

GIVEN AWAY FREE INSIDE! REAL PHOTOS OF THESE TWO FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS!



DANNY SHEA,
of Fulham.

Week Ending
May 20th, 1922.

The Magnet

Library **1 1/2**

No. 745. Vol. XXI.



J. E. DAVISON,
of the Wednesday.



AN ATTACK ON THE GREYFRIARS REBELS' STRONGHOLD!

(A thrilling incident from the long complete tale in this issue.)



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

"THE STOLEN DIARY!" By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete story of the chums of Greyfriars, and deals with an adventure which befalls Harry Wharton & Co. and Vernon-Smith after a cricket match near the Bounder's home.

The chums are invited by Vernon-Smith's millionaire father to spend an hour or two at his wonderful house, and, the invitation being accepted, the chums find themselves involved in a dramatic affair which subsequently leads them into stirring and dangerous adventure.

Readers who like a thoroughly good mystery story, packed full of incident and excitement, should on no account miss reading the story of

"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

which will appear in the MAGNET LIBRARY next Monday morning.

There will also be another grand supplement in our next issue, for which Harry Wharton & Co. have promised us some really fine stories and articles. Knowing that the chums of Greyfriars keep their word, I can safely assure my readers that the next issue of

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD"

is going to be a tip-top number!

FREE GIFTS.

This week the famous Companion Papers are again presenting their readers with FIVE FREE GIFTS.

In this issue you will have found TWO REAL PHOTOS of Danny Shea and J. E. Davison. Next week there will be a special photo of A. Dorrell, IN ACTION on the field of play, given FREE with every copy of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

Popular and wonderful JOHNNY BASHAM is the subject of this week's magnificent FREE REAL PHOTO, which is being given away with the "Boys' Friend." You can get that paper and photo to-day—and there will be another FREE REAL PHOTO next Monday of Ex-Guardsman Penwill. Order that to-day.

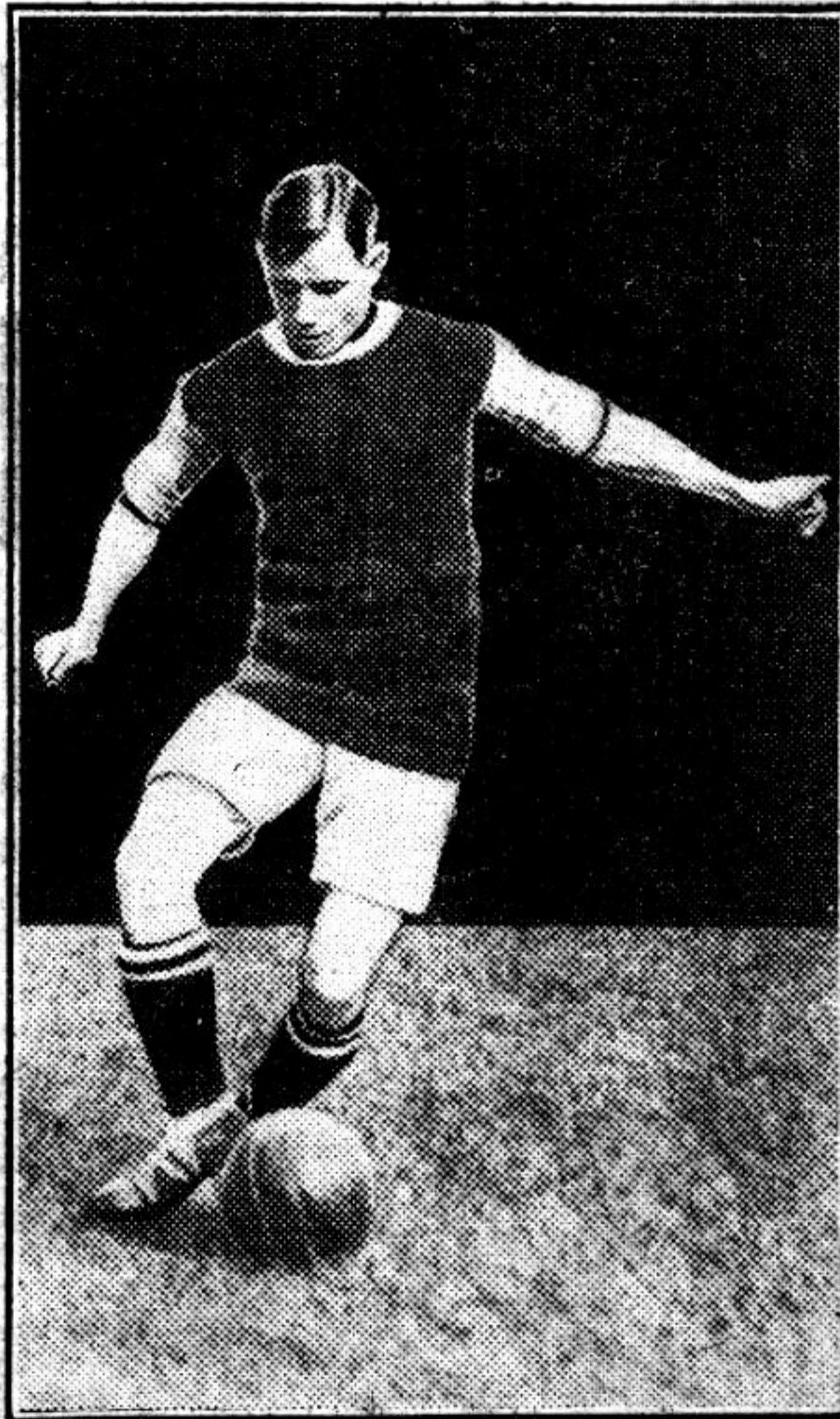
Then to-morrow we have our splendid Companion Paper, the "Popular," giving, absolutely free, yet another MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGINE PLATE. Readers of that paper have had a splendid chance of obtaining a wonderful collection of coloured plates—accurate in colour and detail—and there is still time for new readers of that paper to obtain a fine collection, even if they are too late to get the whole lot. Back numbers of the "Popular" can be obtained from the Back Number Dept., Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

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On Wednesday morning the "Gem Library" will appear on sale, and inside every copy will be found A REAL PHOTO of famous H. Gregory, IN ACTION on the field of play.

Readers of the Companion Papers have therefore a chance to collect a splendid gallery of REAL PHOTOS and wonderful plates. Take my advice and order copies of all these papers to be saved for you, and avoid hearing the "sold out" cry of the newsagent when you just happen to drop in and ask for copies.

A. DORRELL in action on the field of play.



A Wonderful Real Photo Given Away Free in next week's issue.

ALBUMS FOR OUR FREE PHOTOS.

Many readers have requested that albums should be supplied for our free real photos, and I have been able to grant this request.

Send a postal order, or twopenny stamps to the value of sixpence, and you will receive, in due course, a splendid album for your free photos, from

The MAGNET, Album Office,
7-9, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

Readers are informed that it is absolutely impossible to send all albums by return of post—orders are dealt with

in strict rotation, and the albums are despatched as quickly as possible. All applicants for albums should be particularly careful to write their names and addresses very distinctly on their letters. Names without addresses are useless, so take great care that you write both very carefully!

Duplicate photos cannot be sent, but copies of the issues of the papers can be supplied, and therein will be found the photos required. Readers wanting another particular photo should send twopenny-halfpenny in stamps when they write for their albums, and a copy of the paper, with the photo enclosed, will be forwarded at the earliest possible moment.

Correspondence.

Albert E. Goodman, c.o. G.P.O., Hill Street, Birmingham, wishes to communicate with a French boy with a view to friendship and mutual improvement in French and English. Age 14-17.

Percival Petto, 56, Keetons Road, Bermondsey, London, S.E. 16, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-17.

A. Dempers, 14, Whitford Street, Cape Town, wishes to correspond with readers interested in postage stamps.

R. Song, P.O. Box 221, Kimberley, South Africa, wishes to hear from readers anywhere who would like to join his Magnet and Gem Club.

Miss Dorothy, 10, Wanderers Mansions, Wolmarans Street, Johannesburg, South Africa, wishes to hear from readers.

Ronald Mann, Baldarroch, Mill Road, Yoker, nr. Glasgow, wishes to hear from readers, ages 11-16, who would help him with his correspondence club.

J. Turner, 622, Chamber Road, Hollinwood, nr. Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. All letters answered.

Frank Geldard, Barley Mow, 183, Featherstall Road, N. Oldham, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers interested in sport, ages 15-16.

J. Clegg, 5, Back Brook Street, Todmorden, Yorks, the editor of two pass-round magazines, wants members for his Echo Correspondence Club. Numerous facilities for getting in touch with readers of the Companion Papers, and for exchange of stamps, and chat about hobbies. Will supply film notes and stories to amateur magazines.

Miss Rosalind Zeid, 53, Victoria Road, S. Southsea, Portsmouth, wishes to correspond with readers in Africa and Australia.

Norman Stockton, Wardrop House, Wardrop, Gr. Northcote, Victoria, Australia, wishes to hear from readers anywhere.

YOUR EDITOR.

EX-CROWN PRINCE'S MEMOIRS.

Amazing Revelations!

The most sensational book of the year is undoubtedly the Memoirs of the Ex-Crown Prince, "Little Willie's" own Life Story.

EVERY word of this amazing series of self-revelations has been written personally by the Ex-Crown Prince, in his Dutch exile. In them the writer lays bare his whole soul and throws new and vivid lights on many aspects of the Great War, Germany's part in it, and the downfall of the Royal House of Hohenzollern.

