

JUST THE PAPER YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

No. 973. Vol. XXX.

Week Ending October 9th, 1926.

The Magnet 2^d

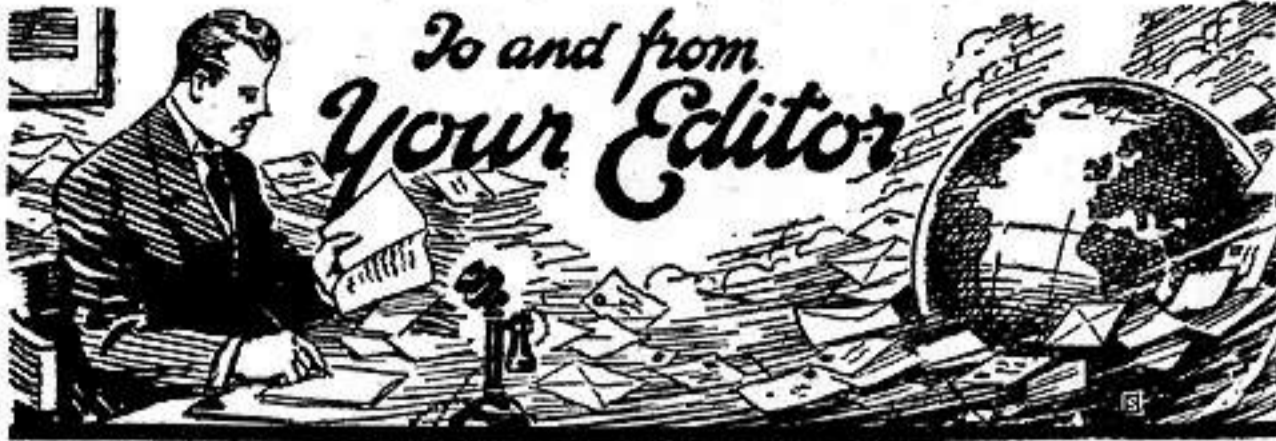
EVERY MONDAY.

Library



"SAVED, SIR!"

(A full-of-pep incident from this week's magnificent long complete school story of Greyfriars.)



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.

RIFLE SHOOTING!

A NUMBER of Magnetites in Wales have formed a Small Bore Rifle Shooting Club, and their president wants to know whether his friends would find it easier in the elementary stages to fire from a standing position or lying down. Well I remember my old musketry instructor's advice. He wouldn't let us fire a round standing up until we had spent a year or more practising from the lying position. Stretched out comfortably on the ground, one gets a double benefit, for the elbows offer a firm, steady support and the position after a time becomes a natural and comfortable one. To the fellow who fires a rifle standing up, before he hardly knows what the sights on the barrel are there for, it's a hundred to one chance against his hitting the target, let alone the bullseye. You see, a rifle is a tiring article to hold for any length of time, and unless the feet are spaced out into the right positions one is apt to "tremble."

And to tremble just as the trigger is being pressed—not pulled, by the way—is fatal. Remember, too, my chum, one does like to hit the target even if one is only a beginner. And there are heaps more chances of hitting the target from a prostrate position than from a standing one. You try, and see for yourself.

JIMMY SILVER & CO.!

Just a word in favour of the topping complete school stories dealing with the popular characters at Rookwood School which appear regularly in our grand companion paper, the "Popular." Owen Conquest runs Frank Richards very close, so it is fairly safe to say that if you like Frank Richards' yarns you'll be certain to like those by Owen Conquest. Anyway, give them a trial. Don't forget—in the "Popular," every Tuesday!

A JAZZ BAND!

Why did not W. Hinton send me his name and address? Had he done so I

would have let him know about his jazz band by return. He asks me to name the instruments generally used in a jazz band. He is thinking of forming such a band. The requisite instruments are big drum, kettle drum, triangle, cymbals, hooter, and whistle. He will get a hearing with those, anyway!

Next Monday's Programme.

"THE SUSPECTED FORM-MASTER!"

By Frank Richards.

For a long time past Magnetites have been asking for a story dealing with Mr. Capper, master of the Upper Fourth, and Aubrey Angel. Well, these two characters figure pretty largely in next week's story. Look out for it, chums!

"THE BOY WITH THE MILLION-POUND SECRET!"

By David Goodwin.

Don't miss next Monday's fine instalment of this exciting serial yarn, boys!

THE FOOTER SUPPLEMENT.

In next week's special supplement Wadsworth, of Huddersfield Town, has contributed a fine article dealing with the possibilities of the offside nuisance coming back. There are, in addition, of course, several other very fine contributions.

COMPETITION RESULT NO. 9.

More money prizes will be awarded to readers next week in connection with "Boundaries" Competition No. 9. For all you know your name may be amongst the prizewinners. Order your MAGNET now, chums! Cheerio!

YOUR EDITOR.

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BARGAIN BOOKS AT BARGAIN PRICES!

DEEP IN THE TOILS! *Hazeldene of the Remove, who finds it easier to drift into trouble than to steer clear of it, is faced with the temptation of saving his skin at the expense of his honour! What is the result?*



Asking for Trouble!

A Dramatic, Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars, introducing Peter Hazeldene—the wayward young brother of Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Dropped!

HARRY WHARTON stopped at the door of Vernon-Smith's study in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, and knocked.

Three or four Remove fellows, in the passage, glanced rather curiously at the captain of the Remove.

Wharton's brows were knitted, and the expression on his face was not at all pleasant. His look indicated that he was not dropping into Smithy's study in exactly a friendly spirit. Skinner, lounging in the doorway of Study No. 11, with Snoop, winked at his comrade.

"His Magnificence is ratty!" murmured Skinner. "Smithy's goin' to get the benefit of it."

Snoop grinned.

"Smithy isn't the man to stand it," he remarked.

"No. Looks as if there's going to be a row," said Skinner. "Smithy will give as good as he gets. What will you bet that the great man doesn't come out of Smithy's study on his neck?"

Snoop chuckled at the idea.

From inside Study No. 4 Smithy's voice rang out cheerily:

"Trot in!"

Harry Wharton opened the door of Study No. 4 and entered.

Tea was going on in Vernon-Smith's study. Smithy and his study-mate, Tom Redwing, were at the table and both of them nodded cordially enough to the captain of the Remove.

"Welcome as the flowers in May, old bean," said Smithy. "Take a pew, and join us with this cake."

Wharton coloured a little.

He had not come to Study No. 4 on a pleasant errand; and Smithy's cordial greeting embarrassed him a little.

"Thanks, I've had my tea," he said.

"Have another!" smiled the Bounder.

Wharton shook his head.

"Nothing wrong, is there, Wharton?" asked Tom Redwing, who had

noted at once the cloud on the Remove captain's brow.

"Not so far as you're concerned, Reddy," answered Wharton.

"Little me?" asked Smithy.

"Well, yes."

"What's the jolly old trouble?" asked the Bounder amicably. "Give it a name, and get it off your chest. Sure you won't sample the cake?"

"Quite, thanks."

Wharton hesitated.

Vernon-Smith's manner was still cheery and civil, but a gleam had come into his eyes, and his face hardened. If the captain of the Form had come to his study to call him over the coals, Smithy, as Snoop had remarked, was not the man to stand it. In the right or in the wrong—and he was more likely to be in the wrong—Smithy was not the fellow to take slanging from anybody.

"Go ahead!" he suggested, as the captain of the Remove hesitated. "No charge for a seat, if you'd like to squat."

Wharton remained standing.

"The fact is, perhaps I'd better speak to you alone, Smithy," he said at last. "I didn't know you were tea-ing—you're rather late. I'll look in again."

"Rot!" said Smithy. "Whatever it is, you can cough it up before Redwing. I've no secrets from Redwing."

"I'll get out, if you like," said Redwing. "I don't mind."

"I do!" said Vernon-Smith tersely. "Stay where you are."

He fixed his eyes on Wharton.

"Look here, Wharton, get on with it. If you've come here for trouble you've found me at home."

"Wharton hasn't come here for trouble, old man," said Redwing mildly.

"He looks like it!" grunted the Bounder.

"Not exactly," said Harry.

"Aren't you satisfied with my form for the match with the Fourth?" asked Vernon-Smith sarcastically. "You can scratch my name from the list as soon as you like."

"I'm quite satisfied with it," said Wharton.

"Oh, that's good!" said the Bounder, still sarcastic.

"But it's the Fourth Form match that I've come to speak about," said the captain of the Remove. "The Remove play the Fourth next Wednesday, and you're down to play, Smithy. But—"

"But—" mimicked the Bounder.

His cordial manner was quite gone now. Smithy wanted to make it quite clear that he was not the kind of fellow to be called on the carpet, even by his football captain.

Wharton compressed his lips.

"If you want me to speak before Redwing, I'll speak," he said.

"I'm waiting!" The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "You can speak before the whole Form, or before all Greyfriars, if you choose. Shout it out from the house-tops, whatever it is, and I sha'n't care a rap. By gad! Do you think I'm a man to tremble at your frown, like Bunter?"

Smithy rose to his feet, facing Wharton across the table. His eyes were glinting now.

"Smithy!" murmured Redwing.

The Bounder did not heed him. His eyes were fixed aggressively on the captain of the Remove.

Wharton breathed hard.

His own temper was quick enough; and this aggressive reception was quite enough to make him angry. But he controlled his temper. He had not come there to quarrel with Vernon-Smith, if he could help it.

"There's talk going round the studies that you have been making bets on the Form match, Smithy," he said quietly.

The Bounder started.

"You've heard that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Blessed if I see how."

"I only want you to say it isn't true, Smithy, and, of course, I shall accept your word without question."

"I hope so," assented the Bounder.

"But suppose it is true?"

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"I want an answer, yes or no," said Harry. "I needn't refer to the fact that betting on the matches is against the rules of the school, and means a row if the Head heard of it—you wouldn't care about that."

"Not a rap!"

"I needn't mention that it's shady and blackguardly, either—I don't suppose you would care much about that."

"Thanks!"

"I'll come straight to the point. If you've laid money on the Form match, you're dropped from the team. Yes or no?"

The Bounder compressed his lips.

"So you've come here to give me a sermon?" he sneered.

"Not in the least," said Harry. "Your ways aren't my ways, and whatever I think of them, it's not my business to preach to you. I've never done it that I know of. But if you bring your rotten shady tricks into the school games, I'm bound to put my foot down. They're saying in the studies and in the Rag that you've laid bets on the Form match with Angel of the Fourth."

"And you feel bound to bring the tattle of the studies and the Rag to me!" sneered Vernon-Smith. "If it had been Bob Cherry or Frank Nugent, or Johnny Bull, or Hurree Singh—"

"I should have known it was tattle, in that case, and taken no notice of it," said Harry. "In your case it's different. But I've come here as a friend, Smithy; I only want you to deny it. As I've said, your word is good enough for me; but I must know."

"And if I've laid a tenner with Angel of the Fourth, you're going to drop me out of the team, like a hot potato!" jeered the Bounder.

"Yes," said Wharton unhesitatingly.

"Drop me, then. I'm not going to make excuses to you, or to anybody else," said Vernon-Smith scornfully. "What do you think I care for a match with the Fourth?" He snapped his fingers. "Not that! Almost any Remove team could beat Temple's fumbling crowd; you don't need a man of my weight for the game. And that's why you're mountin' the high horse about it. If it had been the Rookwood or Higheliffe match, or the St. Jim's, you'd think twice before you picked a row with your best forward just before the date."

"That isn't so," said Harry quietly. "If it were any fixture on the Remove list, and I found a man making bets on the game, I'd drop him fast enough. You know that, Smithy, or you ought to know it. But I don't mind saying frankly that I'm glad it's only a match with Temple's crowd—I can easily find a man to replace you, good enough for that lot."

"Well, if that's all, there's the door," said Smithy gruffly.

"You haven't answered me yet," said the captain of the Remove. "If you haven't laid money on the match with Angel of the Fourth—"

"Oh, rats!"

"You've only got to deny it, Smithy."

"Deny it, Smithy, and have done," said Redwing. "What's the good of ragging?"

The Bounder laughed.

"Reddy, old man, you're my guide, philosopher and friend; the shinin' example I always keep before my errin' eyes," he said. "Are you advisin' me to deny the truth?"

Redwing started.

"It's not true, Smithy?"

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"It's quite true, you ass."

"Oh!"

Redwing uttered only that monosyllable. He was quite taken aback.

"It's true?" said Wharton.

"I've said so."

"That's all, then."

And Harry Wharton left the study.

"Shut the door after you!" called out the Bounder mockingly.

The captain of the Remove quietly closed the door. Skinner and Snoop stared at him along the passage; disappointed that there was no sign of "his Magnificence" leaving Smithy's study "on his neck." Harry Wharton went down to the Rag, where the football list for the Form match was pasted on the door. A dozen fellows watched him as he drew a pencil through the name of H. Vernon-Smith.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Up to Temple!

"WELL?"

Dabney and Fry, of the Fourth Form, asked that question together. It was addressed to Cecil Reginald Temple, the captain of the Fourth.

Temple, of the Fourth, had an unusually thoughtful expression on his face. He was, in fact, frowning.

It was unusual for Temple to frown. It was still more unusual for him to wear a thoughtful expression. Temple, as a rule, got along without much thinking.

So his study-mates and chums, Fry and Dabney, realised that there was something on, out of the common.

Cecil Reginald was reclining in an elegant attitude in an armchair in his study in the Fourth Form passage. One elegantly-trousered leg was crossed over the other, carelessly, but with due regard to the crease in the elegant trousers. Such matters were not unimportant in the eyes of the dandy of the Fourth. Indeed, it was said that Cecil Reginald, though he was football captain in his Form, attached more importance to clobber than to games; and was more concerned, even on the football field, with the set of his jersey, and the cut of his shorts, than with putting the ball into the net. But perhaps that was an exaggeration. Certainly, Temple was a well-dressed fellow, and knew it, and made all Greyfriars aware of it.

At the present moment, Temple, in well-cut Etons, socks that were quite a dream, tie tied as only he could tie it, looked a picture that might well have delighted his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts; but did not, perhaps, look as if he were going to beat the Remove at football on Wednesday.

"Well?" repeated Fry. "Scott told us you wanted to speak to us, Temple. About the football, what?"

"That's it," assented Temple. "We're goin' to beat the Remove this time, you men."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I hope so!" said Fry; but he did not speak with conviction. The tale of disaster was a long one in football matters in the Fourth. As a higher and older Form, the Fourth ought really to have beaten the Remove; but the fact remained that the Remove generally beat the Fourth; and facts are, as was said of old, stubborn things.

"I've been pullin' the team into good shape," said Temple, "I'm makin' the men work at it. Some of them are grumblin'."

"Let 'em grumble," said Fry. "If I

were football skipper, I'd boot out the grumblers and put in triers."

Temple smiled indulgently.

It was very good of Edward Fry to give him advice, and Temple, whose manners were brightly polished, always took advice with courteous politeness. But he did not need it, so he did not think of acting on it. At all events, he was convinced that he did not need it. He was satisfied that what he did not know about the game of Soccer was scarcely worth mugging up. He was satisfied with his own gifts of captainship. If victories did not happen, it was perhaps irritating. But such trifles could not be allowed to disturb the equanimity of Cecil Reginald.

"That's all right, Fry," he said, "I'm keepin' 'em at it. The fact is it's high time the Lower Fourth were put in their place in football matters. I don't mean that I'm takin' the trouble to bother my head much about these fags. I'm not. Still, my idea is to show even these cheeky fags that we can beat them if we like. This time we're beatin' them."

"Oh, rather," said Dabney.

Fry was silent.

Edward Fry was Temple's chum, and he really liked Temple and admired him a little. But what he thought of Temple's gifts as a football captain had never been disclosed. Friendship could not have survived the disclosure.

Still, it was true, and Fry acknowledged it, that Temple had been making some unusual preparations for this particular Form match. Even a fellow who declined to bother his head about cheeky fags could not wholly like registering an unbroken series of defeat from those fags. Temple had been making his men work—what he looked on as work. There had been quite keen practice, and the general form of the team had much improved in consequence.

For that reason—and another—Fry considered a victory possible. The other reason was the rather humiliating fact that the Remove never troubled to put their best men in the field for these Form matches. The Remove had the cheek to look upon a match with the Fourth rather as a practice match than anything else, in which second-class men could be put through their paces.

"Angel thinks we're goin' to win this time!" added Temple.

"Angel!" said Fry. "What does Aubrey Angel know about football? I know he's heard of the game—even seen matches when he's had bets on them. That's about his limit."

"That's what I'm comin' to," said Temple. "I've seen Wharton, and he says that it's the talk of the Rag that Angel has been bettin' on this Form match."

"Cad!" remarked Dabney.

"Rotten outsider!" said Fry.

"He's laid money with Vernon-Smith, of the Remove," said Temple. "Wharton has dropped Smithy out of his team in consequence."

"All the better for our chances," grinned Fry. "Smithy is one of their best."

"If Angel were a footballer, I'd drop him, the same," said the captain of the Fourth. "He isn't, of course. But I don't like it, and I'm not havin' it. Angel can go on backin' horses, and smokin' in his study, and breakin' school bounds to play billiards at the Cross Keys till he gets spotted and bunked from Greyfriars. But he's not goin' to bring his disreputable tricks into our matches. What?"

"Oh, rather," said Dabney. "I mean, rather not."



"Bend him over, you men!" yelled Temple. The "men" promptly collared Aubrey Angel, and in spite of his furious resistance, bent him over one of his own chairs. He was held there, struggling fiercely, red with rage. Whack! Whack! Whack! There was a wild yell from Aubrey as Temple started in with the fives bat. (See Chapter 3.)

"The fellow's a bad hat," said Fry. "An absolute rotter. It's well-known that he's dropped a lot of money lately on his precious geegees, and he's hard up, though as a rule he's reeking with money. I've heard that he's sold some of his rings and studs to raise the wind. I know he looks a little less like a walkin' jeweller's shop than usual."

Cecil Reginald Temple nodded.

"I dare say that's it," he said. "He's got pretty sick of the geegees runnin' away with his money, and he's tryin' to get it back on the football matches. He's backed the Fourth Form to win on Wednesday, and I hear that he stands to win a tenner."

"Then Smithy is giving him long odds," said Fry.

Temple frowned.

"I don't know what the odds are, but I don't see why he shouldn't lay even money."

"I do," said Fry dryly.

"Look here, Fry—"

"Well, anyhow, his dirty botting doesn't matter to us, does it?" said Fry. "I'm sick of the fellow."

"It does matter," said Temple. "If he were in my team I'd boot him out, as Wharton has done the Bounder. As he isn't I'm thinkin' of goin' along to the study to talk to him."

"Lot of good talking to a cad like Aubrey Angel."

"May do somethin' else, as well as talk," said Temple. "I'm goin' to take a fives bat with me."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Fry. "That's

all right. Good man! It's up to you, as captain of the Form, old chap."

"That's what I was thinkin'," said Temple. "I want you fellows to come with me. Angel may object—especially when the fives bat gets goin'. I'm thinkin' of givin' him six."

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

"If Wingate of the Sixth knew he would get six," said Temple. "Of course, we can't give the rotter away to a prefect. But I think he ought to have the six."

"Hear, hear!"

Cecil Reginald Temple detached his elegant form from the armchair. His suggestion had received hearty support from his comrades. Aubrey Angel, of the Fourth, with all his money, and his lofty airs, and his expensive clothes, was little esteemed in his Form. His manners and customs were not considered good enough for Greyfriars; and lofty airs did not "go down" in a fellow who never played games, and who was sometimes within measurable distance of the "sack." Angel's dingy sporting proclivities were his own business, but when he brought them into the Form games the limit had been reached—in the opinion of Temple, Dabney & Co. There was hardly a fellow in the Fourth Form who would not have agreed that the fives bat was exactly what was wanted.

At all events, that was what he was going to get; that was settled. Cecil Reginald sorted out the bat, and the three Fourth-Formers left the study and walked along to Angel's room.

Kenney of the Fourth, Angel's study-mate, was coming out of No. 4 when they reached it. He stared at them.

"Hallo! What's on?" he asked.

"Lickin' for your pal, Angel," said Temple calmly. "If you want any, step back into the room. You're much of a muchness, you two, and perhaps it would do you good."

Kenney did not seem to share that opinion; he retreated rather hastily along the passage.

"I say, Angel's got a visitor!" he called out.

Temple paused.

"Who is it?" he asked.

It was possible that Mr. Capper, the Form master, had dropped in to speak to Angel, in which case the fives bat had to wait.

"A Remove chap—Hazeldene."

"Oh, rats!"

Hazeldene, of the Remove, was nobody, or less than nobody, in the opinion of Temple, Dabney & Co.

