauly's first impulse was to drop it on to the platform with a sickening thud, and beckon to a porter. But cousin Jimmy's eye was upon him—an eye-like Mars, to threaten and command, as Shakespeare has it.

So Mauly hung on to the heavy suitcase, and lurched with it towards the exit. Cousin Jimmy collected her bicycle and followed him.

"Why, you're grunting and snorting like a grampas!" exclaimed cousin Jimmy, as they emerged into the roadway.

"Ow! This suitcase is jolly heavy, Jimmy. It seems to be wrenchin' my shoulder out of its socket. Hain't we better take the hack?"

"No!" said cousin Jimmy. And there was finality in her tone.

Lord Mauleverer staggered on with his burden. He cast a longing, lingering look at the station hack as he staggered past it. Gladly would he have dumped the suitcase into that ancient vehicle. But cousin Jimmy had ordained otherwise; and Mauly knew of old that cousin Jimmy was a "she" who must be obeyed.

It was hard work, and it was hot work, bearing that weighty suitcase up the hill to the school. Rivulets of perspiration streamed down Lord Mauleverer's face. He gasped, he grunted, and he groaned.

Cousin Jimmy was beside him now, wheeling her machine. She took long, masculine strides, and covered the ground without any difficulty. And she was as cool as a cucumber.

"The heat and burden of the day" did not appear to worry cousin Jimmy. But the heat worried Lord Mauleverer—and so did the burden!

Gladly would his lordship have dumped the suitcase by the wayside and seated himself upon it to take a rest. But there was to be no rest for the slacker of the Remove that day—and for several days to come. Cousin Jimmy would see to that.

The girl chatted away cheerfully as they climbed the hill. Lord Mauleverer answered her rapid fire of questions in gasping monosyllables.

Conversation was always an effort with Mauly. It was more of an effort than ever on this occasion.

"What time are the sports starting, Herbert?"

"Three?" panted Mauly.

"Then we shall be in good time," said cousin Jimmy, glancing at her wrist-watch. "What is the first event?"

"Sprint!" gasped Mauly. It required too much breath to say, "The hundred yards race."

Cousin Jimmy eyed her companion critically.

"You ought to be good enough to pull that off!" she remarked. "You've trained for it, of course?"

"Eh?"

"You've been doing a lot of sprinting, I suppose, to get yourself in trim?"

"Bogad!" gasped Mauly.

If cousin Jimmy imagined that her boy cousin had been indulging in fierce gallops round the Close, she imagined a vain thing. Lord Mauleverer had seldom been known to sprint, or, indeed, to hurry in any way. He had managed, on one occasion, to canter the length of the Remove passage, when Bob Cherry was behind him with a cricket-stump. But such occasions as these were unique.

As for going into training for the sports, Lord Mauleverer had not even contemplated the idea. Mauly's way of spending Sports Week was to sprawl in a deck-chair, or on the grass, dozing most of the time, and cheering on his favourites when he chanced to be awake.

Cousin Jimmy grew impatient.

"I wish you would answer my questions, Herbert!" she said testily. "Have you trained for the sports?"

"Nunno!" panted Mauly, transferring the weighty suitcase from one hand to the other.

"What! You dare to confess that you have been too lazy to get into training?"

"There is no need, dear gal," murmured Mauly. "You see, I—I'm not takin' part in the sports."

"Why? How is this?" demanded cousin Jimmy, in astonishment.

"I—I'll explain later," was the panting reply. "Too—much—fag—to—talk—now!"

Lord Mauleverer jerked out each word with a tremendous effort. That suitcase seemed to be getting heavier and heavier, and his lordship was getting hotter and hotter. The mere mention of athletic pursuits made him feel almost ill. It had the same effect on Mauly as the mention of pork would have on a seasick passenger. He fervently hoped that cousin Jimmy would drop the subject, and not return to it.

Alas for Mauly's hopes!

The gates of Greyfriars were reached at last, and the suitcase was handed over to Gosling, the porter, for transmission to the Head's house. And never had Lord Mauleverer parted with a burden more willingly.

"Now," said cousin Jimmy, looking very grim, "I'll trouble you for an explanation, Herbert. You say you are not taking part in the sports. Why is this?"

Lord Mauleverer cast about in his mind for a suitable excuse. Failing to find one, he told her the simple, honest truth.

"Too much fag, Jimmy!" he said.

Cousin Jimmy glared at him.

"Really, Herbert, your laziness is appalling! I hoped I had cured you when we were last on holiday together; but it seems that you are worse than ever. It's a hopeless case—simply hopeless!" added cousin Jimmy, half to herself. "But I'll tackle it! You're degenerating, Herbert—you're running to seed. I shall have to take you in hand! I'm afraid Molly Locke won't see very much of me during the week. I shall be busy with you!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Go and get into your running-shorts!" commanded cousin Jimmy. "The first race starts in ten minutes!"

Lord Mauleverer blinked at his cousin almost pathetically. He could scarcely believe his ears. The long pull from the station, with the heavy suitcase, had quite exhausted him. And now when he needed a long rest to get



There was a sudden rude awakening for Lord Mauleverer as his aristocratic nose was tweaked in a vice-like manner, and a voice exclaimed: "Why, Herbert! What's the meaning of this? Fancy going to sleep on the platform!" "Yaroooooh!" howled Mauly. "Leggo my nose, dear gal! You're crushin' it, begad!" (See Chapter 2.)

over it, cousin Jimmy was actually ordering him to take part in the sports! It was really the limit—piling Pelion on Ossa!

"My—my dear gal!" murmured Mauly.

"Well?"

"I—I should like to oblige you, but it simply can't be done, you know. I'm feelin' like a piece of chewed string at the moment. I couldn't raise a gallop."

Cousin Jimmy eyed his lordship sternly.

"What you're suffering from, Herbert, is that tired feeling. A few sharp sprints in the open air will soon cure all that. I command you to go in for sports, and if you dare to defy me—"

"What will happen?" inquired Mauly, with morbid curiosity.

"I shall make you obey me!" said cousin Jimmy. "I'll march you down to the playing-field by force!"

"Oh, lor'!"

Lord Mauleverer knew that cousin Jimmy was quite capable of carrying out her threat. Although a member of the so-called weaker sex, she was considerably stronger than Mauly. She was more muscular and athletic, in fact, than a good many fellows in the Greyfriars Remove.

Mauly realised that there was nothing for it but to obey. Cousin Jimmy had always exercised a very dominating influence over him. In her hands he was as clay in the hands of the potter. He always felt like a very small boy, having to do as he was told.

"I'm just going to have a word with Molly Locke," said cousin Jimmy. "I shall be on the playing-fields in ten minutes, and if you're not there, you can expect trouble!"

And cousin Jimmy strode away towards the Head's house. As for Lord Mauleverer, he gazed after her with despair in his heart. Then, with a wry face, he tottered away towards the school building.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

No Rest for the Weary!

"DO I dream, do I wonder and doubt?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Are things what they seem, or is visions about?"

Bob was standing with a group of lightly-clad figures, on the playing-fields, when he made that poetic remark. He had good cause to wonder if visions were about; for the elegant figure of Lord Mauleverer was approaching the group of juniors. And Mauly was in running attire—a most unusual spectacle.

"Mauly!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"Mauly in running togs!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"My only aunt!" murmured Dick Penfold. "Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?"

The athletes of the Remove turned and stared at their approaching school-fellow. They had taken it for granted that Lord Mauleverer would not be participating in the sports. True, Mauly had hunted to Bob Cherry that his cousin Jimmy would make him enter for the various events; but Bob had thought that his lordship was unduly pessimistic. It now seemed that Mauly's fears had been well-founded.

"Dear boys," drawled Lord Mauleverer, as he came up, "a most distressin' thing has happened! Cousin Jimmy is here, an' she insists—positively insists—that I take part in the sports!"

"Good for cousin Jimmy!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "It's high time you were shaken out of your sloth, and made to exercise those lazy limbs of yours!"

"But I've exercised 'em already, begad!" said Mauly, with a groan. "I've had to fag all the way up from the station, with a suit-case that weighed half a ton!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughin' matter!" said his lordship reproachfully. "It isn't a comedy—it's a painful tragedy, by Jove!"

But the juniors did not see it in that light. They roared.

"Your cousin Jimmy has started early!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "She seems bent on reforming you, Mauly."

"I don't envy her the job," said Bob Cherry. "She'll have all her work cut out. It will mean standing over Mauly all the time, and keeping him up to the mark."

"Cousin Jimmy's coming out to see the sports, of course?" said Nugent.

"Yaas, worse luck!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "She's chattin' with Molly Locke now, but she'll be along directly. Oh dear! The prospect of racin' an' chasin' in this awful heat is appallin'—simply appallin'! An' you fellows don't seem to be a bit sorry for me. It's in a crisis of this sort that a fellow finds himself thirstin' for the good old milk of human kindness. An' you stand there grinnin' like gargoyles!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors were "grinning" aloud. Lord Mauleverer's unhappy plight quite failed to arouse their sympathies. They considered it would be an excellent thing for Mauly to have a solid week of recreation. Mauly was a decent enough fellow, but he was a slacker; and the Remove had scant sympathy for slackers.

"I can see Mauly lifting the jolly old Cup!" said Vernon-Smith, with a grin.

"Can you, Smithy?" said Wharton. "You've got a more penetrating vision than I have, then!"

Lord Mauleverer gave a sigh.

"You fellows needn't be afraid that I shall bag the cup!" he said.

"We're not!" chuckled Nugent.

Certainly there was very little prospect of Lord Mauleverer winning the handsome gold Cup, presented annually by Sir Timothy Topham, a governor of the school, to the champion athlete of the Remove.

Bob Cherry was the present holder of the Cup, and he held to the proud title of champion. Bob was going "all out" to retain his title; but he had some formidable rivals to vanquish before he could achieve this ambition.

Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Peter Todd, and Frank Nugent were the most dangerous of Bob's rivals. Each and all of them were splendid sportsmen. And there were others, too, who meant to make a bold bid for the championship. Johnny Bull, Tom Brown, Hurree Singh, Dick Penfold, and Dick Russell would be well in the hunt. And the inevitable "dark horse" would be certain to crop up. Bulstrode, perhaps, or Micky Desmond, or Tom Redwing, would furnish a surprise. At all events, Bob Cherry would have to fight his very hardest, and show exceptional

form, if he hoped to be champion for another year.

The Cup was to be awarded to the junior who won the greatest number of events. And the fellows could not see Lord Mauleverer winning a single event. It would be a matter for wonder if Mauly happened to finish second or third in any of the contests.

Mr. Larry Lascelles, the popular mathematics master, had charge of the Remove sports. He bore down upon the group of juniors, and was surprised to see Lord Mauleverer among them.

"You wish to take part in the sports, Mauleverer?" inquired Mr. Lascelles.

"No, sir."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I'm goin' in for the sports, sir," explained Mauly, "not from choice, but from compulsion."

Mr. Lascelles frowned slightly.

"You are a free agent," he said. "No one has a right to compel you to enter for the sports, if you do not wish to do so."

"Is it too late for my name to be put down, sir?" asked Mauly hopefully.

"Not at all. Entries may be received up to the last moment."

"Oh crumbs!"

Mauly's heart sank into his running-shoes, so to speak. He would have clutched at any excuse just then, for dodging the sports, but he could not dodge them on the grounds of belated entry.

Mr. Lascelles looked puzzled.

"Might I inquire who has been exercising compulsion over you, Mauleverer?"

"Cousin Jimmy, sir," groaned his lordship.

"Indeed! I have not the pleasure of knowing him."

"It isn't a 'he,' sir—it's a 'she,'" explained Bob Cherry. "What Gosling, the porter, calls a young fieldmale."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled.

"Am I to understand, Mauleverer, that a girl cousin of yours insists upon your participating in the sports?"

Lord Mauleverer nodded, and made a grimace.

"Cousin Jimmy doesn't realise what an awfully delicate constitution I've got, sir. I ought not to do any runnin'. My heart won't stand it. It's thumpin' like a steam-hammer already. Shouldn't be surprised if it came to a full-stop durin' the hundred yards' race."

"Nonsense, Mauleverer!" said Mr. Lascelles. "You are organically sound; there is no question of that. You are suffering from sheer laziness. On reflection, I heartily approve of the attitude of your feminine cousin with the masculine name."

"Oh begad!"

"Entrants for the hundred yards will now line up!" commanded Mr. Lascelles.

The juniors sprinted to the starting-place with alacrity, with the exception of Lord Mauleverer. Mauly crawled there.

The runners crouched low, with the tips of their fingers lightly touching the turf. And Mr. Lascelles held the starting-pistol in readiness.

"Hurry up, Mauleverer!" he rapped out.

And Mauly took his place with the starters.

Bang!

Like greyhounds freed from the leash the runners shot off the mark. There was one notable exception. Lord Mauleverer tottered a few yards, and then his knees sagged under him, and he collapsed on the turf, amid roars of laughter from the onlookers.

"Mauly's a giddy 'also ran'!" chuckled Skinner, who was familiar with racing terms.

"He thinks it's a crawl-race," grinned Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer sat up on the grass and gasped. The race was over in a flash. It was a thrilling finish, and the honours fell to Vernon-Smith. Smithy hurled himself at the tape a fraction of a second before Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton, who dead-headed for second place.

It was a popular victory, and Vernon-Smith was loudly cheered. The one-time Bounder was still a lover of the limelight, and the applause rang like music in his ears.

Lord Mauleverer picked himself up and advanced to congratulate the winner.

"Bravo, Smithy!" he said. "I marvel at your amazin' energy, begad! It beats me how a fellow can sprint a hundred yards at top speed an' finish as fresh as paint."

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"It's the high jump next," he said. "Come along, Mauly!"

"Don't flurry me, dear man. I was thinkin' of takin' a rest."

"Why, you've just had one, you ass!" interposed Bob Cherry. "When the pistol went for the start of the hundred yards you promptly turned up your toes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You ought to be fresh for the high jump," said Johnny Bull. "You ought to feel as if you could jump over the moon."

Lord Mauleverer groaned aloud. If there was one thing he hated more than running, it was jumping. He watched Mr. Lascelles getting the apparatus ready, and, judging by Mauly's look of despair, it might have been a guillotine that was being prepared for its victim.

Mauly would gladly have dodged the high jump, but he had no chance. Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith marched him away like a sheep to the slaughter.

The tape was placed fairly low at first—a matter of three feet from the ground. But even this puny jump was far beyond the powers of Lord Mauleverer. Mauly cantered towards the tape and gave a feeble hop, which only took him a couple of inches from the ground. He ran into the outstretched tape and went sprawling.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles. "Why did you not jump, Mauleverer?"

"Ow! I did, sir!"

"Then your jump was not perceptible to the naked eye," said Mr. Lascelles sarcastically. "Having brought down the tape you are disqualified."

"Thank goodness!" murmured his lordship fervently.

Whilst the jumping was in progress Mauly glanced around him and made sure that cousin Jimmy was still an absentee. Then he quietly slunk away to the outskirts of the crowd.

Billy Bunter was there, basking in a deck-chair. Lord Mauleverer crawled behind it, sheltered from view by Bunter's hugo bulk. And there he

NOTE!

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Dated Week-ending JUNE 6th will

be on sale MAY 30th.



Harry Wharton breasted the tape first, with Mark Linley a close second. And then Lord Mauleverer, spurred on by thoughts of the dog-whip behind him, made a supreme effort and struggled to the tape. The roar that went up was deafening. "Good old Mauly!" "Jolly well run!" "Bravo, the dog-whip!" "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 4.)

remained, with the object of "dodging the column."

"I say, Mauly, what are you hiding for?" demanded Bunter. "You'll be wanted for the long jump in a few minutes."

"I'm not goin'!" said Lord Mauleverer defiantly. "I've had enough. The hundred yards an' the high jump have reduced me to pulp, begad!"

"Slacker!" said Bunter scornfully.

Lord Mauleverer smiled faintly.

"Talk about the pot callin' the kettle black!" he said. "You're slackin' yourself, you fat duffer!"

"Oh, really, Mauly! Fact is, I'm not going in for the sports. It wouldn't be fair to the other fellows if I competed. I should win one event after the other, until it became monotonous."

"My hat!"

"So I'm standing down, to give the others a chance," said Bunter magnanimously. "I can afford to let the Cup go. I'm not a beastly pot-hunter."

Lord Mauleverer said nothing. He could only gasp.

From his place of partial concealment Mauly could see the progress of the sports.

Frank Nugent won the high jump with a magnificent effort, and the long jump, which followed, fell to Bob Cherry.

The quarter-mile was the next item on the programme, and Lord Mauleverer thanked his lucky stars that he had dodged it. He shuddered at the mere thought of running a quarter of a mile in the tropical heat.

Whilst the race was in progress Lord Mauleverer was startled to see an athletic feminine figure striding about amongst the spectators. It was cousin Jimmy, and she was looking for him. She had observed that Mauly was not among the runners, and she was seeking him out, as a lioness seeks its prey.

"Begad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Sit tight, Bunter, there's a good fellow, an' shield me from the wrath to come! I'll lay doggo behind your

chair, hopin' against hope that cousin Jimmy won't spot me."

Billy Bunter turned round in the chair.

"Why do you want to dodge your cousin, Mauly?" he demanded, in his shrill tones.

"S-hush, fathead!" whispered Mauly warningly.

Cousin Jimmy was coming perilously close. In the parlance of hide-and-seek players, she was getting warm.

"Oh, really!" said Bunter indignantly. "I'm not going to be a party to any trickery, Mauly, so there!"

And the fat junior rose up from the deck-chair and jerked it away, revealing the crouching form of Lord Mauleverer.

With a whoop of mingled anger and triumph, cousin Jimmy pounced upon that crouching form. She seized Mauly by his back hair and heaved him to his feet.

"So this is how you obey my orders, Herbert!" she stormed. "You have been dodging the sports! There is only one more event, but you shall not dodge that! Come along!"

And cousin Jimmy, retaining her grip on Mauly, strode away.

Lord Mauleverer, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, accompanied her.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mauly's Mile!

ENTRANTS for the mile, get ready!"

Mr. Lascelles thundered the command through his megaphone.

The mile was the last event of the afternoon, and the most strenuous. Only the most hardy sportsmen of the Remove were competing. It was no race for weaklings.

Cousin Jimmy, looking very stern and grim, hustled Lord Mauleverer towards the starting-place.

"Jimmy, dear gal," murmured Mauly,

"you—you're not thinkin' of makin' me go in for the mile?"

"Certainly you are going in for it, Herbert! What is more, you are going to win it!"

"But—but I can't run a mile!" protested his lordship, aghast. "It's a physical impossibility!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" snapped cousin Jimmy. "You're sound in wind and limb, aren't you?"

"My heart's jumpin' an' thumpin' somethin' shockin'," complained Lord Mauleverer. "It hasn't recovered from the strain of carryin' your suitcase up from the station. If I start tryin' to run a mile it will stop beatin'."

"What nonsense you talk!" said cousin Jimmy, with a frown. "I am very angry with you, Herbert, for dodging the sports because my back was turned. Molly Locke kept me longer than I expected; and when I came here I hoped to find that you had been in for all the events."

"I've been in for the hundred yards an' the high jump. That's quite enough exertion for one day, begad!"

But cousin Jimmy thought otherwise. "You're going to run in the mile," she said, "and I shall act as your pace-maker."

"Oh crumbs!"

"If you slacken your speed at any stage of the race you'll be sorry for it. Molly Locke has lent me a dog-whip."