No reader of the "MAGNET" should miss this startling work, which appears exclusively in this week's "ANSWERS," on sale at all newsagents TO-DAY.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and the Great Sixth Form Rebellion at Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Unheard-of!

BANG!
Thump!
"Go it!" murmured Bob Cherry.

A crowd of Greyfriars juniors had gathered in the corridor outside the Head's study.

As a rule, juniors did not linger in that corridor. If they had to traverse it, they did so quickly and quietly; even Bob Cherry walked softly in those sacred precincts. But that was in Dr. Locke's time, when order reigned at Greyfriars School. Matters were very far from being normal now, and a proof of it was the chuckling crowd of Remove fellows that had gathered close by the Head's door.

Bang! Thump!
The thumping came from within the Head's study. Someone, inside that study, was tattooing furiously upon the panels of a locked door.

"The old sport's getting excited!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Like a giddy tiger in a cage!" observed Harry Wharton. "Hallo, there's his foot!"

The voice of Mr. James Carnforth, the new headmaster of Greyfriars, was heard. Doubtless the new Head had caught the sound of chuckling in the corridor, and knew that someone was there.

"Boys!"
"Hallo hallo, hallo!" answered Bob Cherry cheerily.

It was not really the way in which a headmaster should have been answered. But Mr. Carnforth had not been a success as a headmaster.

"Who is there?" called out the new Head.

"Little us!" answered Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Is that Wharton of the Remove?"

"Right on the wicket!"

"Wharton, how dare you address me in such a manner?" shouted Mr. Carnforth through the keyhole. "I—I will pun—" He broke off suddenly, as he remembered that he was about to ask a favour of the junior he was beginning to

threaten. "Wharton, I have been locked in my study."

"I can see that, sir."
"Is the key in the door, Wharton?"

"No, sir."
"That young rascal Wingate has taken it away, then! Wharton, find something

—tools of some kind—and do your best to force the lock!"

Harry Wharton looked at his chums, and smiled. There was a general grin among the Removites.

The captain of the Remove was not likely to take measures to release the tyrant of Greyfriars. As it happened, Wharton was under sentence of flogging—a sentence that would have been put into effect already had not Mr. Carnforth's hands been full with the rebellion of the Sixth Form.

Thump, thump, thump! came from within the locked study. Mr. Carnforth realised that there was no help to come from the merry Removites, and he hammered and thumped on the door, in the hope of summoning other assistance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here comes Quelchy!" murmured Bob.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came rustling up the passage. His face was very grave and perturbed. The Removites might regard the present state of affairs as no end of a lark; but Mr. Quelch was far from regarding it in that light.

Rebellion at Greyfriars, insubordination up and down the school, was a calamity in Mr. Quelch's eyes—an unheard-of disaster. In Mr. Quelch's opinion, it was almost time for the skies to fall!

"What—what—what is going on here?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, with a very stern look at his hopeful pupils.

"Nothing, sir," answered Harry Wharton. "Just listening to the row, sir."

Thump, thump!
"Is that Mr. Quelch?" came a yell from the locked study.

The Remove master approached the door.

"Yes, sir, it is I!" he answered.

"I am locked in my study, Mr. Quelch! Wingate of the Sixth and several other seniors came here, and locked the door on me by force—by violence—" Mr. Carnforth spluttered. "They shall be expelled—after being flogged! Release me from this room, Mr. Quelch!"

"The key appears to be missing, sir."

"Find it—take it from Wingate, by force if necessary!" shouted Mr. Carnforth. "Are you a fool, sir?"

"Mr. Carnforth!"

"Don't stand babbling there, sir! Fetch the key!"

Mr. Quelch gasped.

"I—I doubt whether Wingate will consent to hand it to me, sir," he answered.

"Take it by force, then!" roared Mr. Carnforth. "Am I to remain a prisoner in my own study? What is going on now, Mr. Quelch? What are those young scoundrels doing?"

"Are you alluding to the Sixth Form of Greyfriars, sir?" asked Mr. Quelch stiffly.

"I am! You know it!"

"I have never heard such an expression applied to the senior boys of this school before, sir!"

"Don't bandy words with me, Mr. Quelch!" roared the new Head. "Tell me what the young villains are doing!"

"They are barricading the Sixth Form passage," said the Remove master. "They have removed most of the provisions in the school to the Sixth Form studies. Now they are planning a barring-out!"

"And you have not raised a hand to prevent them?" howled Mr. Carnforth.

"I am not master of the Sixth, sir, nor headmaster of the school," answered Mr. Quelch coldly. "I should not think for one moment of taking your duties out of your hands, sir!"

"I have a very strong opinion, sir, that you have a hand in this—this rebellious rascality!" shouted Mr. Carnforth. "You have placed obstacles in my way ever since I arrived here to take control, sir—I know it!"

"I deny it, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch

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hotly. "I deny it in toto! It is true that I have regretted the departure of Dr. Locke—that I could not help seeing that the school is going to rack and ruin since you have been in control, sir! But—"

"Enough! I am in control, and I dismiss you, sir—dismiss you!" shouted Mr. Carnforth. "You are no longer a master here, sir! You are no longer a member of the staff of Greyfriars. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you, sir."
"You are dismissed—discharged—turned out, sir!"

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "As you were duly appointed by the governors, sir, I am bound to accept my dismissal at your hands. I shall lay down my duties at once. It would have been impossible in any case for me to remain here and work with you. I wish you a very good-morning, sir!"

"One moment, the key—"
But Mr. Quelch did not stay to listen. He swept away, bristling with wrath and indignation. Mr. Carnforth thumped furiously on the door. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another, serious now. "Quelch sacked!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"The sackfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But perhapsfully the esteemed and ridiculous Carnforth will also get the honourable order of the sack, when the excellent and ludicrous governors learn what is going on."

"Let's hope so," said Bob.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Army!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. sauntered in the quadrangle with smiling faces.

They were feeling cheery.

While the rest of the school turned into the Form-rooms, two Forms of Greyfriars remained at liberty.

In the Sixth Form quarters the Sixth were preparing for their barring-out, while their headmaster was locked in his study. To such a state of affairs had Mr. Carnforth's tyrannic methods brought the old school. While in the quad the Remove sauntered and leap-frogged and chatted and chuckled in great glee. They had no Form-master now—Mr. Quelch, sacked by the tyrant of Greyfriars, no longer possessed authority over his boys. Utterly unfitted for his position as James Carnforth was, there was no gainsaying the fact that he was headmaster, and had the right and the power to dispense with the services of any member of his staff. He had dispensed with Mr. Quelch.

Without a Form-master or a headmaster for the nonce, the Remove were their own masters—and they enjoyed their liberty. Looking on at the Sixth Form rebellion was ever so much more entertaining than grinding grammar in the Form-room. As the Bounder put it brightly, irregular actions were more amusing than irregular verbs. Free as the air, the Removites disported themselves merrily; there was no authority over them now, and it was as in the olden time, when there was no king in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes!

Mr. Quelch, in his study, was not in a happy mood. It was a blow to him to leave such old associations, to leave his pupils, but there was no help for it.

If Mr. Carnforth remained as Head, he could not remain on the staff; indeed, it

was very probable that the remainder of the staff would resign before very long.

But Mr. Quelch was not in a hurry to depart.

He was thinking, not only of himself, but of the old school where he had lived so long; painful as the parting would be to himself, it would be made still more painful by leaving Greyfriars in such a state of riot and disorder.

So instead of packing his baggages, the Remove master was putting in a deep "think" in his study, while his pupils roamed free and untrammelled, and enjoyed their unexpected holiday.

In the Lower Fourth the situation was not taken with such seriousness as on the staff.

Gosling, the porter, blinked at them as they came by his lodge. William Gosling was a sedate gentleman of mature years, and he saw nothing entertaining or exhilarating in the present state of affairs at the school. Gosling's opinion was that it was shocking, and he had confided to Mr. Mimble, the gardener, that these were "fine goings-hon," and Mr. Mimble had agreed with him that the "goings-hon" were indeed fine! Gosling looked sourly upon the merry Removites, and did not respond to their cheery smiles, save by a further wrinkling of his already sour visage.

**ALBUMS
FOR YOUR
FREE REAL
PHOTOS!**

See Page 2.

"Top of the afternoon, old bean!" said Bob Cherry affably. "Have the Head's giddy prize-fighters arrived yet?"

"Which they ain't, Master Cherry!" said Gosling, with a grunt. "Nice things Greyfriars is coming to, ain't they? Ho!"

"You ought to keep them out, Gossy!" said Wharton.

"My dooty is to hopen that there gate at the 'Ead's horders," said Gosling.

"Couldn't you lock it and mislay the key?" suggested Johnny Bull. "You saw that fellow who came here, the Lambury Lamb. He's gone off to bring a gang of hooligans to deal with the Sixth."

"Nice goings-hon!" said Gosling satirically. "Nothing like this 'ere 'appened in Dr. Locke's time. He was a gentleman."

"Which the merry Carnforth bird isn't!" said Bob. "It's up to you, Gossy, to lock the gates on Mr. Lamb and his crowd."

"Wot I says is this 'ere, I've got to obey the 'Ead's horders," grunted Gosling sourly. "What the guv'nors is thinking of, I don't know. That there Carnforth is no class! Called me an old fool this morning."

"He seems to have judgment on some points," murmured Bob, and the Famous Five grinned, and strolled on to the gates, leaving Mr. Gosling still grunting.

From the gates the juniors surveyed

the road. They were keenly interested in the forces Mr. Carnforth had sent for, to help him in dealing with the refractory Sixth Form. It was certain that there would be exciting times at Greyfriars when they arrived.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There they come!" shouted Bob Cherry suddenly.