Cecil Reginald Temple threw open the door that Kenney had just closed and marched into the study, followed by Dabney and Fry.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bend Over!

AUBREY ANGEL, of the Fourth, stared round angrily as his study door was flung open. Hazeldene, of the Remove, stared, too. The Fourth-Former and the
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Removite were in deep conversation, and both of them were smoking cigarettes. There was quite a haze in Angel's luxuriously-appointed study.

Temple gave a contemptuous sniff.

"Smokin' here!" he exclaimed.

"No bizney of yours!" snapped Aubrey Angel. "What the thump do you mean by buttin' into my study like this?"

"Did you think it was a prefect?" grinned Fry. "Did we make you jump, you smoky boulder?"

"There's the door," said Angel curtly. "Shut it, and get on the other side of it first."

"We've come to talk to you, dear man," said Temple agreeably, keeping the fives bat behind him.

"I don't want your talk."

"You're goin' to get it, all the same. What are you doin' here, Hazeldene?"

"Find out!" said Hazel.

"That's why I'm askin'."

"I suppose I can call on Angel if I like?" said Hazeldene.

"I suppose you can," assented Temple. "But I suppose you can keep your smokin' in your own quarters, and not bring it into the Fourth. I believe you're keepin' goal for the Remove next Wednesday? Your name's in Wharton's list up in the Rag. How would your captain like to see you gettin' ready for a match by smokin' cigarettes?"

"Are you going to tell him?" sneered Angel.

"Not at all; but take yourself out of this passage," said Temple. "We've got a blackguard or two in the Fourth; and we don't want any here from the Remove."

Hazeldene crimsoned.

"You cheeky rotter——" he broke out.

"That will do. Travel!"

"I'll go when I choose!" said Hazeldene.

"You'll go when I choose!" said Temple calmly. "You fellows help him out, as he doesn't seem to be movin'."

Hazeldene jumped up. His half-smoked cigarette went into the fender, and Hazel clenched his fists.

"If you think you can bully me——" he began.

"Kickin' a smoky cad out of our passage isn't bullyin'," said Cecil Reginald. "Shift him, you chaps! I'll take care of Angel if he tries to chip in."

But Aubrey showed no sign of chipping in. He sat where he was, with a black scowl on his face, obviously not inclined for a scrap with Temple, Dabney & Co. Hazel looked at him.

"Back me up, Angel!" he exclaimed.

"You'd better go," said Angel uneasily. "I'll come along to your study and speak to you later."

"Are you going to let these cads dictate to you in your own study?" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"What's the good of rowin'," muttered Angel.

"Outside!" snapped Temple.

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Hazeldene. "Lay a finger on me, and I'll jolly well—oh!"

Hazel had no time to finish; for Dabney and Fry were already laying more than a finger on him. Both of them grasped him, and whirled him towards the study doorway. Perhaps it was a little high-handed; but Temple & Co. had no ceremony to waste on that dingy study.

Hazeldene struck out fiercely, and there was a yell from Dabney as he caught a set of knuckles with his nose.

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Then the Removite went struggling out of the study, bumped and thumped, and landed with a crash in the passage.

Dabney and Fry blocked the study doorway, grinning at him as he sprawled breathlessly.

"Come back and have some more!" said Fry invitingly, as Hazel scrambled dizzily to his feet.

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

But Hazeldene had apparently had enough. He scowled at the Fourth-Formers, and tramped away down the passage and disappeared.

"Now shut the door!" said Temple.

"Get on the other side of it first!" snarled Aubrey Angel.

The Fourth-Formers closed the door without getting on the other side of it. Then they faced Angel, who sat staring at them with a scowling brow, and growing uneasiness.

Angel was not on friendly terms with the captain of the Form, at any time; but generally they kept out of one another's way. The black sheep of the Fourth could not guess what this visit portended; but he was aware that it portended something unpleasant.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"What are you fellows drivin' at, anyhow?"

"Your bet with a Remove chap," said Temple. "You've been betting on our Form match with that rank outsider, Vernon-Smith of the Remove."

"What about it?"

"Lots about it," said Temple. "Bet-ting on the matches is barred."

"Have they made you a prefect by any chance?" sneered Aubrey.

"On the present occasion, you can look upon me as a self-appointed prefect!" said Cecil Reginald calmly. "You can go blaggin' as much as you like outside the gates, or in your own study; you can bet with a howlin' black-guard like Smithy, or a weak-kneed goat like Hazel. But you've got to leave our matches alone. Keep off them, see?"

"Oh, don't be an ass," said Angel uneasily. "It's jolly flatterin' to you, I can tell you."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, how often do you beat the Remove?" sneered Angel. "How many fellows would put up a fiver on your team?"

"A hit, a very palpable hit!" murmured Fry.

Temple frowned darkly.

"That's cheek!" he said. "I suppose you think the side will win, Angel, or you wouldn't have backed it. Not that your opinion on footer is worth anythin'."

"Not if I backed you to win!" said Aubrey. "Any man would take that as meanin' that I knew nothin' about the game, I know."

There was a faint chuckle from Fry; and Temple crimsoned. Dabney looked puzzled. It was really rather a puzzling matter. Angel, blackguard as he was, did not bet for the mere pleasure of betting; he made bets in the hope of winning them. Probably not another fellow at Greyfriars, if disposed to lay money on a match, would have laid it on the Fourth Form against the Remove. In the Form matches, the Remove counted at least two victories to one—at the very least. If they played full strength, they had an easy win to look forward to. Why Angel had backed his Form, therefore, was puzzling. No doubt he had his reasons, but it was difficult to guess what his reasons were.

"You won't improve matters by checkin' your Form captain," said Cecil Reginald, at last.

"Oh, give us a rest," said Aubrey.

"What does it matter to you, anyhow?"

Smithy bantered me to bet, and I took him on—really without thinkin'. I wasn't goin' to have a Remove man sayin' that all the Fourth were afraid to back their team. He offered me two to one on the Remove, and I said done. No harm in it that I can see."

"Then we'll point it out to you," said Temple. "I've brought somethin' to use as a pointer."

The fives bat came into view.

Aubrey Angel jumped up in alarm.

"Look here, you bullyin' cad!" he exclaimed savagely.

"Bend over!" said Temple, in quite a magisterial manner.

"What?" yelled Angel. "You're tellin' me to bend over, as if you were a Sixth-Form prefect?"

"Yes."

"You cheeky cad——"

"Are you bendin' over?"

"No!" yelled Angel.

"Bend him over, you men."

The "men" promptly collared Aubrey Angel, and in spite of his furious resistance, bent him over one of his own chairs. He was held there, struggling fiercely, red with rage.

Then Temple started in with the fives bat.

Whack!

There was a wild yell from Aubrey.

Whack! Whack!

"You rotten bully!" shrieked Aubrey.

"Stop it!"

Whack! Whack!

The black sheep of the Fourth squirmed wildly. But Dabney and Fry held him securely. There was no escape for Aubrey. Temple swept up the fives bat for a final emphatic swipe.

Whack!

"Whooooop!"

"That's that!" said Cecil Reginald cheerily. "Let him go."

Dabney and Fry released the victim. Angel staggered away, crimson and panting.

"Now we've pointed out to you the error of your ways," said Temple blandly. "Bear it in mind, old bean."

"You—you rotters—three to one!" panted Angel.

"That's all right! If you're dissatisfied, pick out your man to meet you in the gym, with or without gloves," said Temple scornfully. "You've been batted for betting on the matches. If you want a lickin' to follow, name your man."

"Oh, rather," said Dabney.

"Quite at your service, Angel!" smiled Fry.

Angel did not name his man. He gave the trio a black and bitter look.

"Get out of my study!" he snarled.

"Jolly glad to, now we've read you the lesson," said Temple. "Your study is a bit poisonous, Angel. Come on, you fellows."

Temple tucked the fives bat under his arm, and the three juniors left the study. Angel slammed the door savagely after them.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Remove Eleven!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Penny for 'em, old man," said Johnny Bull.

"The thankfulness of the esteemed Wharton is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

It was the following day, Saturday, which was a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Harry Wharton was in his study when his friends came along the Remove passage and looked in. Frank Nugent was there also, engaged in turning out a

hundred lines for Mr. Quelch. Wharton had a paper on the table before him, and was conning over it with a thoughtful wrinkle on his brow. The paper contained the list of Remove players for the match with the Fourth on the coming Wednesday.

Matches with the Fourth did not, as a rule, give the captain of the Remove much food for thought. But now, he was apparently giving the Form match as much deep consideration as if it had been an important fixture like St. Jim's or Rookwood.

He looked up, with a smile, as the three juniors came in.

"It's the list," he said. "I've been going over it again. I've put down Ogilvy in Vernon-Smith's place."

"That's all right," said Bob Cherry. "Ogilvy is a good man. Not the Bounder's form, of course; but quite good enough for a game with the Fourth—too good, in fact."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"The fact is, the Fourth have been pulling up their socks this time," he said. "We don't have to play full strength to beat Temple's lot; but we don't want a beating ourselves. One win is enough to make Temple swank as much as if he had carried off the English Cup. I don't want to run risks with the match."

"That's so," agreed Johnny Bull.

"We do not want the beatfulness to be a boot on the other leg," assented Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Angel of the Fourth seems to think we're booked," said Frank Nugent, looking up from his impot with a grin.

"What does he know about footer?" granted Johnny Bull.

"Nothing, as a player," said Harry, "but it's odd, all the same. Angel is a shady rotter; but he's keen and sharp enough. He must have some reason for thinking that he is going to capture Smithy's tenner."

"He will lose his own fiver, and serve him right," said Bob. "Pity Smithy won't lose his tenner, too."

"Here's the list," said Harry. "Hazeldene in goal—of course, it would be Squiff in a good fixture; but Hazeldene can keep goal, and he is good enough for the Fourth, and he's entitled to a chance in a match. If he's at his best they won't find it easy to get past him."

"He will stop Temple & Co. all right," said Bob.

"Russell and Bolsover major at back,"

said Harry. "Russell's got your place, Johnny, and Bolsover's got Linley's. Russell can put up a good game; Bolsover's rather doubtful; but, after all, he's keen, and sticks to practice."

"He will barge about," said Bob; "but barging is good enough for the Fourth, as a rule."

"Dutton, Tom Brown, and Toddy as halves."

"Two good men out of the three."

"Front line, Ogilvy, Inky, little me, Newland, and Franky," said the captain of the Remove. "Not a front line that I should care to play against Highcliffe or St. Jim's. The fact is, leaving out Smithy weakens it a lot, and I've been thinking that, with Smithy gone, I ought to make another change or two. Newland's a good man, of course, but nothing like Penfold in his place. Nugent's all right—"

"Thanks!" said Nugent.

"But the fellows have been told they'd be wanted, and I should hate to let them down," said Harry. "It's a chance to play the men who don't figure in the big fixtures; only we don't want to carry it too far and bag a licking. But I wish now I'd left you in your place in the half-way line, Bob."

"Oh, Dutton can play," said Bob Cherry.

"And either Johnny or Mark Linley ought to be in the last line of defence," said Harry. "Still, Hazel is in great form—or was lately—and he will keep goal all right. But I shouldn't have put all these names in the list if I'd known the Bounder was standing out. It's rotten for Smithy to let us down as he's done."

"That isn't how Smithy looks at it," said Bob, with a grin. "Smithy thinks he's been let down himself."

Wharton frowned.

"I had to drop him when it came out that he was betting on the game," he said. "You fellows agree to that?"

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Nothing else to be done," said Johnny Bull, with an emphatic nod. "It was altogether too thick. But it's queer, too. Angel is laying money against the Remove, and dropping Smithy gives him a chance of winning it. I wonder if he counted on that?"

Wharton gave a start.

"Oh, my hat! If so, Angel's pulled my leg rather neatly," he said.

"Well, how did it get out about the

bet?" asked Johnny Bull. "Smithy wouldn't be likely to mention it."

"He didn't; he was surprised to find that it was known," said Harry. "I suppose Angel must have let it out."

"A deep card!" said Bob. "I hadn't thought of it, but it looks as if he let it become known, knowing that you would chuck Smithy like a hot potato in consequence. It improves his chance of bagging Smithy's tenner."

"By Jove!" said Wharton.

It was a new and unpleasant thought to the captain of the Remove, that he had been made use of in such a way by the blackguard of the Fourth Form.

"Still, that team will beat the Fourth," said Bob confidently. "There are four first-class men in it—yourself, Inky, Tom Brown, and Toddy. And old Franky is a jolly good man, too," added Bob.

Frank Nugent laughed.

"And Hazel in goal will stop anything that the Fourth send him," went on Bob. "We're getting a good practice this afternoon, and you'll see how the team goes. Finished your lines, Franky?"

"Just on," said Nugent.

Wharton rose and put the list in his pocket. He was not wholly satisfied with his team. The loss of the Bounder in the front line was a serious matter, and he was thinking whether he ought not to strengthen the team elsewhere. But he felt a natural hesitation to drop men who had been told that they were to play, and who were keen on it, for no fault of their own. It would be distinctly unpleasant to let the Bounder's lapse cause disappointment and heart-burning among better fellows. Nevertheless, a football captain's business was to win matches. Nobody wanted to capture a defeat for the eleven. Wharton's feelings towards Vernon-Smith were far from amicable as he left the study with his friends to go down to Little Side.

The Remove eleven had gathered there, with most of the other members of the Form for practice. But Harry Wharton, as he glanced over the footballers, noted that his goalkeeper was not present.

"Where's Hazeldene?" he called out.

"Echo answers where!" said Peter Todd.

"Dash it all, I suppose he's turning up for the practice!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"It's not a compulsory day," said Monty Newland, with a grin. "How often does Hazel turn up when it's not compulsory?"

"He knows this is a final practice for the team," said Wharton, knitting his brows. "By Jove! I've a good mind to—"

He broke off. It was possible that Hazel was late—he had a way of being late, especially for such matters as games practice. Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, the Australian junior, whose name was shortened in the Remove to "Squiff," looked at the Remove captain with a grin.

"Little me?" he asked.

"If Hazel doesn't turn up," said Harry. "But give him a few minutes. He knows we expect him."

"A few minutes won't be any good," said Russell.

"Why not?" asked Wharton, rather gruffly.

"Because Hazel's gone out of gates."

"Oh! You saw him—"

"I saw him trotting out with Angel of the Fourth half an hour ago," said

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Russell, with a grin. "He won't come back for the footer."

Wharton compressed his lips.

"You get into goal, Squiff," he said. "I suppose we can't expect Hazel. Let's get going."

And the Remove footballers got going, and the practice began and ended without Hazeldene appearing on the scene. Evidently Hazel had some occupation that afternoon which he deemed of more importance than football.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Smithy Makes a Discovery!

HERBERT VERNON - SMITH drove his hands deep into his pockets and scowled. He was in a bad temper that afternoon, and Tom Redwing, his chum, had a rather troubled look. Redwing bore with his companion's ill-humour—he was very patient with Smithy. But it was not a happy half-holiday. The two juniors had gone out of gates. The Bounder had declined to join in the Form games practice as he was dropped from the Form eleven.

Redwing would have been glad enough to play in the pick-up, but Smithy seemed to expect his company, so Redwing had gone out with him. Little had been said by either of the strangely assorted chums, as they rambled by lanes and fields. Vernon-Smith's remarks, when he made any, consisted of grousing, which really was not very entertaining. He seemed to nourish an implacable resentment against the captain of the Remove, and he seemed to expect his chum to play chorus, as it were. And as Redwing did not do so, the Bounder's resentment seemed to be turning on him.

They stopped at a stile on the border of Friardale Wood, and sat down for a rest—the Bounder for a smoke. Redwing gave no sign, as he lighted a cigarette.

"Shockin' you—what?" asked Smithy satirically.

"You might be seen, Smithy," said Tom Redwing mildly. "It would mean trouble with Mr. Quelch. You know what happened a few days ago. And you promised me that you'd chuck playing the silly goat."

"Oh, we're safe enough here, with the wood between us and Greyfriars!" said the Bounder carelessly. "I shouldn't be smokin' if I were still in the eleven. Wharton's fault."

Redwing made no answer.

"You haven't said a word about it," said the Bounder. "Do you think that Wharton has treated me decently?"

"What's the good of talking, old chap?" said Redwing. "There's a lot of things we don't agree on. Let's agree to differ."

"Do you think that Wharton has treated me decently?" repeated the Bounder, raising his voice a little. "I'm askin' you a question."

"Well, then, yes, I do," said Redwing. "It was up to him to do as he did, and you had no right to expect anything else, Smithy."

"Straight from the shoulder, at all events!" said Vernon-Smith. "You don't beat about the bush, Redwing."

"Well, you made me answer," said Tom. "It was too rotten to make bets on the Form match, Smithy; I was no end surprised when you said it was true. I'm not surprised at it in Aubrey Angel; he's a bad egg all through. But I can't

think how you came to let him draw you into it!"

The Bounder laughed sardonically.

"You take me for an innocent little duck that was drawn into it by a naughty bad egg?" he asked.

"No; I'm afraid you're anything but an innocent duck, Smithy," said Tom, with a faint smile. "You do a lot of things I wish you wouldn't do. But betting on the school games is too thick; and I don't believe you'd have thought of it yourself. I'm sure that the suggestion came from Angel, and I'm surprised that you fell in with it."

"As a matter of fact, you've hit it," said Vernon-Smith moodily. "If Wharton hadn't been so high-and-mighty, I'd have explained; it's not so shady as it looks. I know it doesn't look nice."

"I'm glad you can see that, at any rate."

"It was really a trifle," said the Bounder. "Temple & Co. have been going all out in games practice lately, hopin' to beat the Remove, and they think they've got a chance. Angel bragged that he would back his form if he could find a Remove man to take him on, and, without thinking I said I'd give him two to one. You see, I thought he was only gassing—he gasses no end—"

"He does," agreed Redwing.

"And when I said I'd give him two to one, I was thinking of two to one in doughnuts," said Smithy.

"Oh!" ejaculated Redwing.

"But Angel took on my offer at once, and made it fivers," said the Bounder. "I wasn't goin' to let that swankin' cad think I was afraid to put up the money. So I let it go at that."

"I see," said Redwing quietly. "I knew Angel worked it somehow. You were rather an ass to care for his opinion, Smithy."

"Very likely; but he's not goin' to swank that I'm afraid to back my opinion. I was a silly ass to let myself be let in for it, I know. If I'd stopped to think a minute, I shouldn't have done it. But there it is—and I wasn't going to let Wharton call me over the coals, like a prefect ragging a fag!" said the Bounder savagely.

"If you'd explained to Wharton how it came about, Smithy, he would see that it wasn't so jolly serious, and—"

"Catch me explainin'!" sneered the Bounder. "He came to my study to jaw me; and I'm not a fellow to take jaw from anybody."

"Well, I don't think he exactly came to jaw you, Smithy," said Tom. "Naturally, he wanted to know how the matter stood. Perhaps he might have been a bit more tactful; but he was naturally feeling a bit annoyed—"

"Catch me takin' any notice of his annoyance!" said Vernon-Smith disdainfully. "He's not my master, I suppose."

"You ought to have remembered that you were in the wrong, in the first place, Smithy," said Tom. "But, look here, can't you call the bet off? That would make it all right; and Wharton would most likely come round."

"I don't care a rap whether he comes round or not; I'm not askin' any favours of his Highness! I don't want to play in a measly Form match; it's bein' dropped from the team and sermonised that gets my goat!" growled the Bounder. "I've a jolly good mind to stand out of the footer for the whole season. But I daresay that's just what Wharton wants. He would be glad to see me get my back up to that extent."

"Rot, old chap! You can't be spared from the big fixtures," said Redwing.

"And, really, you know, you asked for this. You let Angel of the Fourth land you with a bet you never wanted, and you didn't even keep it dark."

"I did keep it dark!" snapped the Bounder. "Haven't you any eyes? Or any sense? Angel let it out on purpose, knowin' how Wharton would take it. With me out of the Remove team he's got a better chance of baggin' my tenner. If I'd played, I'd have made jolly certain of baggin' his fiver!"

"I dare say he's rotter enough to scheme such a thing," admitted Redwing. "But I can't quite catch on, all the same. The Fourth have a better chance now, but they won't beat the Remove. Your standing out makes a difference; but it doesn't make all that difference."

"I know! Angel's got something else up his sleeve, I fancy," said the Bounder. "I thought he was gassin' when he offered to back his form; but as he turns out to have been in earnest, he must think that he has a chance of pullin' it off. Temple's crowd are in better form than usual—and the Remove have lost their best man—in my opinion. That gives the Fourth a chance—a good chance; but not a certainty. And I can't imagine Angel laying five quids on a chance. He's hard up these days—he's had an awful run of luck on the races. My tenner will set him up a little, if he gets hold of it—and he's countin' on gettin' hold of it. He's got another move up his sleeve."