"A—a dog-whip?" gasped Mauly.

"Yes; and I sha'n't hesitate to tickle you up with it if you start slacking. It isn't very consinly, I admit, to lay a dog-whip about your shoulders, but I must be cruel only to be kind. It's for your own good, Herbert."

Lord Mauleverer groaned in sheer anguish of spirit. Already the entrants for the mile were lining up, and Mauly was compelled to join them. There was no escape for the slacker of the Remove. And he would not be able to collapse on the turf when the race started, as he had done in the hundred yards; for

cousin Jimmy would be close behind him, armed with a dog-whip.

Micky Desmond had been minding her bicycle for her while she hunted for Mauly; and the dog-whip was dangling from the handlebars, suspended by a loop. It was a very formidable-looking whip, and Lord Mauleverer shuddered when he caught sight of it.

Mauly found himself flanked by Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry. They were grinning as they toed the line.

"Poor old Mauly!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "So cousin Jimmy ferreted you out, eh? You should have chosen a better hiding-place."

"That awful boulder of a Bunter gave me away!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "I'll kick him for it afterwards—if I've got enough energy left!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you ready, boys?" asked Mr. Lascelles, poisoning the pistol.

"Ready, ay, ready!" murmured Johnny Bull.

The pistol was fired, and the white-clad figures leapt into action.

"Go it, Mauly!" yelled the onlookers, grinning broadly.

Mauly "went it." He had no option in the matter. Cousin Jimmy, at the crack of the pistol, had swung herself on to the saddle of her bike, and she now pedalled briskly behind Mauly, gripping the handlebars with her left hand, and brandishing the dog-whip in her right.

Lord Mauleverer ran hard. He fairly pelted along the track. It was a sight for the gods, to see the slacker of the Remove really exerting himself for once.

Fear lent Mauly wings. He could hear the whirring of the pedals close behind him, and at any moment he expected the dog-whip to crackle through the air, and land across his shoulders. His eyes fairly goggled from his head as he tore along the track. Lord Mauleverer hastened:

"Like one who on some lonely road
Doth haste with fear and dread,
Because he knows some fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

Not that cousin Jimmy was a fearful fiend, or an ogress, or anything of that sort. But she was certainly a terrifying personage to Lord Mauleverer, as he ran.

Three times round the track constituted a mile; and by the time he had completed the first lap Lord Mauleverer had bellows to mend. He was panting and perspiring, and his legs were aching with the unaccustomed exertion.

The marvellous part of it was that Mauly was leading—actually leading the field!

The spectators rubbed their eyes, and wondered if they were dreaming.

During the second stage of the race, however, Mauly slackened down considerably. First Wharton, and then Bob Cherry, and then Mark Linley, shot ahead of him.

"Herbert!" said cousin Jimmy sternly. "You are slowing down! Put a spurt on, or you'll know what to expect!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Mauly.

And with a great effort he quickened his pace, and pursued the running figures in front.

"That's better," said cousin Jimmy approvingly. "It just shows what you can do when you're put to it. Stride out well, and you'll soon overtake those fellows."

"Grooogh!"

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It all seemed like a nightmare to Lord Mauleverer, as he pounded along. He was given neither rest nor respite. Behind him, like a pursuing Nemesis, came cousin Jimmy on her bike.

When it came to the last lap Mauly felt utterly "whacked." But he knew that if he stopped running he would feel whacked in another sense! He was still within striking distance of the dog-whip.

"Keep it up!" said cousin Jimmy encouragingly. "Only one more lap to go. And one of the fellows in front has dropped out—stitch, I expect."

Bob Cherry had reeled to the side of the track, and retired from the race. Bob had really taken too much upon himself in going in for the mile. He had competed in every previous event, and he would have been wise to have given the mile a miss, for Bob was a sprinter rather than a long-distance runner.

Harry Wharton was leading, with Mark Linley hard on his heels. A dozen yards behind them Lord Mauleverer came staggering and stumbling.

"It—it's no good, Jimmy!" he panted. "I'm done! Let me ease up, there's a dear gal!"

Cousin Jimmy, however, was adamant. She had now given up all hope of her cousin winning the race; but she meant to see that he was in the first three.

"Never say die!" she said cheerfully. "There's not far to go now."

How Lord Mauleverer covered the remaining distance he never knew. Every yard seemed like half a dozen; every fresh stride lowered the small stock of energy which remained in him. But the sound of those whirring pedals, close behind him, spurred him on somehow. And presently he saw, as in a haze, the outstretched tape.

Harry Wharton breasted it first, and there was a roar of applause from the crowd. It was Wharton's first win in the sports; and it was well-deserved. Mark Linley came in second, and finished strongly. And then Lord Mauleverer, with a supreme effort, struggled to the tape; and the roar which greeted him was even louder than the roar which had hailed the winner.

"Good old Mauly!"

"Jolly well run!"

His lordship promptly collapsed on the grass, where he lay floundering and gasping like a newly-landed fish. It was the first time in Mauly's career that he had ever been known to run a mile; it was also the first time in his career that he had ever finished third in a race.

Cousin Jimmy jumped off her machine and assisted Mauly to his feet.

"Quite a good performance, Herbert," she said. "But you're going to do better than this to-morrow."

"Ow!"

Lord Mauleverer leaned helplessly on the arm of his girl cousin. He felt utterly limp. He had passed through a terrible ordeal. He felt that he had had enough exertion to last him for the rest of the term. And here was cousin Jimmy talking about to-morrow!

"To-morrow never comes," runs the old proverb. Lord Mauleverer almost wished it were true! For on the morrow a seven-miles cycling race was to be held. It was a prospect which made Mauly feel more limp than ever.

"I—I shall be fit for nothin' to-morrow, Jimmy," he murmured. "I shall need a week's rest, to get over to-day."

"Nonsense! You'll wake up to-morrow morning full of beans and

energy. You'll want to push a house over!"

"All I want at the moment," moaned his lordship, "is to push a ginger-beer an' ice down my parched throat. But it's too much fag to totter round to the tuckshop."

"Come along!" said cousin Jimmy. "You've deserved fairly well of your country, having finished third in the mile; so I'll open my heart, and treat you."

"A ginger-beer an' ice," said Mauly, "will be coolin', stimulat-in', invigorat-in', an' refreshin'. But I really don't think I can manage to totter—"

"This way!" said cousin Jimmy firmly.

They tottered.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Petticoat Government!

TEA in Lord Mauleverer's study was a very cheery affair, and it was on a bigger scale than usual.

Cousin Jimmy was present, and she was officially introduced to Harry Wharton & Co., who had been invited to roll up for the occasion.

Peter Todd and Mark Linley and Vernon-Smith were present, in addition to the famous Co., and the accommodation in Mauly's study was severely taxed. Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent occupied the window-sill, and Hurreo Singh perched himself on the coal-scuttle. But nobody minded these minor discomforts.

Mauly's study-mate, Sir Jimmy Vivian, had been commissioned to lay in supplies and prepare the spread, and he had done his work well. The repast on the study-table was of almost a regal nature; but the Remove athletes decided not to indulge too freely in the fleshpots of Egypt, as it were. They had to be fit for the great cycle race on the morrow.

Cousin Jimmy was entirely at her ease, and she kept up a running fire of conversation with the juniors.

Lord Mauleverer could not get a word in edgeways; but that didn't worry his lordship. He felt too fagged to contribute to the general gossip. From the depths of his armchair he called feebly for a second cup of tea. But nobody heard him amid the clamour of tongues, and Mauly did not repeat his request. He closed his eyes, and treated himself to "forty winks." Cousin Jimmy had her back to him, so Mauly was able to doze with impunity.

Mauly was supposed to be acting as host; but Sir Jimmy Vivian, who had a sneaking sympathy with his study-mate, tactfully took his place, and saw that cups and plates were duly replenished.

"Well, it's been a jolly good day," remarked Bob Cherry. "Sun's been a bit too strong; that was the only drawback. Hope it's a bit cooler to-morrow for the bike-race."

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent. "It was too hot for words this afternoon. I felt like a parched pea in a frying-pan."

"You won the high jump in champion style, Frank," said Harry Wharton. "That last jump of yours was a stunner!"

"Spare my blushes," murmured Franky.

Cousin Jimmy smiled genially upon the party.

"I wish I had seen all the sports," she said. "Who won the hundred yards?"

"Guilty!" said Vernon-Smith.

"And the quarter-mile?"

"That was my pigeon," said Bob Cherry.

"Bob also won the long jump," said Wharton. "Winning two events has given him a clear lead over all the rest of us. Franky has won one, and Smithy and myself."

"And Herbert would have won one, if only I had been there all the time to spur him on," said cousin Jimmy. "He took advantage of my back being turned, and— Why, he's doing the same thing now!"

Cousin Jimmy spun round suddenly in her chair, and observed Lord Mauleverer taking his ease in his inn—or, rather, in his armchair. His lordship had passed from a light doze into a sound slumber. Doubtless he was dreaming of some glorious Utopia, where people neither roiled nor spun, and where such exhausting things as miles and quarter-miles and cycling races were unknown.

"Herbert!" shouted cousin Jimmy. Snore!

"This won't do at all," said cousin Jimmy. "He's drifting back into his old bad habits. I must rouse him."

And she promptly did so—by dabbing a hot teaspoon on his lordship's nose.

"Yaroooo!" Lord Mauleverer promptly came out of Utopia, and found himself back again in a world of harsh realities. He sat up and clasped his nasal organ, and blinked at cousin Jimmy.

"Sleeping again!" said that young lady sternly. "What do you mean by it, Herbert? That's the second time I've caught you asleep. First on the station platform, and now here."

"Really, Jimmy," protested Lord Mauleverer. "Don't you think you're a bit too hard on a fellow? I've earned this nap—I've earned a good long sleep, in fact. I can honestly say, with the village blacksmith, that somethin' attempted, somethin' done, has earned me a night's repose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cousin Jimmy frowned.

"I've no objection to your going to sleep in the dormitory," she said. "That's the proper place. But you're not going to sleep anywhere else—not while I'm on the spot to prevent it!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Lord Mauleverer. "I wish you'd stop payin' me your attentions, Jimmy, an' take some other fellow in hand. Why don't you start on Bunter? He's lazier than me."

"Then he must be too hopeless a case to tackle," said cousin Jimmy urbanely. "Look here, Herbert, you needn't think that the toil of the long day is o'er, and that this is your little grey home in the west, where you can curl up and go to sleep like a dormouse. You're going to put in some cycling practice after tea."

"Oh, begad!"

"You haven't trained for to-morrow's event, I understand?"

"Nunno."

"Then you can get into training right away!"

Lord Mauleverer turned appealingly to the grinning juniors.

"It will kill me stone dead!" he said. "I shall perish in the springtime of my youth, through over-exertion. Do you fellows want to see me roll off my bike, an' draw my dyin' breath on the flagstones of the Close?"

"We're not likely to see anything of that sort happen," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I'm inclined to agree with cousin Jimmy that a week's healthy exercise will do you all the good in the world."

"I agree, too," said Sir Jimmy Vivian.



In the school gateway, dozing on his bicycle, which was still supported by his faithful study-mate, was Lord Mauleverer. "Great Scott!" ejaculated cousin Jimmy, hastening to the gateway. "Is it possible that Herbert is the first man home?" (See Chapter 6.)

Lord Mauleverer darted a look of pained reproach at his study-mate.

"Thou, too, Brutus?" he said sadly. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It will be a splendid thing for you, Mauly," said Mark Linley. "You'll feel a different fellow at the end of the week. This is what you've been wanting for a long time—somebody to take you in hand, and cure that tired feeling."

Lord Mauleverer groaned.

"If I'm still alive at the end of the week, it won't be cousin Jimmy's fault!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come along!" said cousin Jimmy. "Everybody's finished tea. I want to put you through your paces, and then squeeze in a few sets of tennis with Molly Locke before the light fails."

Lord Mauleverer suffered himself to be led from the study. Cousin Jimmy escorted him to the bicycle-shed, and a laughing crowd of juniors followed. Mauly considered that they were heartless and unfeeling, and that they ought to urge cousin Jimmy to leave him in peace for one evening at least. But Harry Wharton & Co. did not interfere. On the contrary, they seemed to Mauly to be gloating over his misfortunes.

Shortly afterwards, Lord Mauleverer could be seen pedalling vigorously round the Close, with cousin Jimmy bearing him company on her bicycle.

It was weary work, so far as Mauly was concerned. Working a treadmill, he reflected, would have been pleasant by comparison. But cousin Jimmy fairly revelled in the brisk exercise. Her energy seemed inexhaustible. Every now and then, Mauly would expect her to slow up; instead of which she would make a sudden spurt, shouting to her companion to keep up.

Round and round the Close they sped, watched by a laughing crowd of juniors. And it was not until Lord Mauleverer rolled off his machine, and reeled into the arms of Bob Cherry, that cousin Jimmy permitted him to "pack up" for the evening.

"You've got quite a good turn of speed, Herbert," she remarked. "If only you can keep up that pace, over a course of seven miles—"

"Ow!"

"You'll find yourself finishing first in to-morrow's race."

"Seven miles!" groaned the unhappy Mauly. "How can a fellow possibly bike seven miles at top speed, when he hasn't a kick left in him? Oh dear! I'm sure I shall have a sleepless night to-night, broodin' about to-morrow's race."

But Mauly's prophecy was not fulfilled. He was asleep that night the moment his head touched the pillow.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Left at the Post!

LORD MAULEVERER awoke, to find the summer sunshine streaming in at the high windows of the Remove dormitory.

There was no rising-bell during Sports Week, it being understood that the fellows could get up when they pleased, provided they put in a prompt appearance at the breakfast-table.

Lord Mauleverer found the dormitory empty, save for Billy Bunter and himself. The other fellows had turned out long since, and their merry voices floated up from the Close.

Bunter did not linger long in bed. The sound of the breakfast-gong galvanised him into frenzied activity. Bunter would not have missed his "brekker" for worlds. He hopped out of bed like a fat frog, and went through his ablutions in a scrambling and perfunctory manner, while the gong was still booming. The poet Byron had spoken of "that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." The breakfast-gong was also a tocsin of the soul, in Bunter's opinion.

But breakfast made no appeal to Herbert Plantagenet Mauleverer that morning. His lordship stirred neither hand nor foot. He remained immobile between the sheets, and felt utterly incapable of moving. The mere thought of breakfast left Mauly cold, just as Mauly would leave the said breakfast cold.

Billy Bunter rolled hastily from the dormitory, gathering impetus as he went, like a fat barrel. Mauly heard him disappearing down the stairs at an alarming rate. It seemed that Bunter was rolling from top to bottom. But whether or not the fat junior had broken his neck Mauly was far too tired to go and investigate. He closed his eyes once more and sank into a profound slumber.

The sun was high in the heavens when he was aroused—forcibly and vigorously—by cousin Jimmy and a cricket-stump. Mauly was getting used to these rude awakenings.

"Turn out, lazybones!" said cousin Jimmy. "I've been hunting for you everywhere. Had no idea you were still asleep. Are you aware that the cycle race starts in half an hour?"

"Let it start," mumbled Lord Mauleverer. "I'm not stoppin' it, dear gal."

"Do you want another prodding with this stump?" demanded cousin Jimmy truculently.

"No, thanks! You've punctured several of my ribs already."

"Tumble out, then! If you're not down at the gates in time for the start you can look out for squalls and cataracts!"

Cousin Jimmy, masculine and energetic as ever, flounced out of the dormitory.

Slowly and reluctantly Lord Mauleverer turned out. He felt dog tired. His limbs were stiff and aching with the exertions of the previous day, and he found it an effort to keep his eyes open. He nearly nodded to sleep over the wash-bowl.

"Oh, what a life!" murmured Mauly, as he buried his dripping face in a towel. "Cousin Jimmy's a feminine edition of Nero—a tyrant an' a tartar, begad! An' the week's young vet. It's only Tuesday. How can I possibly stick it out till Saturday?"

Lord Mauleverer was strongly tempted to lock the door of the dormitory and crawl back into bed, and let cousin Jimmy do her worst. He was tempted

to lie in bed and defy her, as Ajax of old defied the lightning. But his courage was not equal to taking such a course. He knew that cousin Jimmy would not have hesitated to batter the door down. She was such a persistent and determined young lady.

Looking weary and woebegone, Lord Mauleverer went slowly down into the morning sunshine.

The Remove cyclists were lining up in the school gateway for the start of the great race. Mauly fetched his bicycle and joined them. He leaned heavily upon his machine, yawning portentously.

"Top of the morning, Mauly!" sang out Bob Cherry. "How do you feel?"

"Half dead!" moaned his lordship.

"Never mind, old chap. You'll feel better after biking seven miles at top speed."

"Seven miles!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "Why don't they make it seven hundred, an' have done with it?"

"Hallo!" ejaculated Harry Wharton suddenly. "Here comes your cousin, Mauly. Coker of the Fifth is bringing her along in his sidecar."

"Oh crumbs!"

Horace Coker came into view, mounted on his motor-bike. Coker was muffled in a heavy motoring coat, and he wore a flying man's headgear and a pair of enormous goggles. The sidecar jolted and swayed over the flagstones, and seated in it, smiling serenely, was cousin Jimmy. She intended to accompany Lord Mauleverer round the course. It was a circular course, the race starting and finishing at the gates of Greyfriars.

"Fancy cousin Jimmy riding with Coker!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Does she realise that she's taking her life in her hands, I wonder?"

Cousin Jimmy realised nothing of the sort. She was blissfully unaware of Coker's road-hogging propensities. She did not know that the great Horace was the most reckless and intrepid speed merchant that ever sat a saddle. Even had she known, however, it is doubtful if the knowledge would have perturbed her. It took a lot to frighten cousin Jimmy.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Lascelles, the official starter, came into view, and the competitors mounted their machines in readiness, each of them being supported by a friend.

Lord Mauleverer's bicycle was held in position by Sir Jimmy Vivian, and Mauly was soon dozing over the handle-bars. The hot sun had a soporific effect upon him. His head nodded lower and lower. Fortunately for Mauly, cousin Jimmy failed to notice what was happening.

When the pistol was fired Coker's motor-bike shot through the school gateway in a flash, and fairly whizzed down the lane.

"Steady on!" shouted cousin Jimmy. "We're going too fast altogether. Slow up and wait for Herbert."

"I—I can't!" faltered Coker.

"What! You mean to say you can't slow up?"

"No!" gasped Coker. "Something's gone wrong somewhere. I—I've lost control of the dashed thing!"

"My goodness! Surely you understand the gears and the mechanism?"

"I'm not a mechanic," Coker confessed, as they tore along. "But you needn't be alarmed, miss. It's quite all right, I assure you. My bike often plays tricks like this. It puts on a terrific burst of speed, and then rights itself automatically. It will sort of wear itself out in a minute and slacken down to a normal pace."

Cousin Jimmy could only gasp. It

seemed that, instead of Coker being master of his machine, the machine was the master of Coker. It fairly ran away with him, and there would have been every excuse for cousin Jimmy had she been scared stiff. But she sat tight in the sidecar and awaited events.

Instead of proceeding along the circuitous route which the cyclists were taking, the motor-bike forged straight ahead, and was soon in the heart of the country.

Cousin Jimmy compressed her lips with annoyance. Gone was her opportunity of making the pace for Lord Mauleverer, and she wondered how his lordship was faring in her absence.

Many miles had been traversed before the motor-bike reverted to its normal speed and was brought under proper control by Coker.