"Half a dozen of them," said Wharton. "My only hat! What a crowd!"

The enemy had come in sight.

The Lambury Lamb, with his battered nose and bulldog jaw, was prominent at the head of the contingent.

Six men were with him—and they were all more or less like the Lamb to look at.

Mr. Carnforth had called in the Lamb in the first place to assist him, and the Lamb had been kicked out of Greyfriars by the Sixth-Formers. The kicking out of seven pugilists was not likely to be so simple a task.

"Seven jolly hefty bounders," commented Bob Cherry. "They could knock the Sixth into a cocked hat, with the Fifth thrown in."

Harry Wharton nodded. "Forewarned is forearmed," he remarked. "Wingate and the rest are ready for them. They've got their barricade finished now. It won't be easy for this gang to get at them."

"There's going to be a high old time," chuckled Bob. "My hat! I wonder what Dr. Locke would say if he knew?"

The Lambury Lamb & Co. arrived, and marched into the quadrangle. Gosling eyed them from his lodge, with a very shocked expression on his crusty face; but he did not venture near them to express his disapproval. The Famous Five followed them as they marched across the quad, the Lamb showing the way.

"Here they come, you fellows!" yelled Billy Bunter.

There was a gathering of the Remove from all sides. The other Forms were in the Form-rooms.

The "pugs" grinned round them at the juniors, apparently enjoying the sensation their arrival had caused. There was a shout from the window of the Head's study.

"This way! Come here!"

The Lamb stared round. "Ho! There he is! That's the old bloke!" he exclaimed. "Foller on, mates!"

"We're arter you," said a gentleman with a broken nose and only one eye—a gentleman who had fought in the ring not wisely but too well, to judge by his looks.

The boxers crowded under the Head's window. Mr. Carnforth looked out at them, and perhaps even he, angry and bitter as he was, felt a little dismayed at the looks of his contingent. In a row at the Cross Keys on a Saturday night, the party would have been in suitable surroundings; they certainly looked very much out of place in the old quad at Greyfriars. But Mr. Carnforth had gone too far for retreat now—if he had thought of retreat. Only by the strong hand could he hope to quell the rebellion of the Sixth Form—and there was no other force at his disposal.

"'Ere we are, sir," said the Lamb cheerily. "We'll see you righted, sir. This 'ere bloke is Boss-Eye—p'raps you've 'eard of him, sir. And this 'ere cove is Billy Jinks, and this 'ere—"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Carnforth, interrupting the introductions. "Quite so. I have been locked in my study, and the key taken away. Kindly come round to the door and force it open."

"Suttingly. Which door, sir?"
 "One of the boys will show you."
 "Orlright, sir."

The Lamb & Co. started for the big doorway of the School House. For a guide to the door of the Head's study the Lamb collared the nearest junior, who happened to be William George Bunter. He collared him by the simple process of fastening a finger and thumb upon his fat ear. There was a protesting yell from Bunter.

"Yoop! Leggo!"

"Show us the way, young 'un," said the Lamb affably. "We want the door of that there room with the old bloke in it."

"Give 'im a clip!" suggested the one-eyed gentleman.

"I—I'll show you the way!" gasped Bunter.

"Get a move on!"

The army marched into the house, and Bunter guided them to the door of the Head's study.

"You in 'ere, sir?" bawled the Lamb.

"Yes, yes!"

"We'll soon 'ave you hout!"

"One moment! Demand the key of Wingate—you will find him in the Sixth Form passage—"

"Where's that?"

"The boy will show you."

"Right-ho! Get a move hon, young 'un!"

"Leggo my ear!" howled Bunter.

"I'll twist it 'arf orf if you don't get a move hon, you fat spadger!" said the Lamb pleasantly.

Bunter got a move on again, and the Lamb & Co. marched to the Sixth Form passage, with a crowd of eager Removites bringing up the rear.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Attac in Force!

WINGATE of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, breathed hard at the sight of the enemy.

But he did not think of faltering. The die was cast now for the Sixth Form of Greyfriars; there was no retreat.

And the senior rebels had had time to strengthen their position while the Head was locked in his study. Both ends of the broad passage were barricaded with furniture and bedsteads, and all kinds of articles had been gathered and stacked up to strengthen the barrier. The side passage also was blocked up. The Sixth Form quarters had been turned into a fortress, and the fortress had been provisioned for a siege. Once having decided upon open revolt, Wingate & Co. had not taken half-measures. It was the Sixth against the Head, and a fight to a finish.

At the news that the enemy were coming, all the Sixth crowded into the wide passage and stood behind the barricade—only Coker minor, the youngest member of the Sixth, being left as sentry at the other end. The barricade was six feet high, but there were chairs and forms behind it, on which the garrison could stand and look over at the foe. George Wingate, serious enough, but cool and calm, met the pugilists with a steady gaze. The Lamb grinned at him.

"You're Wingate?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You're the covey I want. You've locked in your 'eadmaster and you've got the key."

Wingate nodded.

"And it over," said the Lamb.

"Otherwise, we'll 'ave to break down the

door. Or I'll come and fetch it, if you like."

"I don't think you'd find that easy," said Wingate quietly. "But you can have the key. It doesn't matter if Mr. Carnforth is let out now."

He tossed the key across to the Lamb, who picked it up with a grin. A moment later the new Head was released from his study.

He strode away at once to the Sixth Form passage, his eyes gleaming and his thin lips set in a tight line.

He started a little as he arrived at the barricade and saw the preparations the rebels had made.

"Wingate!" he shouted.

The Greyfriars captain rose into view.

"Yes, Mr. Carnforth?"

"Remove this barrier at once!"

the four winds. And there was need of haste, too—the thought of the august governing body learning what was toward made Mr. Carnforth shiver. Whatever the governors had expected when they had appointed him, certainly they had not expected anything like this. If the state of affairs gained publicity, Mr. James Carnforth knew that his tenure of power at Greyfriars would be short.

A minute passed, and he looked at Wingate. That youth took a cricket bat from a fellow behind him, and stood looking over the barricade with it in his hand. Evidently it was to be used as a weapon of defence.

"Two minutes!" said Mr. Carnforth menacingly

From a safe distance, Harry Wharton



"You will observe, Wingate, that I have force at my disposal for dealing with insubordination," said Mr. Carnforth. "I will give you five minutes to come out and deliver yourselves up. If you refuse, I shall order these men to secure you by force." "Declined with thanks!" said Gwynne. (See Chapter 3.)

"Nonsense!"

"You will observe, Wingate, that I have force at my disposal for dealing with insubordination!" said Mr. Carnforth, his eyes glittering at the captain of Greyfriars. "I will give you five minutes to come out and deliver yourselves up to authority!"

"Declined with thanks!" said Gwynne.

"If you refuse, I shall order these men to secure you by force," said Mr. Carnforth.

Mr. Carnforth took out his watch.

He held it up in full view, as if to let the rebels of Greyfriars see that the minutes of grace were ticking away.

His face was hard and inflexible. It was, indeed, too late for the Greyfriars tyrant to compromise or retreat; he had to put down the rebellion, or else see every vestige of his authority blown to

& Co. stood looking on. They were almost breathless with excitement. Mr. Carnforth did not heed them—he did not seem to notice their presence.

"Three minutes!"

"You need not count the minutes, sir," said Wingate quietly. "We have no intention whatever of surrendering!"

"Four minutes!" thundered the new Head.

Behind the barricade some of the seniors were looking at one another with uncertain expressions.

Loder and Carne felt a sinking of the heart, and Walker looked very uneasy. But the great majority of the Sixth were as firm as rocks, and united behind their leader. Phipps and Faulkner stood up behind the barrier with cricket-stumps in their hands. North had a poker. Every fellow had a weapon of some kind. And

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

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the two or three who felt inward doubts and misgivings did not venture to utter them. The die was cast—and the Greyfriars Sixth had to sink or swim together.

Mr. Carnforth snapped shut his watch. "Five minutes!" he said. "Time is up, Wingate! I order you to throw down that barricade immediately!"

"We refuse to do so, sir!"

"Enough!"

Mr. Carnforth turned to his array of assistants. The pugilists were grinning in anticipation of a glorious row, in which they expected the advantage to be all on their side.

"Ready, sir?" grinned the Lamb.

"You know why you are here," said Mr. Carnforth, between his teeth. "These boys have rebelled against my authority. You will compel them to submit. You are authorised to use what violence may be necessary. Pray lose no time!"

"Leave it to us, sir!" said the Lamb. He waved a stubby hand to his followers.

But the task was not so easy as they had anticipated.

Wingate's clenched fist caught the Lamb fairly on his battered nose, and battered it a little more, sending the hero of Lambury sprawling on his back with a crash.

Gwynne drove a right-hander into the seeing eye of the one-eyed gentleman, and that gentleman went sprawling across the Lamb.

Billy Jinks scrambled across, and drove back Loder, and as Wingate closed on him he clutched the Greyfriars captain in a bearlike hug. Stalwart as Wingate was, the bruiser was twice as strong, and he was almost helpless in the grip. But North rushed in with the poker, and the poker cracked on Billy Jinks' bullet head. Mr. Jinks gave a terrific howl, let go his hold, and rolled back.

Three of the assailants were down—four were scrambling over the barricade.

But fists and cricket-stumps from within drove at them ruthlessly. Loud yells rang from one end of Greyfriars to

expected either by Mr. James Carnforth or his "army."