"Blessed if I can guess what, Smithy. He can't play the same trick with another member of the eleven."

The Bounder sneered.

"No; I'm the only black sheep in the flock," he said sardonically. "Except perhaps Hazel—and Hazel's got no money. Besides, if Hazel dropped out of the team it wouldn't weaken it—it would strengthen it, as Wharton would play Field in his place, and Field's worth a dozen of Hazel. Hazel's only played because he's Marjorie Hazeldene's brother, anyhow."

"Oh, not quite that!" said Redwing laughing. "Hazel keeps goal jolly well when he's in form. Still, if Wharton put Squiff into goal, the Fourth wouldn't have much chance of putting the ball in; so I don't suppose that Angel has any designs on Hazeldene."

"And there's no other fellow in the eleven that would fall to such a trick," said the Bounder. "Even Bolsover major, who's been shoved in, would draw the line at betting on the Form matches. All the same, Angel's got something up his sleeve, and I've been wonderin' what. He doesn't expect the Fourth to win on their football form; but he expects them to win, or he wouldn't have backed them with a fiver."

Redwing frowned.

"He's a bad hat," he said. "It's rather a pity the Head doesn't spot him, and boot him out of Greyfriars. A fellow like that can do a lot of harm in a school. I suppose his time will come. I hear that Temple batted him when it came out about the bet on the Form match."

"Wharton didn't think of battin' me!" said the Bounder. "I don't think I should have taken it like a lamb, like Aubrey Angel. By gad, if—" The Bounder's eyes blazed.

"Dear old chap, don't work up steam over something that hasn't happened, and isn't likely to happen," said Redwing. "Wharton wouldn't think of anything of the sort. Look here, old chap, forget all about it. A match with the



Vernon-Smith's eyes glinted as he watched the two card players. Then he burst into a hard laugh. Hazeldene started violently at the sound, and looked up, while Angel glanced round carelessly. "Smithy!" exclaimed Hazel. "Is that how you're getting ready for the Form match, Hazel?" asked the Bounder, in a tone of grim banter. (See Chapter 5.)

Fourth is nothing, to a footballer of your standing the thing isn't serious at all."

"A fellow doesn't like being called over the coals, and treated like a naughty kid," growled Smithy. "I've had plenty of chipping about it. Skinner—"

"Oh, Skinner's always out to make mischief. For goodness' sake, don't let Skinner pull your leg as well as Angel of the Fourth."

"It's a lot of fuss about nothing," said Vernon-Smith. "If I were a fellow like Angel, grubbing about with dirty betting on the matches, it would be different. Is that how it stands?"

"No: but—"

"Well, that's what Wharton is making out. He's not treated me decently, and you jolly well know he hasn't."

Redwing made no reply. In Smithy's present mood it was difficult to say anything without giving offence.

"You don't agree with me?"

"You know I don't, Smithy, old man. What's the good of arguing about it?" said Redwing patiently.

"Are you my pal, or Wharton's?" sneered the Bounder.

"Yours, old chap; but you can't expect me to agree with you when you're playing the goat. For goodness' sake let's drop the subject!"

Redwing was showing signs of restiveness at last.

"Drop it, then—and drop me, too!" said the Bounder savagely. "Are you going back by the road?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm going through the wood."

And with a sullen, savage glance at his chum, the Bounder dropped over the stile, and strode away into the wood by himself. Redwing glanced after him and sighed; his friendship with the Bounder of Greyfriars was sometimes rather trying. But he hoped that Smithy would succeed in walking off his ill-humour, and that they would meet on friendly terms, as usual, for tea in the study at Greyfriars. So, leaving the Bounder for the present to his own devices, Redwing walked away by the road towards the school.

Vernon-Smith did not glance back as he plunged into the wood. He would probably have greeted Redwing with a bitter gibe had Tom followed him. But he was irritated at being taken at his word, all the same. He was, in fact, in a bitter and unreasonable temper, ready to quarrel with friend or foe. He tramped on by a lonely footpath, thick with fallen leaves, with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a deep scowl on his face.

Suddenly he halted and burst into a sardonic chuckle. In a glade of the wood he came in sight of two Greyfriars juniors, seated on a fallen log. One of them was Aubrey Angel, the other Hazeldene of the Remove. Both of them were smoking cigarettes, and the log between them was being used as a card-table. Hazel, who was down to play for the Remove on Wednesday, should have been at games practice that

afternoon; and this was where Hazel was, and this was how he was occupied. Vernon-Smith had been turned out of the eleven for having, in an unthinking moment—though Wharton did not know that—been drawn into betting on the result of the Form match. He wondered grimly what Wharton would have thought and done had he seen Hazel at the present moment.

The Bounder stood watching the two for a few minutes.

They were deeply absorbed in their game, and did not glance in his direction, and they had not heard his footfalls on the thick carpet of fallen leaves.

Hazel's face was a little white and anxious. Smithy judged that he was not getting the best of the game. That, however, went without saying. The foolish fellow was no match for Aubrey Angel. Hazel was losing money which he could not afford to lose, and he was growing troubled, and sullen, and sulky. He threw away a half-smoked cigarette with a savage gesture, but almost immediately lighted another.

The Bounder watched, and his eyes glinted.

He had told Redwing that the sportsman of the Fourth had another card up his sleeve; he had been glad to get Smithy dropped from the Remove team, on the principle that every little helped. But he had some other move to make—some other move of more effect. And as Smithy watched the gamblers he

knew what that move was. The black-guard of Greyfriars was getting at the Remove goalkeeper!

Hazel, doubtless, did not know it yet. It was fairly certain that he did not know it.

But the Bounder knew it as he gazed at the scene—knew it as well as if Aubrey Angel had told him.

He burst into a hard laugh.

Hazeldene started violently at the sound and looked up. Angel of the Fourth glanced round carelessly.

"Smithy!" exclaimed Angel.

"Is this how you're getting ready for the Form match, Hazel?" asked the Bounder in a tone of grim banter.

"No bizney of yours. You're not in the team now," said Hazeldene sullenly.

"Come and take a hand, Smithy," said Angel amicably.

The Bounder hesitated a moment. His evil star was in the ascendant that day. But he shook his head and curled his lip. Angel of the Fourth was beyond even Smithy's limit, which was a wide one.

"Thanks, no," he said. "There's a proverb that says that you can't touch pitch without bein' defiled, you know."

"What?"

"I'm not a particular chap, Angel, but I draw the line somewhere, you know," said Vernon-Smith. "I draw it at you!"

And the Bounder went on his way, leaving Angel with a black look on his face.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Indignant!

"**T**OPPERS!" said Bob Cherry.

"Eh?"

"Toppers!"

The Famous Five of the Remove were at tea in Study No. 1 when Bob Cherry made that cryptic remark.

All the juniors were rather thoughtful.

Wharton was troubled about football matters. The absence of his goalkeeper from the afternoon's practice disturbed him. Hazel was a good man in goal when he liked; but he was uncertain, and sometimes given to slacking, and Wharton would not have cared to play him in a big fixture. But he was more than good enough for the Form match, if he liked. The question was, whether he liked. His absence that afternoon looked as if a new spell of slacking was setting in; indeed, his walking out with Angel of the Fourth hinted that something more than slacking was going on. Hazel was one of those weak-natured fellows who never can run straight, except by fits and starts. It was easy for anyone to influence him, if anyone chose to take the trouble, but, unfortunately, he was more easily influenced for evil than for good.

It was chiefly on account of his sister Marjorie that the Co. took so much trouble about him. Hazel's numerous backslidings were a worry to Marjorie, and though her affection never failed, her patience was sometimes sorely tried. Harry Wharton & Co. had been glad to do all they could to keep Hazel on the right course, and under their amicable influence he had become quite keen on football, though he was disposed to place his value to the team much higher than his captain could place it.

Squiff of the Remove was leagues ahead of him in goal, a circumstance which made Hazel restive and sulky. He hoped to show in the Form match that he really was quite as good as

Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, and to capture the place for the St. Jim's match. It was not likely to happen, but if it did not, Hazel was more likely to attribute that to his captain's prejudice than to his captain's judgment.

Like most weak fellows, Hazel was extremely sensitive about being what he called "dictated" to. He was liable to display an offensive independence at the most awkward moment. Altogether, he was a difficult fellow to deal with, and it was hard work keeping him up to the mark.

The suspicion that Hazel was slipping back into his miserable, dingy "sporting" ways was very discomforting and irritating to the captain of the Remove. With all his cheeky independence, Hazel was a fellow to crumple up utterly when he found himself in a scrape. If he had been plunging at banker or nap with the black sheep of the Fourth, he was not likely to give much thought to football. But a warning to keep out of bad company was quite enough to make Hazel deliberately seek it, in order to show how independent he was.

Wharton wondered whether he was heading for trouble again, as he had so often done before. But it was quite possible that Hazel's absence that afternoon was simply due to a desire to show that he was not to be dictated to, and that he could do as he liked. The captain of the Remove was strongly tempted to scratch his name out of the football list, but he was unwilling to take that extreme step if it could be helped. It meant throwing away all the work that had been done in making a footballer of Marjorie's shiftless brother.

Nugent, and Inky, and Johnny Bull were also thinking about the football captain's difficulty. Bob Cherry, however, was thinking about another matter, as his observation showed.

"Toppers!" repeated Wharton, coming out of a brown study, and looking at Bob in surprise.

"Yes, we shall have to sport toppers for the occasion," said Bob.

"Toppers in a Form match!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Eh? Who's talking about a football match?"

"Well, I was thinking about it," said Harry, laughing.

"I was thinking about our walk to-morrow," said Bob.

"Oh, I see!"

"Forgotten it, old chap?" asked Bob.

"I suppose you know we're calling at Cliff House to-morrow morning for Marjorie and Clara, with Hazel? As it's a Sunday walk, we shall have to sport toppers."

"Oh, certainly! I hadn't forgotten," said Harry. "It's rather awkward. I shall have to speak to Hazel about cutting the practice to-day, and one never knows how he will take even the mildest word. I hope he won't be sulky to-morrow. It will be awkward."

Snort from Johnny Bull.

"If I were captain of football—" he began.

"Well, what would you do, old chap?" asked Harry.

"I'd boot Hazel out of the eleven."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Frank Nugent, in his good-natured way. "Hazel isn't easy to pull with, I know; but he's got a lot of good points."

"It would not please the beauteous and ludicrous Marjorie," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I dare say he can explain," said Bob Cherry. "After all, Hazel's been in jolly good form lately, and he may have thought he didn't need any more practice before a Form match."

Another snort from Johnny Bull.

"That's not for Hazel to decide," he said.

"That's so; it isn't," said Wharton. "But we've taken a lot of trouble to make a player of him, and I'd like to keep him at it. I'm bound to speak to him; but I think I'll put it gently—"

"Why more gently to him than to anybody else?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Temper the wind to the shorn lamb, you know," said Bob. "Hazel's rather a touchy sort of ass."

"Br-r-r-r!"

Johnny Bull, apparently, had no special consideration to expend upon Hazel's touchiness.

The discussion was interrupted by the opening of the study door. Billy Bunter's fat face and big spectacles glimmered in.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How did Bunter know we had a plum-cake here?" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Bunter rolled into the study.

"I didn't know you had a plum cake," he said. "But as you're so pressing, I'll sample it, old man. I say, you fellows, that cad Hazeldene—" Bunter helped himself to cake amply.

"Has Hazel come in?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, rather; in no end of a temper," grinned Bunter. "He's been up to something. I know his looks when he's up against it."

"Oh!"

"Awful cad!" said Bunter. "If he wasn't Marjorie's brother I should turn him down. But, you know, she's fond of him—no accounting for tastes, is there? It would be a blow to her if I turned him down."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Would the blowfulness of the esteemed Marjorie be terrific?" chuckled Hurree Singh.

"Oh, really Inky—"

"Don't spare the cake, Bunter!" said Frank Nugent, with deep sarcasm. Bunter had helped himself to two-thirds.

"Thanks, old chap, I won't," said the Owl of the Remove amicably. "I say, this is a jolly good cake. Not like the cakes I get from Bunter Court, of course!"

"Of course not," assented Bob. "This is a real cake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!" Bunter foiled up the cake with some tarts, and went on, with his mouth full: "I say, you fellows, it's really thick, you know. Hazel's really a rank outsider. No gentleman, you know."

"What has he done now?" asked Nugent. "Has he refused to cash a postal-order for you?"

"Oh, really, Nugent— Groooogh!" Bunter gasped. Tarts and conversation together did not seem to agree. Something had gone down the wrong way, and Bunter gasped and spluttered.

"Shall I smack you on the back?" asked Bob.

Bunter dodged away in time.

"I say, you fellows, I'll tell you what he's done," he went on, his fat neck having been cleared by a series of coughs and gasps and gurgles. "He's asked me to square."

"What?"

"He lent me a few shillings last term," said Bunter. "Now he's dunning me for it. Awful cad! I told him that it was an old account, and he said that made no difference, and he wanted the money. Fancy a fellow being so hard up that five bob makes a difference to



"I say, you fellows," said Bunter. "That cad Hazeldene lent me five shillings last term. Now he's dunning me for it. Fancy a fellow being so hard up. Poverty-stricken outsider, you know. Now which of you fellows is going to lend me the cash to square the cad? Don't all speak at once." The Famous Five did not all speak at once, but merely grinned.
(See Chapter 6.)

him! Poverty-stricken outsider, you know!"

"Of course, you squared at once?" asked Bob sarcastically.

"I told him, of course, that I should not keep him waiting for his measly bobs," said Bunter, with dignity. "I happen to be short of money temporarily—"

"Not really?"

"Yes, really, for once, old chap. But, as I told Hazel, I've got friends in the Remove who won't let me be dunned for money. That's really why I came here to see you fellows."

"Why?" asked Nugent. "Why not go and see your friends?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! Now, which of you chaps is going to lend me five bob to square that cad Hazel?" asked Bunter, blinking round through his spectacles. "Don't all speak at once."

The Famous Five did not all speak at once. They did not speak at all. They grinned.

"Of course, I can't keep the cad waiting for his money," said Bunter. "I refuse to be under any obligation to an outsider like that. Unfortunately, I've been disappointed about a postal-order I was expecting, and I'm short of funds. You'll lend me five bob, Wharton?"

"Not at all."

"What about you, Cherry?"

"Nothing about me, old fat man."

"You're not such a mean beast as these chaps, Nugent. You'll lend me five bob?"

"Meaner!" said Nugent.

"I say, Inky—"

"The lendfulness is not terrific, my esteemed, cadging Bunter."

"Bull, old chap?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Well, I'll get along and ask Smithy, as you're all hard up in this study," said Bunter. "I can't let that cad dun me for money. Any more tarts?"

"None!"

"You have measly spreads in this study, you chaps. Hardly worth while asking a fellow, if you don't mind my mentioning it."

"Did anybody ask you?"

"I'll stand you something a bit more decent than this when my postal-order comes," said Bunter, turning a deaf ear to the question. "Well, so-long! Sorry I can't stop longer. But a fellow has such a lot of engagements, you know." And the Owl of the Remove rolled out of Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"Hazel must be jolly hard up if he's really been trying to collect a debt from Bunter," said Bob, with a faint grin.

"The hard-upfulness must be terrific."

Wharton frowned.

"It looks—" he began, and broke off. "Well, I suppose Hazel's private affairs are no concern of ours. But I hope the silly ass hasn't been playing the goat again."

Tea over, the juniors left the study, and Harry Wharton went along to No. 2, Hazel's study. In the Remove passage he passed Vernon-Smith, who had just come in. Wharton gave the Bounder a nod, and received in return a hard and steely stare. He shrugged his shoulders

as he walked on. He was quite willing to forget the late unpleasantness, if Smithy was; but if the Bounder chose to keep it up, it did not affect the captain of the Remove very much. Vernon-Smith cast a scowl after him, and tramped on to Study No. 4.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hazel Asks for It!

HARRY WHARTON tapped at the door of Study No. 2, and entered. Hazeldene was there.

His study-mate, Tom Brown, was "tea-ing" along the passage with Squiff. Hazel was sitting limply in the study armchair, with a black look on his face, and was evidently tired and troubled. His look grew blacker as he saw the captain of the Remove.

"You!" he said.

His tone was very unpleasant; but Wharton was determined to take no notice of that.

Wharton was aware of certain little failings in his own temper, which had sometimes caused trouble to himself and to his friends. There was some slight foundation of truth in Skinner's gibes about "his Magnificence," and "his Lofty Serenity"—titles which Skinner had bestowed on the captain of the Remove, and which had raised many chuckles in the Rag.

In dealing with aggressive fellows like Bolsover major, or the Bounder, Wharton was perhaps liable to carry his head a little too high. But he did his best

to keep that fault in check; and he was under no temptation to take a high hand in dealing with a weak and passionate fellow like Hazel. He was so much the stronger in every way, that he could well afford to be conciliatory.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Hazel, before the captain of the Remove could speak. "I'd better warn you that I'm not in a mood to be jawed. If that's it, you can cut it out."

Hazel was evidently in a quarrelsome mood. But it takes two to make a quarrel, the captain of the Remove did not intend to let the trouble materialise.

"But I haven't come to jaw you, old chap," he said mildly.

Hazel grunted.

The soft answer is said to turn away wrath; and soft answers from Wharton were rare. But Hazel looked as sulky and irritable as before. It was easy to see that there was some worry on his mind, unconnected with the idea of any "jaw" from his football captain.

"But I expected to see you on Little Side this afternoon, you know," said Harry amicably.

"I went out of gates."

"Yes, I know. But—"

"I suppose I can go out of gates on a half-holiday, if I choose?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that's that!" grunted Hazel.

"But we wanted you, you know," said Harry. "Still, let it pass. We get a good practice on Tuesday, and you've been in great form lately. You'll do well in goal; and you know that since Smithy was dropped, we want to take care not to let the Fourth beat us."

"I don't see that you need have dropped Smithy."

Wharton breathed hard for a moment.

"Well, he's dropped, anyhow," he said. "It weakens the team; unless I make some more changes; but I don't want to do that if it can be helped."

"You mean you think you could strengthen the team by putting Field into goal?" said Hazel unpleasantly.

Every fellow in the Remove, excepting Hazel, knew that the eleven could be immensely strengthened by putting Squiff into goal. Hazel was the only fellow who did not know it, or rather, refused to know it.

"Never mind that," said Harry. "I was disappointed not to see you with the team to-day; but you'll turn up on Tuesday. That will make it all right."

"I don't know that I shall."

Again Wharton breathed hard. He was aware that he would not have taken so much "cheek" as this from any other member of his team. Hazel was presuming on his patience and good temper.

"Let's have this clear, Hazel!" said Harry, gently enough. "I've put you into the team, and you're bound to play up. If I let a man cut the games practices, what will all the fellows say?"

"Let them say what they like."

Harry Wharton stood silent. His patience, so far, would have surprised any Remove fellow who had heard him talk. But there was a limit to patience.

"Anything more?" sneered Hazel.

"Well, we're walking to Cliff House to-morrow, and I'll speak of it again," said Harry, and he turned to the door.

"Oh, rot!" said Hazel. "Let's hear an end of it. I'm not a fellow to be called over the coals, and I tell you so plainly. I've heard a lot of talk about Field in goal—I think I'm as good a man, if you ask me. But if you think Field's a better man, why the deuce don't you play him? I'm not asking for any favouritism."

"It isn't that," said Harry. "You're

every bit good enough to play Temple's crowd, and you're entitled to a show in a match."

"But not good enough to play St. Jim's?" sneered Hazel.

"If you want to play St. Jim's, you've only got to stick to games practice hard, and get into form for it. I'd be glad to see you playing in a school match, if you were equal to it."

"I don't want to play St. Jim's," said Hazel coolly. "I don't want to play the Fourth, for that matter. You offered me the place, and I took it on—I never said I was keen about it. It doesn't matter a ha'penny rap to me whether I play on Wednesday or not."

"Look here, Hazel—"

"If you think you're conferring a tremendous benefit on me, you can wash it out," said Hazel contemptuously. "I'm giving up a half-holiday on Wednesday to the footer—and I'd jolly well rather be somewhere else, if you want to know. And you can't call me to heel when you like, either. I shall suit myself about turning up for practice on Tuesday; it's not a compulsory day."

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"I want to keep friendly with you, Hazel," he said. "I want to keep you in the footer, if I can. But there's a limit—I've got the team to consider. I'd better say plainly that unless you give me your word to play in the practice on Tuesday, I can't keep you in the eleven for the Form match."