"It's too late now to think of pace-making my cousin," said cousin Jimmy. "The race will be nearly over by the time we get back to Greyfriars."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Coker. "Still, we haven't had any spills or smashes. That's something to be thankful for."

He reversed the machine, and they travelled at a normal speed back to the school.

Cousin Jimmy experienced a shock of surprise when they arrived. For in the school gateway, dozing on his bicycle, which was still supported by his faithful study-mate, was Lord Mauleverer.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated cousin Jimmy. "Is it possible that Herbert is the first man home?"

She jumped out of the sidecar and ran towards her cousin, and grasped Mauly's limp and lifeless hand, and wrung it heartily.

"Bravo, Herbert! I'll forgive you for nodding off to sleep now that you've won the race."

"Eh?" murmured Mauly, opening his eyes.

"Fancy finishing first without my help! I think it's perfectly splendid of you, Herbert!"

"Begad!" gasped Mauly, blinking at his cousin in drowsy perplexity.

"Here come the rest of the fellows!" said cousin Jimmy, as a number of cyclists came tearing towards the school gates. "Who will get second place, I wonder? Tom Brown looks like doing the trick."

Tom Brown and Peter Todd were fighting out a neck-and-neck finish. Heads down, and pedalling furiously, they were fairly hurtling towards the gates.

Tom Brown was the first to cross the chalked line in the gateway, but Peter Todd was only a half-wheel's length behind him.

There was a roar from the crowd of fellows perched on the school wall.

"Bravo, Browney!"

"Well won, sir!"

Cousin Jimmy looked bewildered.

"What do they mean?" she asked.

"Surely Brown is second? He—he can't have won. The honours went to Herbert."

Lord Mauleverer was looking no less dazed than his cousin.

"Begad!" he exclaimed. "Is the race over? I wasn't aware it had started!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If I finished first, as cousin Jimmy says, I must have ridden the race in my sleep," said Mauly. "I've heard of people performin' extraordinary feats in their sleep—"

"Mauly, you ass!" said Sir Jimmy Vivian, laughing. "You've been here all the time. You haven't budged an inch. I've been holding you up like this

for twenty minutes, and my arms are aching like billy-o. I can tell you! I was wondering when you were going to make a start."

Cousin Jimmy realised the truth at last, and she fairly danced with wrath.

"Herbert, you—you lump of laziness!" she spluttered. "I've a good mind to shake you! Once again you have taken advantage of my absence. I meant to accompany you round the course, but that stupid fellow Coker lost control of his machine and took me miles and miles into the country!"

"Did he, by Jove?" said Lord Mauleverer. "Coker, old chap, I'm downright grateful to you. Give me your fist!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer insisted on shaking Coker by the hand. He also expressed his gratitude to Sir Jimmy Vivian, for having aided and abetted him in snatching twenty minutes' blissful repose.

But that was the only repose that his lordship was likely to enjoy that day. Cousin Jimmy was fairly on the war-path now, and she declared she would not allow Mauly out of her sight for the remainder of Sports Week. Which was anything but a palatable prospect for the slacker of the Remove.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Ponsonby's Proposal!

"JUST my luck!" said Vernon-Smith dolorously.

Calamity, swift and sudden, had overtaken the ex-Bounder in the cycle race. He had been pedalling vigorously for four miles, putting all his vim into it, and he had established a good lead over his rivals. Then came a loud pop, and Smithy's back tyre dragged in the dust.

Vernon-Smith jumped off his machine, and examined the tyre. It was as flat as a pancake. A jagged piece of glass had done the damage. Smithy had been riding at such a pace that he had failed to notice the fragment lying in the roadway. There were other fragments as well. He gathered them up, and threw them into the ditch, so that they would not be a menace to the other cyclists.

"This puts me out of the hunt," muttered Vernon-Smith. "Nothing for it but to push my jigger back to Greyfriars. It's atrocious luck, but it's all in the game, I suppose."

He started to walk back to the school. There was a whirring of wheels behind him, and Tom Brown and Peter Todd shot past him in a flash.

"Rough luck, Smithy!" panted Peter, in passing.

Certainly it was very bad luck for the one-time Bounder. But he took it philosophically. There was heaps of time, he reflected, to pick up plenty of points. To-day was only Tuesday. There were the swimming sports, and the boxing contests, and the Marathon Race, to come, as well as several minor events.

Vernon-Smith continued to tramp back to Greyfriars. He was wheeling his machine past the gates of Highcliffe when he was hailed by a group of fellows who were lounging in the gateway. They were Cecil Ponsonby, the "blade" of the Highcliffe Fourth, and his three cronies, Gadsby, Monson, and Vavasour.

"Hallo, Smithy!" called the elegant Pon. "Picked up a giddy puncture—what?"

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"Hard cheese," said Ponsonby; but he did not seem very sincere in his condolences. "I say, Smithy! You're just the chappie we've been wantin' to see."

"Absolutely!" chimed in Vavasour.

"We've got a little proposal to put before you," explained Pon.

Vernon-Smith frowned slightly, and wheeled his bicycle towards the gateway. There he halted, and glanced inquiringly at the Highcliffe blades.

"Where are you spendin' the summer vac, Smithy?" asked Ponsonby.

"No idea," answered the Greyfriars junior. "I haven't given it a thought yet."

"That's good. I was afraid you might have fixed up somewhere. But if you've not made any arrangements—"

"I've fixed up nothing, so far," said Vernon-Smith. "What's this bright proposal you mentioned?"

"Just this," explained Ponsonby. "We've decided to go toddlin' off to the jolly old Continong for the vac. A month at Monte Carlo seems the proper caper, if only we can persuade the old folks at home to give the arrangement their blessin'."

"An' we should be jolly glad of your company, Smithy," said Gadsby.

"Yes, rather!" said Monson, with enthusiasm.

"Absolutely!" drawled Vavasour, whose vocabulary seemed to be limited to that one word.

Ponsonby & Co. regarded Vernon-Smith with an eagerness which they made no effort to hide. They were particularly anxious to have Smithy's company on their proposed trip to the Continent. For once in a way the Highcliffe nuts were not particularly flush with money. They were not exactly "on the rocks." At the same time, they realised that a month at Monte Carlo would be a pretty expensive affair, and they rather counted on Vernon-Smith playing the part of banker. The son of a millionaire, Smithy could be very lavish with his money on occasion. He had a habit of breaking out when on holiday, and spending money like water, not only on himself, but on his companions. Ponsonby & Co. were well aware of this, and they eagerly awaited Smithy's reply to their proposal.

Vernon-Smith stood silent for a moment, toying with his bicycle-bell.

Time was when Smithy would have accepted such an invitation with alacrity. But that time was past.

In the old days, when he had fully lived up to his nickname of the Bounder, Vernon-Smith had been on the most cordial terms with the Highcliffe puts. But those hectic days of razzle and dazzle were over.

Vernon-Smith had not entirely lost his old recklessness and daring. He was still inclined to kick over the traces on occasion. He had not become a plaster-saint, by any manner of means. But he



"It was jolly thoughtful an' considerate of you to kidnap me," drawled Lord Mauleverer. "An' how much are you gettin' for the job?" "A quid aplece, sir!" "Scandalous!" exclaimed Mauly. "Sweated labour, begad! I should like to give you somethin' out of my own pocket!" And to the astonishment of his captors, Mauly presented them each with a currency note. (See Chapter 10.)

chose his pleasures more carefully. Gambling and "pub-haunting" had ceased to attract him. He thought of Monte Carlo, with its stuffy Casino, the haunt of hungry fortune-seekers; and the thought nauseated him. That sort of thing had appealed to him once; but somehow it had lost its savour. Far better, he reflected, to spend the summer vacation in the open air, with plenty of cricket and bathing, and the simple, wholesome joys of life. If Ponsonby & Co. wished to have a gay time on the Continent, and fancied themselves in the role of rollicking young ranti-poles, let them go ahead. It wasn't Vernon-Smith's notion of an ideal holiday; and he said so.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but there's nothing doing."

Ponsonby scowled. He had not expected this.

"You can't come—or you won't come?" he said. "Which is it?"

"I don't want to come, thanks," said Vernon-Smith quietly. "I'm fed-up with that sort of game."

"Still walkin' in ways of virtue, what?" sneered Ponsonby. "This is what happens when a fellow comes under the corruptin' influence of a pious prig like Wharton."

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

Vernon-Smith glared at the Highcliffe quartette.

"I don't want any check," he said. "You put a proposal to me, and you've had my answer. There's nothing more to be said."

And Vernon-Smith nodded curtly to Ponsonby & Co., and walked away, wheeling his bicycle.

The Highcliffe nuts scowled after him. "I can't think what's come over Smithy," said Gadsby. "He used to be one of ourselves—quite one of the family. An' now he's blossomed forth into a Good Little Georgie, who obeys his kind teachers, an' shudders at the mere mention of a spree."

Ponsonby nodded.

"He seems to be dead keen on winnin' these rotten sports," he said. "Hang him! He's disappointed us, just when we were bankin' on havin' his company. I should like to put a spoke in his wheel somehow, an' prevent him from becomin' sports champion of the Greyfriars Remove. That's his ambition; I'm certain of it."

"He's quite likely to pull it off, too," said Monson, "unless we can foil him in some way. Got any bright an' brainy ideas, Pon, for nippin' his little ambition in the bud?"

"Not at present," said Pon. "But I shall think of somethin' presently. You leave it to me!"

"Rather!"

Shortly afterwards, Cecil Ponsonby might have been seen propounding a deep-laid scheme to his precious cronies, who chuckled from time to time as Pon outlined his plan.

It was by no means a pleasant scheme which Ponsonby propounded. In fact, it came very near to being a dastardly one. But that was Ponsonby's way. He felt savage to think that Vernon-Smith had disappointed him about the holiday; and by way of revenge he meant to take steps to prevent Smithy from being successful in the sports. Already his little scheme was cut and dried; but Vernon-Smith, tramping on towards Greyfriars with his punctured bike, was ignorant of the conspiracy that was being launched against him.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 903.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Mauly!

WEDNESDAY morning dawned bright and sunny. There had, in fact, been a succession of sunny mornings, to the great joy of the Remove sportsmen, and to the deep chagrin of Lord Mauleverer.

The Clerk of the Weather flatly refused to come to Mauly's assistance. If only he would turn on the water-tap, so to speak, and flood the Greyfriars playing-fields, some of the events would have to be postponed.

But there was no hint of rain. A kindly sky, of cloudless blue, smiled down upon Greyfriars.

It was obvious that Lord Mauleverer could expect no assistance from the weather.

The schoolboy earl remained in bed, as usual, while his schoolfellows were dressing. But Mauly was not asleep, as they supposed. His eyes were closed, but his brain was busy. He was wondering how he could possibly dodge the rest of the sports, and the unwelcome custodianship of cousin Jimmy.

The present state of affairs must not continue. Mauly was quite resolved on that point. The sports programme was not half-way through yet; and Mauly shivered between the sheets as he thought of the boxing contests, and the swimming races, and the Marathon. He must avoid these terrible ordeals at all costs.

To defy cousin Jimmy would be futile. To appeal to her to leave him in peace, and let him go on his own sweet way, would be equally futile.

There was only one way out, so far as Mauly could see. He hated subterfuge, even when it was of the harmless sort; but the situation was desperate, and desperate situations require desperate remedies.

"I must go sick," he murmured, as soon as his schoolfellows had left the dormitory. "I must be taken queer all of a sudden, and bundled into the sanny. It will mean kiddin' the fellows, an' siddin' the matron, an' possibly the doctor; but, dash it it, there's no other way of escape for me."

Having made his decision, Lord Mauleverer rose slowly, and dressed. He was feeling more fagged than ever. Indeed, he felt that he was not far off a genuine collapse. Perhaps it would not be necessary to do much shamming, after all.

When he had dressed and performed his ablutions, Mauly went downstairs.

The Close and corridors were deserted, and from the dining-room came the clatter of knives and forks. Greyfriars was at breakfast.

Lord Mauleverer crawled wearily towards the Hall. In the ordinary way it was a heinous offence for a junior to be late for breakfast; but discipline had been considerably relaxed during Sports Week.

Instead of frowning at the latecomer, Mr. Quelch, who presided at the Remove table, actually smiled at Lord Mauleverer as that youth tottered in.

"So you have deigned to put in an appearance this morning, Mauleverer?" said Mr. Quelch. "You were absent from breakfast yesterday morning. And now you are ten minutes late. I fear your eggs and bacon will be cold."

"That doesn't matter, sir," said Lord Mauleverer wearily. "I'm feelin' too fagged to bother about brekker. But I suppose I ought to peck at somethin'."

Mr. Quelch became quite concerned. "I trust you are not feeling ill, Mauleverer?"

"I'm feelin' far from fit, sir. I can hardly drag one leg after the other, an' my eyes won't keep open. A sort of sleepy sickness is stealin' over me."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Quelch. "Have you been exerting yourself unduly in the sports, my boy?"

"Yaas, sir!"

"Then you should ease up and take things less strenuously."

Gladly would Lord Mauleverer have acted upon this counsel. But cousin Jimmy would not permit any easing up. She was determined to keep him up to the mark, and to whip him into activity, either with her tongue, or with that more effective instrument, a dog-whip. But Lord Mauleverer could hardly complain of his cousin's tyranny. It would not have been "cricket."

There were grinning faces at the Remove table as Mauly staggered towards his place. But instead of sitting down on the form, his lordship suddenly collapsed and went sprawling across it, sweeping Bolsover major's second cup of coffee off the table in the process.

Crash! Clatter!

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, in great agitation. "The boy has fainted!"

There was a craning of heads in the direction of Lord Mauleverer. Certainly his lordship appeared to have swooned away. If he was play-acting, then he was a better actor than his schoolfellows had supposed.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Fancy old Mauly going off like that!"

And Bob ran to the sideboard and fetched a water-carafe. He dashed the contents into the face of the schoolboy earl.

Lord Mauleverer spluttered and gasped, and opened his eyes. He had not bargained on receiving an icy deluge in his face. It said much for Mauly's self-control that he refrained from yelling aloud.

"All right now, old man?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No, begad; I'm all wrong!" murmured Mauly faintly. "My head's swimmin'!"

"Take him out into the air," commanded Mr. Quelch, signalling to Bob Cherry and Bolsover major. "Then, if he feels no better, he must be taken to the matron."

Leaning heavily upon the arms of Bob and Bolsover, Lord Mauleverer was escorted from the dining-hall. Out in the bright sunshine, he was still languid and listless, and he complained of dizziness.

"I knew this would happen," he muttered. "It was simply askin' for trouble makin' me do all that racin' an' chasin'. My constitution won't stand it."

Bob Cherry looked hard at his schoolfellow.

"Mauly," he said, "is this a stunt to dodge the sports? Are you shamming?"

"I'm not shammin' when I tell you that I feel absolutely whacked," said Lord Mauleverer.

"But that fainting fit just now, in Hall—"

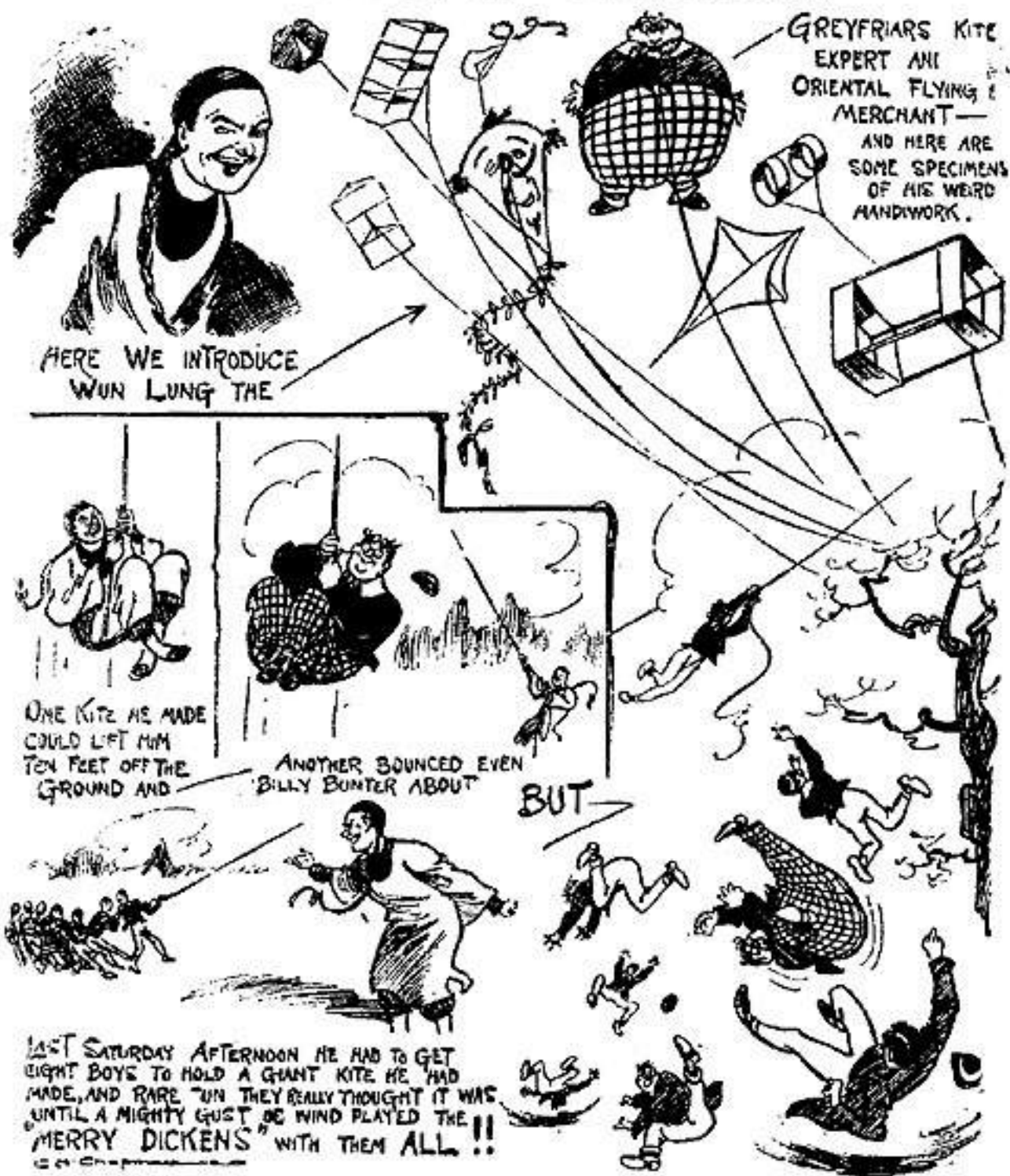
"Shush! We won't discuss that, if you don't mind. If you fellows have got a spark of sympathy an' human hearts instead of cold flintstones, you'll take me along to the sanny."

Bob Cherry hesitated, but only for a moment. He knew what Mauly had

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been through during the past few days, and he began to feel genuinely sorry for him. Cousin Jimmy had certainly been leading him a dreadful dance. A day in bed would not do Mauly any harm; in fact, he really seemed to need it. He was suffering from genuine tiredness, as distinct from laziness.

Bob Cherry met Bolsover's eye, and tacitly conveyed his intentions. Together, they assisted Lord Mauleverer to the sanatorium, and gave him into the care of the matron.

Mauly was promptly ordered to bed; and never in his life did he obey an order more willingly. It was with a delicious feeling of bliss that he stretched his tired limbs between the sheets.

"What exactly is wrong with you, my dear boy?" asked the kindly matron.