It was too good for the Lamb & Co. Through the stern defence only Mr. Boss-Eye succeeded in penetrating, and when he rolled down on the inner side of the barricade he was pounced upon at once and secured.

The rest staggered back from the assault, howling with wrath and injuries. Even the dogged Lamb had to beat a retreat, covered with bumps and bruises.

Breathless, but victorious, the Greyfriars rebels manned the barricade, waiting for the enemy to come on again.

But they did not come on. Six battered bruisers stood in a furious crowd, gasping, groaning, and cursing, with a flow of language that certainly never had been heard within the scholastic precincts of Greyfriars School before.

Mr. Carnforth stood almost stuttering with rage.

Instead of sweeping victory, to be

DANNY SHEA and J. E. DAVISON.

The two great footballers who form the subjects of our Grand Free Real Photos.

DANNY SHEA (Fulham).

ALTHOUGH no longer young as footballers go, Dan Shea is still a power in the world of football, and during the past season he was recognised as the brains behind the Fulham attack. Playing at inside-right, Shea is a past-master of the art of side-stepping, and there are few footballers who can so completely bamboozle opponents as to what he intends to do with the ball. And having thrown off the attentions of his opponents, Shea can make those all-along-the-ground passes to his colleagues which make goal-scoring a comparatively easy task.

Dan has had a fairly wide experience in the football world. Born at Wapping, which is in the East End of London, he learned to play the game while at school at West Ham, and when he was still a youth, he signed on for the Hammers. With that side he did some fine things in the goalscoring line, getting as many as 29 shots home in the course of one

season—in 1909-10. During the 1912-13 season he was transferred to Blackburn Rovers for what was then a very big transfer fee of £2,000, and at Blackburn Shea, along with Jock Simpson, helped to make up what was generally regarded as the best right wing in the length and breadth of the land.

During the season before last he came back to his first love—West Ham United—but later passed on to assist Fulham. He is on the small side as regards height, for he only stands 5ft. 6in., but he has now plenty of weight, and though he does not shoot or get goals so regularly as he used to do, is still a very fine footballer—a real entertainment to watch.

J. E. DAVISON (the Wednesday.)

SINCE the season of 1908 The Wednesday of Sheffield have been blessed with a very fine goalkeeper, whose name is John Edward Davison, and who can claim to be among

the most consistent keepers in the land. Among the other things which he has done in the course of his career is to go through two successive seasons without missing a single match.

Davison has at least one other claim to distinction, for he is the smallest goalkeeper at present appearing in first-class football. In the ordinary way one would say that to be able to perform all the duties of his position, a goalkeeper should be tall, but yet Davison is in the very first flight, although he only stands 5ft. 7in. However, he is possessed of wonderful agility, which enables him to overcome the natural handicap, and last season he received real recognition from the International Selection Committee when he was called upon to play for England against Wales.

Davison was born at Gateshead, and first started playing serious football with the town club of his native place. Then he went to Sheffield as successor to John Lyall, and has remained there ever since.

"Come on and 'ave 'em out of it!" he shouted.

"'Ear, 'ear!"

"We're arter you!"

And there was a rush.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Scrap!

"**G**O it!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Eagerly the chums of the Remove looked on.

The rush of the seven bruisers was sudden and swift. They came up to the barricade in a body. Mr. Carnforth stood back to watch them. Savagely angry as he was, he had no desire to take part in the operations. Like a wise general, he remained at the base, while less important persons went over the top.

In a moment the bruisers were clambering on the barricade, nothing doubting that they would be across it in less than a minute, and hitting out right and left among the rebel Sixth-Formers.

the other. In the Form-rooms, masters and pupils paused in their work to start and listen. The Remove, happier than the other Forms, were able to look on. They looked on in breathless excitement.

Back from the barricade the bruisers staggered, reeling under the blows they received.

The rebels were not standing on ceremony; it was no time for that. The consequences of letting the enemy through would have been too serious. They hit out without ruth, and some of the blows were hefty enough. One of the assailants lay half-stunned on the passage floor, and all of them were damaged, and yelling with pain and wrath.

The Lamb staggered to his feet and rushed on again, and his followers backed him up, furious and eager to get to close quarters with the garrison, and hand back their punishment, as it were.

But the barrier was crammed with defenders now, and cricket-bats and stumps lashed and whirled.

So determined a defence had not been

followed by ruthless vengeance, he had gathered up a crushing defeat.

The barring-out was still going strong. But for the barricade the bruisers would have dealt with the rebels easily enough. But the barring-out was a different matter. On the defenders' side, half a dozen pairs of hands grasped the one-eyed gentleman.

"Out with him!" exclaimed Wingate.

"Chuck him out!"

Mr. Boss-Eye was heaved bodily on to the barricade, and sent rolling away on the other side.

His single eye was black, and his damaged nose was streaming crimson when he limped to rejoin his comrades.

There was a cheer from the Sixth Form passage.

"You have failed!" hooted Mr. Carnforth. "You have allowed a parcel of schoolboys to defeat you!"

The Lamb eyed him evilly. With a black eye, an aching jaw, a bruised chin, and a severe pain in his nose, the Lamb was not in an amiable mood; certainly not in a mood to listen to rebukes from

NEXT
MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

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the gentleman who had remained on the safe side of the combat.

"Wot's that?" he snarled. "Who you talking to? Ain't we done our blessed best?"

"Ain't we?" howled Mr. Jinks, dabbing at his nose.

"You know why you are here!" exclaimed Mr. Carnforth. "You are here to reduce those young rascals to obedience."

"Let 'em come and do it!" roared Gwynne.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, we'll come, right enough!" said the Lamb savagely. "We'll be arter you. You're going to pay 'igh for this ere, I promise you that. Oh, my nose! Ow! My eye!"

"Go on at once!" snapped Mr. Carnforth. "The matter cannot be delayed. Take down the barricade, and—"

"Don't be an old idjit!" said the Lamb disrespectfully.

"What?"

"Don't be a blinking hass! 'Ow can we take down the blessed thing with them coveys a-swiping of us with cricket-bats on the napper?" yelled the Lamb.

"Why are you here, if you cannot deal with them?" shouted Mr. Carnforth. "Are you afraid of schoolboys?"

The Lambury Lamb, with a goaded look, turned on his employer. It really was not a judicious moment for "ragging" the hapless bruisers, while they were nursing their injuries. Mr. Carnforth started back as a knucky fist was extended under his nose, so close that it almost rapped.

"See that?" hissed the Lamb.

"Eh—what? Yes, I—I see it! I—"

stuttered Mr. Carnforth. "Well, that's wot you'll get on your jor, if you give me any more of your lip!" said the Lamb menacingly. "We done our best, and we ain't taking any of your old duck—see?"

"I—I—I—you—I—"

"We ain't done with them young rips yet," said the Lamb. "We're going to out 'em! We're going to knock 'em about till their own fathers wouldn't know 'em one from another! But don't you give us any of your back-chat, old covy, or you'll get 'urt!"

And the indignant Lamb turned his back on the schoolmaster, snorting. Mr. Carnforth gasped for breath, and retreated from the spot. His allies really seemed as difficult to deal with as his rebels. Obviously, Mr. Carnforth had not the gift of command. He retreated to his study, fuming with rage and apprehension. He had failed, his extraordinary assistants had failed, and the Sixth Form barring-out continued successfully. What was to be the end of these things?

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Taking it Easy!

"NO prep!" Billy Bunter grinned joyously as he made that remark in the junior Common-room that evening.

His satisfaction was generally shared in the Remove.

Nobody was keen on prep.

Without a Form-master, the Remove had no lessons to attend to on the morrow. Prep was not necessary; and for one day, at least, as Bob Cherry remarked, they were going to give Æneas & Co. a rest. For once, Billy Bunter was going to have a whole day without getting his arithmetic wrong, or

mixing up his historical dates, or making grammatical howlers, or struggling through a bad construe. Which made William George Bunter feel quite pleased with himself and with the universe generally. He wished the very best of luck to the Sixth Form rebels, and hoped that the barring-out would prove permanent!

The new Head was too busy about other matters to give any attention to the Remove.

With rebellion going on in the Sixth, and with his extraordinary assistants in the school, Mr. Carnforth had quite enough to think of, without bothering about the Lower Fourth.

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, regarded the Removites enviously. They were still at work under Mr. Capper, and they felt that it was not quite cricket. Dabney, indeed, suggested a revolt, following the example of the Sixth. But the idea did not catch on. Mr. Capper was a master not to be trifled with.

While the Fourth were at prep that evening the Remove were their own masters, and enjoyed their leisure.

They did not even see Mr. Quelch. That gentleman was still in the school, but he kept in seclusion. His authority was gone, and the juniors supposed that he was making his preparations for departure. Probably Mr. Carnforth also supposed so, if he thought about him at all.

But it was more likely that all Mr. Carnforth's thoughts were fixed on the senior barring-out and on the Lamb & Co.

The Lambury Lamb and his gang of bruisers had settled down in the school, though there was as yet no fresh attack on the Sixth Form stronghold.

At bed-time, as there were, of course, no prefects on duty, Mr. Capper came to shepherd the Fourth Form off to their dormitory. He glanced at Harry Wharton & Co. in the Common-room.

"It is bed-time for the Remove, Wharton!" he remarked.

"Yes, sir," said Harry respectfully.

"You had better go to bed."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"Certainly!"

"Thank you, sir!" said the captain of the Remove demurely.

Mr. Capper gave him an expressive look, and marched off his own boys. He had no authority over the Remove.

The Removites smiled at one another. "Kind of him to give us his opinion," remarked Squiff. "We're not bound to act on it."