"Am I askin' you to?" sneered Hazel.

"You mean that you want to stand out?"

"I mean that I don't care a rap one way or the other," exclaimed Hazel irritably. "I'm fed up with footer, and fed up with you, if you want to hear what I feel about it."

Wharton compressed his lips.

"I suppose that means that you are playing the goat again—I heard that you were with Angel, of the Fourth, this afternoon."

"No business of yours, I suppose," said Hazel. "Are you going to meddle with my private affairs because I've consented to keep goal for you?"

"Consented!" repeated the captain of the Remove.

"Yes—consented. I've not asked for the place, and I'm not asking for it now. I don't care a dash about it."

"Very well; you're scratched," said the captain of the Remove. "There's a limit, Hazel. You don't play on Wednesday."

"I dare say I shall find something else to do," sneered Hazel.

Harry Wharton turned and left the study.

Hazel threw himself into the arm-chair again, scowling blackly. He was not thinking of the place in the team that he had lost; obviously, he did not care about that. Other matters were on his mind—not unconnected, probably, with his card-play with Angel, of the Fourth, that afternoon in Friardale Wood.

He turned his head irritably as the study door re-opened a few minutes later, half-expecting to see Wharton again. In his conceit, he would not have been surprised if the captain of the Remove had returned to ask him to alter his decision. But it was Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, his study-mate, who came in.

"Sorry, old bean," said Tom Brown cheerily.

"Sorry for what?" grunted Hazel.

"I see your name's scratched."

"What rot!"

"I noticed the list in the Rag," said the New Zealand junior. "Your name's marked out. I'm sorry, as you were

getting on so well with the footer. But, really, it was rather thick cutting practice to-day. You might really have expected it, old man."

Hazeldene sat bolt upright, and fixed a furious stare on the New Zealand junior. Tom Brown was taking it for granted that he had been dropped from the team because he had cut games practice.

"You silly chump!" hooted Hazel.

"Hallo! What's biting you?"

"Do you think I've been turned out of the team like Smithy?"

"Eh! I suppose so, as Wharton's taken your name out of the list," answered Tom Brown staring.

"You fathead! I've chucked up the place because I don't want it," snarled Hazeldene. "I could have it if I liked."

Tom Brown laughed, and made no rejoinder.

"Don't you believe me?" demanded Hazeldene, with a look of concentrated exasperation. It was bitterly humiliating to Hazel, after his cheek to the football captain, to be supposed to be dropped from the team because he was not worth keeping in it. His idea was rather to pose as a fellow who was wanted to play, and didn't care whether he played or not—a very different position from that of a "dud" who was dropped.

"Oh, draw it mild, you know," said Brown. "You're telling me that you've chucked up a place that a dozen fellows would like to have. Draw it mild."

"Well, I have! Can't you take my word?" almost shouted Hazel.

"Your word isn't exactly as good as gold, is it?" said Brown. "But let it drop—it doesn't matter to me. Have it as you like."

"You cheeky rotter!"

Tom Brown gave him a quiet warning look.

"That's enough, Hazel! I don't like that talk," he said. "Keep that kind of chat for Bunter, a fellow who can't punch your cheeky head."

"I tell you I chucked up the place of my own accord, and Wharton practically asked me to keep it on."

"Rats!"

"You cheeky cad, I tell you—" Hazel was in a state of ragged nerves after his "sporting" experiences of the afternoon, and his weak, passionate temper was quite out of control. Wharton's patience under his "cheek" had encouraged him, too, to suppose that he could talk as he liked to Tom Brown, who, as a rule, was a much more patient fellow than Wharton. But he was making a mistake now.

"I've told you to chuck that talk, Hazel," said the New Zealand junior. "I don't want a row with you, but if you call me names again, I shall punch you. That's a tip."

"Cheeky cad!" bawled Hazel.

"That does it."

Hazel put up his hands as the New Zealand junior came towards him. He was in a mood for a quarrel and a scrap with anybody. He struck out fiercely and passionately, and Tom Brown hit out in return, and in a moment more there was a fight going on in the study.

"I say, you fellows," came a yell in the Remove passage, "they're fighting in Study No. 2!"

There was a rush of the Remove fellows at once. Bolsover major threw open the study door.

"Go it, Hazel!" sang out Skinner. Skinner had no doubt that Hazel was in the wrong; and any fellow in the wrong was sure of Skinner's support and encouragement.

"Man down!" grinned Russell.

Hazel went down heavily to the floor.

(Continued on page 17.)

HARRY WHARTON'S Football Supplement



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

No. 6. Vol. 3 (New Series).

Week Ending October 3th, 1926.

Do You Know?



THAT no director of any football club is allowed to receive any fees for his services as a director, and that the shareholders of a football club can only be paid dividends at the rate of seven and a half per cent.

That there are just over 30,000 football clubs affiliated to the Football Association, and that there are less than four hundred of these clubs which engage professionals.

That before the start of last season's Cup Final there was one player who was so nervous that he had to get somebody else to fasten the laces of his boots.

That officially the playing season runs for thirty-nine weeks, leaving the other thirteen weeks of each year as the "close" season. The most that a professional footballer can receive in salary is eight pounds per week during the "playing season," and six pounds per week during the "close" season.

That Albert Iremonger, who has now left Notts County for Lincoln City, played for Notts for twenty-one seasons, and has all the time been the tallest first-class goalkeeper in the game. He stands six feet five inches.

That during the summer Manager "Bob" Jack, of Plymouth Argyle, won the bowls championship of England.

That two First Division clubs—Sheffield United and Tottenham Hotspur—did not sign on a single new player for the present season.

That Howard Baker, late of Chelsea, who is now keeping goal for Everton, for several years held the world's amateur high jump record. He cleared six feet five inches. He is also a fine hurdler, and has played for his country at water polo and lawn tennis, as well as for his country at football.

That Stephen Bloomer scored 352 goals in League games alone during his career, most of which he spent with Derby County. His total of successful shots for all first-class games was nearly five hundred, and is easily a record.

That Cookson, the Chesterfield centre-forward who scored more goals last season—forty-four—than has ever been scored by any Football League player in one season, was transferred to Chesterfield by Manchester City for sixty pounds.

WHO SCORED *that* GOAL?



Why not number the players and make the game more interesting from the watcher's point of view?

A LARGE proportion of the people who attend big football matches spend a penny or twopence on a programme which gives them the names of the players of the competing teams. That shows the watchers are interested in who is playing. On the programmes the players are given numbers under their names, but they wear no corresponding numbers on their jerseys to help the fellow in the crowd to identify them. Why this idea of numbering Soccer players has never been adopted I can't for the life of me make out. They do it in Rugger.

Of course, I know that the spectator who attends at any ground regularly knows the "home" players so well that there is no necessity for them to be numbered. But there are such things as

CASUAL SPECTATORS,

people who don't know the players by sight, and in addition there are the visiting players whom very few of the crowd know, as a rule.

Surely the onlooker is interested in the personalities of the game. If a bit of good work is done by some player he doesn't recognise, it would be ever so much better if the player had a number on his back, and on his chest as well if necessary. Then the spectator could refer to the number on the programme and find out whether he was giving credit to the right person. Who scored that goal? is a question often heard on the football field. It doesn't matter so far as the result is concerned who scored a goal, but it is a matter of interest to the onlooker, and numbers would enable him to

DECIDE CORRECTLY

almost every time.

Especially would the numbering of the players be helpful in those matches when, for any reason, the team is "pulled about" after the match starts. When a man is injured and has to go off the field, a team is often shuffled quite a lot until the spectators, not knowing the players' faces or figures, get hopelessly mixed as to the fellows who are doing things. Even journalists, who are always following football, get mixed up sometimes by this absence of identification marks. When Newcastle United beat Aston Villa in the cup final of 1924, there was hopeless confusion among the Press as to who got one of the goals. A lot of newspapers gave Cowan the credit, some said it was Harris who scored, and various other members of the Newcastle team were given credit for the point.

Now the beauty of this idea of putting huge numbers on the backs and the chests of the footballers, is that it would cost practically nothing.

And surely a thing which would add interest to the game without cost might be done forthwith.

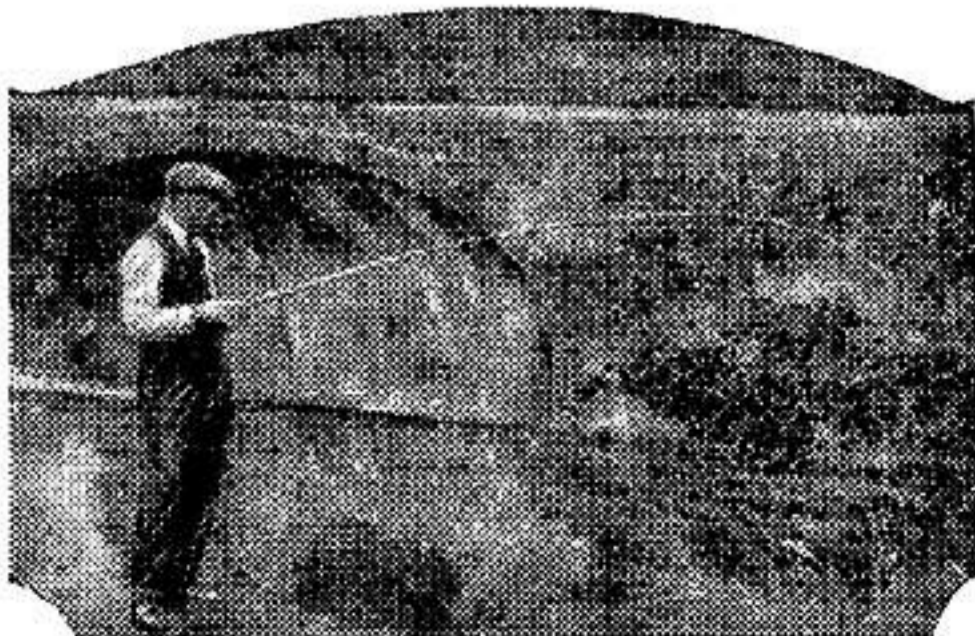


Photo shows Tommy Clay, of the Spurs, fishing—not for "tiddlers" we hope!

TRICKS of the TRADE!

This week—David Halliday, of Sunderland, supplies a few tips for the centre-forward.

THERE is not much that is picturesque about the names of football clubs, generally speaking. But they have at least one club in Scotland with a sweet-sounding title—Queen of the South. This club with the picturesque name has turned out some excellent players, and among them is David Halliday, the present centre-forward of the Sunderland club. And as befits the club with which he first began to make a name, Halliday is a picturesque player. If you met him in the street in his everyday attire you would probably say to yourself: "If that fellow isn't a footballer he ought to be." By stretching up ever so little he can make the top of his head touch the beam at six feet; he weighs near twelve stone, and he has muscles hard as iron. In short, a fellow designed by nature for the centre-forward's job.

CLEVER TACTICS!

Strangely enough, though, he did not at one time consider himself a centre-forward. He used to play outside-left for Dundee, but wanting a man for the middle one day they hit on Halliday, and the fellow who had the brain-wave ought to be given a medal. He has been worrying goalkeepers ever since with telling shots, and worrying full-backs by using his broad shoulders. Sometimes, when I watch him playing at centre-forward for Sunderland I am suddenly reminded that he used to be an outside-left by a little trick which he does. He will be veering over to the right, and apparently allowing the ball to run so that he can take a flying shot with his right foot. At the last

minute, however, he just flicks the ball from his right foot to his left, and the shot comes from that foot, much to the surprise of the goalkeeper. Of course, he can shoot with his right, and does so at times, but his "popular" foot for goal-scoring is the left.

A RECORD GOAL-SCORER!

Plenty of Scots who come to England fail to make good South of the Border,



An impression of David Halliday by Jimmy Seed, of the Spurs.

and when Sunderland paid four thousand pounds to Dundee for him they probably wondered, just a little, if he would prove as successful with them as he had been with Dundee. How quickly those doubts were put to rest will be realised when it is mentioned that in his four games for his new club at the beginning of last season he scored ten goals—two two's and two three's. This was a record too good to keep up, of course, because opposing players began to watch Dave pretty closely, but he finished last season with the very full bag of 38 goals in League games for Sunderland.

A GOOD MOTTO!

Nobody should really be surprised at the success of this Scot in English football, because his play is more typical of the English style than of the Scottish. He is not overburdened with thrills, and he told me not so long ago that his idea about getting goals was that the shortest way to the net was the best way. It doesn't pay opponents to leave him unguarded. With left foot or right he swings the ball out to the wings, and then gets into position for the return pass. When the ball comes back he doesn't hesitate. He darts forward with long, raking strides, and the minute he sees an opening he lets fly. "Shoot hard, and shoot often," is another of his mottoes.

Neither does he believe in giving the full-backs too much rope. He is what might be called the chaser of forlorn hopes. He always seems to think that there is a chance of a full-back missing his kick, and that anyway it is a good policy not to give the defender too much time in which to make a clearance. Altogether a centre-forward worth watching from every point of view.

This Week's Big Games!

Thrilling Tussles for the week-end.

THERE are some extremely interesting big matches down for decision this week-end, and as it happens the programme in the First Division especially is of the sort in which it is particularly difficult to decide the sides which will win. Cardiff City against Sheffield United, by way of example, is likely to be a very close match, and indeed the games between these two teams ever since the War have been wonderfully keen and even. Only once in the last five meetings between these two clubs at Cardiff has either side scored more than one goal.

As the spectators gather for the big game at Ninian Park they will recall a tragic day in the history of Cardiff City when they were up against Sheffield United. This was the Cup Final of 1925. The great majority of the football-following people expected Cardiff City to beat Sheffield United that day, but there was

A SURPRISE RESULT

for Sheffield United won by a goal to nothing. That dashing outside wingman Fred Tunstall got the goal, but he owed his chance to the fact that a Cardiff half-back named Wake was not quite so wide-awake as he ought to have been. Wake seemed to have plenty of time in which to clear, but he

took too much time, and Tunstall, the ever-ready, came dashing up, took the ball from Wake's toe and had it in the net to win the match almost before the half-back had realised what was happening.

One of the largest crowds of the day is sure to be seen at Bolton, where the Wanderers entertain Manchester United on Saturday. Manchester is not very far from Bolton—the journey can be done by tramcar, and these two teams have been

THE KEENEST OF RIVALS

for many years past. I recall the time, many years ago, when they ran a neck-and-neck race for the leadership of the Second Division, and the Wanderers made promotion certain by defeating Manchester United at Burnden Park.

Another very open contest down for decision is that between Everton and Huddersfield, but the champions will go to Goodison Park with the confidence borne of many successes there. Only once in the last four meetings between these two teams at Everton have the "Toffees" escaped defeat, and then they only managed to draw. Barring accidents there will be in goal for Huddersfield Ted Taylor, a man Everton might have had many years ago, for he used to play with junior clubs very near to the Everton ground. The case of Taylor was like many others—

he was a prophet without honour in his own locality.

Bury will also go to West Ham knowing that they are visiting one of their favourite hunting-grounds. The "Shakers" won at West Ham last year by two goals to nothing, and they have

ONLY ONCE BEEN BEATEN

at the East London ground during the last five years.

The supporters of Clapton Orient will welcome to Homerton an old friend of theirs in Owen Williams, who was the first Clapton Orient player to get a "cap" for England.

In the old Southern League days there were no teams which habitually made further progress in the Cup competition than Swindon and Millwall, and these two clubs meet on Saturday at the ground of the railwaymen. The matches between these two clubs at Swindon have been quite remarkably close affairs. On two of the last five meetings between the clubs Swindon have won by a goal to nothing; there have been two one-each draws and one draw without a goal being scored. It is high time some sharpshooter ran rampant in a Swindon-Millwall game, but it doesn't seem likely to happen. Morris, the Swindon centre-forward, will do his best though, for he used to play for Millwall.

(Can the Offside Nuisance Come Back? See what S. J. Wadsworth, the famous International full-back of Huddersfield Town, has to say on this subject in next week's fine four-page Footer Supplement, chums.)



(Continued from page 12.)

He lay there dazedly, gasping for breath. Tom Brown dropped his hands at once.

"Chuck it, old bean," he said. "You're not my weight, you know."

"You—you rotter!" panted Hazel. "I'll lick you, you rotten cad."

Harry Wharton came through the crowd of fellows gathering round the open doorway. Hazeldene staggered to his feet. He rushed at Tom Brown.

"Stop that, Hazel!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Mind your own business."

Tom Brown grasped his assailant, and held him. He was twice as strong as Hazeldene, and had no difficulty whatever in handling him. Hazel struggled in his grasp, without being able to release himself, and there was a chirrup of laughter from the fellows in the passage.

"Let me loose!" he almost screamed.

"Make it pax!" said Tom Brown, with a grin.

"I won't! I'll lick you—I—I—I—!" Hazel stuttered with rage and chagrin.

"You look like licking me, I don't think," said Brown. "Look here, are you going to stop playing the goat?"

"You rotter! I—I—!"

"Then you go out till you're in a better temper," said Tom Brown coolly, and he spun Hazel to the doorway, and sat him down forcibly in the passage, amidst the laughing Removites.

Then he closed the door on him.

"You silly owl, what did you tackle Brownie for?" asked Bolsover major. "He could eat you if he liked."

Hazel sat and panted, his cup of humiliation full. He realised only too clearly that he had made an exhibition of himself; and that it was useless to enter the study again to try further conclusions with the hefty youth from New Zealand. The laughter of the Removites stung him to the quick, and his face was crimson with rage and shame.

Wharton bent to give him a helping hand up. Hazel struck his hand savagely aside, and staggered to his feet without assistance.

Wharton's eyes gleamed. Every fellow there expected to see him knock Hazel spinning along the passage; and for a moment he looked like it. But he controlled his temper, and walked away without a word or a look at Hazel.

"My hat! His Magnificence is gettin' jolly tame!" said Skinner. "Is our high and mighty Wharton gettin' funky in his old age?"

Hazel had felt a momentary tremor; but Wharton's quiet departure reassured him. He cast a vaunting look after the captain of the Remove. The insult to Wharton seemed somehow, to his weak and sulky mind, to avenge his humiliation at the hands of his study-mate. But Bolsover major chimed in with his gruff voice.

"You're a silly ass, Skinner! Wharton doesn't think that he's worth hitting, and you jolly well know it. Don't talk rot."

Hazel gave Bolsover major a furious look, and tramped away towards the stairs, followed by a laugh from the juniors.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A "Sunday Walk"!

"IT'S awkward!" said Bob Cherry, rubbing his nose in perplexity. Bob's chums agreed that it was awkward.

Undoubtedly, it was.

That Sunday morning, the Famous Five were booked for a "Sunday Walk" with Marjorie and Clara, of Cliff House. They were to call at Cliff House School for the two girls; and Hazel, of course, was going—that had been arranged long ago.

Any arrangement with Hazel was a matter of uncertainty. He was a fellow of changing moods; and generally did what was right in his own eyes, and wrong in all other eyes.

Now that he was out of the Remove eleven, it was quite probable that Hazel would be in a sulky temper with his football captain; and, in fact, that morning he had passed Wharton in the quad with a savage stare, and without speaking to him.

In these circumstances, the Sunday walk was a rather awkward matter. It was time to start; but Hazel had not approached the Famous Five.

Perhaps he was waiting to be sought out and persuaded. That would have been like him. Perhaps he had decided not to go. That also would have been like him. Anyhow, he was not to be seen, when the chums of the Remove gathered in their best toppers for the great occasion.

"We've got to hunt him up, and tell him what a nice chap he is, and how we shall miss him if he doesn't come!" growled Johnny Bull, in a voice like that of the great, huge bear. "Catch me doing it."

"The esteemed Hazel is rather infuriating," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But if we go without him, the excellent and beauteous Marjorie will give us the marble eye."

"Oh, let's ask him," said Nugent, always tolerant and good-natured. "He seems rather ratty since yesterday; but we're used to that in Hazel. We can't very well go without him."

Wharton compressed his lips.

"We'll look for him," he said.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter! Bunter, do you know where Hazel is?" called out Bob.

Bunter sniffed.

"Sulking somewhere," he said. "He's frightfully ratty about being chucked out of the football. Trying to make out that he chucked it up, and the fellows won't swallow it. He, he, he. I refuse to speak to him now."

"Lucky bargee!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Seen Hazel, Smithy?" shouted Bob, as the Bounder passed at a little distance with Redwing.

Vernon-Smith glanced round.

"Yes—he's nursing his nose in his study," he answered.

"Nursing his nose?" repeated Bob. "What's the matter with his nose? It was all right in chapel this morning."