"I can't say, ma'am. Utter prostration, that's what it feels like. Possibly it's a case of sleepin' sickness."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron, in alarm. "If that is so, you must have the doctor immediately."

Lord Mauleverer hastily said that he didn't think it necessary for the doctor to be summoned. His temperature was normal, so there could be no immediate danger.

"Hadn't we better wait, an' see how it develops?" he suggested.

The matron agreed to this course; and Mauly rolled over in bed, and went to sleep.

His slumbers were short and sweet. They were soon curtailed by the boisterous arrival of cousin Jimmy, who burst into the sick-bay like a cyclone.

"What's all this nonsense about your being ill?" demanded cousin Jimmy, giving the unfortunate Mauly a shake. "You are malingering, Herbert!"

"Oh lor!" groaned his lordship.

"Deny it if you dare!" flashed cousin Jimmy.

"I—I'm not exactly malingerin', dear gal," stammered Mauly. "Fact is, I feel really played out—honest Injun!"

"Rubbish! Has the doctor seen you?"

"Nunno."

"Then I shall ask the matron to telephone for him at once. We shall soon see whether there is anything wrong with you or not."

Cousin Jimmy flounced out of the room. She was back again in five minutes, and seated herself grimly by the bedside.

"The doctor will be along shortly," she said.

"Oh, begad! I wish you hadn't bothered about sendin' for him, Jimmy."

Lord Mauleverer was almost in despair. The practised eye of the doctor would soon see that there was nothing seriously wrong with him. Doubtless he would be ordered to take up his bed and walk, as it were. The prospect was far from pleasant.

The doctor arrived after a brief interval. Mauly had expected to see Dr. Short, of Friardale; but Dr. Short happened to be away on holiday, and it was his locum tenens who came—a young, brisk, energetic man.

"Well!" he said breezily, striding towards the bed. "And what's the matter with you, young man?"

"Nothing," said cousin Jimmy promptly.

"Really, Jimmy, I wish you wouldn't butt in," said Mauly feebly. "I'm sufferin', doctor, from extreme tiredness—physical prostration, in fact."

"It's sheer, stubborn laziness, doctor," chimed in cousin Jimmy.

The doctor smiled.

"We'll soon get at the facts of the case," he said. And he proceeded to

poke and prod the patient in the chest and ribs, firing questions at him the while.

When the doctor had finished his examination, Lord Mauleverer looked up at him hopefully, appealingly. His fate trembled in the balance.

"Nothing to worry about, my lad," said the doctor cheerfully. "You're quite all right, except for a feeling of limpness and leg-weariness."

"Ah, I expected the worst!" said Mauly, with a sigh.

The doctor looked puzzled.

"The worst?" he echoed. "Why, I'm giving you good news!"

The medico's idea of good news did not coincide with Lord Mauleverer's. At all events Mauly did not seem wildly happy about this particular piece of good news.

"What treatment am I to take, doctor?" he inquired.

"Exercise!" was the prompt reply. "You have already participated in various sports, I understand, and, in consequence you have developed a stiffness of the limbs. That can be worked off by running a mile—"

"Help!"

"Or by doing a fair amount of swimming."

Cousin Jimmy clapped her hands.

"Splendid!" she exclaimed. "The swimming sports are being held this afternoon. You'll soon work off the stiffness, Herbert, when you've swum from the jetty at Pegg to the Black Rock."

A hollow groan came from the patient. One would have supposed that Lord Mauleverer had been given only a month to live, instead of being pronounced fit.

"I heartily agree with this young lady," said the doctor, taking up his hat and gloves. "Swimming—especially in the sea—will be highly beneficial. You must get up at once. If you remain in bed, the stiffness may spread to your joints. Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, and you'll soon be as right as a trivet. Good-morning!"

The doctor strode to the door, and vanished. Lord Mauleverer's hopes of a quiet life vanished with him.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Fight for the Cup!

ALL Greyfriars flocked down to the sea that afternoon.

It was a calm sea, without a ripple on its surface; and a powerful sun blazed down upon the scene. Certainly the conditions were ideal for the Remove swimming sports.

Cousin Jimmy marched Lord Mauleverer down to the sands; and the fellows were surprised to see Mauly up and doing. They had expected him to languish in the sanny for the rest of the week.

"You've made a lightning recovery,

(Continued on page 17.)

THE GREYRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 225.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week Ending May 30th, 1925.

SWIMMING SNAPSHOTS!

By Bob Cherry.

IT is rumoured that Mr. Quelch is practising a new stroke. So long as it is a swimming stroke, and not a new stroke of the cane, Quelch has my full permission to go ahead!

Some of you will think I am romancing when I tell you that I've seen an angel—complete with wings. The angel I saw was Angel of the Fourth, and the wings were water-wings. The elegant Aubrey was learning how to swim, but I could not observe he made much progress. There was considerably more splash than dash about it.

You would not suppose that Gosling, the porter, was a swimmer, would you? Yet when Gossy is annoyed by our merry pranks, he often "goes off the deep end!"

Coker of the Fifth has announced his intention of swimming from Pegg to Dover. If Coker imagines he can achieve this feat, he is hugging a delusion. He will also be well advised to hug the shore all the way!

Alonzo Todd is a non-swimmer; yet a strange thing happened to Lonzy last week, when he tumbled off the jetty at Pegg, and fell into the sea. He told me afterwards that when the tumble occurred his senses were swimming!

One of these days I shall compile a book entitled "Tales of Mean People." And I shall remember to include the tale of a certain mean fellow in the Remove who is so miserly that he keeps his footer jersey in use all the year round—as a jersey in the winter, and a swimming costume in the summer!

Billy Bunter is always "pumping" people for information. The other day, when he toppled out of a boat, and was rescued in the nick of time by Wingate of the Sixth, Bunter himself had to be "pumped" for a change!

I understand that Mr. Prout is taking up deep sea diving. If Mr. Prout's head should get stuck in the mud at the bottom of the sea, it will be a "mighty deep" proposition to haul him up again!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 903.

WHEN COKER SWIMS!

By Dic. Penfold.

WHEN Coker flounders in the Sark
He really is a comic spark;
And fellows gurgie "What a lark
When Coker swims!

The water rises in the air
In seething volumes, I declare,
Drenching the fellows standing there,
When Coker swims!

Even the grampus, or the whale,
Who churn up water by the pail,
Would find such feats of no avail
When Coker swims!

His brawny arms whirl round and round,
And yet he seems to make no ground;
We tremble lest he should be drowned,
When Coker swims!

Engrossed in his aquatic sport,
He swallows water by the quart;
His breath is jerky, strained and short,
When Coker swims!

"Bring out the lifeboat!" Cherry cries,
"And hurry up, you grinning guys,
Or he will drown before our eyes!"
When Coker swims!

Then Monty Newland—clever chap—
Poises his camera for a "snap"
Which will convulse the school, mayhap,
When Coker swims!

A sight for gods and fishes? Yea!
A sight that keeps you bright and gay
And makes you laugh the livelong day—
When Coker swims!

EVIDENCE!

Teacher: "You say he threw a stone at you. Have you a witness to prove he threw first?"

Boy: "I have an eye-witness here, sir!"

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

THIS is the season when everything goes "swimmingly," so to speak. We revel in the early morning dip; we splash gaily in the Sark, or boldly breast the billows of the North Sea. Most of us share Byron's love of the ocean. One of the lines which we always recite with great gusto in the Form-room is:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!"

You will notice I said "most of us." There are exceptions—fellows who dislike the mighty deep, and who couldn't swim a stroke to save their lives—literally, I mean. Billy Bunter brags that he is a magnificent swimmer. Certainly he ought to be, for he is endowed with ample proportions, and it is a well-known fact that fat people, as a rule, are better swimmers than thin ones. They have more natural buoyancy. Bunter, however, would sink like a stone if he found himself in deep water. Perhaps it is lucky for him that he's generally "in low water" instead!

Lord Mauleverer belongs to the "can-swim-but-won't" brigade. Mauly considers swimming to be waste of energy. He has no objection to reclining in a comfortable deck-chair on the beach, watching other fellows disport themselves in the water; but you won't catch his lazy lordship joining them! Bob Cherry has sometimes tried methods of compulsion, but they have been of little avail. You can take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. Similarly, you can take a schoolboy earl to the water, but you can't make him swim!

Alonzo Todd is another conscientious objector when it comes to swimming. Alonzo nurses the opinion that swimming is a reckless, foolhardy, and perilous sport. He collects newspaper cuttings relating to people who are drowned by the dozen during the bathing season, and he reads them aloud to his schoolfellows as a solemn warning. Alonzo has also a rooted objection to crabs. His big toe was nipped on one occasion, and I believe he had to put it in plaster-of-Paris for a month! At all events, Alonzo is no lover of swimming.

But the majority of the Remove fellows are absolute water-rats. What could be grander than to adjourn to the sea or the river, after a hard game of cricket in the broiling sun, and float idly on one's back, gazing up at the blue sky, and feeling deliciously cool? Then there are the swimming galas, and the water polo matches, and so forth. Who wouldn't be a swimmer, and share in these delights? I pity the Bunters and the Maulys and the Alonzos, from the bottom of my heart!



Soaking the Head!

A Screamingly Funny Story
of St. Sam's.

By
DICKY NUGENT

JACK JOLLY & CO. of the Fourth were disporting themselves in the school bath, having no end of lark, when they were surprized to see the Head arrive on the scene, in company with Fossil, the porter.

Never before had the Head been known to vissent the school bath—or, indeed, any sort of bath. Dr. Birchenall preferred immersing himself in his studdies to immersing himself in cold water.

"My only aunt!" eggsclaimed Jack Jolly, as his head bobbed to the surfiss. "What does the Head want, I wonder?"

"My boys," said the doctor, with a jenial smile, "it fairly warms the mussels—I mean the cockles—of my hart to see you enjoying yourselves in the water. I propose to come and join you. The doctor tells me it would be a splendid thing for me if I took up swimming as an eggserise. It will help to postpone the evil day when I fall a victim to sennile decay."

The juniors chuckled.

"Come along, sir!" said Jack Jolly invitingly. "We'll be pleased to show you the ropes."

The Head turned to Fossil, the porter. "Conduct me to the dressing-room, Fossil," he said, "and assist me to change into my costume. Toodle-oo, my dear boys! I will be with you in a brace of shakes."

And the Head followed the aged Fossil into the dressing-room. When he emerged, a few minnits later, the juniors larked so much that they swallowed pints of bath-water. For the Head was a grotesk figger in his bathing-costume. It hung loosely on his frale limbs, and it was striped like the coat of a zebra.

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Jack Jolly & Co.

The Head looked puzzled.

"Might a cove inquire what the joak is?" he asked.

"Ahem! We—we're larking with sheer enjoyment, sir!" said Jack Jolly. "It's awfully ripping in the water."

The Head advanced jinjerly towards the edge of the bath, and blinked down nervusly at the water.

"Er—would you mind telling me which is the deep end and which is the shaller end?" he inquired.

Jack Jolly winked at his chums.

"That's the shaller end, where you're standing, sir," he said.

"Thank you, Jolly."

The Head lingered on the brink for quite a long time. He hadn't the curidge to take the plunge. His hart was thumping against his bony ribs like a sledge-hammer.

Doutless the Head would never have entered the water at all, had not one of the mischeevous juniors given him a gentle push from behind.

There was a splash and a shreek, and the Head found himself floundering in seven feet of water. Jack Jolly had spoofed him, and he had gone in at the deep end instead of the shaller.

"Help!"

The Head uttered a bubbling cry as he rose to the surfiss.

"I shall drown!" he gurgled. "You've been kidding me, you hartless young monkeys! Save me, or I perrish!"

Down went the Head for the second time, and his face was perple when he came up again.

"Reskew!" he splattered. "For mersy's sake, save me!"

"Mersy!" said Jack Jolly skornfully. "What mersy have you shown us, you old tirant? I've got to come before you for a flogging in the morning."

"It is kanselled!" gasped the Head.

"And what about that impott you gave me?" asked Merry.

"Kanselled! All your punnishments are kanselled, if only you will save me!"

The Head was on the point of going under for the third time, when Jack Jolly & Co. swam towards him, and grabbed him by his hair and his beard, and toed him to the side of the bath. Willing hands were stretched out to him, and helped him to scramble out of the water.

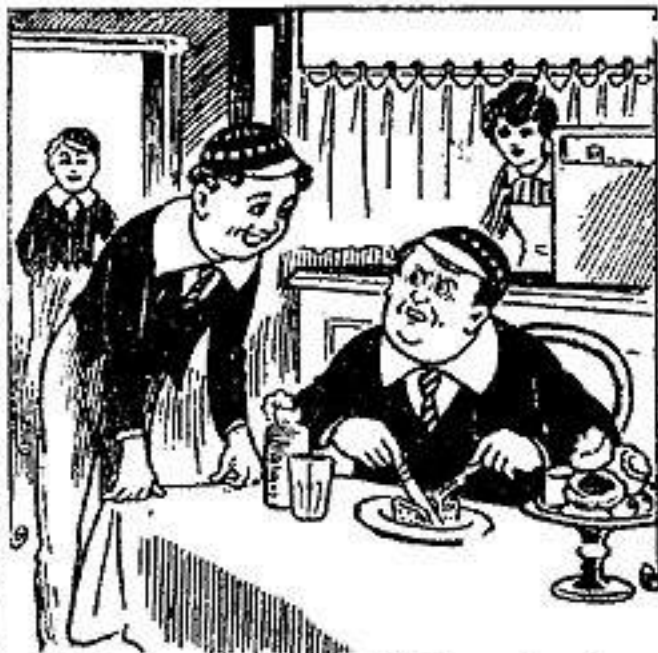
"Oh dear!" panted the Head. "I have had a most distressing eggspereience. My enthusiasm for swimming has been damped, as well as my person! I will sit down for a while, till I recover my breth!"

And the Head sank down on to one of the seats at the side of the bath.

Meenwhile, Jack Jolly & Co. clambered out of the water, and hurriedly dressed. They were chuckling as they put on their close. And when they quitted the bath, a few minnits later, they were fairly hugging themselves with glee.

The Head had got back his breth by this time. He rose to his feet, and tottered towards the dressing-room.

HOT STUFF!



First boy: "Hallo, Dick, you're having a tuck in! Do you know the Shaws?"

Second boy: "The Shaws? What Shaws?"

First boy: "I'll have a ginger-pop, thanks!"

Here he made a startling discovery. His close had vannished!

"Bless my sole!" mermered the Head. "What has happened to my toggs? Hi, Fossil! Where are you? Have you seen anything of my vestments?"

"Nunno, sir!" said Fossil.

"Somebody must have taken them, for a lark!" said the Head, brissling with rage. "I am in a most paneful predickament!"

And he started to hum the chorus of "What'll I Do?"

"You'll 'ave to stay 'ere, sir," said Fossil, "while I go up to the school and fetch you a fresh soot of close."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" said the Head. "I shall catch my deth of cold if I hang about here in a bathing-costume. There is only one thing to be done in the serkumstances. Fossil! Disrobe yourself!"

"Wot!" gasped Fossil.

"I must borrow your porter's uniform, in order to get back to the school."

"Wot about me?" growled Fossil.

"You must put on my costume and remain here until I can send somebody to your assistance."

"My heye!" gasped Fossil. "Surely you don't hexpect a man of my years to 'ang about 'ere in a wet bathin'-costume?"

"You can jump into the bath," suggested the Head. "It's nice and warm in there. Anyway, I must have your uniform. Disrobe, or take a week's notiss!"

The unforchunitt Fossil had no choice but to obey. He went into the dressing-room and took off his porter's uniform, donning in exchange the Head's bathing-costume.

"This 'ere will be the deth of me!" moaned Fossil. "I've got roomatics crool bad as it is. An' this soakin' costume will jest about finish me off!"

"That's all right, Fossil!" said the Head cheerfully. "The world will continue to wag merrily, as before. The population will be reduced by one, but that is a matter of trifling account."

Half an hour later Jack Jolly & Co. had the serprize of their lives, when the Head came strutting in at the school gates attired in the garb of Fossil, the porter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peel upon peel of larfter rang out, and the Head glared at his pewpils as if he could eat them. But he was powerless to punish them, for he had promunised, when struggling for his life in the school bath, that all punnishments should be kanselled.

The Head decided to make a bolt for it, and he cut a most undignified figger as he darted into the school bilding, with a hoard of yelling juniors at his heels.

And St. Sam's larked loud and long at the latest eggsploits of Jack Jolly & Co., practical jokers by royal appointment to his Majesty the Head!

THE END.

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THE NEW BOY OF GLOOMSBURY!

A Special Story from the pen of
BOLSOVER MINOR.

FAR above the summit of the tallest valley in Gloombsbury the old college rears its proud napper. In its time it has turned out statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, burglars, heroes, hard roes and soft roes—turned 'em all out!

And true to old traditions, it still has its great men—like Long and Short of the Lower Second. There were two hundred and sixty-seven boys in Gloombsbury, but when the Head heard there was a new kid coming along, it was Long and Short he sent to meet this babe.

"Go forth to yon station and welcome him, lads," he quoth. "Greet him in the usual mannah. Shower upon him that gracious kindness which we should all give the stranger in our midst, and don't be late back, or I'll hack lumps out of you!"

And, in the kindness of his heart, the dear old Head fixed this outing for the same afternoon as Snelp's Marvellous Circus arrived in town.

Even as Long and Short issued forth, they could hear the strains of a steam-organ in the distance. And it sounded fine—in the distance.

One half of the circus procession had already clustered round by the station square. The other half was still trying to drag itself away from the crowned heads of Europe.

"That thin bloke's the Living Skeleton," explained Shorty. "You can't see him, 'cause he's turned sideways; but if—"

"I spot him. What's he on stilts for?" "They're his legs, chump. Let's have a squint through the crowd. We don't pay to see this lot under canvas unless they're worth it."

Snelp's usual admission price was fourpence, and the show was just about worth it. Anyway, there was a fair twopenn'orth in the first half if you counted in the menagerie with the clowns and included the tax.

"Who's that waving to you, Shorty?" inquired Long.

It was Ooky, the tame baboon. He was sitting up with the driver of one of the caravans, and seemed to take an instant fancy to Short. He threw a coconut at him.

"Wooky-chooky-wrrrrrrrr!" he chirped; then slipped down from the driving-seat as the two boys turned towards the station.

A moment after he joined the pair, and made it a trio as they passed through on to the platform.

"I didn't expect we'd meet any of your friends, Shorty," observed Long. "Can't he wait outside until we've met the new kid?"

"Why? He ain't doing any harm!" growled Short.

And this pleased old Ooky, who promptly extended an arm and shook hands with him.

"Well, let's all be matey!" cried Long.

So he also shook hands with Ooky, and the three of them stood there, arm-in-arm, waiting for the train to come in.

It was good, solid friendship, and nothing would have marred it if the train hadn't suddenly brought that new kid on the scene. His name was Ambrose Nettlerash, he had pimples on his face and a bag in his hand, and he didn't show a chummy spirit towards Ooky.

"Ya-as; I'm the new boy," he squawked, "and I'm glad you've come to welcome me! But who's that fellah in the middle—eh?"

That did it. Old Ooky got the idea he was being insulted, and he took a flying leap at Ambrose.

Biff!

The new kid dropped his bag. Ooky seized it, and—

Biff! again, only a size larger.

Ambrose didn't wait for any more. Safety first! He dived back into the railway-carriage, and in the same moment the train moved off again.