"No fear!" said Bolsover major, emphatically. "I'm going to bed when I jolly well like!"

"Same here!" grinned Hazeldene.

"The samefulness is terrific," chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

And the heroes of the Lower Fourth stayed up. At a quarter to ten, however, Mr. Quelch appeared in the doorway.

Probably Mr. Capper had spoken a word to him. The Remove master frowned into the room.

"Why are you boys not in bed?" he asked.

"Don't feel sleepy yet, sir," said Bolsover major coolly.



"Hold out your hand, Bunter!" Mr. Carnforth strode at him, and Bunter dodged round the room in dire terror. Never had a reckless rebel repented so deeply as William George did at that moment. "Stop! Come here!" shouted the Head. Bunter did not stop. He made a wild break and fled down the dormitory. (See Chapter 5.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

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"You should not take advantage of the present disorderly state of the school, my boys," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "It is past your bed-time, and you should go to your dormitory."

"You're not our Form-master now, Mr. Quelch!" said Skinner, with as much insolence as he dared to venture upon.

"Quite so, Skinner. Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry hesitatingly.

"You are head boy of the Remove, Wharton, and captain of the Form. It is your duty to carry on while the Form is without a master. I shall not interfere, Wharton, but I advise you to do your duty."

And Mr. Quelch rustled out.

"Cheek!" said Bolsover major.

"Neck!" said Skinner. "Old Quelch's got no right to interfere with us. He's sacked!"

"I say, you fellows, let's give him a yell!" said Billy Bunter. "We can tell the beast what we think of him now, you know, now that he's bagged the order of the boot."

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful.

"The fact is, you fellows, Quelch's right," he said. "What's the good of staying up till we nod off? Let's get off to the dorm."

"You can get off if you like," said Bolsover major, with a sneer. "I'm staying up!"

"So am I!" said Skinner obstinately. "I'm not sleepy; and if I was, I'd stay up all the same, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Wharton!"

"I'm jolly well not going to bed," said Bunter warmly. "Let's show our independence!"

Wharton looked round the Common-room.

"Quelch's right," he repeated. "I'm going to bed. You fellows do the same."

"Rats!" said two or three voices.

But most of the Remove followed their captain's lead, and a general move was made for the dormitory.

Only Bolsover major and Skinner and Bunter remained in the Common-room; and Bolsover, after yawning for a while, decided that bed was after all a comfortable place, and repaired thither.

Bunter nodded off to sleep in an armchair, and Harold Skinner sat and read. He was getting very sleepy at ten o'clock, but he was determined to show his independence, both to Mr. Quelch and to the captain of his Form. At ten Mr. Quelch looked in again, and found the two juniors there. Bunter was snoring in the armchair; Skinner looked up, but did not rise to his feet.

"Why are you not in bed, Skinner?"

"Don't care to go, sir!" said Skinner cheerily.

"Bunter!"

Snore!

"Bunter!"

"Oh! Ah! Groogh!" Bunter opened his eyes, and blinked over his big spectacles at Mr. Quelch. "Hallo! Wharrer marrer? Groooh!"

"Go to bed, Bunter!"

"Sha'n't!"

"Wha-a-a-t!"

"You ain't our Form-master now," said Bunter independently. "I'm not going to bed!"

Mr. Quelch looked fixedly at Bunter. His inclination was strong to take the fat junior by the scruff of the neck. He restrained it. Without a word, he

quitted the Common-room. Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle, and settled down to sleep again. Skinner grinned and went on reading, with heavy eyes, but undiminished determination.

It was half-past ten when there was a heavy step in the passage.

This time it was Mr. Carnforth who looked in.

The new headmaster was prowling uneasily about the house, and the light from the Common-room, usually in darkness at that hour, had caught his eyes.

He stared at the two juniors. Skinner jumped up. He could cheek Mr. Quelch, in the peculiar circumstances; but he did not like the look on Mr. Carnforth's face. There was a cane under the headmaster's arm, too, and Skinner liked the look of that still less.

"What are you doing out of bed at this hour?" asked Mr. Carnforth.

"We—we—" stammered Skinner.

"Hold out your hand, Skinner!"

Mr. Carnforth swished the cane.

"There—there wasn't any prefect to— to see lights out, sir!" stammered Skinner.

"You know your bed-time, I suppose? Hold out your hand at once!"

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Mr. Carnforth found solace for his many troubles in wielding the cane. The swishes made Skinner fairly howl.

His howls awoke Bunter, and the fat junior sat up in the armchair and blinked at the headmaster in great alarm.

"Now go to your dormitory, Skinner."

"Oh dear! Yes, sir!" groaned Skinner.

He limped out with his hands tucked under his arms, his face full of anguish, and his independence completely gone. Billy Bunter squirmed out of the armchair.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

"I—I say, sir—"

"You hear me?"

"I—I—" stuttered the Owl of the Remove.

Mr. Carnforth strode at him, and Bunter dodged round the table in dire terror. Never had a reckless rebel repented so deeply as William George Bunter did at that moment.

"Stop! Come here, Bunter!" shouted Mr. Carnforth.

"Oh dear!"

Bunter did not stop, and he did not come. As Mr. Carnforth followed him round the table, Bunter made a wild break for the door, and fled for the dormitory.

"Stop!"

Bunter fled on.

After him came the new Head, cane in hand. Bunter caught the cane on the staircase, and yelled, and put on a spurt. He was ahead of the master when he reached the Remove dormitory. But Mr. Carnforth was close behind. Skinner had put on the light, and some of the Removites had awakened. Bunter rolled into the dormitory yelling.

"Yaroooh! Help! Yoop! Murder! Whooooooop!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Whack, whack, whack! Mr. Carnforth was close on Bunter now, and the cane came into active play. Whack, whack, whack!

"You will now go to bed, Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow! Oooooop!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Waking Up a Hornet's Nest!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. sat up in bed, blinking in the light. Skinner was in bed already, and Bunter was turning in as fast as he could, with dismal howls. Mr. Carnforth stood, cane in hand, and regarded the Removites with a scowling brow and glinting eyes. He had been too busy to attend to the Remove, but he had not forgotten them quite; and certainly he had not forgotten their offences. But for finding Bunter and Skinner in the Common-room, he would probably not have troubled about them at all. But he was on the scene now, and in a savage temper; and there was solace to his peculiar nature in inflicting punishment upon somebody. So he did not let the opportunity pass. He came over towards Wharton's bed.

"Wharton, you will rise at once!"

"Yes, sir. What for, sir?" asked the captain of the Remove, eyeing him warily.

"I am going to cane you!"

"Are you, sir?" asked Harry. "Dr. Locke never used to come to the dormitory to cane a fellow in the middle of the night, sir."

"You refused to obey me this morning, Wharton, when I was locked in my study."

Wharton did not answer. There was no doubt about the fact. But there was considerable doubt about the punishment. Wharton had no intention of suffering for the sins of the Sixth.

"If you do not rise immediately, Wharton, I shall thrash you where you are!" said Mr. Carnforth.

Wharton set his teeth.

"You hear me, Wharton?"

"I hear you, sir."

"Will you leave your bed at once?"

"No, sir."

"That is enough."

The cane swept up, and came down with a savage lash across the bedclothes. There was a yell from Wharton. He grasped his pillow, and sprang up in bed. Before the cane could lash again the pillow smote Mr. Carnforth full in the face, and he staggered back.

Another pillow whizzed through the air from Bob Cherry's bed as the new Head staggered. It caught Mr. Carnforth on the back of the head and righted him again.

"Pile in!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Go it!" yelled Squiff.

Five or six pillows whizzed from various directions, and they all crashed on the staggering Head.

Mr. Carnforth spun round dizzily. Once more, as was his way, he had hunted for trouble and found it, and did not know how to deal with it when found.

He grasped his cane and made a jump at Bob Cherry. Bob leaped out of bed on the other side, his bolster in his hands.

"Pile in, all hands!" roared Vernon-Smith.

A boot came through the air, followed by a clothes-brush. Mr. Carnforth yelled as he caught them, one with his chin, the other with his nose.

"Pillows!" shouted Wharton.

"Hurrah!"

The Remove were turning out on all sides now. A crowd of fellows with pillows and bolsters encircled the hapless Head.

(Continued on page 13.)



EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THIS is the number which many of my chums have been watching and waiting for—a number dealing with “the great out-of-doors.”

There has been a sort of fresh air mania at Greyfriars of late, and it has given rise to some humorous incidents, which are recorded in this issue.

Of course, many of you have been reading the weekly contributions written by the members of the Lion Patrol, which have been appearing under the title of “The Broad Highway.” Camping and scouting are splendid open-air sports.

I’m not a faddist or a fanatic, but I love the healthy, breezy, open-air life. I also insist upon my study window being open, and the dormitory windows also. Fellows may complain bitterly of draughts, but I contend that it is far healthier to keep the windows open than to keep them hermetically sealed, as is the case in some studies and dormitories.

Physical fitness, radiant cheeks, cheery dispositions—all these spring from fresh air.

I have managed to secure some excellent features for this issue. The story of Mr. Prout’s open-air breakfast made me smile when I read it in the manuscript. I was also much tickled by Billy Bunter’s Picnic article.

Dick Penfold has given us a rousing poem, and the rest of the contributions are of the standard which has made the “Greyfriars Herald” a byword in the land.