"It's had an accident since," said Vernon-Smith. "It got into collision with a fellow's knuckles."

"My hat! Has he been scrapping again? He's growing to be a regular fire-eater," said Bob, in astonishment.

"Your knuckles, I suppose, Smithy?" said Harry Wharton, with a rather dark look at the Bounder.

"Mine!" assented Vernon-Smith coolly. "Got anything to say about it, your High Mightiness?"

"Yes, as you ask me," said Harry sharply. "I've no doubt Hazel provoked you, as he did Brown; but he provoked me, too, and I never touched him. He's not a fellow who can stand up to you, and you ought to have let him alone."

"So glad to hear your opinion," said the Bounder carelessly.

"Dash it all, you might keep your nose-punching for week-days, anyhow, Smithy," said Bob. "It's rotten bad form on Sunday, to say the least."

The Bounder coloured.

"Well, I'm a bad hat, you know," he said. "What can you expect of a fellow who goes in for betting on the football matches?"

"Something in that, though you don't mean it," said the captain of the Remove scornfully.

"Lots in it," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, cheese it, you fellows," broke in Tom Redwing. "Hazel called Smithy a string of names, because Smithy wouldn't lend him money. Is a fellow bound to take that?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Shut up, Reddy!" growled Vernon-Smith. "There's no need to explain—let them rip, and be blowed to them. Come on!" And he walked on with Redwing.

The Famous Five looked at one another.

"One of us had better go and speak to Hazel," said Harry Wharton abruptly. "Anybody keen on it?"

"Franky," said Bob. "He's got the best temper."

Nugent laughed.

"I'll go," he said; and he went into the House, and up to the Remove passage.

He found Hazel in Study No. 2. Hazel was not exactly nursing his nose, but his nose looked very red, and his brow very black. He gave Frank a far from friendly look.

"Ready, old chap," said Nugent amicably.

"Ready for what?" growled Hazeldene.

"Walk to Cliff House, you know."

"I'm not coming."

"Better come, old fellow. Marjorie will expect you, you know."

"I won't!"

"We all want you, you know."

Hazel's lip curled.

"Yes, I know exactly how much you want me," he said. "You can want—as much as you like. Shut the door after you."

"Marjorie will ask why you haven't come. What are we to tell her?"

"Anything you like."

"Hazel, old chap—" urged Frank.

"Tell her that I don't care to walk out to-day with a set of cads," said Hazel. "That will have the advantage of being the truth."

Nugent crimsoned with anger.

"Why, you cheeky rotter!" he exclaimed. "I've a jolly good mind to mop up the study with you."

"Get on with it, then," sneered Hazel. "I don't seem to be able to handle Brown or Smithy, but I think I can handle you all right, you milk-sop."

Frank Nugent had been selected as ambassador, as the best-tempered member of the Co., but his excellent temper failed him now. He strode into the study with glinting eyes, with his hands up.

Hazel had made another mistake.

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Nugent, undoubtedly, was the least formidable member of the famous Co. in the fistical line. But he was much too good in that line for Hazel.

After three minutes, Hazel lay gasping on the study carpet; and Nugent left the study, with a flushed face and a reddened nose.

He was breathing hard, when he rejoined his comrades in the quad. They looked at him inquiringly, and Nugent's flush deepened.

"I'm sorry, you chaps," he said awkwardly. "I—I—I—"

"My only hat! Have you been punching Hazel?" ejaculated Bob Cherry blankly. "Nugent, old man—on Sunday—"

"I think he would make a saint punch him," said Frank. "You fellows know I'm not a quarrelsome chap, I suppose. But—"

"Is he going to scrap with all the Remove, one after another?" said Johnny Bull. "What's the matter with the fellow?"

"It's rotten," said Wharton, knitting his brows.

"Do you think I was to blame?" demanded Nugent, rather hotly.

"I know you weren't, Frank," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "But it's rotten all the same. We shall have to go without Hazel now."

"No doubt about that," agreed Bob; "and as we're getting late already, let's get going."

And the Famous Five went—Nugent giving his reddened nose a dab or two on the way through the lanes to Cliff House.

All the Co. were feeling disturbed; Marjorie was certain to wonder why her brother did not come; and it was impossible to explain to her that Frank had punched him just before starting.

Two graceful figures were standing at the gates of Cliff House School when the juniors came up the road, and five well-brushed toppers were lifted in greeting. Marjorie and Clara greeted the Famous Five pleasantly; but a little cloud came over Marjorie Hazeldene's face, and the juniors did not need telling the cause.

"Hazel couldn't come along, as it turned out," said Harry.

"Slacker!" said Miss Clara.

Marjorie gave her friend a rather reproachful look.

"Well, he is a slacker," said Miss Clara. "It's a lovely morning for a walk, and Hazel is frowsting in his study, I know."

"I'm sure he isn't," said Marjorie. "I wish he had come. But never mind—let us go."

And the little party walked away towards the cliff for an hour's ramble along the sea before the two girls were escorted back to Cliff House. In following the rocky paths across the cliffs, they became separated a little, and Marjorie found an opportunity of speaking to Harry Wharton quietly.

"Harry! Is my brother well?"

"I—I think so," said Harry. "Not ill, anyhow."

"Has there been any trouble?"

"Well, you see—" stammered Harry.

"Yes, I see," said Marjorie quietly. "I know what my brother's temper is like, Harry; and I know you wouldn't have any trouble with him if you could help it. I was so glad that he was getting on well in the school games, and that you were helping him. I—I hope that any dispute will not make any difference to that."

Wharton was uncomfortably silent.

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"I was thinking of seeing the match on Wednesday, with my brother keeping goal for the Remove," said Marjorie.

"I—I suppose I'd better tell you, Marjorie," said Wharton reluctantly. "Hazel isn't in the eleven now."

Marjorie compressed her lips a little. "It's jolly awkward," said Harry colouring. "I can't let you think that I've turned Hazel down; and I can't lay the blame on him—to you! But the fact really is that he didn't care about the thing."

"He said so?"

"Well, yes."

"Poor Hazel's temper is against him," said Marjorie. "He sometimes speaks passionately, without meaning very much. But, of course, you must do as you think best."

Wharton hesitated a moment or two.

"I'll do the very best I can, Marjorie," he said. "If Hazel gives me a chance I'll meet him more than half way. I daresay he will get over this little outburst of temper in a day or two; after all, he never bears malice, does he? If he quarrels about nothing, at least he gets over it and forgives the fellow he has quarrelled with."

Marjorie smiled.

"I'll try jolly hard to get him back into the team," said Harry.

"I know it's difficult," said Marjorie softly. "I am not blind to his faults. If you seek him out, he may be what you call 'sidey'; I know. But you can afford to be generous, Harry. You have a strong character; and poor Hazel's, I think, is rather a weak one."

"My dear Marjorie, I'll give him time to get over this little tiff, and then act as if nothing's happened, and I think it will be all right," said Harry.

"Thank you!" said Marjorie.

And they joined the others, and walked along by the sea.

After seeing the girls back to Cliff House, Harry Wharton walked back to Greyfriars with his chums in a rather thoughtful mood. For Marjorie's sake he had promised to do his best for Hazel—but he could imagine only too well the foolish fellow's conceited sneer, if he was approached by his football captain with another offer of the place he had contemptuously discarded. The captain of the Remove realised that he had "let himself in" for an exceedingly unpleasant experience. But he did not regret it.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Way of the Transgressor!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE, the captain of the Fourth Form, gave a contemptuous sniff as he saw Hazeldene of the Remove coming up the Fourth Form passage, after classes, on Monday.

Hazel, obviously, was bound for Angel's study.

That study was a thorn in the side of Cecil Reginald; he felt that Aubrey Angel was a disgrace to his Form, as indeed he was. Nothing would have pleased him better than to see Aubrey Angel "bunked" from Greyfriars, a fate that was fairly certain to overtake the sportsman of the Fourth sooner or later.

Cecil Reginald was greatly inclined to boot Hazel out of the passage back to the Remove quarters. It was rotten enough, in Temple's opinion, for the black sheep of the Fourth to congregate in Angel's study, without the black sheep of other Forms gathering there.

However, Cecil Reginald contented himself with a contemptuous sniff, and walked past Hazeldene with his nose in the air.

Hazel glanced at him with a sneer, and tapped at Angel's door and entered.

Kenney was there, but the expressive looks of both Angel and the Remove visitor apprised Kenney that his company was not wanted, and he lounged out of the study.

Hazel shut the door after him. Then he faced Aubrey Angel with a flush in his face.

"I can't settle!" he announced abruptly.

Angel smiled.

"That's all right, old bean. Take a pew."

Hazel sat down.

"Of course, you can wait, Angel," he said. "I'm not really bothering about the few quids I owe you. But I wish I hadn't gone on to the Cross Keys with you on Saturday."

"Do you?" smiled Angel.

"It's put me in a rotten hole," said Hazel restlessly. "Some fellows in the Remove owe me money, but not much. Anyhow, it's no good dunning them. I thought I might get a loan from Smithy, but he's failed me. I gave Banks at the Cross Keys my IOU for six pounds, you know."

"I know."

"It's no end of a worry," said Hazel. "I was a fool to go there, and a fool to play cards with a man like Banks. I know that now."

"Knowledge so often comes too late."

Hazel gave him a sharp look. "You oughtn't to have taken me there," he said.

"Did I take you?"

"Well, I shouldn't have gone if it hadn't been for you," muttered Hazel. "I've been in trouble there before, and meant to keep clear. I—I don't mean that I'm blamin' you, but I wish I hadn't done it. Still, you've told me that Banks will keep my paper till it's settled."

"That's all right, old bean. I've got a lot of influence with him, you know. He won't quarrel with me if he can help it."

"Well, I know that," admitted Hazel. "He makes too much out of you, I fancy, to dun me for the money, if you tell him not to. You're hard up now, but he knows you will be rollin' in it again some time."

"Exactly."

"Still, it makes a fellow horribly uneasy," said Hazel. "If that paper got out, it's enough to get me bunked from Greyfriars."

"Quite enough."

"And I can't settle with him for weeks to come," said Hazel.

"He will wait."

"You're sure of that?" asked Hazel, relieved, but doubtful.

"He will, if I ask him."

"Well, that's all right," said Hazel, more relieved. "Of course, I shall raise the wind as soon as I can, and get my paper back from Banks. He would rather have the money than the paper."

"Much rather, I should think," said Angel, laughing.

"It seems that I'm depending on your good offices," said Hazeldene. "I—I suppose Banks would put the screw on if you didn't stand between?"

ANSWERS
Every Saturday —PRICE 2:—

"Unless you paid him."
 "Well, I can't!"
 "Rely on me, old bean," said Angel, lighting a cigarette. "I'm your giddy guardian angel. Gad, that's a pun! Ha, ha!"

Hazel laughed feebly; he was in no mood for laughing. The knowledge that he had signed a paper, and left it in the hands of such a man as Joe Banks of the Cross Keys, was a nightmare to him, since he had had leisure to reflect. In his heart of hearts he bitterly blamed Angel for the whole affair, and bitter reproaches were on his tongue; but he could not utter them when he was relying on Angel's intervention to keep the sharper from dunning him.

Not for the first time, the scapegrace of the Remove realised that he would have done more wisely to keep out of bad company.

"Depend on me to bar Banks off," said Angel. "Of course, he wants his money, and I've no doubt he would show your paper to the Head if you didn't square, only I've told him it's all right. Don't you worry. As for your little debt to me, let it wait."

"That's awfully decent of you, Angel," said Hazeldene.

"What rot! We're pals," said Angel,

Aubrey Angel stared at him.
 "Off?" he repeated. "What do you mean? You're keeping goal for the Remove on Wednesday."

Hazel shook his head.
 "I've chucked it," he said.
 "Chucked it?" repeated Aubrey blankly. The cigarette dropped from Angel's fingers.

"Yes. I'm not goin' to stand Wharton's lip," said Hazeldene. "He's not going to dictate to me. I never really cared about playing in the Form match. I never get a chance in a big fixture, and I'm not going to worry about matches with Temple's fumblin' crowd. Wharton ragged me for cuttin' games practice on Saturday, and I wasn't standin' it. I've dropped out of the eleven."

Aubrey Angel started to his feet. His bland friendliness and politeness had dropped from him like a cloak. Hazel was startled and astounded by the change in his looks. He stared furiously at the Removite.

"You—you fool!" he almost shouted.
 "Angel!"
 "You dummy!"
 "Look here—"
 "You burbling idiot! You actually tell me that you've given up your place

any of it from you. I can keep goal well enough to bottle up your Form, anyhow. Wharton thinks so, and he knows more about soccer than you'll ever know, even if you take up games instead of horse-racing and billiards."

"Why did you chuck up the place?" asked Angel, more calmly.

"Because I jolly well chose," said Hazel sullenly.

"Wharton would take you on again if you asked him."

"I know I'm jolly well not goin' to ask."

"I want you to keep goal on Wednesday, Hazel."

Hazeldene scowled.

"You can want!" he said. "I know what you mean—I know all about your bet with Smithy. You think I can't keep goal, and that you will bag Smithy's tenner if I play for the Remove. Well, I can tell you you're a cheeky fool. You don't know anything about the game. Bunter could keep goal well enough to bottle up your form."

Angel blew out a little cloud of smoke.
 "Don't let's rag," he said. "I admit I spoke rather hastily—I take back what I said. You see, you startled me. Don't think I'm dependin' on your bad play—

MORE MONEY PRIZES FOR "MAGNET" READERS!

RESULT OF "BOUNDARIES" COMPETITION No. 8.

The First Prize of £2 2s. 0d. for the best "last line" sent in has been awarded to:—D. C. Humphrey, 1, Chester Place, NORWICH,

for the following:—

The mainstay of Gloucester is Dipper,
 Who loyally backs up his skipper.
 Many hundreds he's made
 With his right trusty blade,
 "To field him is like 'Hunt the slipper.'"

The six prizes of 10s. 6d. each have been awarded to the following:—

W. BRIDEN, 53, Durants Road, Ponders End, London, N.; A. GROOM, 35, Compton Road, Canonbury, London, N.1;
 A. T. HOLLIER, 40, Bramham Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5.; A. J. HUGHES, 10, Edgbaston Terrace, Bell Barn Road, Birmingham; K. C. LISTER, 58, Thorne Road, Doncaster; T. RICHARDSON, 89, Westville Road, Pen-y-lan, Cardiff.

blowing out a little cloud of smoke.
 "Besides, luck won't always run the same way—your turn will come."

Hazel brightened up.
 "That's so," he said. "We'll try it again, Angel. You were lucky on Saturday, but, according to what I've heard, you've had a lot of bad luck lately. The fellows are saying in the Rag that you're trying to make up losses by betting on the school matches."

"I never go into the Rag," said Aubrey Angel disdainfully, "so I don't know what the latest tattle there may be."

"Well, that's what they say," said Hazel. "I've heard it suggested, too, that you let it out about your bet with Smithy, knowing that Wharton would drop him from the team. It improved your chances of a win, of course."

"They say that, do they?"

"Yes; you've got a rather juicy reputation, you know," said Hazel with a grin. "Fellows keep on wondering why you're not sacked."

Angel gave him an unpleasant glance.

"Let's try again on Wednesday," said Hazeldene. "I can't always have rotten luck. If you're game—"

"Hardly on Wednesday," said Angel with a smile. "You'll be rather busy with the football on Wednesday, you know."

"Oh, that's off," said Hazel carelessly.

in the Remove eleven for the Form match on Wednesday?" shouted Angel.

"Yes, I have," said Hazeldene, astonished at the Fourth-Former's excitement, and angry, too. "Why the deuce shouldn't I, if I choose? No bizney of yours, that I can see."

Aubrey Angel's hands were clenched; it really seemed, for a moment, as if he would strike Hazeldene. His eyes gleamed with rage. But he controlled his fury, and sat down again, striving to calm himself. But his hand was shaking as he lighted a cigarette.

Hazel stared at him, wondering, and vaguely uneasy.

"Look here, Angel, what does this mean?" he demanded. "What does it matter to you whether I keep goal for the Remove or not on Wednesday? You're not in the Fourth Form team, and if you were, what would it matter? You don't care whether your form are beaten; even if Field keeps goal better than I do."

"They'll be playin' Field in your place?"

"I suppose so."

"You dummy! That means that Temple's men will never get the ball once through the posts."

Hazel's lips quivered.

"So you think I can't keep goal?" he said. "Look here, I've had enough of that in the Remove, and I don't want

I know you can help your Form beat the Fourth if you like. You're better than Field, in my opinion."

"Oh!" ejaculated Hazel.

"I want you in goal because you're a friend of mine," said Angel.

"I don't see—"

"Let's have it plain," said Angel, lowering his voice. "I've had awful luck lately, and I bantered Smithy into a bet on the game because I needed the money. I'm dependin' on his tenner to see me through a difficult time—I'm being dunned by some men outside the school, and I'm in a scrape. Smithy's out of the team, and that helps; but I want a cert."

Hazel stared at him blankly. The young rascal's meaning was dawning upon his mind.

"You awful rotter!" said Hazel, at last. "Do you mean that you want me to play for the Remove, and let them down in the match? You rank rotter!"

"Temple and Co. are in good form—for them," said Angel. "They will put the pill in, if the goalkeeper lets them."

"You think I'll do it, you rotter?" shouted Hazel.

"Quiet! I think you'll do it because you're a friend of mine," said Angel. "You owe Wharton nothing—he's treated you badly. You owe the Remove nothing—they all jeer at your goal-

keeping. Give them somethin' to jeer at. You owe me four pounds, and I shall wash it out if you help me bag Smithy's tenner."

"I tell you——"

"Who's to know?" went on Angel calmly. "You happen to be off-colour, and let the other side get through. It's a thing that might happen to anybody, isn't it?"

Hazel breathed hard.

"I suppose you don't understand what a rotten thing you're asking," he said. "You only think of games as something to bet on. Drop it."

"You won't refuse me, old bean?"

"Nothing doing! Drop it, I say."

"You refuse?"

"Yes!" snapped Hazel.

"Very well; that's that, then," drawled Angel. "I lose my bet with Smithy, and it puts me into a hole. And as you refuse to oblige me in this matter, I suppose you won't expect me to oblige you in the other matter."

Hazel's heart stood still.

"What do you mean?" he asked, and his voice was husky.

"I mean that you'd better let Banks have his six pounds by to-morrow," said Angel coolly. "I've asked him to give you time—and he will not hold off for any other reason. When I mention to him that you're no longer a friend of mine, and that I'm not concerned in the matter any longer, you'll be well-advised to square him on the nail."

"I—I can't! You know I can't."

"Then you'd better pack your box," said Angel. "Banks will show you up if you don't pay him; and when the Head sees your paper——"

Hazel gave a choked cry.

"Oh, you rotter! You've planned this! You had it in your mind when you diddle Smithy into betting with you. I've got to play for the Form and let them down, or get bunked from the school. Oh, you rank outsider."

"One good turn deserves another," said Aubrey Angel. "Stand by me, and I'll stand by you. Let me down, and I'll let you down. Can I rely on you for Wednesday?"

"I'm not in the team now," said Hazel hoarsely.

"Wharton will let you back into it, if you ask him."

"Do you think I'm going to eat humble pie—to—to——"

"Not if you prefer to be sacked from the school," said Angel ironically.

"Otherwise, yes."

"Oh, you cad!"

"That's enough!" snapped Angel.

Hazel rose from his chair, and moved unsteadily towards the study door. Angel's sardonic glance following him.

"Can I rely on you for Wednesday?" he asked, as Hazel's hand was on the door.

"You know I've got no choice," said Hazel huskily.

"That's good enough."

The wretched scapegrace of the Remove left the study, and Aubrey Angel shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and lighted another cigarette.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Takes a Hand!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH knocked at the door of Study No. 1, in the Remove, and Wharton called out cheerily:

"Come in!"

A slight shade paused over Harry

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Wharton's face, as the Bounder entered the study.

He had hoped that the visitor was Hazel.

Wharton had not yet spoken to Hazeldene on the subject of football. Hazel had looked so black and sullen that it seemed futile to do so; irksome enough as it was to the captain of the Remove to wait and watch for a fellow to appear in a good humour. Skinner would never have believed that "His Magnificence" was capable of self-abnegation to such an extent; and undoubtedly it irked the captain of the Remove; but he had given his word to Marjorie Hazeldene and he meant to keep it. And if Hazel was to be brought back to the fold, so to speak, the matter had to be managed tactfully. It was useless to speak to him when he was in a sullen and quarrelsome temper.

Vernon-Smith smiled ironically, as he noted the expression on Harry's face.

"Expectin' somebody else?" he inquired.