Ooky, with the broken bag in his hand and a look of speechless indignation on his honest face, watched the train out of sight, Ambrose and all.

"That's torn it!" groaned Shorty. "The rotten thing's express to New Ralgia! We won't see that new blighter again till to-morrow!"

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"If you'd like to explain to the Head—"

suggested Long.

But Short cut him short.

"I'm not poking my napper in the lion's den to please you! It's Ooky's doing, anyway!"

Both of them turned to glare at Ooky, who was just trying the new kid's Sunday topper on. He nodded pleasantly to his pals.

"Zoofy-moofy!" he tootled. "Hu-la-ha-loo!"

"Yes; there'll be a hullabaloo all right!" moaned Long. "We'll be skinned alive when we get back without that kid! Seems to me—"

And then he broke off. His eyes gleamed like a couple of headlights.

"Say, Shorty, I've got a brilliant institution! We needn't go back without the new kid, after all! Here's his clobber, and here's Ooky! Put the two together—one inside the other, that is—and what more can you want?"

"You mean, we'll dress Ooky up—eh? Yes; that's a corking notion!" gasped Shorty. "But what about him interviewing the Head?"

"Oh, that'll do to-morrow! Ambrose'll be back by then!" said Long hopefully.

It didn't take long to tog Ooky up in the new kid's clobber. He looked a proper nut in his college cap and blazer and a pair of patent shoes on his feet.

"Kill-ah-ma-loo!" he chortled.

And arm-in-arm with the others he stalked out of the station, Shorty carrying the bag.

They got past the Grammar School all right, along the Hi Street, and then threw the gates of Gloombsbury College.

"Best go straight up to the study," said Long. "Ooky might get a bit too fresh for a new kid and give the show away."

Ooky made himself thurrully at home in the study. He sat down on the mantelpiece, and began to swing himself on the photo of Shorty's cousin.

He was hanging by his legs to the gas-bracket when the Form master came in. Forchewunately, old Snubbs was short-sighted, although he wore glasses.

"Is the new boy here?" he asked.

"Yessir!" said Long and Short together.

And they dragged Ooky down between them.

"Let the lad speak for himself!" said Snubbs. He quizzed hard at Ooky. "Now, my boy, you are going to be in my Form, and I hope you will always be a worthy example and an honour to it. What is your name?"

Ooky must have known that something was expected of him, for he jumped up on the table, and snatched the mortar-board off Snubbs' head.

"Oojah-ka-pivvy!" he twittered, and bit off a corner of the mortar-board.

Snubbs gave one roar, and flung himself full at Ooky, whereupon Ooky perched on his shoulders and politely scratched the Form master's head.

"You insolent little wretch! I'll flay you alive!" balled Snubbs. "I hated the sight of you the moment I saw you! You remind me of a landlady I once bilked! Down, will you?"

He ran round the study two or three times, with Ooky riding piggy-back, and then flopped down in a chair.

Ooky found things a bit too slow then, so he hopped back on to the table.

"You don't take liberties with me if you are the headmaster's nevwew!" roared Snubbs. "I'll tell him what I think of you, and in ten minutes' time you'll go along and report yourself to him! Long and Short, you just see he goes! I'll hold you responsible!"

And out he stamped, muttering something awful.

"Here's a fine go!" yapped Shorty. "Orders is orders, but there'll be red riot when we take Ooky along to the old 'un!"

There was a cruel and evil grin on Snubbs' face when it appeared round the doorway a moment after. He just had time to say "The Head's ready!" before Ooky shied a cricket-mallet at it.

"You take one arm, and I'll take the other," said Short to Long.

And in this order they led old Ooky along to the headmaster's study.

"Now, Ambrose, what's this I hear about you!" bellowed the Head, leaning over the table and glaring at Ooky. "You two boys can go!" he added.

"Ambrose isn't well, sir, and he's got a sore throat and can't talk," said Long.

"Nonsense! I can see by his eyes that he's all right. Those eyes belong to my family, I tell you. But, nephew or not, I show no favouritism! Take that, Ambrose!"

And he gave Ooky a clump in the clock.

It was the biggest insult Ooky could remember since he left the forests of Sciatica, his arm flew out, and—

Bonk!

He cracked a coconut over the august cranium of Dr. Polony. That might have been sufficient for an ordinary new boy, but it wasn't enough for Ooky.

"Sack-a-bon-ah!" he yawped, seized the Head by the whiskers, and flung himself round in circles.

"This comes of your aunt's flabby upbringing!" roared the old 'un. "Now you've got your uncle to deal with you! Take—"

But it was the Head who took what Ooky gave him—and that was a paper-weight behind the left ear. It came with such force that it quite hurt the old 'un's feelings.

"Dear me! How strong the lad's grown!" he faltered. "He's like me in spirit as well as in looks! Ouch!"

It was a pity the cork flew out of the ink-bottle at the moment Ooky threw it. The Head turned black and blue with rage.

"Family feelings be hanged!" he roared. "I'll pulverise you, Ambrose!"

But Ooky had discovered that, by hanging on to the gas-bracket, he could kick out with extra force. The Head soon discovered it, too. He lauded in the fireplace, and stayed there.

"I think your nephew's a bit excited, sir," said Long.

"After his long journey," added Short.

"He'll go a longer journey if I get hold of him!" stormed the Head. "Snakes and ladders! Is that my weekly comic he's tearing? Take him out of my sight before I slaughter him! I may be calm enough in the morning only to half-slaughter him!"

But Ooky seemed to have lost interest in school life when they got him into the passage.

"Ooch-a-moochy!" he tootled, and skipped off down the stairs, and out of the school gates.

"Hang it! He's pinched the new kid's clothes!" grumbled Shorty.

"It's only his fun!" said Long.

Ambrose Nettlerash turned up on his own account next morning, and his first welcome was a stinging clump on the ear from Mr. Snubbs.

"That's a little to go on with!" the Form master said. "Your uncle will hand you out a bit more at ten sharp!"

"Why?" whimpered Ambrose.

"You shameless little monster to dare ask that after your monkey tricks last night! For two pins I'd—"

Monkey tricks! Ambrose had had quite enough of them since his short meeting with Ooky. He went straight to Dr. Polony's study to get the whole thing threshed out. But—

"If you've any last word to breathe before I set about you," the Head hissed, rolling up his sleeves, "breathe it now! I can do without you or any other of my belongings, but not that priceless fag-card collection you destroyed!"

And it really looked as if Ambrose was about to be destroyed when, all of a sudden, there came a crash at the door, and Mr. Snelp burst in—the Mr. Snelp, of Snelp's Marvellous Circus.

He shook his first in Dr. Polony's face.

"You 'uking great monkey-snatcher!" he roared. "Who tried to pinch my Ooky? Who trussed him up in your rotten school 'at and coat? Who ill-treated and scared the poor creature so as it could 'ardly move? YOU DID! You, with your pudding face and pasteboard hat! But I'm going to learn you something—"

"No," said Ambrose. "You should say 'teach' you something—"

Crack! Ambrose learnt more than he'd bargained for. Meanwhile, the Head was making a bee-line for the Lower Second.

The long and the short of it was that he was going to make short work of Long and Short!

THE END.



(Continued from page 13.)

old man," said Harry Wharton. "Glad to see you up and out so soon!" Lord Mauleverer sighed.

"I haven't recovered at all," he said. "I feel just as queer as I felt this mornin'. But I was forced to get up—doctor's orders, you know."

"Did the doctor say you were all right?" asked Nugent.

"Not exactly. He agreed I was sufferin' from physical prostration; an' he said that the best cure was to take more exercise."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That giddy doctor evidently believes in the homoeopathic treatment!" chuckled Vernon-Smith. "You cure your complaints by taking an extra dose of whatever caused them. That is to say, if Bunter was bilious through eating jam-tarts, he'd be ordered to eat another dozen to put him right again! Same thing applies to Mauly. He's been taking too much exercise, and knocked himself up; and now he's got to take a further dose to cure himself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Mauly!" said Bob Cherry feelingly.

Cousin Jimmy wagged an admonishing forefinger at Bob.

"Don't be sorry for him," she said. "He is thoroughly and utterly lazy, and I mean to cure him before the week's out!"

"There's one thing about it, Mauly," said Johnny Bull. "You'll find it nice and cool in the water."

"Yaas, begad. But I sha'n't be able to float along at my leisure. Cousin Jimmy means to follow me in a boat, an' see that I keep on keepin' on."

"Exactly!" said cousin Jimmy.

The sports started shortly afterwards, and the multitude on the sands had much to enthuse over.

Boats had been moored at intervals, to mark out the courses; and a number of Sixth-Formers assisted Mr. Lascelles with the starting and judging.

The first race was a short, sharp affair of thirty yards. It was won in great style by Vernon-Smith, who flashed through the water like a torpedo.

Lord Mauleverer took part in the race, of course; but even with cousin Jimmy behind him, giving him an occasional prod with her oar, his lordship only managed to finish tenth. And there were only ten competitors!

The second event was a gruelling affair of five hundred yards. In this race Harry Wharton and Mark Linley fought out a thrilling finish, with the Lancashire lad victorious by an arm's reach.

Then came the various diving contests, and the swimming-in-clothes race; and a contest in which tin plates had to be dived for, and fished up from the bed of the sea.

Lord Mauleverer was not able to dodge a single event. Cousin Jimmy haunted him like his own shadow, and never allowed him out of her sight for an instant.

Seldom had Mauly spent a more strenuous afternoon. When he stag-

gered out of the sea, after the last race, he looked utterly "whacked." And while he towelled his tired limbs in his bathing-tent, he could be heard reciting, with great feeling, those lines of Shelley's:

"I could lie down like a tired child,
An' weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne, an' yet must
bear;
Till soothin' sleep might steal on me,
An' I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, an' hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dyin' brain its last
monotony."

Cousin Jimmy, however, relented to the extent of giving Mauly an evening of freedom. She told him he could do what he liked; and what Mauly chose to do was to stretch himself on his luxurious sofa, and rest his aching limbs, and reflect bitterly that there was "more to come" on the morrow, in the shape of the boxing contests.

It was raining hard next morning—simply pelting down from a leaden sky. The Clerk of the Weather was in one of his old black humours. But the rain had come too late to save Lord Mauleverer. The boxing contests were taking place under cover—in the gym, to be precise.

There was great excitement in the Greyfriars Remove. The fight for the sports championship was proceeding apace, and the position was very interesting.

Vernon-Smith led the way at present, with six wins to his credit. Close on his heels came Harry Wharton, and Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley, with five wins apiece.

Everything pointed to a very stern struggle, with the issue in doubt up to the last moment.

Bob Cherry was very hopeful of winning the boxing tournament, and thus drawing level with Vernon-Smith. But Bob had some doughty fighting-men to vanquish before he could hope to achieve this ambition.

In the draw for the first heat, Bob found himself paired with Dick Penfold; and he did not anticipate much difficulty in administering the "knock-out" to the bard of the Remove.

Bob Cherry was feeling quite happy about his chances. He brought a smiling face into the gym with him.

As for Lord Mauleverer, that harassed youth was very nearly at the end of his tether. He hoped and prayed that he would be drawn against some powerful boxer, who would put paid to him with one hefty blow.

Alas for Mauly's hopes! He found himself paired with Oliver Kipps, the conjurer of the Remove.

Kipps was very far from being a duffer with his fists. At the same time, he was not a brilliant boxer, and his scrap with Lord Mauleverer looked like being a long-drawn-out affair.

Cousin Jimmy fairly beamed when she learned the result of the draw.

"I'm certain you can settle Kipps all right, Herbert," she said. "He doesn't look a Dempsey or a Wills. No slacking, mind! At the call of 'Time!' you must leap at your opponent—"

"Have pity, dear gal! Haven't I done enough leapin' an' prancin' an' jumpin' to last me a lifetime?"

"And you must simply pepper him with blows," went on cousin Jimmy, unheeding. "It's to be a twelve-rounds' contest, I understand; but you ought to polish off your man in much less than that."

Lord Mauleverer protested that he

hadn't a punch in him—that it was as much as he could do to stand upright on his two pins. But cousin Jimmy stationed herself at the ringside, and told Mauly that if there was any slacking on his part he would be sorry for it afterwards.

Mauly decided that the best thing he could do would be to try and force an early finish to the fight. So when "Time" was called by Wingate of the Sixth, he rushed at his opponent "bald-headed."

"That's the style!" said cousin Jimmy approvingly. "Pepper him, Herbert!"

The astonished Kipps reeled back under a fusillade of blows. He had not expected Mauly to offer any real opposition. He had supposed that the slacker of the Remove would crumple up at the first blow.

Mauly, however, displayed astonishing energy; and his gloved fists beat a tattoo on his opponent's ribs. It was Kipps who did the crumpling up. He narrowly escaped being knocked out in the first round.

"Good old Mauly!" said Bob Cherry. "He's not doing badly, for a fellow who is suffering from physical prostration!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The honours of the first round had rested with Mauly; but Kipps was the aggressor in the second. He had got over his bad period, and he attacked with whole-hearted and refreshing vigour. But it was not refreshing to Mauly, to receive a terrific clump on the nose, and a powerful drive between the eyes.

"Wake up, Herbert!" said cousin Jimmy sternly. "I've got my eye on you, you know!"

"Ow! I—I'm doin' my best, dear gal."

Kipps fell away again, after a time, and grew weary. Lord Mauleverer having grown weary also, it became a wearisome business altogether.

Bob Cherry likened the two boxers to Weary Willie and Tired Tim. They were doing more feinting than punching, and neither of them seemed to have enough energy to put his opponent down for the count. The boxing-bout therefore dragged out its slow length, and went the whole of the twelve rounds.

Lord Mauleverer awaited the judge's verdict in fear and trembling. He had a gloomy apprehension that he would be declared the winner, on points. And so it proved. Mauly was acclaimed the victor, amid a storm of cheering.

"Oh, begad!" gasped his lordship, in dismay. "I—I've won!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was a near thing," said cousin Jimmy. "I shall expect you to do better than that, Herbert, in the next heat."

Mauly's luck was completely out that afternoon, for in the second heat he was drawn against Monty Newland, a boxer of about the same standard as Kipps.

Newland had drawn a bye in the first heat.

"Another twelve-rounds affair," groaned Mauly. "Newland hasn't a strong enough punch to knock me out: an' I'm jolly certain I sha'n't be able to administer a knock-out myself. I'm feelin' too fagged for words."

Lord Mauleverer had to wait quite a long time before his encounter with Newland came off. There were several bouts in between. Mauly was not sorry for the wait. He leaned heavily against the box-horse in the gym, and went to sleep standing up, like a horse. Cousin

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Jimmy saw him, but for once in a way she let sleeping earls lie,—or, rather, stand.

At last Mauly's name was called. The stentorian voice of Wingate of the Sixth trespassed upon his slumbers.

"Next pair!" thundered Wingate. "Herbert Mauleverer—Montague Newland!"

"Hurrah!"

"Pile in, Mauly!"

Somewhat refreshed by his slumber, Lord Mauleverer gave quite a sparkling display of boxing in the first round. But Newland was in good form, too, and there was not a pin to choose between them.

But Newland, though nimble on his feet, and skilful in defence, was not getting enough "ginger" into his blows. He once landed a straight left which caused his opponent to rock on his feet; but that was the nearest he ever came to putting Mauly out.

Mauly suffered from the same weakness. His punches lacked "pep." Consequently, the bout went the full number of rounds; and once again Lord Mauleverer, to his deep disgust, was acclaimed the winner on points.

"Bravo!" said cousin Jimmy, clapping her hands. "I really believe, Herbert, that you will fight your way into the final!"

"Not me!" murmured Mauly, ungrammatically but firmly. "I've had enough."

The third heat found his lordship paired with Bob Cherry. As soon as the draw was made known, he hurried across to Bob, and whispered in his ear.

"Bob, old fellow, don't prolong the agony!" he pleaded. "Put me out of my misery with one hefty clump!"

Bob grinned.

"I'll do my best!" he promised.

It was a sensational fight. It was all over in a matter of seconds.

Lord Mauleverer stepped into the ring, made a few passes at his opponent, and then suddenly dropped his guard, exposing himself to the mercy of Bob Cherry. Out shot Bob's fist, straight from the shoulder, and took Mauly full in the chest. The schoolboy earl went down like a log, and lay perfectly motionless, making no effort to rise.

"Herbert!" almost shrieked cousin Jimmy. "Don't give in. That sort of thing's awfully feeble. Jump up and trounce him!"

But even cousin Jimmy's voice, for once, fell upon deaf ears. Lord Mauleverer had had enough, and more than enough. All the stuffing had been knocked out of him. Wild horses would not have dragged him to his feet, and made him renew the fight.

The voice of the referee, counting him out, sounded like music in Mauly's ears.

"Cherry wins!" announced Wingate, amid laughter and cheers.

And Bob passed on to the semi-final, and thence to the final, in which he fought a ding-dong battle with Vernon-Smith, and knocked him out in the seventh round.

Bob and Smithy were now level in the fight for the championship of the Remove. And great was the excitement at Greyfriars, and keen the speculation as to who would prove the ultimate winner and hold the proud title of the Remove's champion sportsman.

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THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Willing Victim!

PONSONBY of Highcliffe had not abandoned his plot against Vernon-Smith. He was quite determined to put a spoke in Smithy's wheel, as he expressed it, and to prevent the one-time Bouncer of Greyfriars from becoming sports champion.

Pon had made a few discreet inquiries of Skinner of the Remove, and he learned from Skinner that Vernon-Smith was in the habit of taking an early morning stroll along the towing-path of the River Sark. On these occasions Smithy was attired in flannels, and a very bright blazer in which all the hues of the rainbow seemed to be blended. He wore no cap, and his hair was "split in the middle." That was how Skinner described it.

Ponsonby had passed on this information to a couple of cheerful loafers in Friardale, Jerry and Joe by name. They were notorious characters, always hanging about the Cross Keys, in the village. On more than one occasion the zealous P.-c. Tozer had threatened to arrest Jerry and Joe on a charge of "loiterin' with intent." They were never eager to earn an honest shilling, though they were willing enough to earn a dishonest one.

Ponsonby suggested to these two longers that they should lie in wait for Vernon-Smith on the towing-path on the last day of the sports, and kidnap him and lock him in the boathouse.

None of the Greyfriars fellows would be using the boathouse that day, for the Marathon Race was to be run, and those Friars who were not actually taking part in it would be watching it.

Vernon-Smith, being a prisoner in the boathouse, would be debarred from running in the Marathon, and he would have to bid good-bye to his chances of winning the Cup.

Search would be made for him, doubtless, in and around Greyfriars; but it was hardly likely that the searchers would go as far afield as the boathouse.

Ponsonby was satisfied that his precious scheme would succeed, and Jerry and Joe were prepared to do the job for a "quid" apiece. One half was to be paid to them before the kidnapping, and the balance later. Ponsonby gave them instructions to take food and drink to the boathouse, so that the prisoner would not have to endure any privation. It was sufficient revenge for Pon to prevent Smithy from winning the sports championship.

But the best-laid schemes of mice and men—and elegant schoolboy "nuts"—are apt to go astray. For on that particular morning Vernon-Smith failed to take his usual constitutional along the towing-path.

Jerry and Joe, lying in wait behind the boathouse, did not draw blank, however.

They had been waiting some little time, when a slim figure in flannels came lounging into view along the towing-path.

"'Ere 'e comes!" muttered Jerry.

His companion nodded.