I have received this week a letter from one of my Folkestone chums—how well I know Folkestone!—asking me if the running of an amateur magazine is a profitable hobby. Well, in nine cases out of ten, it isn’t! I have no wish to damp my chum’s enthusiasm, but the majority of amateur magazines, especially when properly printed, entail a good deal of expenditure, and enjoy a very limited circulation. Mind you, I do not disparage amateur magazines. On the contrary. But a fellow who thinks he is going to make a fortune at the game will have a rude shock. Hard work, good management, and plenty of advertisements, should enable the concern to show a fair profit. But the launching of a magazine is a matter which should be given the most careful consideration, and not rushed into hurriedly. If my Folkestone chum intends to join the ranks of energetic editors, good luck to him!

HARRY WHARTON.

Supplement i.]

TRAMPING ALONG THE HIGHWAY!

By Dick Penfold.

When work is finished for the day,
And I’ve scribbled all my verses,
For an hour or so I get away
(I’m thankful for small mercies).
While chaps like Hoskins stay indoors
On the grand piano vamping,
Across the distant fields and moors
I’m tramping, tramping, tramping!

When Quelch, in his rage and spite,
Gives me a dreaded imposition,
I take my fountain-pen, and write
The beastly thing with expedition.
I hand it in to Quelch, and then
Leaving him fuming and stamping,
O’er hill and dale, o’er moor and fen,
I’m tramping, tramping, tramping!

I revel in the open road,
It’s a joy to all beholders.
Cares and troubles, in a load,
Slip from off one’s shoulders.
When in a Form-room all the day
Your limbs you have been cramping,
The finest remedy, I say,
Is tramping, tramping, tramping!

Adventures call with clarion voice
If only you will heed ‘em
Then tramp the highway, and rejoice
In your delightful freedom.
Don’t sit indoors and sadly mope,
For the effect is damping;
You will revive your health and hope
In tramping, tramping, tramping!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



PETER TODD.

FRESH AIR SUGGESTIONS!

By Bob Cherry.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, recently formed the novel notion of breakfast in the open air. The experiment was not altogether a success; but it is quite on the cards that further fresh air “stunts” will be resorted to.

Now, Mr. Prout, what about lessons in the open? That would be a boon and a blessing to the unhappy mortals who have been panting and gasping in stuffy Form-rooms. Let’s heave all the desks, and inkpots, and impedimenta, on to the cricket-field, and work there in ease and comfort! What do you say to this, honoured teacher sahib?

And what price “prep” in the open? You might argue that it would be too dark; but we could all sit in a circle round a sort of camp-fire. Or there could be torch-bearers appointed, to lighten us through our tasks. Please give this happy suggestion your serious consideration.

And why not open-air dormitories? Most medical men are agreed that sleeping in the open is highly beneficial to health. Let every fellow at Greyfriars arm himself with a sleeping-bag, and retire to the cricket-field at bed-time. It would be great fun, and we should be all the fitter for it.

There is nothing new, of course in the suggestion of open-air concerts. Personally, I consider that all concerts should be given “alfresco.” The atmosphere of the Rag, or the lecture-hall, whenever a concert takes place there gets terribly stuffy. Frail fags have been known to faint!

Physical drill, boxing, and so forth, should always be practised in the fresh air. Boxing bouts in the gym are often spoilt through the spectators encroaching. But if they took place on the cricket-field, in a roped-in enclosure, there would be ample room for scores of spectators to see the fun.

I commend these suggestions, free of charge, to the worthy Mr. Prout, for his consideration and approval.

Now what about cricket, rowing, scouting, and fishing lessons to take the place of Latin, Virgil, and other indoor lessons? We could have the rowing lessons on the banks of the river, taking it easy under the shade of the spreading chestnut-trees—I mean, willow-trees. Mr. Quelch, I am sure, would simply love to take a boat out and show us how we should row and how we shouldn’t. I can just picture Mr. Quelch, streaming with perspiration, struggling to pull a hefty boat upstream, with the fellows in the cool shade looking on!

If anyone suggested swimming lessons, I should be one of the first to plump for ‘em; but if Mr. Prout came along, with his coat of many colours, or, rather, costume of many colours, to take the lessons, I should be one of the first to run. Mr. Prout’s costume is so “loud” that the fellows say they can hear it a mile off!

CRICKET CHAT!

By H. VERNON-SMITH.

THE cricket season has now commenced in real earnest. The Greyfriars Remove entertained St. Jim's on Saturday last, and an exciting match resulted. Harry Wharton won the toss, and opened the innings with Linley.

The Remove started well, Wharton making some delightful drives. But the bowling of the visitors was good, and wanted watching. Wynn was almost unplayable, Wharton getting most of his runs off the other bowler.

Forty runs were on the telegraph-board when the first wicket fell, Linley being brilliantly caught by Redfern at cover.

Cherry joined Wharton at the wickets, and there was some lusty hitting. Cherry was inclined to be reckless, and he had several miraculous escapes. On one occasion, a ball from Wynn hit one of the stumps without removing the bails—a marvellous let-off for Cherry.

Profiting by his good fortune, Bob continued to hit, and he and Wharton took the score to 100, when the captain of the Remove played a fast ball from Wynn on to his wicket.

Wharton had been batting three quarters of an hour, and had made 62, which included seven 4's. He met with a great ovation.

Wickets were cheap after Wharton's departure. The bowlers were masters of the situation, and of the remaining Remove batsmen the only one to do himself justice was Dick Penfold, who hit up a hurricane 25. The innings closed for the very useful total of 156.

St. Jim's started badly, losing Merry and Talbot without a run being registered.

Merry was beaten all the way by a spinning ball from Hurree Singh; and Talbot, in attempting to snatch a single, was run out, Tom Brown throwing in in wonderful fashion.

A Greyfriars victory seemed certain until Redfern and Figgins came together. These two fellows batted heroically for an hour and a half, and refused to be separated. Scoring, however, was very slow, neither batsmen taking any risks.

It was late in the afternoon when the partnership was severed, Figgins being sent back by a delightful catch on the part of Bob Cherry.

The next three wickets fell very cheaply, but it was now too late for Greyfriars to snatch a victory.

The match ended in a draw. Scores: Greyfriars 156; St. Jim's 111 for 6 wickets.

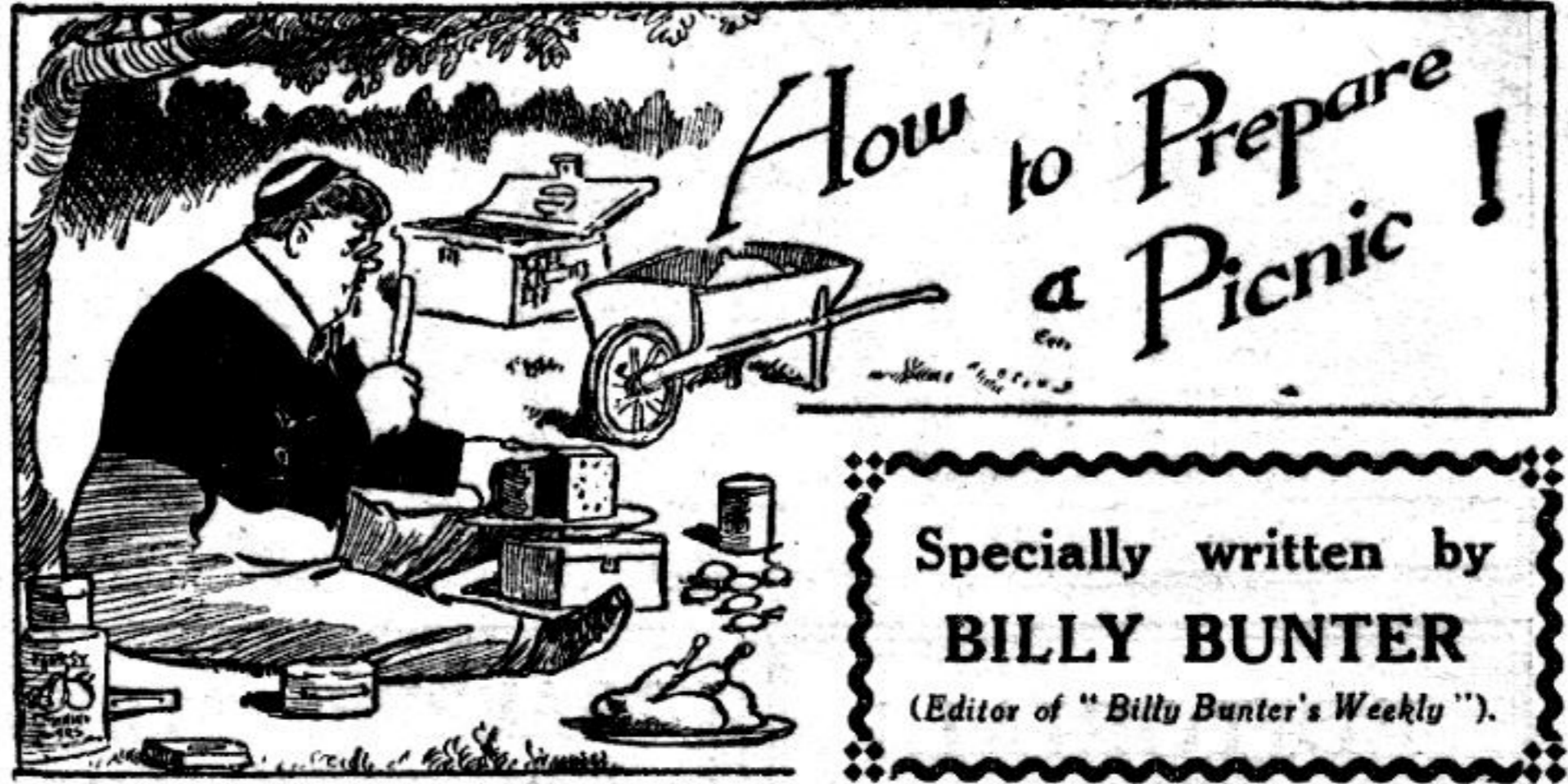
On the whole, the result was a disappointment to the home team. But it must be remembered that St. Jim's are a strong and capable side, and will beat more teams than beat them.