"Well, yes," said Harry. "But trot in, Smithy! I'm glad to see you!"

"Glad?" repeated the Bounder.

"Yes," said the captain of the Remove frankly. "You've been keeping up a sort of feud because you were dropped from the Remove eleven. But you're no fool, Smithy, and you know, if I choose to think it over, that I couldn't play you in the circumstances. You forced me to act as I did, and it was simply fatheaded to make a grudge of it! Your coming here looks as if you can see it yourself."

The Bounder was silent for a moment or two.

"Perhaps I've thought it over, and perhaps Redwing has helped," he said. "The fact is, Redwing has persuaded me to explain the matter. It goes rather against the grain——"

"Why?" said Harry quietly.

"Oh, just stiff-necked pride, very likely! You can understand that, as you suffer from it a little yourself, old bean!"

Wharton frowned for a moment, and then he smiled.

"Perhaps you're right," he said.

"No perhaps about it—I am!" said Smithy. "But there's another reason—one that will surprise you, why I've come here. You've been trying to keep that soft ass, Hazel, straight for his sister's sake. Marjorie Hazeldene hasn't a very high opinion of me, but I don't return the compliment. I have a very high opinion of her, and I don't want to see her brother going to the dogs."

"I don't quite see——"

"I'll explain. First about the bet; I was really diddle over that. I meant to offer Angel two to one in doughnuts, and, like a fool, I let him nail me down to two to one in fivers, because I wouldn't let him swank that I didn't dare to take him on. I can't call off the bet now, of course, as the money has been put up, and Hilton of the Fifth is holdin' the stakes. But—it was Reddy's suggestion—if I win, I'm not goin' to touch the money. Angel's fiver will go straight into the school hospital-box. So that's that!"

"I'm glad to hear that, Smithy; and if you'd said as much when I spoke to you last week——"

"Your manner wasn't encouragin'," said the Bounder dryly.

Wharton coloured.

"Perhaps I was a bit ratty," he said. "It wasn't pleasant news to me that a man in my team was betting on the matches. But, look here, Smithy, taking the matter as you state it now, it clears the air, and there's no reason why you shouldn't play. I was going to put

Ogilvy in your place, but it's open to you if you want it."

"Reddy was right," said the Bounder. "He told me you would take it decently if I put my pride in my pocket and explained. I'll take your offer, Wharton, chiefly because I want to put up a good game and land Angel in the soup. Now about Hazel—you're going to let him back into the eleven if he asks you?"

"You've guessed that? Yes, it's so; but I'm afraid he's too pig-headed to ask!" said Harry ruefully.

"Don't worry. He's comin' here to ask you."

"How do you know?"

"Because he's just been to Angel's study, and come away with a face like a funeral mute!"

Harry Wharton stared at the Bounder in amazement.

"What on earth has Angel of the Fourth to do with it?" he said.

"Lots! Angel has been takin' Hazeldene in hand lately, and if I haven't guessed the reason, I've lost my old cuteness," said Vernon-Smith, with a cynical grin. "Now, I don't want Angel to win my tenner on the match, and I want his fiver to go into the hospital-box. But—if you choose to believe it—what I want chiefly is to keep Marjorie Hazeldene's brother from coming an awful mucker."

"I believe you, of course; but I don't see——"

Hazeldene was out with that Fourth Form sportsman on Saturday. He came back in a meanish temper, and quarrelled and scrapped with one fellow after another, from what I've heard, and snuck up his place in the eleven. He's so hard pushed for cash that he even tried to gather up money he'd lent Hunter last term—a rather hopeless proposition!"

Wharton laughed.

"He tried to stick me for a loan of six pounds on Sunday, and slanged me when I refused till I punched his nose. Any fellow can see that Hazel is in deep waters. It suits Angel's book, exceptin' one thing—I fancy he never dreamed that Hazel would chuck up keepin' goal for the Remove, and I fancy he's ordered Hazel to take the job on again."

"Ordered him!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Just that!"

"He's got no power over a Remove man."

"Not unless he's landed him in a scrape that he can't wriggle out of," said the Bounder. "When I saw them together on Saturday, I knew why Angel had dished me into betting a tenner on the match. His game was to get at our goalkeeper."

Wharton started violently.

"Impossible! Hazel would never——"

"You never know what a man will do when he's in a blue funk and a tatter of nerves."

Wharton breathed hard.

"If you're right, Smithy——"

"I think I'm right; and the proof will be if Hazel comes and asks you to let him back into the eleven."

"I was expecting to have to ask him," said Harry slowly. "If——"

Knock!

"Come in!" called out the captain of the Remove.

It was Hazeldene who entered this time.

He glanced sourly at Vernon-Smith, who strolled away to the window, and stood looking out into the quad with his hands in his pockets, apparently indifferent to the interview.

Wharton fixed his eyes on Hazel's face.

The wretched junior was pale and troubled in look, and he avoided meeting the eyes of the captain of the Remove.



"Hazel," said Harry Wharton, "I can't help thinking that there's something in what Smithy says." Hazeldene groaned. "Yes," he said faintly. "The game's up! I—I don't care! I'm ruined—I'm done for here. You've got me sacked from Greyfriars, Vernon-Smith—that's what you've done!" The wretched junior broke down, and sobbed helplessly. "Oh, chuck it!" said the Bounder, in disgust. "Blubbing won't do you any good!" (See Chapter 10.)

"I—I—I came—" Hazel stammered. "I—I— The fact is, Wharton, I turned down my place in the eleven on Saturday. I—I spoke rather hastily. I—I'm sorry! If you'll give me another chance—"

"You want to keep goal on Wednesday?"

"Yes!" said Hazel, with a gulp.

Wharton's face grew hard and stern. But for the Bounder's words, this change of front would have relieved and pleased him. But he could not help seeing in it now the proof of what the Bounder had surmised.

"I—I never really meant what I said!" muttered Hazel. "I'd be glad if you'd give me another chance, Wharton!"

The Bounder turned from the window. "Instructions from headquarters—what?" he said.

"What do you mean?" said Hazel, staring at him. "What business is this of yours, Smithy?"

Vernon-Smith, without answering, crossed to the study door, shut it, and set his back against it. Hazel watched him, with growing uneasiness in his face and something like terror in his eyes.

"So you want to keep goal, after all, on Wednesday?" said the Bounder lightly.

"No bizney of yours!" said Hazel, with dry lips.

"Well, I'm in the team again," said Smithy, with a smile. "The clouds have rolled by, dear man. And, as a member of the team, I object strongly to a goal-keeper who fixes it up with a Fourth Form sportsman to let the pill in!"

Hazel almost staggered.

"You—you— What do you mean? How dare you!" he gasped.

The Bounder laughed.

"Dear man, I know the whole game!"

he said. "When I saw you on Saturday, do you think I supposed that Angel of the Fourth was takin' you up for the enjoyment of your fascinatin' society or the pleasure of collectin' your worthless I O U's? He was after my tenner, and you were only the catspaw! What has he offered you to let the ball go in on Wednesday?"

Hazel stared at the Bounder in terror. He made an effort to collect himself, but it was useless. He staggered against the table, shaking from head to foot. Then he dropped into the easy chair.

Harry Wharton rose to his feet.

"Hazel," he said quietly, "if there's anything in this—and I can't help thinking that there is—"

Hazeldene groaned.

"The game's up!" he said faintly. "I—I don't care! I'm ruined! I'm done for here! You've got me sacked from Greyfriars, Vernon-Smith! That's what you've done! I—I don't care!"

And—perhaps by way of showing how much he did not care—the wretched junior broke down and sobbed helplessly.

"Oh, chuck it!" said the Bounder, in disgust. "Blubbing won't do you any good."

Wharton signed to him to be silent.

"Hazel, old man," he said. "Tell us how the matter stands. You're with friends—and I'll never believe that you really would have done what I'm afraid was in your mind. You've let yourself be frightened by a rascal; but you've got friends to help you."

"I'm done for, I tell you!" panted Hazeldene. "Oh, I've been a fool—just made use of by that rogue. If the Remove win on Wednesday, I'm going to be sacked—that's how it stands. You'd better kick me out of your study! I can see that Smithy has

found it all out somehow—goodness knows how! Well, I was going to let the side down in the Form match, to let Angel win his filthy bet—and now it's all up, and I'm done for!"

"Tell us," said Harry, gently enough.

And then it all came out, in a passionate stream, from the wretched fellow. Wharton listened with a growing grimness of face; the Bounder with a cynical grin. Hazel stopped at last, quivering, with tear-stained face.

"And that's why you wanted six quids from me yesterday?" said the Bounder.

Hazel nodded, without speaking.

"I guessed something of the sort when I thought it over. I suppose we're not going to let Miss Hazeldene see her brother kicked out of Greyfriars, Wharton?"

Wharton clenched his hands.

"I'm going to smash the cad Angel!" he said, between his teeth.

"After the match," said the Bounder coolly—"not before. Let me manage this—it's easy enough. Hazel, you soft ass, suppose I call on Banks—"

"What good would that do?"

"Lots—if I hand him six quids and collect the paper you were idiot enough to give him."

Hazel started

"Smithy! If—if—"

"That's settled," said the Bounder. "And don't give me any stuff about repaying the money—you'll forget the whole thing in a week."

Hazeldene winced.

"I shall pay you! I shall—"

"Oh, cut it out!" said the Bounder derisively. "Anyhow, I shall get my

money's worth—the face of that sportsman, Angel, will be worth watchin' on Wednesday! Look here, Hazel, you can forget about Banks. I'll see him to-morrow and collect your paper. I fancy he will jump for joy at getting six quids for it. I dare say he knows it's not worth sixpence. But not a word to Angel. Let him keep on thinkin' he's in for a good thing—until the match."

Hazel's face had lighted up.

"Wharton! If you'll play me, I'll play the game of my life, I swear!"

"You can rely on him, Wharton," said the Bounder. "With Banks off his mind, he will enjoy putting Angel on the beach, if he can. Let him play; and let Angel go on thinkin' that Hazel's lettin' the ball through, till the time comes."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"I'll trust you, Hazel," he said. "I can't believe that you ever would have let us down if it had come to the test. Anyhow, it's all clear now. You keep goal on Wednesday."

That evening the name of H. P. Hazeldene reappeared in the Remove football list, posted on the door of the Rag. Angel of the Fourth—who seldom honoured the Rag with his lordly presence—strolled in that evening before dorm and glanced at the list. He smiled as he read Hazel's name there. And the Bounder, watching him, smiled too.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hazel in Goal!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. turned out cheerily for the Form match on Wednesday. So did Temple, Dabney & Co.

It was a fine, cold afternoon, and both teams looked forward keenly to the match—the Fourth Form men with unusual keenness. There was no doubt that Cecil Reginald Temple had worked his team up into much better form than usual, and he was fairly confident of the result. True, Cecil Reginald was rather given to feeling confident of results that never came off.

Still, even the Remove men admitted that the Fourth had a chance this time. They had worked at games practice, and they were keen; and the Remove team

was not at full strength. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Penfold, Mark Linley, were standing out of the match, as arranged, though they came along to give the lesser lights the encouragement of their presence. Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, the mighty man in goal, was standing out, leaving the place to Hazeldene—much to Temple's relief.

Cecil Reginald Temple had had quite a nasty jar when he had heard of the dropping of Hazeldene, feeling only too sadly certain that if Squiff stood between the posts a Fourth Form victory was a very visionary idea. However, that was all right now; Hazel was back in the team, and Temple was confident of beating Hazel, if he got near enough. He would hardly have hoped to get near enough had Johnny Bull and Mark Linley been playing at back. But he had great hopes of walking over Russell and Bolsover major.

All promised well, from Cecil Temple's point of view. And Aubrey Angel, who agreed with his Form captain in few matters, agreed with him in that.

On one point only, so far as Angel knew, had his cunning failed. Vernon-Smith was back in the team, and the Bounder, in the front line, was a dangerous customer. Apparently, Smithy had compromised the matter somehow with his Form captain, which Angel had been far from expecting, knowing the natures of both and their weaknesses. However, it had happened, and on that point Angel had failed.

But the matter troubled him little. Temple, Dabney & Co. were quite good enough to get through the defence, and with a goalkeeper who allowed them to put the ball in, their chances were rosy indeed.

Hazel, at his best, was more than good enough to "bottle up" the Fourth, as he had told Angel, and as Angel was quite aware.

But Hazel was not going to play at his best; he was going to play at his worst—or so the sportsman of the Fourth still believed. Billy Bunter between the posts would have been more useful to the side, in that case.

Aubrey Angel had taken the trouble on Tuesday to walk down to Little Side and watch the last Remove practice. Hazel, in goal, had seemed in great

spirits, and had shaped remarkably well.

Angel was a little puzzled to see him looking so bright; he concluded that giving away the match was trifling, to his mind, in comparison with being free from apprehension on the score of Mr. Banks, owing to Angel's influence with that frowsy gentleman. And Hazel's fine form in goal made Aubrey grin cynically. The fellow was evidently showing off what he could do if he liked, so that his failure in the Form match, when it came off, would not cause the Remove to look on him as a hopeless dud.

Little did the Fourth Form sportsman dream of the true reason for that change in Hazel's spirits and the resulting good play. Not a syllable had been said to him; Hazel had carefully avoided him since the talk in the study. Angel was to know nothing—till after the Form match. And it was not till Tuesday evening that the Bounder called on Mr. Banks, leaving it as late as that in order to make it impossible for Angel to learn what had happened. On Tuesday evening the Bounder dropped into Hazeldene's study, and handed him a paper—which, rather to the mystification of Tom Brown, Hazel read eagerly and then burned with a match in the fender. Hazel had relied on the Bounder's word; but the destruction of the I O U banished his last uneasiness, and on Wednesday, the day of the match, he seemed a new man.

The Bounder had parted with a sum of money which would have been considerable to any other fellow in the Lower Fourth, though it did not amount to much in the estimation of the millionaire's son. But his view was that Angel's face would be worth it when the Remove beat the Fourth, and the scheming young rascal was faced with loss instead of gain, as the outcome of his tortuous scheming.

"Feeling fit, old bean?" the Bounder asked, joining Hazel as the Remove men went down to the ground.

Hazel laughed. He could laugh now.

"Fit as a fiddle!"

"Mind you don't let the pill through."

"No jolly fear!" said Hazeldene emphatically.

Two girls arrived from Cliff House on bicycles just before the match. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull took charge of Marjorie and Clara. Hazel gave his

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sister a cheery grin, and Marjorie smiled brightly, greatly pleased to see him looking so bright and confident, and little dreaming how much was due to the Bounder.

"We're going to beat them, old girl!" said Hazel cheerily. "You'll see."

"We have come over to see you win," said Marjorie, with a smile.

"The winfulness will be the certain and foregone conclusion, my esteemed and beautiful Marjorie!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

And Marjorie and Clara laughed merrily.

Hazel went into goal, after the two captains had tossed for ends; and the sides lined up. The Remove goalkeeper grinned at the sight of Aubrey Angel strolling down to Little Side.

It was but seldom that the slacker and black sheep of the Fourth honoured a Form match with his presence. He had his reasons on this occasion.

Squiff, behind the Remove goal, called to Hazel.

"There's the cad who'd bet on the match, Hazel! Pull up your socks, old man, and don't let him score."

Hazel chuckled.

"He's come down specially to see me let the ball go through," he answered. "I fancy there's a surprise in store for him."

And there was!

In the second half Temple, Dabney & Co. played up well. With unaccustomed vim they came through the Remove, and, as was generally expected, Russell and Bolsover major failed to clear, as Johnny Bull and Linley certainly would have done. There was a hot attack on goal.

Angel of the Fourth grinned.

Smithy's tenner, he considered, was as good as in his pocket. The attack was hot and strong, and a good man in goal was required to beat it. Hazel had only to let the "pill" pass him!

But the "pill" did not pass.

It went from Hazel's fist; it was headed back by Cecil Reginald Temple, and it went out again like a pip from an orange, to the backs. And Russell cleared to midfield.

"Well saved!"

"Good man, Hazel!"

And Marjorie and Clara clapped their hands.

Angel stared blackly.

Was the fellow letting him down, after all, or was this merely to keep up appearances before the treachery began? Angel doubted, in a very uneasy mood, but his doubts were soon set at rest.

Again and again Temple, Dabney & Co. attacked hotly; and every time the Remove goalkeeper put "paid" to it.

And the Bounder put the ball into the Fourth Form goal, and Harry Wharton followed it up with a second goal; and at half-time the Remove were two up.

Angel gritted his teeth with rage.

Hazel was failing him; that was clear now. He would make the fellow pay for it; but Smithy's tenner was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream!

In the second half Temple, Dabney & Co. made desperate efforts.

Again and again they came through; and Remove fellows, looking on with keen interest, told one another that, for once, Hazel was showing form in goal that was equal to Squiff's.

Undoubtedly he played up remarkably well. He seemed at the top of his form, all eyes and hands and feet, playing the game of his life. In that Form match it had been expected that the Remove goalkeeper would have plenty to do; and he had. And he did it well.

Temple, Dabney & Co. wore themselves out in tremendous efforts, coming through again and again, but meeting always the impregnable defence in the Remove citadel.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh put the ball into the Fourth Form goal, and the Remove were three up. And when Potter of the Fifth, the referee, blew the whistle at last, that was the score—three to nil.

Temple, Dabney & Co. came off the field, breathing hard and deep—with nothing, as Fry expressed it, to write home about. The tale of defeat had been told once more.

Harry Wharton clapped Hazel on the back.

"Good man!" he said.

Hazel grinned breathlessly.

"Take the girls away," he said.

"I've got to speak to Angel."

"Right-ho, old chap!" said the captain of the Remove, with a laugh.

Marjorie and Clara were staying to tea in Study No. 1. Wharton passed a word to Bob Cherry, and the girls were escorted away to the House, what time Hazeldene left the footballers and bore down on Angel of the Fourth.

OUR POSTMAN!

By DICK PENFOLD.



OUR postman's name is William Blogg; He tramps through slush and sleet and fog.

He weathers all the winds that blow, He struggles gamely through the snow, Plodding along at a steady jog, Old weather-beaten William Blogg!

No camel on the desert track Bears bigger burdens on his back, No pack-mule in the Pyrenees Is so weighed down and ill at ease, "It's 'ard! I'd sooner be a dog!" Declares the worthy William Blogg.

He shuffles through the Greyfriars gates Towards the eager crowd that waits, "Any for me?" we cry in chorus, And Blogg, the postman, daren't ignore us, While Bunter, like a frisky frog, Prances around poor William Blogg!

There's one for Wingate, one for North, And two for Temple of the Fourth, And one for Wharton, one for me, But none for Bunter, W.G.! And Billy feels that he could flog This disappointing William Blogg!

The bag is lightened of its load, And Blogg goes shuffling down the road, His feet are tortured with the gout; He'd like a Rolls-Royce car, no doubt, "Why should a postman slave and slog Without a car?" growls William Blogg.

Week in, week out, from morn till night, In winter dusk or summer light, Old Blogg goes trudging on his rounds (Jove, how monotonous it sounds!), When work is done, just like a log Slumbers the worn-out William Blogg!

Aubrey Angel was waiting for him, his face black with rage and rancour. Hazel had let him down—as he regarded it—and he had something to say to Hazel, little dreaming what Hazel had to say to him.

He met the Remove goalkeeper with gleaming eyes.

"So you've let me down!" he breathed.

"Just that!" smiled Hazel.

"Look out for trouble. I'm seeing Banks presently, and—"

"See him as soon as you like!" grinned Hazel. "What do I care?"

"You'll care fast enough, when he calls on the Head with your paper to show—"

"I don't see how he'll show the Head, or anybody else, the paper I burnt in my study yesterday evening."

Aubrey Angel started.

"What, you—you—"

"Smithy saw me through, in that little matter," said Hazel. "Your teeth are drawn, you cad! Do you understand?"

And Vernon-Smith strolled up cheerily, and added:

"I'm goin' to Hilton to collect the stakes, Angel, old bean. Your fiver is goin' into the school hospital-box. Aren't you pleased?"

Angel choked.

"You—you— Hazel, you rotter, I—I—" He stuttered with rage.

"Well, what will you do?" asked Hazel. "Tell all the fellows! You men, come and hear what Angel is going to do," continued Hazeldene. "But I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to thrash him for asking me to give away a football match!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned the Bounder.

And Hazeldene rushed at the sportsman of the Fourth with his hands up, and a crowd closed round Aubrey Angel to cut off his retreat.

Hazel had put plenty of energy into the game; but he seemed to have plenty left for the sportsman of the Fourth.

There was no escape for Aubrey; and he put up the best fight he could.