"That's the kid, right enough. Flannels, an' a gordy blazer, an' 'is 'air parted in the middle. That's Master Vernon-Smith, an' 'e'll walk into the trap as neat as you like!"

But it was not Master Vernon-Smith who drifted leisurely into view. It was Lord Mauleverer.

Mauly was taking an early morning stroll, in order to escape the unwelcome attentions of cousin Jimmy. He knew that if he fell into the hands of that

energetic young lady she would probably make him practise long-distance running, in preparation for the Marathon.

The Marathon haunted Mauly. Cold shivers ran down his spine when he thought about it.

It would not be a Marathon race in the strict sense of the term, for the course was ten miles instead of twenty-six. But ten miles would tax the endurance of the hardiest spirits. Certainly it would tax Lord Mauleverer—over-tax him, in fact. He remembered the mile race he had run on the Monday, with cousin Jimmy behind him, egging him on with a dog-whip. That had been bad enough, in all conscience, but it would be a picnic by comparison with a run of ten miles along a dusty road in the sweltering heat.

Mauly was meditating upon the Marathon, and wondering how he could possibly find a way of escape from that dreadful ordeal, when there was a sudden rush of feet and the kidnapers were upon him.

"Begad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer, as the man Jerry seized one of his arms and Joe the other. "What's happenin'? What's the little game?"

"Come quiet," advised Jerry, "an' you won't get 'urt. But if you shows fight—"

But Lord Mauleverer did not think of showing fight. He had done enough fighting of late to last him for the rest of his allotted span. He blinked in a puzzled sort of way at his burly captors as they hustled him towards the boathouse.

Jerry and Joe were greatly relieved to find their victim submitting so tamely. They had expected a fierce scrap on the towing-path, for Ponsonby had admitted that Vernon-Smith was "a warm handful." But their captive was as weak as a lamb.

Presently the puzzled expression left Mauly's face, and his brow cleared. He seemed to divine what was happening.

"I say," he exclaimed, "is this a kidnappin' stunt?"

Jerry admitted the soft impeachment. "You—you're goin' to lock me in the boathouse?" questioned Mauly.

"Yus."

"In that case," said Mauly, his face glowing with gratitude, "I regard you as the friends an' benefactors of sufferin' humanity! Shake hands!"

Jerry and Joe were too astonished to obey. They could only gape at their prisoner. Instead of being angry and dismayed at being kidnapped, he seemed to revel in the situation.

"How long are you goin' to keep me here?" inquired Lord Mauleverer, as he was ushered into the boathouse.

"You've gotter stay 'ere," said Joe, "until the big race is over—the Marrerthen Race. I think it's called."

"Oh, rippin'!" said Mauly. "You'll see that I'm securely locked in, won't you?"

Joe nodded in a dazed sort of way. He could not understand the prisoner's attitude.

Mauly glanced around his prison. There was a punt in the boathouse, and plenty of cushions. It would serve as an excellent bed. Mauly glanced at it almost affectionately.

"I shall be able to settle down an' enjoy a good long sleep," he said. "I notice there's some grub here, too—buns, an' biscuits, an' ginger-pop. This is really too good of you, you know."

"Nun-nun-not at all!" stammered Jerry.

"Oh, but it is!" insisted Lord Mauleverer. "It was jolly thoughtful

an' considerate of you to kidnap me like this. Was it your own idea, begad?"

"Nunno, sir," said Joe. "We was put up to it."

"An' how much are you gettin' paid for the job?"

"A quid apiece, sir."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer. "Only a paltry quid! Scandalous! That's what I call sweated labour, begad. I should like to give you somethin' out of my own pocket for doin' me this service."

And Lord Mauleverer pulled out his wallet, and extracted a couple of Treasury notes therefrom. He handed one to Jerry, and one to Joe.

Those precious rascals were utterly flabbergasted. They could only conclude that their prisoner had taken leave of his senses. Possibly he had had a touch of the sun, and was not answerable for his actions in consequence.

This was not the first time in their chequered careers that they had played the part of kidnapers; but never had they known a prisoner to behave as their present prisoner was behaving. They stared, and they gasped, and they blinked.

Lord Mauleverer having recompensed his kind benefactors, crawled into the punt, and stretched himself out on the cushions. He waved his hand drowsily towards the kidnapers.

"Toodle-oo!" murmured Mauly. "Thanks ever so much for makin' me so comfy. This is better than a bed in the dorm at Greyfriars, 'cos there won't be anybody to chuck slippers at me, or tweak my nose, or disturb my sweet repose in any way. I shall lie here happily all day, dreamin' away the golden hours of youth."

"My heye!" gasped Jerry.

"You—you're sure there's nothin' more we can do for you, sir?" ventured Joe.

"Nothin', thanks. I shall be in dreamland almost before you've locked the door. Mind you don't leave the key in the lock, or anythin' silly like that. I don't want anybody to come along an' find me here. Yaw-aw-aw!"

Lord Mauleverer yawned prodigiously, and closed his eyes. He was serenely happy. His lot had fallen in pleasant places, after the strenuous ordeals of the last few days. This was the peace that followed pain. Heaviness had endured for a night, but joy came in the morning. And a happy smile played about Lord Mauleverer's lips as he composed himself to slumber.

As for the kidnapers, they fairly staggered out into the sunshine, and closed the door of the boathouse, and turned the key, which Jerry then slipped into his pocket.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Joe. "Jever see the like of this 'ere?"

"Never!" assented Jerry solemnly. "Master Ponsonby said as 'ow we should find the prisoner a tough customer; but there ain't nothin' tough about 'im. Soft, that's wot 'e is—soft as butter. I reckon 'e's got bats in 'is belfry, if you arsk me. 'Tork about easy money, mate! We sha'n't get a job like this agen in an 'urry."

And the two rascals shuffled off along the towing-path, more than satisfied with their morning's work and its reward.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Well Won!

COUSIN JIMMY stepped from the Head's house into the glory of the morning.

Greyfriars basked beneath a cheerful sun; the birds were carolling in the branches of the old elms; and cousin Jimmy felt that it was good to be alive.

The girl had just breakfasted, and now she had sallied out in quest of Lord Mauleverer.

Quite a number of Remove fellows were taking the air in the sunny Close. But there was no sign of his lordship.

Harry Wharton & Co. lifted their caps as cousin Jimmy stepped towards them.

"Good-morning!" she said, with a smile.

"The goodness of the esteemed and topping morning is terrific!" said Hurreo Singh. "After the wetfulness of yesterday, the sunfulness of to-day is as welcome as the Mayful flowers."

"Has anyone seen Herbert?" inquired cousin Jimmy.

There was a general shaking of heads.

"He's up," said Harry Wharton. "He got up unusually early, in fact. But I've no idea where he is. Would you like us to rout him out?"

"Thanks," said cousin Jimmy. "I want to put Herbert through his paces, and see how he shapes at long-distance running."

"Poor old Mauly!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five went into the building, and made search for Lord Mauleverer. They were half hoping that he would not be found. For by this time they felt really sorry for the slacker of the Remove. Cousin Jimmy was "piling on the agony" a little too much, they considered, in making Mauly take part in the Marathon. Making him run a mile had been all very well. Probably it had done Mauly good. But there was a vast difference between one mile and ten. A fellow had to be in first-class condition, and as hard as nails to cover such a long distance in the summer heat. It was certain that Lord Mauleverer would not be physically capable of completing the course. His previous exertions had not hurt him; but there were limits.

"If old Mauly tries to dodge the Marathon," said Bob Cherry, "I sha'n't blame him. In fact, I shall feel like aiding and abetting him."

"Same here," grunted Johnny Bull. "I think cousin Jimmy ought to leave the poor beggar in peace now. He's suffered enough."

"The question is, where has Mauly got to?" said Harry Wharton.

The schoolboy earl was not in his study. He was not in any of the studies in the Remove passage. Neither was he in the junior common-room, nor the box-room, nor the gym.

Nugent suggested that Mauly had perhaps gone back to the Remove dormitory in order to snatch "forty winks." But the dormitory was visited without result.

"He seems to have hopped it," said Bob Cherry at length. "I hope he has, for his own sake."

The Co. returned to the Close, and informed cousin Jimmy that Mauly could not be found.

"We've combed all the studies, and hunted high and low for him, but we've not seen so much as his shadow," explained Wharton.

Cousin Jimmy puckered her lips.

"Do you think he has given me the slip?" she asked.

"Shouldn't be surprised," said Nugent with a grin. "You can hardly blame him, you know. He's been through it good and proper during the last few days."

"The exercise has done him all the good in the world," said cousin Jimmy. "He's not feeling the benefit of it yet, but he will. When the sports are over, he'll feel as fit as a fiddle."

"Seriously, cousin Jimmy," said Wharton, "I shouldn't insist on Mauly running in the Marathon, if I were you. It's an awfully stiff race. Mauly hasn't the stamina for it."

"I don't agree," said cousin Jimmy. "I know Herbert well—only too well. He is utterly lazy, and I'm not going to pander to his laziness by letting him off the Marathon. Of course, I sha'n't drive him round the course like I did in the mile. He can go at his own pace—a jog-trot, if he likes. But he's going to compete."

"He's got to be found first," said Bob Cherry.

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"I'll find him!" said cousin Jimmy grimly. "He's hiding somewhere, I feel sure. But he's not going to wriggle out of it. If I have to turn the school upside-down, I'll locate him."

And cousin Jimmy strode away in search of the renegade.

She met with no more success than Harry Wharton & Co. had done. Lord Mauleverer seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Cousin Jimmy made exhaustive inquiries of the fellows, and hunted everywhere, but without result.

It was not until ten o'clock that she picked up a clue. She had not thought of interrogating Gosling, the porter; but when she caught sight of him, puffing his pipe in the doorway of his lodge she hastened towards him.

"Have you seen anything of Lord Mauleverer this morning?" she inquired.

Gosling removed his pipe, and nodded. "Yes, miss, I seed 'is lordship a-strollin' out of gates a goodish time ago."

"And he has not returned?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Thank you!" said cousin Jimmy. And she promptly hurried out of gates.

The Marathon was to start at eleven, and there was only one hour in which

to find the truant. Cousin Jimmy was determined not to let her quarry slip through her fingers. He had already given her the slip on several occasions. He must not be allowed to dodge the most important event of all—the Marathon.

Cousin Jimmy walked with masculine strides. She seemed, in fact, to bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. She explored the entire length of Friardale Lane, and then plunged into the wood, through which she stalked like a lioness in search of its prey.

From time to time she made the echoes ring with Lord Mauleverer's name. But no response greeted her repeated calls.

Meanwhile, time was flying fast. When cousin Jimmy emerged from the wood, unsuccessful, she could hear a distant clock chiming eleven.

"He has beaten me," she muttered. "The race will be starting now. But I'll go on hunting for him. And when I find him he shall have the biggest dressing-down of his life!"

It was not until midday that cousin Jimmy succeeded in running the truant to earth. Her search had taken her to the towing-path, and when she glanced at the boathouse, it occurred to her that

such a place would be an ideal retreat for her born-tired cousin.

Cousin Jimmy swooped down upon the boathouse like a she-wolf upon the fold. The door was locked. There was a tiny window, however, through which she was able to peer by standing on tiptoe.

Cousin Jimmy had a vision of Lord Mauleverer reclining at ease in the cushioned punt, slumbering peacefully.

"Herbert!"

The powerful voice of cousin Jimmy might have awakened the celebrated Seven Sleepers. But it did not awaken Lord Mauleverer. He certainly stirred in his sleep, as if vaguely conscious of the voice. But he did not open his eyes.

Cousin Jimmy rapped furiously on the window, and she shouted at the same time.

The repeated rapping and shouting at last had the desired result. Lord Mauleverer came out of his slumbers, to behold the face at the window.

"Oh gad!" was his startled exclamation.

Then he pulled out his gold watch and glanced at it, and saw that the hour was noon.

Maudy gave a gasp of relief. The Marathon would be half-way through by this time. He had escaped!

"Herbert, you rascal!" shouted cousin Jimmy. "So this is where you have been hiding all the morning? What do you mean by it? Unlock the door and let me in at once!"

"I—I can't, dear gal!" said Lord Mauleverer, with a faint grin. "I'm locked in!"

"What!"

"I've been kidnapped!" explained Maudy, raising his voice so that cousin Jimmy could hear. "Early this mornin', when takin' a stroll along the towin'-path, I was poined upon by a couple of human benefactors."

"A couple of what?" gasped cousin Jimmy.

"Human benefactors—saviours of sufferin' humanity, begad! They bundled me in here, an' locked me in."

Cousin Jimmy frowned.

"What fairy-tale is this, Herbert?"

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"It isn't a fairy-tale—though some people might consider it rather a 'Grimm' affair," he said. "I was kidnapped—honour bright! I didn't come here on my own accord, to dodge the Marathon. But I'm jolly glad to have dodged it, all the same!"

Cousin Jimmy looked amazed.

"Well, this is a queer business, and no error," she remarked. "Who were these human benefactors you babbled about? Did you bribe them beforehand to kidnap you?"

"Certainly not, dear gal. They were total strangers to me!"

"How are you going to get out?" asked cousin Jimmy.

Lord Mauleverer yawned.

"I'm in no hurry to vacate this desirable freehold residence," he said. "I think I shall call it 'River View,' and take up my abode here for ever!"

"What nonsense you talk, Herbert! You can't possibly stay here all day. Where is the key?"

"The kidnappers—I mean, the human benefactors—have gone prancin' off with it!"

"Is there a duplicate key?"

"Yaas, Gosling, the porter, has got one, I believe."

"Then I'll go and fetch it, and come and release you."

"No hurry, dear gal."

(Continued on page 23.)



Cousin Jimmy swooped down upon the boathouse like a she-wolf upon the fold. There was a tiny window through which she was able to peer by standing on tip-toe. Lord Mauleverer, reclining at ease in the punt, slumbered on peacefully. "Herbert!" exclaimed Cousin Jimmy. "You rascal!" "Oh, gad!" gasped Maudy, coming out of his slumbers with a start. (See Chapter 11.)

RIVALS! Hardly have Ferrers Locke and Montague Manners, two famous detectives, known each other for five minutes when they begin to differ on a matter of opinion. Two detectives, two theories as to who committed a certain robbery; which one is right?



A Difference of Opinion!

“WHAT?”

The monosyllable came from Lord and Lady Barling together.

“But—” began Manners mildly.

“You see,” said Ferrers Locke pleasantly, “the alarm was given in this house by your butler at five minutes to four. The clock which the burglar intended taking away with him from your room, Lord Barling, and which he dropped at the door, last registers the time as a quarter to four.”

“Which means that the burglar had finished filling his pockets, roughly, in the region of a quarter to four,” said Lord Barling.

“Or after. It really does not affect my theory,” smiled Ferrers Locke. “I am contending that Dr. Fourstanton, at least, left this house between a quarter-past three, and half-past three.”

“But why—” began Lord Barling, whilst Monty Manners looked at Ferrers Locke with a smile.

“Because Dr. Fourstanton, who was wearing clerical garments, was good enough to leave his coat behind him when he took Colonel Jameson’s grey coat,” said Ferrers Locke.

“But there was an attendant at the cloak-room all the morning,” said Lady Barling wonderingly.

“Not all the morning,” corrected Locke, with a smile. “For the footman acknowledged to leaving the cloak-room at a quarter-past three for a short time. He returned to his post two minutes before the half-hour—two minutes before Colonel Jameson called for his coat. Is that so, Colonel Jameson?”

The colonel nodded.

“The attendant was certainly there when I called—although my coat wasn’t,” he added ruefully.

There was a laugh at the old soldier’s joke.

“And you say Dr. Fourstanton left me a clerical black coat?” he asked, with a twisted smile. “Good Lord, what a change of raiment for a soldier!”

“But why should this Dr. Fourstanton leave his coat and take someone else’s?”

It was Monty Manners’ question.

The eyes of the two detectives met. Their faces were inscrutable—hard as iron.

“Simply because Dr. Fourstanton, who is a tall man, found his cleric’s coat on the small side, and had a whim to change it,” said Locke, with a smile.

The SPORTING DETECTIVE

“This is all very well,” broke in Lord Barling a trifle irritably. “But the stuff has gone from upstairs—ten thousand pounds’ worth, roughly. And we know Dr. Fourstanton helped himself to the things downstairs. Surely it is safe to assume that he took Lady Barling’s jewellery as well?”

“It is reasonable to suppose it,” answered Ferrers Locke. “But all the facts disprove it. Of course, he may have helped himself to the colonel’s coat first, and then gone back and filled his pockets—”

“But that’s expecting too much from a clever scoundrel like this Dr. Fourstanton,” broke in Lady Barling. “Far too risky!”

“Exactly, madam,” said Ferrers

WHAT’S GONE BEFORE.

The story opens with the escape from Parkhurst Prison of Dr. Fourstanton, a notorious motor-bandit who was brought to justice by Jack Drake, the boy assistant of the world-famous detective, Ferrers Locke.

The escaped convict helps himself to a vicar’s suit of clothes, and makes his way over to Southampton in a motor-boat. From there he travels to London in company with Randolph Chertsey, a nephew of Lord Justice Barling, who sentenced Fourstanton to seven years’ penal servitude.

The famous old judge is celebrating his sixtieth birthday at his home in Eaton Square, when Chertsey and his “reverend” friend arrive. But the “Rev. Worsfold” has hardly been in the place half an hour when he declares his identity. By a clever ruse Lord Barling is made prisoner in his own safe, after Fourstanton has helped himself to a bundle of negotiable stocks and shares from it, and Randolph Chertsey is rendered unconscious. Then, while the revellers in the ball-room are enjoying themselves, Dr. Fourstanton fills his pockets and makes himself scarce. It is discovered some time afterwards that ten thousand pounds’ worth of jewellery has been stolen from the rooms upstairs.

Ferrers Locke receives a telephone message from Lady Barling asking him to get on the track of the man who has robbed her. Locke hastens to Eaton Square, where he meets, for the first time, Montague Manners, the great amateur cricketer and Society idol, who has taken up detective work, and whose wonderful successes in this direction are the talk of London.

Manners, who has been engaged by Lord Barling, declares that Dr. Fourstanton, after having made Lord Barling and Randolph Chertsey prisoners, calmly went over the upper rooms of the house and helped himself to Lady Barling’s jewellery. Ferrers Locke thinks differently.

“My theory is,” he says, “that Dr. Fourstanton had absolutely nothing to do with this robbery at all. He certainly hasn’t been in any of the rooms upstairs. Of that I am positive!”

(Now read on.)



Locke. “He would not be so foolish as to do that. Besides, he took away with him a small fortune in the shape of negotiable securities and his lordship’s wad of banknotes. Also, you must remember he took your nephew’s car—or, rather, it took him. He had made a good haul without running the additional risk of being caught red-handed upstairs. If he had left the house after half-past three the attendant at the cloak-room would have seen him, would have heard the car start up; for the room gives a view of anyone passing in and out of the door. The attendant saw the ‘vicar’ come in, but he swears he never saw him leave.”

“Then what if he made his exit by the back entrance,” chimed in Monty Manners, eyeing a curl of tobacco smoke contemplatively.

“But why should he do that?” asked Locke, turning on his rival sharply. “The man was admitted as a reverend gentleman. Until his lordship here or his nephew were rescued it was perfectly safe for the reverend gentleman to leave. No one would have questioned his going.”

“I agree with you an’ all that,” said Manners languidly. “But how do you account for this?”

He drew from his pocket the remains of a cigar, which still felt warm to the touch, and handed it to Ferrers Locke.

The detective looked at it closely.