The batting honours of the match were carried off by Wharton and Redfern; and in the bowling department Fatty Wynn and Hurree Singh had the best figures.

A feature of the game was the brilliant fielding of Bob Cherry and Tom Brown, which at times bordered on the miraculous.

Our next match will be against Highcliffe—on the latter's ground—on Wednesday. Brake leaves Greyfriars at 2 o'clock sharp. The team will be the same as against St. Jim's.

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Specially written by
BILLY BUNTER

(Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly").

HARRY WHARTON has begged me, on bended eyes and with tears in his knees, to contribute to his special Open Air Number. I have consented to consent. (Look here, Billy, you can't keep on commencing words with a 'k'!—Ed.)

I am going to give my readers some valuable hints on how to prepare a picnic.

In the first place, it is a fatal mistake to make up a party. You must go alone, or there won't be enough grub to go round! If you ask Tom, Dick, and Harry to go with you, you won't get a look in.

Of course, there is one drawback to going alone. You have to carry the tuck. But you can always sneak a wealbarrow out of the woodshed.

Now, a good picnic costs munney. You can't feed on air. And when I say munney, I mean at least a couple of quids. You can't eggspect to buy a tuck hamper for a tanner.

It isn't often that I am in a position to finance a picnic. But on one memorable occasion I managed to get hold of the requisite sum, and I went straight to the tuckshopp.

I will set down a complete list of the things I bought, for your future guidance. Of course, prices fluctuate a great deal, according to the state of the market. For instance, I have bought sardeens at half-a-crown a tin; and on other occasions I have bought them at a tanner a tin. Prices never seem to remain fixed. Like the whether, they are always changing.

Here is my list (copyright in the United States of America):

	s.	d.
2 loaves of bread at 3d. per loaf	0	6
1 lb. of marjerie	1	2
3 cakes (1 currant, 1 seed, and 1 cherry)	7	6
1 pot of stroberrry jam	1	6
2 tins of sardeens at 1/-	2	0
6 new-laid ova (common people call them "eggs")	2	0
1 rabbitt pie (plump and in good kondishun)	3	6
1 tin of presserved pairs	1	4
1 trust foul	7	6
1 honey comb (not to part your hare with!)	2	6
Assorted pastries (jam tarts, do-nutts, and seterer and seterer)	10	6
	£2	0 0

Some of you may consider that this is rather a lot for one fellow to eat off his own bat—or should I say off his own pallat? But, bless you, when I'm 'n form I can tuck that little lot away, and then yell out for more, like Oliver Twissed.

Now, having made your purchases, you should repair to some seklooded spot. I say seklooded advisedly, bekwase if you choose a plaice like Courtfield High Street, or the picture pallis, you will no sooner open your tuck hamper than people will swoop down on it like vulchers!

You've simply got to selectt a seklooded spot, or the picnic will be a hopeless failure.

Never advertise your intentions beforehand, or you will have a crowd of fellows following in your sleep—I mean, your wake.

Don't go and stick an announcement on the school notiss-board, to the effectt that you intend to have a picnic at 4 p.m. in Friardale Woods. Keep as mum as a mouse. Then there will be no introoders, and noboddy to interfere with your enjoyment.

Having pushed your wealbarrow—with the tuck hamper on board—to some isolated spot, sit down and pile in. And mind you eat the things in their proper order. Don't start on presserved pairs and finish on rabbitt pie, or you will get that komplaint which is so prevvalent in the East—India-gestion.

You will, of course, bring a sleeping-bag with you, bekwase when you have konsumed two quids' worth of tuck your natcheral instinckt will be to lay down and sleep it off.

Never picnic on anyboddy's private property. I remember once having a picnic on Sir Hilton Popper's estate. When I was sleeping after my orgy I was pounced upon by the irate baronet, who 'aid into me with his hunting-crop. And it was jolly paneful, I can tell you! Sir Hilton called me a fat gipsy for leaving plates and tins and crumbs and things scattered all over his property. And, not content with lamming me, he reported me to the Head! I have given his estate a wide berth ever since. You can't be too careful in these matters.

If only you will take my hints to hart, dear readers, you will enjoy some very jolly picnics—those of you who have a couple of quids to blew at any rate! But, alas! it isn't everyhoddy's fortune to be the son of a millyunaire!

Meenwhile, if anyboddy wants to know eggsactly how to eat a picnic, as well as to prepare it, I will willingly come and show him, and give a practical demmonstration!

Something to look forward to!

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H. W.



By
S. Q. I. FIELD.

"GOOD-MORNING, Prout!" said Dr. Locke, glancing from the open window of his study. "I imagined I was the only early riser, but evidently I was mistaken."

Mr. Prout stopped short in the Close, and smiled at his superior.

"I always rise with the lark, sir," he said, "and on such a sunny morning as this it would be a sin and a shame to stay in bed."

The Head nodded. "What is that curious garment slung over your shoulder?" he asked. "It seems to resemble Joseph's celebrated coat of many colours."

Mr. Prout reddened. "That is my bathing-costume," he replied, rather stiffly.

"Oh! If you will pardon my saying so, it is—er—a trifle on the gaudy side. Are you proposing to bathe this morning, Prout?"

"I should not carry a bathing-costume if I were going to play golf, or ride a bicycle," rejoined Mr. Prout, rather rudely, for the Head's criticism had nettled him.

Dr. Locke smiled good-humouredly. "I trust you will have an enjoyable dip," he said. "It is truly a heavenly morning!"

Mr. Prout thawed somewhat. He could never be angry for long.

"I have rather a happy suggestion to make to you, sir," he said. "On such a morning as this, it would be an excellent plan if the school breakfast were served out of doors."

"Bless my soul!" The Head was somewhat startled. Mr. Prout was always coming forward with "wheezes" of this kind. The brain of the master of the Fifth seemed to be a sort of storehouse for stunts.

"You appear surprised," said Mr. Prout, "but my suggestion is quite a feasible one. Everything would go without a hitch. I feel certain of that."

"But—breakfast in the open!" gasped the Head. "It is not practicable. It would necessitate the wholesale removal of tables and forms from the dining-hall—"

"Not at all! Tables and forms would not be required. The sun is quickly absorbing the morning dew, and the grass will be dry by breakfast-time. A few tablecloths spread out on the greensward, underneath the lime-trees on the cricket-field, and—there you are!" concluded Mr. Prout triumphantly.

"But the food, my dear Prout—the food! We cannot expect Mrs. Kebble and the members of her staff to fetch and carry for over three hundred boys."

Mr. Prout smiled indulgently.

"The boys themselves would see to that," he said. "A party of them would be detailed to serve as waiters. They would fetch the food from the kitchen, and distribute it, and have their own breakfasts later. Believe me, Dr. Locke, I have gone into this matter very carefully, and there would be no flaw in the arrangement. Though I say it myself, the suggestion of an open-air breakfast is an admirable one."

The Head was impressed by Mr. Prout's confidence. His doubts were swept aside.

"Very well Prout," he said at length. "You may try the experiment. I will leave the matter in your hands."

Mr. Prout nodded, and went on his way.

Half an hour later he was amusing the long-shoremen of Pegg by strutting to and fro on the sands in his weird and wonderful bathing-costume.

When the master of the Fifth returned to Greyfriars after his dip, the morning was still young. The rising-bell, in fact, was only just being rung by Gosling, the porter.

A few energetic spirits had risen before the appointed time. Among them was Wingate of the Sixth.

"Good-morning, Wingate!" said Mr. Prout. "I want you to go round to all the dormitories, and announce that breakfast will be served this morning on the cricket-field."

Wingate gave a gasp. "On the c-c-cricket-field, sir?" he stuttered.

Mr. Prout nodded. "Whose mad idea is this, sir?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

The master of the Fifth frowned.

"The idea is my own, Wingate!" he said sharply.

"Oh crumbs!" "I must request you to do my bidding at once."

Wingate started on his tour of the dormitories.

The fellows were amazed when they heard that an open-air breakfast was being contemplated. Some said it was a jolly good idea; others tore it to pieces with their criticism.

When breakfast-time arrived the fellows did not flock into the dining-hall, as was their custom. They strolled in groups on to the cricket-field, and threw themselves on the grass underneath the lime-trees.

Tablecloths had already been spread out on the grass. They had been snowy-white to begin with, but they were now littered with twigs and caterpillars which had descended from above. The fastidious fellows shuddered, the others grinned.

Mr. Prout came bustling on the scene.

"Now, my boys," he said genially, "are we ready for breakfast?"

A mighty roar of "Yes, rather!" boomed out on the morning air.

Mr. Prout beckoned to the fellows who were nearest to him.

"Bunter major! Skinner! Snoop! Stott! Bolsover!" he rapped out.

The fellows addressed rose respectfully to their feet.

"I shall appoint you boys to act as waiters," said Mr. Prout. "You will proceed to the school kitchen, and bring the food and coffee here on trays."

"Certainly, sir!" said Billy Bunter.

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir!" chuckled Skinner.

Mr. Prout waved his hand towards the distant building.

"Off you go!" he said. "And lose no time. The fresh air has given everyone a keen appetite."