The next five minutes seemed like a series of earthquakes and hurricanes to the slacker and waster of the Fourth. After that he lay gasping on the ground, with his nose streaming crimson, his eyes half-closed, and every ounce of breath gone. Hazel gave him a grin, and left him there.

And when Aubrey Angel sat up, feebly, and pumped in breath, Remove fellows told him what they thought of him, in scarifying language, till the hapless sportsman found strength enough to crawl away and get out of sight. The way of the transgressor is hard, and Aubrey Angel found it hard indeed.

Hazel came a little late to tea in Study No. 1, and if Marjorie noticed that his knuckles were barked, probably she put it down to his vigorous goal-keeping. It was a merry tea-party in Study No. 1, and a cheery party walked home with Marjorie and Clara to Cliff House afterwards. And from the date of the Form match Aubrey Angel drowned the acquaintance of Hazeldene of the Remove, having had enough—and perhaps a little too much—of Marjorie's brother.

THE END.

(Look out for another fine yarn from the pen of your favourite author next week, entitled, "THE SUSPECTED FORM-MASTER!" It's a winner all the way, chums!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 973.

BALDY! That's the pet name young Tom Comber gives to the chap who is shadowing him about London. He also gives him something else . . . pretty strong medicine, too, as Baldy discovers to his cost!

The Boy with the Million-Pound Secret!

DAVID GOODWIN
AT HIS BEST!



A Timely Warning!

“ONE of us two is for it!” muttered Tommy to himself. “Is O’Hara playing crooked again? If you’re a policeman, you bald-faced beauty, I reckon I’m done, or maybe you aren’t sure about it yourself yet. I’ll see if I can lose you, first.”

He jumped on a bus that was coming by at full speed. The bus took him across the river, and presently passed down Sloane Street. As he neared the great buildings of Harrods’ Stores Tommy jumped off, and went in through one of the side doors. If one is being followed, there isn’t a better place in London to shake off the follower than Harrods’ Stores. It has dozens of rooms and a dozen entrances, and it is always crowded with people.

Tommy had given up the idea of going to the Movies. He was playing in a bigger game—perhaps a game of life and death; at any rate, of life or liberty. He was tingling with a keener excitement than he had felt even on the river when the torpedo-boat challenged him, for he could not tell who this unknown shadower might be. The man was a mystery and a danger. He passed through two departments, and presently got a fleeting glimpse of the bald eyebrows again.

The man was a sticker! In spite of the fast bus, he had caught up with Tommy somehow.

It was important that Tommy should not show that he knew he was being followed. He went to the cooked and canned provision department, and bought a sumptuous supply of preserved foods and tinned peaches and pineapples and a large ham, ordering them to be packed in a case and left in the warehouse till he called for them. They would be useful for himself and Dan on Curlew Island—if he ever got there. While he was buying the things and paying for them at the cash-desk he satisfied himself that the enemy was nowhere in the room.

But when he passed towards the entrance there was the man again. Tommy walked straight by him, taking no notice, and turned into the vestibule where the big lifts started for the upper floors. Directly he turned the corner Tommy darted through quickly and out at the far side.

The shadower entered the vestibule

and glanced round him, for a moment baffled. He was uncertain which way Tommy had gone, the place was almost empty, but a lift full of people was just starting on the upward journey. The man darted for it, just as the doors were closing, and away he shot towards the higher floors, realising too late that Tommy was not in the lift at all.

“Done you, Baldy,” chuckled Tommy, who was peeping from behind a pile of portmanteaux round the corner.

He was out of Harrods in a twinkling, knowing for certain that he had shaken the pursuer off. That lift was the last that would go up; it was nearly six, and in ten minutes Harrods would close. Already they were shutting some of the side entrances. And Tommy was seized with an idea.

HOW THE STORY OPENED.

TOMMY COMBER, sentenced to three years’ detention aboard the reformatory ship *Bellerophon* for being concerned in the murder of his uncle.

JOSEPH COMBER, a clever chemist, inventor of a powerful high explosive named *Comberite*.

CHUFFER FOSS, Tommy’s cousin, a ne’er-do-well, whose false evidence did much to prejudice the innocent Tommy’s chances of acquittal.

DR. SHANE O’HARA, a skilful surgeon, who shelters the fugitive from the *Bellerophon*, and fakes his features so that Tommy’s own pal,

DAN BENNETT, doesn’t recognise him until Tommy makes known his identity.

MERTON HAYNES, a friend of O’Hara’s.

In return for the service O’Hara has rendered him Tommy—who knows the secret of *Comberite*—is asked to make this valuable explosive for the doctor and his friend, Tommy himself to take a third share in the partnership. Tommy agrees to the proposal. He meets Dan—who, incidentally, thinks O’Hara and his friend a pair of rogues—and asks him to join him in preparing *Comberite* on Curlew Island, which formerly belonged to Joseph Comber. Dan jumps at the chance.

Determined to discover his uncle’s dastardly assassin, Tommy forces a meeting with Chuffer Foss, and is nearly recaptured in consequence. He makes good his escape, however, bids “Good-bye!” to Dan, and leaves for the lodging Dr. O’Hara has arranged for him in London. The following evening Tommy is returning to his “digs” when he spies a man with bald eyebrows shadowing him. The young fugitive at once decides that the shadower must be given the slip!

(Now read on.)

“You’re some stalker, Baldy,” he said, “an’ now I’ll see if I can’t stalk you. I’ll soon find out if you’re a copper or not. If you are, I’ll scoot out of London double quick. But if you’re not, you’ll get a jolt.”

He knew that most of the people leaving the stores would have to come out of the main entrance. In the middle of the road was a line of waiting taxicabs. Tommy went to the other side of these and watched the exit. Several of the foremost cabs got passengers and drove away, but there were plenty left.

In a minute or two he saw Baldy come out through the main doors, looking very gloomy and sullen. He looked up and down the street, then took a cigar from his case, lit it, flung the match away, and walked briskly across to the cab-rank.

Tommy kept well out of sight, lower down on the far side. He saw the man with the bald eyebrows get into the leading taxi and drive away. Directly it was gone Tommy hurried forward and sprang into the next cab.

“Want to make ten bob extra?” he said to the driver quickly. “Follow that taxi in front, and keep it in sight till it stops.”

“Right, me lord!” said the taxi-man with alacrity, stuffing his pipe into his pocket. In a moment he was bowling along on the track of the quarry.

Tommy sat back in his seat, chuckling. He had been well stalked, and now he was the stalker. If Baldy was one of Dr. O’Hara’s friends, he would run him to his lair and see what he was after, and, if possible, get him alone. Tommy felt a strong desire to get Baldy all by himself; he was not afraid of any of O’Hara’s gang. But if he was a detective, the sooner Tommy was out of his way the better. Detectives often take cabs when they are in a hurry.

With great relief Tommy saw that the route did not lead southwards to Scotland Yard, the police headquarters, but away up Piccadilly towards London’s richest and most fashionable haunts. There was so much traffic that they were held up several times, once for nearly twenty minutes by a regiment of soldiers passing; but Tommy’s cab stuck so closely to the other that they did not get separated in the traffic blocks. These delays took so long that it was nearly seven o’clock when the

other taxi at last came to a halt far down Oxford Street, outside Frascati's, the famous restaurant.

As the taxi began to slow down Tommy picked up the speaking-tube, and told the driver to go straight past on the other side of the street, which he promptly did. Tommy didn't make the mistake of looking round. He waited till he had gone on some fifty yards, and then gave the signal to stop.

The chauffeur, who had tumbled to the idea, at once got out of his seat, and came round as if to open the door.

"Gent's standin' on the pavement payin' his fare," he said in a hoarse whisper. "Thought you might like to know before you gets out."

"Thanks, old bean," said Tommy. "Wait just a tick—"

"Hallo, there's another gent just come up in a taxi! Proper toff, by the look of him, and he's shakin' hands with your bloke," whispered the driver.

"Is he an old man," said Tommy quickly, "with a pointed beard and big eye-glasses?"

"Don't look very old," said the cabman. "He's got a window in his eye all right, but no beard." He paused. "They've both gone inside now. They won't spot you if you want to hop it."

He opened the door, and Tommy gave him a pound note, which the taxi-man accepted with profuse gratitude. It was a bit extravagant, but Tommy felt he had earned it. Then he walked back towards the brilliantly lighted front of Frascati's Restaurant.

Tommy had never been into a place like this in his life. But he decided that what was good enough for Baldy was good enough for him. Whoever Baldy's pal was, he didn't sound much like O'Hara. Tommy calculated that in a big restaurant he would be able to get a good view of them both without being seen himself. And, besides, he was hungry. It seemed just as well to give them a chance to settle down to dinner first, so he strolled up the street and bought a newspaper, and then walked quietly into Frascati's.

A big man in a splendid uniform, looking like a general in the Army, swung the glass doors open politely for Tommy, who found himself in a brightly lit passage, where another splendid fellow in uniform, behind a counter,

gravely took charge of Tommy's cap, and gave him a ticket for it. A third uniformed official, bowing low, opened the inner door for Tommy, and ushered him into the big main dining-room.

Tommy stopped for a moment and took a swift look round. It was a huge apartment, filled with tables and people eating, and there were a lot of pillars and looking-glasses about. By good luck he spotted his two men right away. They were at a table together in the farthest corner, and so much interested in what they were saying to each other that neither of them even looked Tommy's way.

Nor did he wait for them to do it. He moved quickly to a little corner table near the far side, and sat down with his back to them. He was facing a large mirror, which reflected the other side of the room clearly, and showed him the two men at the corner table as plainly as if he were sitting next them.

Tommy kept his eyes on the mirror. He could only see Baldy's back, but he got a fine view of his companion's face. It wasn't Dr. O'Hara. It was a big man of about thirty, clean-shaven, with a strong, clear-cut face, steady blue eyes, and a jaw like the ram of a battleship. He wore an eyeglass, and was in smart evening dress, with a broad shirt front and a little pearl stud.

"Gosh, that's a hard nut!" said Tommy to himself. "You could ram him through a door without hurting him. Yet he looks a toff, too. Who the dickens is he?"

The waiter brought Tommy a bill of fare just then, and interrupted him. It was all in French, and Tommy could not make head or tail of it. He told the waiter to bring him the regular dinner, whatever it was. The first course arrived at once—a tray of a dozen little saucers, each with a queer-looking mess in it, every one different. Tommy had never tackled a swell dinner before.

"What's all this?" he asked, bewildered.

"Hors d'œuvres, sare," said the waiter.

"Horse—eh? No horse for me. Take it away, Polonio, and trot out the next lot," said Tommy. So they brought him a plate of piping-hot soup.

"Rum crew, these foreigners," thought Tommy. "The dinner's seven-and-six. They might give a chap something better than horse at that price!" He wondered if the soup was made of dog. However, he tried it, and found it top-hole. While he was drinking it he kept an eye on the mirror. His two friends were not only enjoying their dinner, but they seemed to be getting on uncommonly well together. The sound of their laughter drifted across the room, and Tommy only wished he could hear what they were saying. Tommy waded through all the seven courses of the dinner, and did himself well. It was a magnificent feed, but he hardly noticed what he was eating, for, with his back to the enemy he watched them intently all the time.

Presently he saw the waiter going to their table with a bottle of wine lying in a basket like a baby. Tommy had no idea that wine was treated like that; it seemed to him crazy. But the waiter poured out two glasses with great care, and set the basket reverently on the table, as if it was something holy. The two men each took a sip of the wine, and set down their glasses and smiled at each other. Evidently it was extra good.

Then the man with the bald eyebrows made a sudden remark to his companion,

who looked away over his shoulder into the restaurant. His attention could only have been drawn away for a couple of seconds, but in that fraction of time Tommy saw something happen which made his heart almost stop beating, set the blood tingling in his veins. So swiftly, that, if he had not been looking straight into the mirror, he would have missed seeing it, the man with the bald eyebrows brought his hand over his companion's glass. Unless Tommy's eyes were playing him a trick, he distinctly saw him empty something into the wine.

"By gum!" muttered Tommy. "Poison—or a drug? Knock-out drops!"

Tommy's mind acted quick as a flash. Without even stopping to think, he tore a piece off the bill of fare, and, with a pencil, he hastily scribbled the following words:

"Don't drink your wine. The chap with you has put something in it!"

Baldy Gets It In the Neck!

HE folded this up, and beckoned to one of the waiters who was standing by the door. The man came forward at once.

"Want to earn ten bob?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, sare!" said the waiter, without the least surprise.

"Listen to me then," said Tommy, "and, whatever you do, don't look round. In the corner behind us there's a gentleman with an eyeglass having dinner with another man. Go up to him an' give him this note. If he asks you who it's from, say somebody outside gave it you, and told you to deliver it. Don't say anything about me. Then get my bill and bring it here."

The waiter bowed, and went off on his errand quite in a matter-of-fact way. It's impossible to surprise a waiter. All the time Tommy had been speaking he had kept his eye on the mirror, and, as far as he could see, neither of the two men had noticed him giving his message to the waiter. They were talking and laughing, the big man with the eyeglass was fingering the step of his wine-glass, and blowing a cloud of smoke into the air from his cigarette.

Even as he looked, the man raised the glass, and for one tense moment Tommy thought he had been too late. Then, like a guardian angel, the waiter appeared, and handed him Tommy's note on a silver tray.

He took it casually with his left hand, at the same time setting down his wine-glass on the table. He made an excuse to Baldy, and opened the note and read it.

Tommy watched with bated breath. He wondered what the big man with the eyeglass would do. Would he send for the police and have the man with the bald eyebrows arrested? Or would he get up and give him one clip under the jaw, and then wipe the floor of the restaurant with him? Tommy knew which he himself would be tempted to do. Anyway, there would be a bust-up.

The result was surprising, but not what Tommy expected. The gentleman with the eyeglass read the note without showing the least amazement; he did not even question the waiter. He made a laughing remark to Baldy, and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew out—not a six-shooter, but a little leather case, from which he pulled a visiting-card.

Bending over the table, he wrote two or three words on the card and handed it

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 973.

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The man with the bald eyebrows brought his hand down over his companion's glass and emptied something into the wine. (See page 25.)

to the waiter. As he did so, the edge of his sleeve just caught the wine-glass. Tommy saw the other man start up and put out his hand, but he was too late to save it. Over it went, breaking to bits against one of the plates, and spilling the wine all across the tablecloth.

It was done so neatly that Tommy could almost have sworn it was an accident. The man with the eyeglass made an exclamation of annoyance which sounded so genuine that even Tommy would have been deceived if he hadn't known what was in the note. He saw the waiter hurriedly mop up the wine with his napkin, while the owner of the glass coolly reached for a clean one, and helped himself to a fresh supply from the bottle.

Tommy had never seen such a beautiful bit of acting, even at the theatre.

If Baldy suspected anything—which Tommy doubted—he had the good sense to say nothing. He laughed heartily at the accident, and offered his companion a cigar from his case. But the other shook his head, and held up the cigarette that he was smoking to show he preferred it. He was not having anything more from Baldy. Cigars, like wine, can be poisoned by those who know how to do it.

"By Jupiter!" said Tommy to himself, with admiration. "That chap's the coolest hand I ever saw in my life!"

That little scene, acted before his eyes, thrilled him more than if the two men had had a row on the spot and started to fight. There was mystery here, and danger, and Tommy had got his share in it. He could not guess what was coming next. The courage and presence of mind of that big man with the eyeglass were fine. He didn't give himself away; he was biding his time. He had fooled the man who tried to drug or poison him, and left him guessing.

Tommy decided to lie low, too. He was doubly anxious now not to be

spotted; he opened his newspaper, and waited behind the shelter of its pages, in case Baldy might spot his reflection in the mirror. And just then the waiter came up, serene as ever, with his little silver tray, and Tommy's bill, folded up. As Tommy took the bill he felt something inside it, and found a little white visiting-card, with the following inscription:

"MR. JOHN CARFAX,
200, Park Street,
W."

Scribbled across the top in pencil were the words:

"Thanks. Please come and see me, as soon as you have time, at the above address."

"Gee! Not if I know it!" said Tommy to himself, slipping the card into his waistcoat-pocket. He paid his bill, and gave the waiter the ten shillings he had well earned.

A quick inspection of the mirror showed him that neither of the two men were looking his way. Mr. John Carfax had no notion, even now, where the mysterious warning had come from. Tommy rose and stepped behind the nearest pillar, and got out of the dining-room quietly and quickly. The uniformed officials in the hall gave him his cap and bowed him out, and he drew a big breath of relief when he found himself in the street. Then he took another look at the card by the light of a shop window.

It was a very mysterious business. He felt he had not done with it yet by a long chalk. It was amazing that one man should try to poison another in a public dining-room, yet he had to believe his own eyes. Besides, he guessed the poison or drug might not have acted for some time—not till the victim had gone away. The most remarkable thing was that Mr. John Carfax didn't seem a bit surprised that Baldy should try to poison him, and didn't even give

himself away. Tommy tried to puzzle it out.

He still did not know who Baldy might be. If he was a friend of Doctor O'Hara, it stood to reason that Mr. John Carfax wasn't. Tommy began to feel pretty sure that Carfax was something to do with the police. If so, the question was, should he accept Mr. Carfax's invitation, and go and see him?

"No giddy fear!" said Tommy firmly. "I ain't much afraid of fists, bullets, or poison; I can look after myself. But a detective's just death to me, and that's what I reckon Carfax is. He'd got wise to who I am in no time, and he couldn't help himself, but shove me back on the Bellerophon! I'm not goin' to monkey with this game. Making the powder is the thing that matters—Comberite and liberty! I've tasted freedom; no more prison-ships for me. All the same, I bet I shall run into that couple again. I can feel it. An' what I want to do is give them both the slip."

He left Oxford Street at once, determined to cut Baldy out, and as it was still early he went to a theatre, as he had intended. But he didn't find the play as exciting as his own affairs, and he was sick of being alone. At eleven o'clock he went back to his lodgings.

It was annoying to have to return to Stroud Street, for Baldy would be able to get on his track there if he wanted to. But if Tommy didn't go, he would be cut off from all news of Dan and of Curlew Island, and from O'Hara's orders, too. That wouldn't do. He had got to get back to headquarters.

Old Drinkwater was waiting for him when he let himself into his lodgings with the latchkey, and looked at him with sharp twinkling eyes, but didn't say a word. Tommy wanted no supper. He had eaten such a lot of queer mixed foods at Frascati's, that he felt like bursting. He went to bed and slept like the dead till morning.

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At breakfast, he found two letters on the table for him, both addressed to "Mr. P. Roche." One of them was in Dan's big sprawly handwriting, and Tommy opened it first.

"Dear Paddy," wrote Dan, "I've had a hairy old time. Have been on the scout, and found out some very rummy things, which won't do to put down on paper. If the job gets any hotter, I shall come up and see you to-morrow, and bring the motor-boat, so no more now from
Yours ever,
"D. B."

"Good old Dan!" said Tommy, stuffing the letter in his pocket, and he opened the other. It was addressed in a very small neat hand, and was from Doctor O'Hara.

"My dear Pat Roche,
Plans are changed. I want you to go down to Curlew Island and start work on Comberite immediately. Things have happened which will make it very dangerous for you to stay in London. On the Island you will be safe, and everything is ready for you.

"I am sorry to cut short your holiday—but it's urgent. Please start for the island directly this reaches you, and get there the best way you can. Hurry!
Yours very sincerely,
"SHANE O'HARA."

"Good biz!" exclaimed Tommy, jumping up from the table.

He was overjoyed at the prospect of getting away, and was ready in less than a minute. He would have to telegraph Dan on the way, to meet him. It would not do to miss Dan. He told Mr. Drinkwater he would not be back for some time, and that was all the information he gave him. Before leaving the house, he took a quick look up and down the street. The coast seemed all clear.

Tommy got out of Stroud Street with a feeling of relief. But before he had passed through a couple of streets, he saw out of the corner of his eye that somebody was dogging him, at a distance. It was Baldy.

Tommy felt a sudden rage take hold of him. If this man belonged to O'Hara's crew, then Tommy was being mistrusted, and that annoyed him. But if Baldy was nothing to do with O'Hara, and was an unknown enemy, it was absolutely fatal to let him track Tommy to Curlew Island or even to the railway station; the game would be up in that case. And he was certainly not a policeman, else Tommy would not have meddled with him.

"Must get quit of this chap, or it's all up," said Tommy, through his teeth. "I'll have to take a chance here!"

He took a short cut through a maze of narrow alleys and courts, near Waterloo Station, where, at that time of day, there were a very few people about. However much he quickened his pace, Baldy kept close up to him. Suddenly Tommy turned through a narrow archway and stopped short, just round the corner, close against the wall and waiting, his jaw set tight, and his fist clenched.