“Where did you find it?” he asked sharply.

“On the back staircase, by the window,” returned Manners, eyeing Locke with a smile that irritated him considerably. “And, for your edification, let me inform you that that particular brand of cigars is kept in Lord Barling’s study—the room where Fourstanton made his lordship a prisoner—and in no other room.”

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"That is so," said Lord Barling, coming to the rescue. "The only person I gave a cigar to-night of that particular brand was Dr. Fourstanton."

"Hum!" Locke for a moment was taken aback. Still, facts were facts, and all the facts pointed to Fourstanton's having left the house by the main door.

"Well?" queried Manners; and there was a trace of eagerness in his voice.

"I respect your theory," said Locke quietly; "but I persist in regarding my own as the true one. The man had no motive for leaving the house like a thief—even though he was one."

"That's a strong point, certainly," said Lord Barling. "It all boils down to this, then, that while Dr. Fourstanton was speeding off in Randolph's car some other member of the burgling fraternity was helping himself."

"That is my theory," said Ferrers Locke quietly.

"And what do you think, Monty?" asked Lady Barling slyly.

"I respectfully wish to disagree with my learned friend," answered Monty Manners, with an enigmatical smile.

Again the eyes of the two detectives met. Again that same hard, inscrutable glance, as if the one were trying to pierce the mask of the other in order to judge his merits.

There was an awkward silence.

Lady Barling broke it.

"Come, come, Mr. Locke," she said lightly, "you have something up your sleeve—I can see it by your face. Who did break in?"

"That, madam," said Locke quietly, "remains to be seen."

The "Elderly" Gentleman!

"THAT will do, Mostyn!"

Montague Manners settled himself comfortably in the deep red leather armchair before the fire in his sitting-room and waved a dismissal to his butler-valet as that silent-footed individual moved backwards and forwards across the carpeted floor, putting things to rights.

"Very good, sir," said Mostyn, and there seemed to be an ironical inflection in his voice as he stood to attention.

"Good-night, Mostyn!"

The butler-valet ignored the "hint." He padded across to his master, and looked down upon him.

"I have filed to-day's newspaper cuttings, sir," he said.

"Yes, yes!"—irritably. "Thank you, Mostyn!"

"And it gives me satisfaction to note how well the Press is taking to you, sir," continued the butler. "Only two days after that robbery at Eaton Square and you've recovered the loot. It's wonderful! It thrills me!"

"I'm glad it does that, Mostyn!" There was a distinct touch of sarcasm in Manners' tone now.

"Yes, sir. And if I might be permitted to say so, I should advise you to entertain a few Press representatives and — and explain your — hum — methods —"

Montague Manners sat bolt upright in his chair.

"Many thanks for the suggestion, my dear fellow!" he said, with crushing sarcasm. "But I have repeatedly told you that you are not employed to think. You are a butler-valet—a deuced good fellow, an' all that, but a servant—"

A glint of anger shone in the blue eyes of Mostyn for a fleeting second. But he controlled it with an effort, turned swiftly upon his heel and withdrew as silently as a ghost.

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Montague Manners watched him go, an enigmatical smile upon his handsome features.

"Wonderful how he gets about for a man of sixty-odd years!" he muttered to himself. "He's a living example of fitness, an' all that. But"—he chewed the end of his cigar savagely—"he must not forget his place!"

He sank again into the comfort of the armchair, and pulled away at his cigar for a few minutes. Suddenly he rose, stretched himself, and then walked over to the telephone. He was about to lift the receiver when his eyes strayed to the silver cabinet in the far corner of the room.

Slowly a smile spread over his face—a mischievous smile, that made his twenty-eight odd years fall away like a cloak, revealing the happy-go-lucky expression of a youngster about to do something clever.

He strolled across to the cabinet and opened the door. From within he took a number of jewel-cases. With deliberate care he opened each one, and placed it on the carved oak table. As the light fell upon the contents of the cases he chuckled.

"Lady Barling will have to eat her words," he ruminated. "I've put it across this fellow Locke first go off. Deuced clever fellow, Locke, an' all that. Deuced clever! But he'll have to admit himself beaten, despite his excellent theory. Whether Fourstanton had the loot or not, makes no difference; I've cornered the sparklers, and saved the insurance company a pretty penny!"

He gazed long and earnestly at the tempting array of pearl necklaces, diamond-studded pendants and bangles that formed the contents of the cases, and finally rubbed his hands as if coming to a definite decision concerning them.

"I'll ask Locke to come over and see them." The words fell from his lips as he picked up the telephone and called the world-famous detective's number.

He was through in a moment.

"Hallo, that you, Mr. Locke? Manners this end. Would you do me the favour of a visit? I've got something really interesting to show you. You'll come over right away? Good man! Cheerio!"

He replaced the receiver on the hooks and chuckled. Then he snapped home the catches of the jewel-cases, and returned them to the cabinet.

"Deuced clever fellow, Locke!" he muttered, again sinking into the armchair. "Deuced clever!"

For some minutes he remained deep in thought, until the whir of the door-bell broke in upon his reflections.

"He's here thundering quickly!" was Manners' unspoken thought as he rose to his feet. And aloud: "All right, Mostyn, don't you trouble! I'll open the door!"

Mostyn, on his way to admit the visitor, beat a hasty retreat, while Manners walked the length of the passage.

"By Jove, you did get a move on, Locke — Why, who—what—"

Manners' cheery greeting died away in his throat as he threw open the hall door. For framed in the aperture was the figure of an elderly gentleman, bent over a walking-stick, who certainly bore no likeness to Ferrers Locke.

"You are Mr. Montague Manners," the inquiry came in wheezy tones, pitched in a high key—"the detective?"

"I am, my dear sir," answered Manners, eyeing his visitor shrewdly. "But I have not the honour of—"

"Ah!" gasped the elderly gentleman, breaking in unceremoniously, "my name is Wurzle—Benjamin Ephraim Wurzle."

"Indeed, Mr. Wurzle—Mr. Benjamin Ephraim Wurzle," said Manners coldly, almost rudely, "to what do I owe the honour of this—ahem!—visit?"

"Beeziness!" came the wheezy reply. "Very important beeziness, my dear sir!"

"Really!" expostulated Manners irritably. "Eleven o'clock at night is hardly the time to talk of business."

"My apologies on that score," wheezed the visitor, inserting himself into the passage. "But the matter is extremely urgent. I beg of you, Mr. Manners, to give me a hearing."

There was an air of gravity and earnestness about the visitor that found a soft chord amidst Manners' irritation. He beckoned the man to enter without further ado, closed the hall door, and led the way to his sitting-room.

"Take a seat!"

He indicated the armchair with a wave of the hand, and chose to remain standing himself what time he took stock of his visitor.

Mr. Benjamin Wurzle was an elderly gentleman well on the "seventy" line.

His once tall figure was bent and shrunken in appearance, his skin was the colour of parchment, his eyes deep-set and bright. He was dressed in an old-fashioned frock-coat that had once been black, but now showed distinct signs of age, by reason of the greenish tints in the material. He sported a Byron collar with a huge cravat, and, strangely enough, there dazzled from his tawdry buttonhole an orchid of extreme rarity.

Manners found himself paying more attention to the orchid and wondering why its wearer should be sporting it at that unearthly hour than to the man himself, which was, perhaps, exactly what the visitor most wished for.

For some few minutes Mr. Wurzle reclined in the armchair, drawing in deep gulps of air, after the manner of an old gentleman whose wind was sadly impaired. Then he cleared his throat and started to speak.

"I am terribly worried, Mr. Manners—" he began, and his voice trembled in his eagerness and anxiety. "But, tell me, are we quite alone?"

"There is no one to overhear our conversation," smiled Manners, sitting on the edge of the table and idly swinging his leg. "My butler has retired. But without wishing to appear rude, I must inform you that I am expecting a friend of mine within the next few minutes—"

"Therefore, you would wish me to get my business over as swiftly as possible—eh?"

"Exactly!"

Manners smiled gratefully at the thoughtfulness of his visitor.

"I will lose no time. I am very worried, as I have said, because my son has been arrested on a charge of burglary—" he began.

"Your son?"

"Yes, yes. He is absolutely innocent, I do assure you, Mr. Manners!" went on the visitor hurriedly. "There is a whole heap of evidence against him—circumstantial evidence. But I am his father, and I believe that he is innocent. You see this ring"—the visitor suddenly fumbled in his pocket and withdrew a gold ring set with a glittering diamond—

"this is one of the many articles of value he is accused of stealing. He had no time to tell the story of this ring, but he managed to say before the police took him away that the ring would prove his innocence—"

He broke off and handed the ring to Montague Manners. In his agitation he clasped the detective's hand with the ring safely inside it, almost frenziedly.



"Young hooligan!" roared Dr. Fourstanton. "Take that!" "That" was a savage blow from the walking-stick. It took Ferrers Locke by surprise, catching him across the shoulders with a resounding whack. (See page 24.)

Deeply interested in the strange story his visitor had set forth, Manners took the ring and examined it carefully, running his hands over every portion of it. Then after a silence of a few seconds, during which time he naturally enough failed to see the malicious glance his visitor gave him, he handed it back. As his slim hand was extended with the ring glittering like a live thing in the palm, Manners noticed a tiny speck of crimson on his first finger.

"Jolly sharp edge to that diamond," he remarked, wiping the speck of crimson from his finger. "Deuced sharp—"

"Yes, yes. I should have warned you of that," smiled the visitor, whose anxiety had passed. "But do you find anything unusual in that ring, Mr. Manners?"

"Blessed if I do," said the detective frankly. "But if it is one of the articles your son is accused of stealing, how comes it to be in your possession?"

"Ah!" The exclamation came sharp as a knife edge. Mr. Wurzle seemed to be a different being now. "That is neither here nor there, Mr. Montague Manners. I don't think that it really concerns us, my dear sir."

With eyes dilated in amazement, Manners watched his visitor stand upright, saw that the bent back was no longer bent—that his visitor stood over

six feet in height, that his apparent age was no longer apparent.

Mr. Wurzle, in other words, was not Mr. Wurzle!

All this the detective saw, and yet was powerless to question it. His throat seemed to be terribly dry, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, his strength and power of movement things of the past.

Mr. Benjamin Wurzle laughed—harshly.

"You poor fool," he muttered thickly, and his voice was no longer high-pitched and wheezy. It was the voice of a determined, stick-at-nothing man. "You call yourself a detective, and yet you fall into so simple a trap. That ring is worse than a hundred snake bites put together. There are twenty tiny points raised upon it—so tiny as to be scarcely discernible—and each point carries enough poison to put a man out for keeps. The diamond, too, is cut as sharp as a razor blade. The slightest pressure upon it will break the skin. When that happens and the poison enters the blood channels—all is up!"

Manners felt his blood run cold; he tried to speak, to stand upright, but all to no avail. He might have been carved out of stone, for what power of movement there was left to him. And yet his hearing, his sight remained unaltered—that was the torture of it. He was

obliged to sit where he was on the edge of the table, able to see the man who had tricked him and his every movement, able also to hear the words that flowed from his lips and yet powerless to resist. It was horrible, uncanny.

"I am sorry to inconvenience you so!" hissed the visitor. "But it was really necessary. But before I proceed any further, let me reintroduce myself. My name is Fourstanton—Dr. Fourstanton, the man who you have led the police to understand was responsible for the theft of Lady Barling's jewellery!"

Montague Manners' eyes opened wider than ever.

"I have been accused of a few things in my time," went on Fourstanton, enjoying the situation. "But really, my dear sir, I object to receiving credit for a thing I haven't done. I did not steal her ladyship's jewellery—and you ought to know it. As, however, I have had all the kudos without the goods, I am going to see that you rectify the mistake. In short, I'm going to help myself to your collection of silver of which I've heard such a lot!"

He paused, and his eyes roved the sitting-room appraisingly.

"I will square the account as it were. Before I leave here I'll be sporty enough to administer to you the only antidote that will counteract the poison now
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coursing through your veins." He laughed. "You will be able to tell your Press friends what a narrow escape from death you have had. That will do you a power of good—excellent publicity, is it not?"

Montague Manners was powerless to take part in this one-sided conversation. Pluck he had in plenty, but, even so, he wondered more than once whether the arch-scoundrel before him would leave him to die, or whether he would fulfil his promise and administer the antidote. Fourstanton seemed to read something of what was passing in his victim's mind. He laughed cruelly, harshly.

"Have no fear," he said. "The poison is a rare one—very rare and unknown to modern science. It does what lack of oxygen in the air would do—keeps one dreamily alive but incapable of any movement. But I've given you my word—you shall have the antidote before I leave."

He crossed the room as he spoke, and gently turned the key in the door. Next he proceeded to help himself to some wonderful pieces of antique silverware that graced the numerous pedestals and tiny cabinets in the room. Finally he came to the large cabinet wherein reposed the jewel-cases.

"This is a surprise!"

His deep-set eyes glittered with triumph and satisfaction as he handled the cases and examined their contents.

"Why, this is Lady Barling's little lot!" he remarked, walking back to Manners. "The very stuff I've been accused of taking. Poetic justice with a vengeance!" He calmly pocketed the various cases, together with every other article of value that came to hand. Then he recrossed the room and stood gazing down at Manners meditatively.

"I'd better fix you up before I give you the antidote," he muttered, "or you might make things unpleasant for me. Sorry, my dear fellow, and all that—"

Stooping, he picked the half-inanimate form of Manners from the edge of the table, and dumped him in the chair. Then he proceeded to bind him securely.

That done, he took from his pocket a small glass receptacle which contained a hypodermic syringe. Carefully, as if he might have been a medical practitioner going about his business of healing, Fourstanton steeped the point of the needle in the antiseptic lotion at the base of the glass receptacle to ensure its being clean, and then lightly but dexterously injected the contents of the needle in Manners' bare forearm.

Very few seconds elapsed before Manners began to feel the result of that injection. It seemed to put new life into him almost as quickly as the poison had taken life away.

One look Dr. Fourstanton gave his prisoner before reaching for his stick. Then he made his way over to the door. The key turned softly in the lock, as softly the door opened, and the arch-scoundrel passed out. He hurried noiselessly along the passage without encountering any opposition. Then, just as he swung open the door and moved out on to the topmost step, he collided with a figure hurrying from the opposite direction.

"What the thunder—"

"Who the deuce—"

The two ejaculations were uttered simultaneously, eloquent of anger and surprise. But the moment Dr. Fourstanton recovered from the first shock, he felt another shock run through his whole being, for he recognised in the voice of the man he had collided with, Ferrers Locke, the detective.

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Luckily for Fourstanton the night was dark, or his expression of fear, brief though it was, would have made the celebrated sleuth more than curious. As it was, Dr. Fourstanton reassumed the role of Mr. Wurze—bent of back, old—very old and irritable.

"Why are you not more careful?" he demanded querulously, and he waved his walking-stick to give his words a greater emphasis. "Rushing about like a young hooligan!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke coldly. "I think the fault of our unhappy meeting lies evenly between us!"

"Young hooligan!" Dr. Fourstanton was beginning to enjoy himself. "Dashed careless! Take that!"

"That" was a savage blow from the walking-stick. It took Ferrers Locke by surprise, catching him across the shoulders with a resounding whack!

"That'll teach you better manners!" exclaimed the "elderly" gentleman, and, without wishing to pursue his advantage, he stamped off, muttering under his breath.

For the moment a deep anger consumed Ferrers Locke—there was a nasty, tingling sensation across his shoulders where the walking-stick had landed, and he was for going after this warlike old gentleman and giving him a piece of his mind. But there was a certain humour in the situation that appealed to him and solaced his resentment. After all, the man was old—and old men are noted for their irritability.

"Dashed fine greeting the first time I visit Manners' flat," muttered Locke, as he pressed the door-bell. "I shall have to find out who his grumpy friend is. Gee, he's got a powerful arm, although he is an old 'un!"

Had Ferrers Locke known how near he had been to Dr. Fourstanton, the escaped convict, he would have felt like kicking himself. As it was, he smiled rather grimly and pressed the door-bell for the second time.

Friends!

MOSTYN hurried along the passage and opened the door. He was about to ask the visitor his name, when, from the region of the sitting-room, came a loud voice, vibrant with anger.

"Mostyn—you fool! Mostyn—"

"Something wrong by the sound of it," remarked Ferrers Locke. "It's all right, my man—you go on! Your master is expecting me—"

Mostyn turned on his heel and hurried back to the sitting-room. At his heels, in more leisurely fashion, went Ferrers Locke.

"Good heavens, sir!"

That was the ejaculation Mostyn gave utterance to as he looked in at the door of the sitting-room. Ferrers Locke, drawing nearer every moment, wondered what was taking place. Manners' flat, and all about it, seemed an unusual place. He reached the door of the sitting-room in time to see Mostyn bound across the floor and feverishly commence to free his master of his bonds.

"Good lor!" The exclamation came from Ferrers Locke this time. Then, with a bound, he, too, reached the side of Montague Manners and took charge of the situation. Out came Locke's pocket-knife. Three or four deft slashes and Manners, feeling and looking humiliated, was standing upright.

"Who the thump fixed you up like that?" asked Ferrers Locke.

"Fourstanton—"

"Fourstanton?" echoed Locke, in amazement. And then, as the truth burst upon him, "You don't mean to

tell me that the fellow I bumped into outside was Fourstanton?"

"Dressed in a dingy frock-coat, stumbles along on a stick, high-pitched voice—" began Manners.

"That's the merchant. Well, I'm jiggered! The fellow had the audacity to lay his stick across my shoulders!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Monty Manners burst into a laugh. His discomfiture had lost some of its sting now that he knew Locke himself had been taken in and badly treated by the same scoundrel who had half-killed him and robbed him so easily.

He thereupon explained the events of the last twenty minutes, much to Locke's surprise, and Manners went up in that worthy's estimation by leaps and bounds as he touched lightly upon his escape from death.

"Jove, what a narrow escape!" said Locke. "You're a cool card, Manners!"

Mostyn, listening to the two detectives' remarks, looked on in amazement, for he knew nothing of Fourstanton's visit, not having admitted him. Manners, suddenly realising that his butler was present, curtly dismissed him.

Then, shrugging his shoulders, like a man does who has passed more or less unscathed through a dangerous ordeal, he drew up a chair and invited his visitor to be seated.

Ferrers Locke made himself comfortable, what time his host poured him out a glass of refreshment and offered him a Havana. That done the two detectives sat eyeing each other through the smoke-wreaths—stunning each other up.

"Well," said Ferrers Locke at last. "And what was it, Manners, you had to show me?"

"Oh! Ah!" Manners' confusion was obvious. He hardly liked to admit that he had asked Locke over to his rooms to show him the recovered booty, and to enjoy a petty triumph, especially as the booty had again been "lifted." And, after all, he reasoned, it would serve no purpose to admit those unpleasant facts. Far better let his visitor imagine that Lady Barling's jewellery was still in the hands of the thief who had broken into her room rather than he should know that it had been stolen for the second time from the very room in which he was now sitting.

"Well?" There was an amused smile on Locke's face as he repeated the query.

Manners' fertile imagination came to his aid.

"I feel a trifle small, old man, an' all that, in having to admit that the very article I wanted to show you—and to ask your advice upon—has been carted off by my late visitor."

"Fourstanton?"

"Yes! The scoundrel's cleaned the whole place out!"

"But why on earth should Dr. Fourstanton come here?" asked Locke sharply.