Baldy came round the corner a few moments later at a rapid pace, an exclamation escaped him as he found himself right on top of Tommy, and he put out a hand as if to lay hold of him. That was enough. Tommy's arm swung back quick as light, and the whole of his weight was behind his fist as it came up under Baldy's chin with a clean smack, and sent him sailing backwards.

On the Island!

BALDY was probably half as heavy again as Tommy. But Tommy was a boxer, and a really good punch with eight stones behind it, placed just in the proper spot, will do wonders. The man with the bald eyebrows sailed over backwards, and measured his length on the pavement; an astonished gasp came from him.

"Take that to be going on with!" said Tommy, and spinning round, he was off like the wind long before Baldy could pull himself together enough to get up from the ground. In fact, he lay there for quite half a minute, wondering whether a thunderbolt had hit him, for an upper-cut under the chin is apt to daze the person who gets it. When Baldy finally recovered and got up, he used some terrific language, and hurried off blindly in pursuit of Tommy. He soon found that he had lost him altogether.

Tommy had darted away at top speed, dashing through one alley and up another, doubling like a hare. He did not intend that any one he met should be able to point out the way he had gone, and the few people about were passed like a flash. Then, turning a corner, he settled down into a walk again, made his way to Waterloo, dived into the Tube station, and came again to light on the north side of the river. It had been necessary to knock Baldy down. In no other way could he have got clean away from him, and it was lucky that he had had Baldy to himself for a moment, where there was nobody else to see it happen.

"I think I'm quit of you this time!" said Tommy to himself with a chuckle of deep satisfaction. "After all, if a chap sneaks about after you, day and night, you're entitled to dot him one. Specially a fellow who tries to poison people's dinners. It's clear I ain't going to have a happy, peaceful life until I can teach 'em to let me alone. And now the sooner I'm out of London the better."

He dived into a telegraph office and hastily scribbled off a wire to Dan, addressed to Southend:

"Meet me at Queenborough, eleven o'clock. Bring boat.
"PAT."

Having sent off this shillings-worth, he hopped into a taxicab and drove with all speed to Harrods, where he collected the packing case of food and stores that he had ordered the day before. He had no idea of leaving the grub behind, and once on Curlew Island he would be as much cut off from supplies

as was Robinson Crusoe. Dr. O'Hara might have sent some food down, but Tommy was not going to trust to that. Besides, he had bought all the things that he liked best, and meant to do himself well. The stuff was all ready for him. He got it hoisted on to the taxi at once and drove off to London Bridge station, where he took a ticket to Queenborough and was soon away in the train.

Queenborough is a little harbour and station on the Medway near where it opens on to the mouth of the Thames, opposite Southend, and it would be handy for Dan, who could run across to the Medway and pick up his mate. It wouldn't do to meet Dan in Southend, with a boat and a load of provisions. That was too near Curlew Island, and the coastguards might watch them and wonder what they were up to. Queenborough was snug and out of the way. It was far distant from the scene of Tommy's troubles on the Bellerophon, yet it was within an easy sail to the island.

Tommy arrived at Queenborough half an hour late, and walked down to the lonely little pier which juts out into a deep, narrow creek. It was beyond all doubt now that he had shaken off Baldy completely. He hoped to find Dan waiting for him with the motor-boat.

But he found there was no sign whatever of Dan. The place was deserted. To wait for him was impossible; there was no saying what had happened to him. Maybe he had not had the telegram.

Tommy was perplexed. He decided he would have to get to Curlew Island on his own. He tried to hire a small tarred boat with a mast and sail from

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THE BOY WITH THE MILLION- POUND SECRET!

(Continued from previous page.)

an old fisherman who was mopping her out.

"Can't hire no boats to strangers," said the man, squirting tobacco-juice over the side as he glanced at Tommy. "She mightn't come back. I was done that way once. Whatcher want her for—fishing? You can buy 'er for a tenner if you like. She's cheap at that."

Tommy thought it would be just as well to have a spare craft at the Island, and he had got to get there somehow.

"Well, I've got a bit o' money," he said, "and I've always wanted to own a boat. It isn't a bad idea. Can't afford ten. Give you eight for her."

The fisherman held out for nine, and she was well worth it. Tommy paid over the money and got a receipt. The fisherman was so cheered up by this sale that he helped Tommy carry the packing-case down from the pier, and watched approvingly while Tommy hoisted the sail like an old hand. The man asked no questions at all. Perhaps he thought that Tommy had stolen the money and that he had best keep his own counsel about the bargain for fear somebody should turn up and want the money paid back.

"If a pal of mine comes here and looks round for me, tell him I've gone on—couldn't wait," said Tommy, and the fisherman nodded. Tommy guessed

that he was not likely to talk about the deal. He clucked to himself as he steered down the creek and past Sheerness into the broad mouth of the Thames where it meets the open sea.

There was a good breeze, and the little boat with her stiff brown sail bowled along merrily. Southend and its long pier showed up, far away opposite on the Essex shore, and ahead the Nore Lightship rolled gently at her moorings—the front-door lamp of England, which homeward-bound sailors are always glad to see. Tommy turned away from the open sea and headed up the mouth of the great river, keeping a sharp lookout for Dan's motor-boat. But there was nothing to be seen of her.

"I hope nothing's happened to him," said Tommy to himself anxiously. "He said in his letter he'd had a hairy time of it. If he's all right I reckon I'll find him at the Island."

After a short sail Tommy reached his goal, and his heart warmed at the sight of it.

Curlew Island! There it lay right in front of him.

A thrill ran through Tommy as his eyes scanned the old place again. It was his home, and he loved Curlew Island. Many a clinking time he had had there, shooting and fishing and sailing on the creeks. Now he had the run of it again; and not only that, but it belonged to him! Here he and Dan were to join in the great adventure of making Comberite, the powder which, if successful, could blow a city into the air and was worth a million pounds.

But there was a bitter memory about Curlew Island, too. Here Nunks had been found dead—poor old Uncle Joe Comber, treacherously murdered in the dark one dreadful night, and his murderer not yet brought to justice. Here the safe had been robbed by some miscreant hunting for the secret of Comberite Powder—and Tommy himself had been falsely accused of the crime.

It was wonderful to find himself returning here, free and his own master. At first glance it seemed a crazy thing to do. But Tommy remembered what that very brainy and successful gentleman, Dr. Shane O'Hara, had said, and it was sound sense:

"The very last place on earth they'll ever think of looking for Tom Comber is on Curlew Island itself."

And if they did find him there, nobody on earth would recognise him, thanks to O'Hara's skill. Here he could make Comberite safely—unless he made a mistake and blew himself into fish-bait.

Tommy steered for the creek where it opened towards the back of the island and stopped at the landing-place, where there was a little wooden jetty that he and Nunks had built. He stowed the sail, unstepped the little mast, and sprang ashore.

(Things are going to hum a bit now that young Tommy is back again on Curlew Island. Mind you read next week's wonderful instalment of this fine David Goodwin story, chums!)

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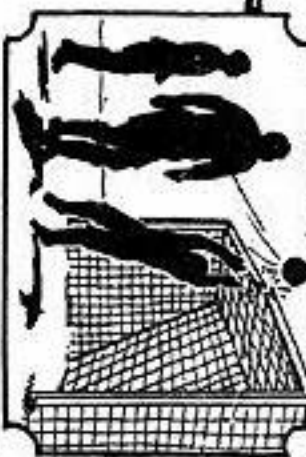
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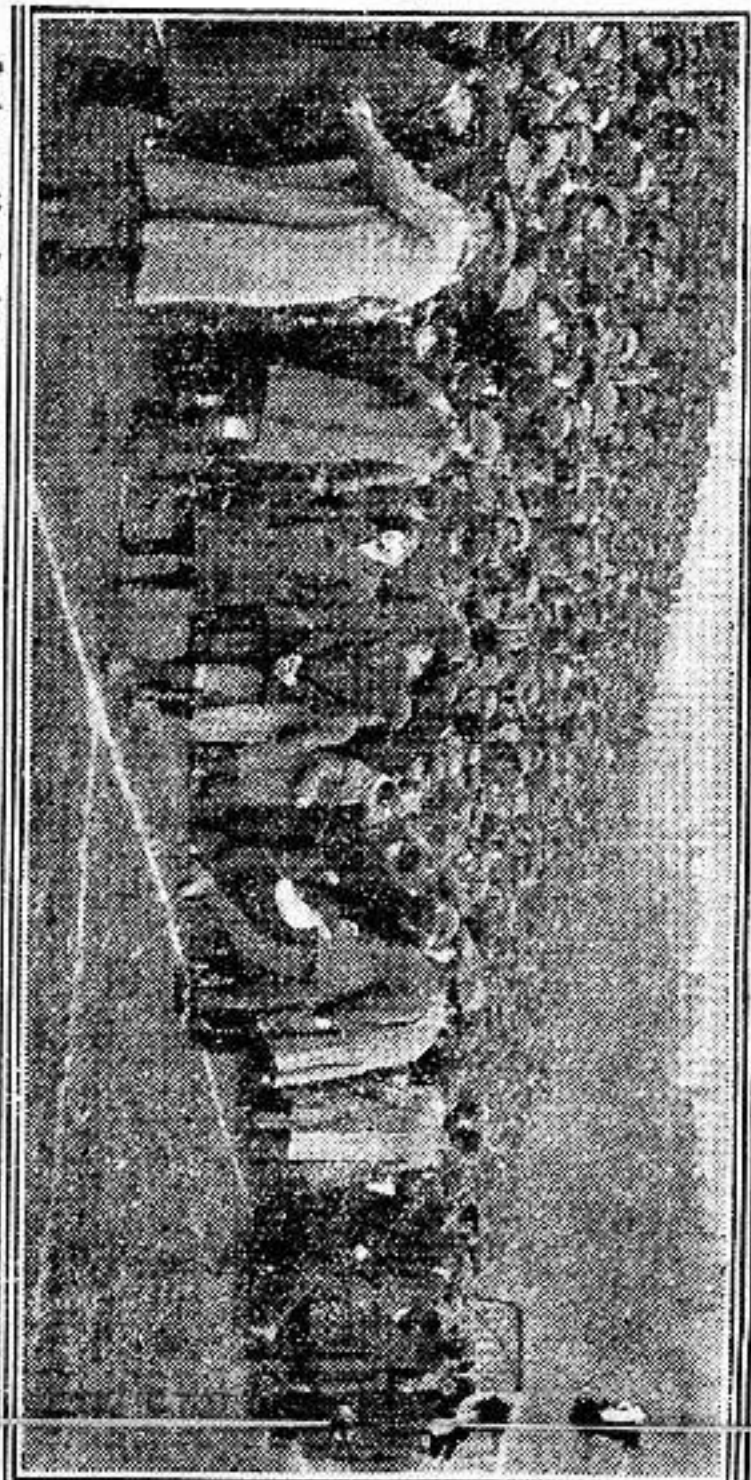
HERE is a saying to the effect that there is nothing new under the sun, but from time to time something strange and unexpected crops up—something which, to use a popular phrase, we say could only happen "once in a blue moon." The Reading club, at this very moment, is passing through a strange experience. At the end of last season the club won promotion to the Second Division, and as they had never got so high in the football world before the directors decided to have a new stand to celebrate the occasion. The old stand was pulled down, and a new one ordered to be in readiness for the opening of the present season. Alas, the industrial troubles upset all the plans, and instead of the new stand being ready at the start of the season. So that we had the strange experience in these modern times of seeing a big football club without a stand, and with two thousand people sitting on chairs under a canvas awning.

THE IBROX PARK TRAGEDY!
Tragedy is not completely separated from football, but we can be duly thankful that not often does anything really serious happen. We can certainly hope that never again will the scene at Ibrox Park, in 1902, be repeated. The match was between Scotland and England, and as usual all Glasgow turned out to see it. There was a tremendous crowd, and the stand was full almost to overflowing with excited people. Soon after the game started a thrilling incident near England's goal caused the crowd in the stand to jump over in their excitement, but as they did so the stand completely collapsed. Thousands of people were sent hurtling downwards with the broken boards, and scenes without precedent were witnessed. Ambulances were called for from everywhere, the cries of the dying and the injured were heart-rending. The game was kept going because it was considered that it would only add to the confusion if the play was stopped. At half-time, many of the players were in a state of collapse, and several fainted at the sight as they left the playing-pitch for the dressing-room. But to avoid adding to the tragedy the players were sent back to finish the game. In that disaster, 25 people were killed and nearly a thousand more or less seriously injured.

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLEW!

Scotland also provided another strange scene at Hampden Park, in 1908, when the Rangers and the Celtic played in the final for the Scottish Cup. The game had been drawn, and at the end of the second game the score was again level. The people evidently thought that there would be extra time, but when it became apparent that no extra time would be played, the assembled multitude got very cross indeed. They proceeded to make havoc on the ground, pulling down every-

A dramatic incident in the Charlton v. Bolton Cup-Tie on the former's ground—1923 depicting the injured spectators being attended to after the railings had collapsed.



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TWO Bolton Wanderers players— Ted Vizard and David Jack—are partners in a chemistry business at Bolton and they have a special headache cure which they sell. We now know why these two players weave such subtle schemes. It is to make opponents' heads ache so that they will buy some powders.

Since the start of the season some players have been "found out," and some others have been "found out."

Grimsby Town, who have now returned to the Second Division, are known as the "Mariners." It is to be hoped, however, that they will not be "all at sea" in their new section.

Is it merely a coincidence that during the last few weeks there has been a specially brisk demand for wigs and false whiskers, or have our referees been spending some spare cash on disguising themselves?

By the way, I suppose you won't believe the story that a referee was once carried off the field shoulder-high by the supporters of the losing side. But it is perfectly true—he was carried to the nearest duck-pond.

A special appeal was recently made at Leeds that, owing to the difficulty of spectators seeing the play, it was hoped that as many people as possible would go to the ground in caps, not hats. But where is the satisfaction in bashing in a cap?

The understanding between Tom Sampy and William Sampy, brothers in the Sheffield United team, is often remarked upon. But it isn't to be wondered at, because they sleep together and often talk for hours in the night on how to hold up the other fellows. Dark schemes, in fact.

ERHAPS the healthiest sign we have that the football of the future is going to be good, and as popular, as the football of the present-day, is the recent expressed determination on the part of the Football Association to do a lot more for the lads. The boys of to-morrow, and the professional players of to-morrow, and it surely follows that the greater the amount of attention paid to boys' football to-day, the greater number of skilful players there will be to-morrow.

The Football Association has recently asked each County Association to form a special minor association branch whose job it shall be to organise "old boys" clubs or elementary and secondary schools. These "old boys" clubs are made up mostly of players between fourteen and eighteen years of age. In its turn the Football Association has promised the necessary financial help to make this scheme a success, and it is expected that the result will serve as a connecting-link between the English Schools' Football Association, and the first-class clubs.

NOT TRUSTING TO LUCK.

It is only a few weeks since the Football Association really began to take active steps with a view to organising the footballers of the country who are between fourteen and eighteen years of age. Consequently it is too early as yet to report much progress. But I do feel that in this scheme, if it can be carried out successfully—and there is no reason why it should not be successfully carried out—there lies very real hope for a better standard of football in the future than anything we have known in the past. It may be said that we have joggled along all right in the past without the organisation which is now proposed. It is true enough that we have not only gone on producing a certain number of first-class footballers, but that we should go on producing them even without the real organisation. But surely the chances are that with organisation on the right lines we shall produce players in greater numbers and of greater ability.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS HAVE DONE.

There is little necessity for me to dwell on the part which the English Football Association has done for the game. I could tell you of scores of players who first got their love for the game when they played it with their school elevens. Moreover, there cannot be any doubt that the people responsible for the running of these school elevens are folk to whom we owe a real debt of gratitude. I myself can properly be called a product of school football, and the experience of the West Ham club shows what can be done by watching the lads even from their school days. Indeed, the schools of West Ham and East Ham have, by their attention and care for the boys, turned out within recent years enough first-class players to make up a team of such quality that it might be difficult to find an eleven to beat them.

BRIDGING THE GAP.

Always in the past, however, there has been a gap in the life of the young footballer. This gap has been between the age of fourteen, at which thousands of lads leave school, and the age of eighteen, which may be considered, roughly, about the earliest time when it is considered advisable to sign on a lad as a professional. It is, I take it, with a view to getting over this gap—to bridge those four years—

Boys-Were Looking After You!

New schemes in which there are big hopes for the future.



By SYDNEY C. PUDDFOOT. The famous International Inside-right of Blackburn Rovers.

that the Football Association has taken the step of asking its county associations to look after the lads to a much greater extent than they have done in the past. It does not require many words from me to point out the importance of the years between fourteen and eighteen so far as the development of young footballers is concerned. Those are the impressionable years; the years when a lad is capable of learning a very great deal which will help him when he becomes a "man."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Think what has happened in the past, however. Thousands of boys who have shown football promise at school have left at the age of fourteen or thereabouts. The love of football has been instilled into their hearts, and naturally they have looked round for more opportunities of continuing the game after their school days were finished. That there are plenty of clubs ready to

real scientific game. Again, I joined that club when I was too young, and found myself opposed to fellows who were too big for me to stand up against. Fortunately a friend of mine took me by the arm one day and persuaded me to give up playing for this particular team. I followed his advice; if I had not done so I might never have made real progress in the game.

UNDER PROPER CARE.

If the various county associations will set to work with a will to carry out the wishes of the Football Association, then it seems to me that the chances of a lad's future being ruined by getting into the wrong sort of football on leaving school will be considerably reduced. It is organised football which the lads leaving school want, not just haphazard stuff on indifferent pitches. You don't learn to play good football on a bad pitch; that is a certainty. Moreover, I take it that these junior clubs will have connected with them fellows who know the game and can give the young players the proper sort of advice. Doubtless the ground difficulties will still be great, because of the scarcity of playing-fields in big centres, but the difficulty should be reduced by the financial help which the Football Association has promised to give.

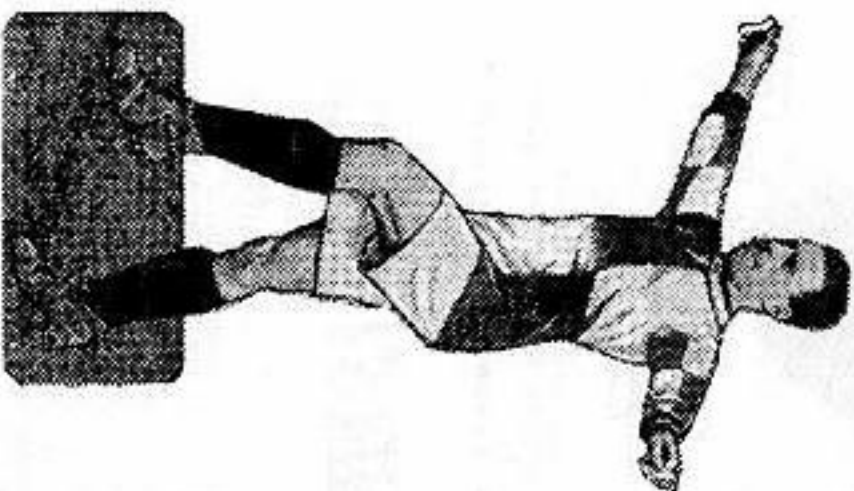
THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

If you look after the lads the men will look after themselves, and these minor football clubs should prove a most valuable recruiting ground for the big teams. Indeed, I see in this scheme, if properly carried out, real hope for the future of football. If the lads are given proper grounds and proper advice, then we may live to see the day when, instead of there not being enough players to go round the supply exceeds the demand. If that day should arrive, surely it will mean that the general standard of football will be higher than it has ever been.

Sydney C. Puddfoot

The Director Who Didn't Know.

Directors of football clubs are not always as well up in football matters as might be expected from their position, and players occasionally tell stories which suggest that directors don't know everything. Here is one of the best, which is vouchered for by a prominent player of a Northern side. The team was playing away from home. The directors had a good lunch, and when the match was over one of them walked into the dressing-room and addressed the players. "I think you were a trifle lucky to draw today, lads," he said. "Draw?" replied the players in chorus. "We didn't draw! We won by two goals to one!" "Did you indeed?" said the director. "Well, I think you were lucky, anyway." THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 973.



SYDNEY C. PUDDFOOT. Blackburn Rovers' famous International! Inside-right.

AN IMPOSSIBLE PROPOSITION.

Now this club was, as it happened, just the sort which I ought not to have joined. In the first place their ground was scarcely of the sort on which it was possible to play anything like real football. It was all knobs and holes. On that sort of pitch you can run about and kick the ball when it comes to you, but it is hopeless from the point of view of developing the