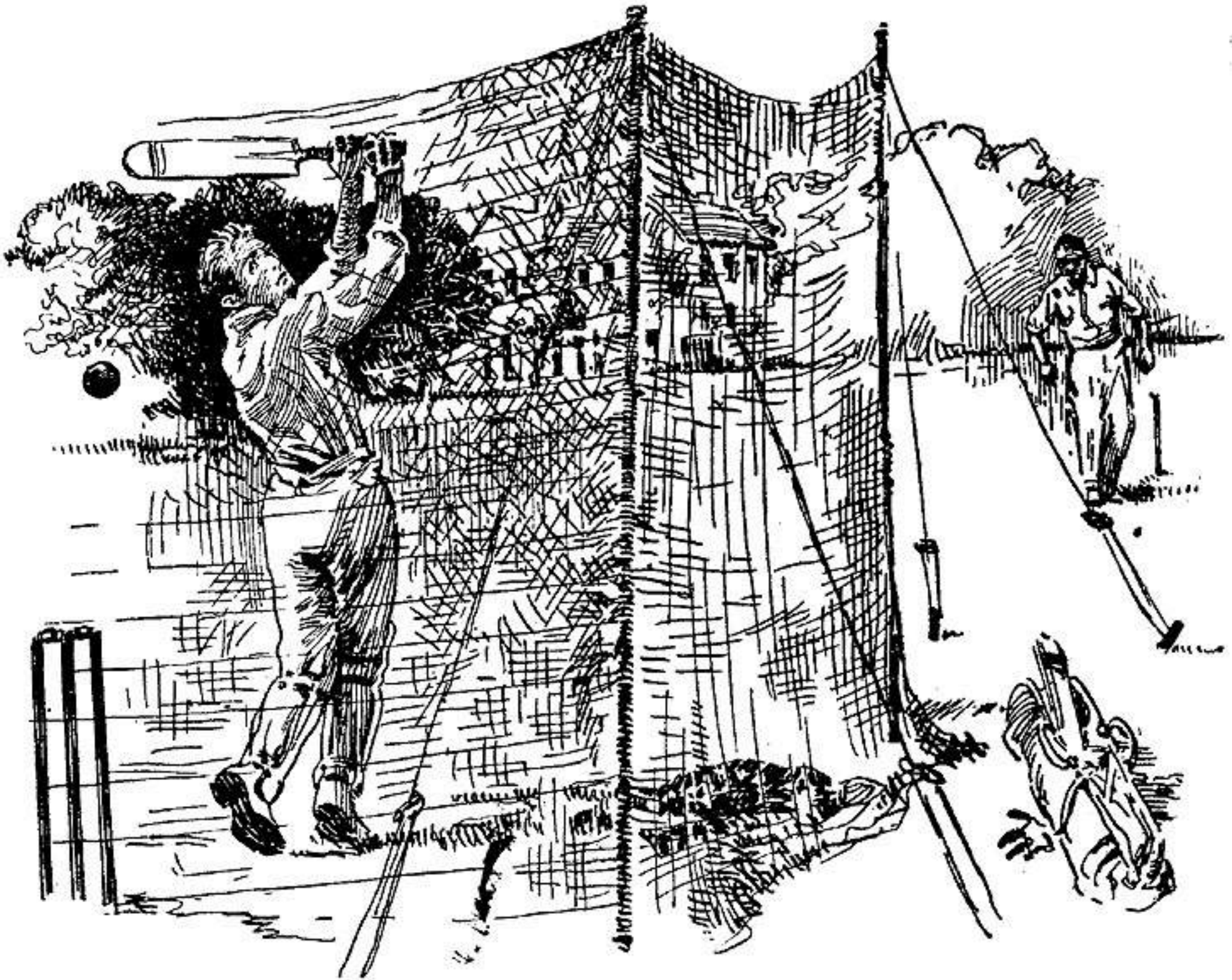
"A little play-acting on his part," smiled Manners, feeling more assured of his ground. "Got the needle because the papers have it that he was responsible for the theft of Lady Barling's jewellery."

"Ah! And he denied the imputation, of course?"

Monty Manners swallowed something in his throat.

"Yes, the villain said that as he had received the credit for something he hadn't done, he thought it would be only fitting to balance up the account. So he promptly helped himself to my collection of antique silver."

"Just like Fourstanton!" chuckled Ferrers Locke. "He was always an 'honest' scoundrel!"



The ball pitched down within a foot of the crease, Locke's eagle eye upon it. Smack! He opened his shoulders, timed his drive, as he thought, to a nicety, and had the mortification of seeing that "simple" ball run up his bat like a live thing. "You're hot stuff, Monty!" said Locke. (See page 26.)

"Too deuced honest!" grunted Manners, and an angry light shot in his pale blue eyes. "But he's making me eat humble pie, too, in having to admit to you, old scout, that yours was the right theory."

"Tut, tut!" smiled Locke easily. "We all make mistakes. What we've got to do is to find out where that jewellery is now!"

Again Manners swallowed something in his throat. Not for all the wealth in the kingdom would he tell Locke where that jewellery had gone. Pride played a prominent part in Monty Manners' make-up. He would not even tell Locke how he had recovered the booty in the first place, for there was a secretive strain in his character also.

"Ye-es," he made answer.

"The devil of it all," said Locke, pulling away contentedly at his Havana, "is that the scoundrel who helped himself at Barling's place left no sign of a clue behind him except that half-burnt cigar. A difficult case—very. And yet there's more personal satisfaction in solving one difficult case than a hundred easy ones. You have formed no fresh theories, Manners?"

"Not one—absolutely off the track," smiled Manners, who had now recovered his composure. "I'm going to keep off Barling's case for a bit," he added, "and get after that rogue Fourstanton!"

"I wish you luck!" smiled Locke.

"He's a regular terror—fearless, and deuced clever with it—a master-criminal."

"Yes; I should imagine so!" said Manners ruefully.

The subject of crime and its leading exponent was dropped, and conversation turned on cricket, at which game Monty Manners excelled to perfection.

"So you're playing at Lord Thunderleigh's place to-morrow?" said Locke.

"Yes. Opening of his lordship's cricket week," explained Monty. "Why don't you come down, old man?"

"I am not so sure that I sha'n't seize the opportunity of a holiday," said Locke. "I'm very keen on cricket."

"Hang me, then you shall play!" exclaimed Manners suddenly. "I could fix it with Thundersleigh—he'd be delighted to have you in his side."

Locke laughed.

"Afraid I shouldn't be much use at the game these days," he answered, and yet there was an air of longing in the words that filled Manners with a resolve to satisfy it.

"Rot!" he retorted lightly. "Why, Greyfriars talks even now of the cricket prowess of Ferrers Locke!"

"Now you're flattering," retorted Locke. "And in our profession, Manners, we don't ladle out flattery."

"Bless the profession! Blow the profession! You're playing on our side

to-morrow, or I'll swallow my cricket-bat!"

Both the detectives laughed, and the subject of Locke's inclusion in the team was dropped, although Manners had made up his mind to have his way. They sat talking and smoking until the small hours. The reserve between them so noticeable on their first meeting had dropped like a cloak. In its place had sprung a mutual regard that seemed likely to develop into a solid friendship.

Locke took his leave in the region of one o'clock. He strode out sharply in the direction of Baker Street, laughing to himself occasionally at the thought of his playing cricket on the morrow, for Manners had extracted a promise from him that he would play.

"Splendid fellow!" ruminated Ferrers Locke as he walked along. "I like him immensely."

In Monty Manners' flat the subject of Locke's flattering remarks was indulging in his final smoke—his nightcap, as he himself would have expressed it.

"Thundering good chap," muttered Manners, staring thoughtfully into the fire. "Locke an' I ought to hit it off. Ripping fellow—an' deuced clever."

The friendship had started, the first stone had been laid. But before that friendship was destined to be under way for any length of time, events were to happen that would test the solidity of any friendship.

The Message!

THE fine old Georgian mansion that sheltered Lord Thundersleigh, the patron of British sport, basked in the radiance of a real summer's sunshine. The birds twittered their contentment, the trees, alive with their wondrous tints of green, bowed gracefully and gratefully as a gentle wind stirred their depths.

Around the old house was an air of splendour and quietude that was soon to be broken as car after car drew up alongside the massive steps of the portico and deposited its burden.

Cricket week had opened, and with it came the elite of the social world.

Lord Thundersleigh himself, a fine specimen of elderly English manhood, stood in the hall to receive his guests, finding a cheery smile and a freshly-worded greeting for each as he shook hands with them.

True to his word, Manners had wired his lordship that he had found a new man for the "House" eleven, and no one was more pleased than Lord Thundersleigh himself to see Ferrers Locke's bronzed features amongst his players.

"Deuced glad to have you with us, Locke," said his lordship, as he pumped the great detective's hand heartily.

"It's nice of you to say so," said Locke. "But I'm afraid that my cricketering days are over."

"Tosh!"

His lordship's reply was brief and expressive.

"Let's have a bit of practice at the nets," suggested Monty Manners. "The match doesn't start for an hour yet—you'll get your hand in, old man."

"Good idea!" returned Locke, with a smile.

The two detectives linked arms and walked into a room specially set aside for changing. Lord Thundersleigh gazed after them admiringly.

"Thundering good fellows—both of them," he muttered. "They make a fine pair."

Inside ten minutes Locke and Monty Manners were attired in their flannels and blazers. Bats under their arms, they strolled out of the house and wandered over to the cricket pitch.

Monty tested the quality of the turf as he went along.

"Just fine," was his comment. "Not too dry—not too stodgy. We shall give the village crowd a good run for their money."

"Village? But I thought you said there were several professional cricketers in the opposing eleven?" said Locke.

"So there are," smiled Manners. "The team's always called the village eleven, for all that. Let me see, there's Washburn, Stacey, and Murdock—all county players. But I believe they were born and bred in this delightful spot. They turn out every year for this match, anyway."

The detectives drew to a halt as they came on the portion of ground set aside for practice. A net was erected in readiness, a crease had been marked out.

"In you go, old nut," said Monty Manners, indicating the wicket to his companion. "I'll send down a few to you."

Ferrers Locke took his stand at the wicket. He felt all his old confidence returning as he handled the willow. He was eager for the first ball.

It came—a simple looking ball with a sudden break in from the leg side that

all but cost Locke his bails. He "stonewalled" it just in time, and grimaced.

"Very near thing!" he exclaimed to Manners. "Try it again!"

Manners tried it again—on the off side of the wicket this time. The ball pitched down within a foot of the crease, Locke's eagle eye upon it. Then—

Smack!

He opened his shoulders, timed his drive to a nicety, as he thought, and had the mortification of seeing that "simple" ball run up his bat like a live thing. Had there been a wicket-keeper behind the sticks, he would undoubtedly have caught the ball, and the inevitable "how's that?" would have followed.

"You're hot stuff," said Locke. "Still, I'm getting wise to that break. Try again."

With an easy run Monty Manners sent down the third ball. This time Locke made no mistake. He went out at it, his bat meeting the leather at the precise moment it came off the ground.

"Played, sir!" Monty Manners made no attempt to conceal his admiration. The ball went into the "country," where a couple of village youths were stationed.

Locke played himself in after that. Try as he might, Monty Manners could make no impression on his companion's wicket. After four overs he gave it up.

"And you say you can't play cricket!" he exclaimed admiringly, as Locke doffed the pads. "Jove, do that in the match, old bean, and you'll break the bowlers' hearts!"

Locke turned the compliment aside by picking up a ball and motioning to Manners to take a turn with the bat.

It was almost a repetition of Locke's performance with, perhaps, more style and finesse in Manners' handling of the willow. All sorts of balls Locke sent down, for he had been accounted an excellent cricketer in his day; but they were played with all the confidence and style of a Hobbs.

Manners was superb—a born craftsman with the willow.

Lord Thundersleigh and a few of the team strolled down to the pitch and looked on interestedly.

"Useful man," was his lordship's comment as he watched Ferrers Locke at work. "I've a good mind—" He broke off, apparently lost in thought. "Hanged if I don't!"

Lord Thundersleigh chuckled. He was evidently smitten with his idea, whatever it was.

The hour went by, and the village team arrived. A burst of sunshine lit up the ground, making the conditions as near ideal for the coming tussle as could be expected. Crowds began to assemble as the two captains—Lord Thundersleigh and Bertram Washburn—"called the coin."

His lordship won the toss and elected to bat first.

"Monty, I want you and Locke to open our innings," he said. "I've an idea that it will make a splendid combination. What do you think?"

"I've more respect for your headpiece

now than I ever had," said Monty, laughing. "Ripping notion."

"Be off with you, then!"

A great cheer went up from the assembled crowd as Ferrers Locke and Montague Manners, both of the same profession, walked out to the wicket. They looked an ideal pair, each carrying with him that confidence so well looked for and needed in the opening pair.

A hush fell on the crowd as the umpire signalled to the bowler to open the innings. Locke had the bowling. Truth to tell, he was experiencing a slight feeling of nerves, although it passed in a flash as the bowler hopped into his run.

There was a sharp cracking sound as bat met ball, and then a vociferous cheer. Away to leg flashed the ball no more than a foot above the ground. The batsmen ran a three—a proceeding that now gave Manners the bowling.

It was a good beginning. It steadied Ferrers Locke, gave him back that old confidence he had always felt with the bat. And Manners' cheery applause as he crossed him between the creases was extremely gratifying.

Another tense pause as the bowler sent down his second ball of the over—another outburst of cheering as Manners was seen to cut the leather with a perfect stroke.

A boundary!

"Played, sir!"

From the first over the two detectives scored thirteen, the so-called unlucky number. But Locke soon put the kybosh on that superstition with a beautiful drive that added another four runs.

Lord Thundersleigh rubbed his hands with satisfaction. His "great idea" was bearing fruit.

"I'd be willing to wager that these two fellows carry out their bats," he confided to Sir Ernest Paytree. "They're getting set."

Sir Ernest grimaced a trifle, for he was seventh wicket down on the list, and was rather anxious to show Lord Thundersleigh that his abilities had not been appreciated to the full. Still, he was a sportsman at heart, and no voice was louder in its praise when Monty Manners brought the score to fifty.

"There's no touching them, y'know!" he drawled. "Bai Jove, there goes that fellah Locke again!"

The great detective was making hay of the bowling now. Every ball was treated alike, every bowler came on with grim determination to "get" a wicket, only to have all his determination "knocked into the country."

The two detectives were set.

The hundred was reached just within the hour, Locke's contribution being forty-five against Manners' fifty-five.

At 50 Locke gave cover-point a "stinger" to catch; but cover fumbled, and the crowd breathed again freely—likewise Locke himself. After that the detective left most of the scoring to his partner, the while he himself recuperated. Steadily the score mounted until, at the luncheon interval, the first-wicket partnership, still unbroken, had produced 175 runs.

Manners wanted eight for his century—a fact not lost sight of by the spectators as he came off as cool, calm, and unruffled as when he had strolled to the wickets two and a half hours previously.

As they neared the pavilion Locke and Manners simultaneously gripped hands. "Played, Monty!"

(Continued at the foot of page 27.)

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THE SPORTING DETECTIVE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Played, old fruit!"

The detectives walked into lunch the best of friends, the recipients of a stream of congratulations from the members of both teams. And then, in the midst of the jollity, came what was to prove a bombshell. A servant informed Ferrers Locke that he was wanted on the phone.

Excusing himself, the world-famous sleuth left the marquee and entered the house, wondering greatly who it was phoning him. He picked up the receiver a trifle crossly.

"Yes? Hallo, hallo! Who's speaking?"

He gasped with surprise, and almost dropped the receiver in his agitation at the reply hummed across the wires:

"Dr. Fourstanton!"

"What?" gasped Locke. "Why—"

"I am speaking from London," came the sibilant voice again. "I have just been round to your rooms—"

"You scoundrel!"

"To pay off an old score," went on Fourstanton's voice unheedingly. "Your puppy of an assistant sent me to a living death, from which I have been fortunate enough to escape. But there is no escape for him!"

Locke felt his blood run cold. His voice was husky and emotional as he spoke again.

"What do you mean, you villain?"

"I mean, that Jack Drake is a prisoner in your chambers, and that the whole place will go sky-high within five minutes. Thought you'd like to know!"

"You incarnate scoundrel!" hissed Ferrers Locke. "You—"

There came a mocking laugh from the other end of the wires—then silence. Dr. Fourstanton had rung off.

(What will Ferrers Locke do? How can he help young Jack Drake when close on seventy miles lies between them? These questions are answered in next week's fine instalment. Don't miss it, boys.)

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SPORTS WEEK AT GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from page 20.)

Cousin Jimmy frowned at Lord Mauleverer as he turned over and went to sleep again. Then she hurried off to Greyfriars to fetch the key.

Lord Mauleverer obtained his release just in time to witness the finish of the Marathon race. And a thrilling finish it was.

But when Mauly caught sight of the weary, bedraggled figures of the two leading runners, Bob Cherry and Mark Linley, he thanked his lucky stars that he had escaped the Marathon.

Bob and his chum were slowly approaching the school gates, where a great crowd was gathered to see the finish.

Slowly indeed they came, stumbling over the dusty road, their weary eyes fixed steadily on the goal ahead of them.

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley were fighting out the finish between themselves. So it seemed, anyway.

But presently a third figure came into view. He was much fresher than the other two. Indeed, he was running strongly, intent on overhauling them before they could reach the tape.

There was a roar from the crowd.

"Smithy!"
"Good old Smithy!"
"Can he—will he do it?"

It seemed that Vernon-Smith had left his final spurt until too late, for Bob Cherry and Mark Linley were almost home now. But Smithy came on, quickening his stride, straining muscle and nerve and sinew to overtake his rivals.

"He'll just about do it!" murmured cousin Jimmy.

Lord Mauleverer said nothing. His eyes were fixed, not on the flying figure of Vernon-Smith, but on those other two figures, stumbling and staggering to reach their goal. A queer lump came into Mauly's throat. There was something almost heroic in those last dying efforts of Bob Cherry and Mark Linley flogging their way painfully over the remaining distance.

But Vernon-Smith had timed his spurt to a nicety.

There was a gap between Cherry and Linley. Smithy fairly dived through that gap, pitching forward against the tape in the nick of time. Wingate ran forward, and caught the junior as he fell, and warmly congratulated the winner of the Marathon, and, incidentally, the champion athlete of the Remove—Herbert Vernon-Smith!

The plucky losers were also congratulated—cheered to the echo by an enthusiastic crowd.

And thus was the curtain rung down on the Remove sports. Vernon-Smith

had just managed to wrest the cup from Bob Cherry, and for a whole year the trophy would find a resting-place in Smithy's study.

Cousin Jimmy said good-bye to Greyfriars at the end of the week.

Lord Mauleverer was sorry she was going in one way, for he liked her. But he was glad she was going, in another way, for he didn't like physical exertion!

Cousin Jimmy bade Mauly a cheery farewell at the station, and expressed the hope that he was completely cured of his laziness, and that he would not drift back into his old bad habits. Cousin Jimmy might, just as well have expected the Ethiopian to change his skin, and the leopard his spots!

The very first thing that Lord Mauleverer did, on returning to the school after seeing cousin Jimmy off, was to enjoy a solid sleep on his study sofa. It was a deep, unbroken slumber, undisturbed by any wrathful shouts of "Herbert!" And Mauly did not wake until bedtime, when he crawled up to the dormitory to enjoy a second instalment.

It would be a long, long time before Lord Mauleverer forgot the trials and tribulations which had befallen him during Sports Week at Greyfriars!

THE END.

(Look out for "The Rival Tuckshops"—next week's grand school story.)



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