The five juniors hurried away to the school kitchen. Here each of them was handed an enormous tray, containing hot rolls, eggs and bacon, and steaming coffee-pots.

They filed out of the kitchen in procession. But Billy Bunter, who headed the processors, did not proceed in the direction of the cricket-field. Oh dear, no! Bunter made tracks for the box-room, and the others, grinning broadly, followed in his wake.

Billy Bunter set down his tray on Lord Mauleverer's portmanteau.

"Now for a first-rate feed!" he chortled. "These rolls look jolly tempting," said Skinner.

"And the rashers are done to a turn!" said Bolsover major.

"I don't think Prout intended us to have our breakfasts just yet," remarked Snoop.

"I'm jolly certain he didn't!" chuckled Stott. "But here goes!"

The juniors fell to with good appetites. It mattered little to them that scores of hungry fellows were impatiently awaiting their arrival on the cricket-field. Skinner & Co. were inordinately selfish, and so long as they got their own breakfasts, the rest of the school could go to pot. They settled themselves down to enjoy a ripping repast.

Meanwhile, Mr. Prout was waxing impatient.

"Dear me! Those boys are a long time gone," he muttered. "It is possible they have burdened themselves with more than they can conveniently carry. I had better send a relief party."

The relief party was a very ill-chosen one. It consisted of Trevor, Treluce, Wun Lung, and Fisher T. Fish. And that cheerful quartette did exactly the same as Skinner & Co. had done. They conveyed the viands to the box-room, and there they carried out the time-honoured slogan, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

Greyfriars fretted and fumed, and waited with growing impatience for breakfast to be served. When it at last came—Harry Wharton & Co. were despatched this time—the rolls were cold, the eggs and bacon were cold, and the coffee was cold. Moreover, a great deal of coffee was spilt in transit. And pats of butter somehow got mixed up with the bacon.

Breakfast was anything but an orderly meal. It was a wild scramble, on the lines of Pancake Day at Westminster School. Fellows tumbled over each other in order to get what they wanted. More coffee was spilt, more butter went astray, and the scene was one of complete chaos and confusion.

Mr. Prout was on the verge of tearing his hair—which was a pity, for he had not a great deal to spare. His efforts to restore order were futile, and riotous scenes were in progress when the Head arrived on the scene.

Dr. Locke frowned.

"I cannot congratulate you, Prout, on the experiment of open-air breakfast," he said. "It is more like a tea-fight than anything else."

Mr. Prout flushed.

"Matters have not operated very smoothly, sir," he said.

"So I gather," said the Head coldly.

"Nine boys have absented themselves, and have consumed an enormous quantity of food," said Mr. Prout. "But for their disgraceful conduct, all would have been well."

Dr. Locke took the names of the delinquents, with a view to awarding them a flogging all round, later on. Then, after quelling the tumult, he made further cutting remarks to Mr. Prout, and rustled away.

The experiment of an open-air breakfast is one which is not likely to be repeated!

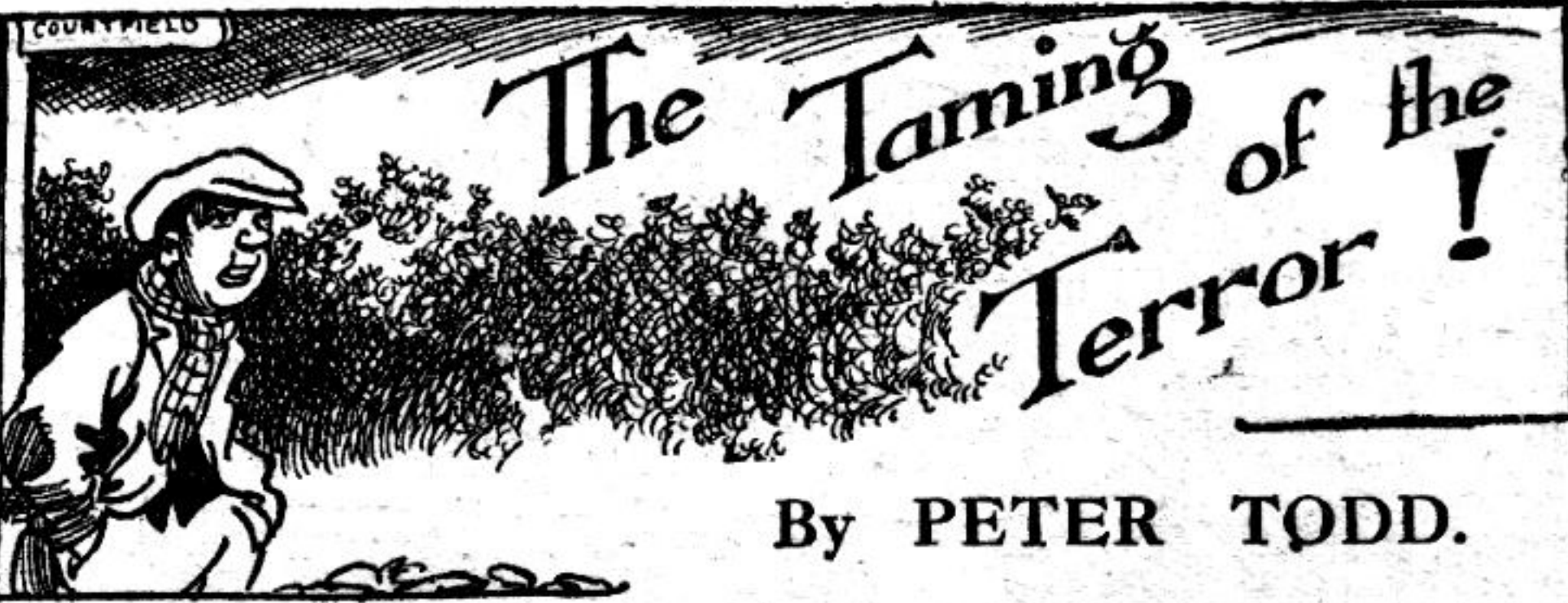
A WONDERFUL ACTION PHOTO OF

"DICK" DORRELL, of ASTON VILLA,

IN

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF "THE MAGNET."

FREE!



THE Terror of the Village," they called him. I can't tell you his name because I don't know it. None of us, in fact, had set eyes on the fellow. But he was an enemy of Greyfriars, that was certain.

Strange things had happened during the past week.

The Famous Five of the Remove, returning home from Friardale one evening, had been pelted with mud by some unseen person behind a hedge. A shower of clods came whizzing over the hedge, and Harry Wharton & Co. went down like ninepins before the bombardment.

When they had sufficiently recovered from the shock, they crawled through a gap in the hedge in order to investigate. But their assailant, whoever he was, must have taken to his heels in the darkness. They could find no trace of him.

The general belief was that some village lout was responsible for the outrage.

On the following evening there was a fresh instalment of mud-throwing. The victim on this occasion was no less sacred a personage than Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

Mr. Prout was returning to the school on his motor-bike, when a large and hefty lump of mud took his hat clean off his head and sent it—the hat, not the head—careering into space.

Mr. Prout had jumped off his machine, and made a thorough search round about. But, like the Famous Five, he had failed to find any trace of the mysterious assailant.

On top of this came a fresh crop of outrages.

Fellows in all Forms became the prey of the Terror. Things got so bad that it became actually unsafe to go down to the village after dusk. And the tantalising part of it was that the Terror never showed himself. He carried out his plans like a snake in the grass.

The Greyfriars fellows became annoyed and exasperated. And no wonder.

"Wonder who'll be the next victim?" remarked Bob Cherry one evening, as the Famous Five strolled down to the village together.

Bob's question was soon answered.

The juniors were passing Friardale Wood, from the interior of which came a shrill cry for help.

"Hallo! Somebody in trouble," said Wharton, quickening his pace.

"Sounds like Bunter's voice," said Johnny Bull.

"Help! Help!"

The cry rang out on the evening air.

"Yes, that's Bunter, right enough," said Nugent. "Let's investigate."

The Famous Five plunged forthwith into the dark wood.

Guided by the cries of Billy Bunter, they presently located him.

The fat junior was in a woeful plight. He was pinioned to a tree by means of a stout length of cord. He had struggled, and was still struggling, to break his bonds, but he was too securely fastened to get away.

Bob Cherry whipped out his pocket-knife and set the fat junior free.

"Whose work is this?" he asked.

"The Terror's, of course!" said Billy Bunter.

"You've seen him?" asked Wharton, breathlessly.

"Of course I've seen him! I was walking through the wood, and he pounced upon me unawares. I've been strung up for nearly an hour!"

"My hat!"

"What's the Terror like?" inquired Johnny Bull curiously.

"Oh, a hefty brute. Stands about so high," said Bunter, raising his right arm above his head as far as it would go.

"That's about seven feet!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes, he's every inch of that," said Bunter.

"A gigantic beast. Reminds you of Goliath."

"He cleared off as soon as he had tied you to the tree, of course?"

Bunter nodded.

"Of course I fought like a wild-cat," he said. "I jolly nearly got the better of him, too, but in the end he just managed to overpower me."

The Famous Five accepted this information with a grain of salt—or rather, with a whole salt-mine.

Billy Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. It was only too probable that he had not put up any sort of a fight.

"If you fellows want to tackle the Terror," said the fat junior, "I'll tell you how to go about it. He's going to be at the cross-roads to-night, at eight o'clock, to hold up any Greyfriars fellows who happen to be returning from the village."

"Oh!"



Billy Bunter was in a woeful plight when the Famous Five found him. He was tied to a tree by means of a stout length of cord. "Help me, you fellows!" the fat junior exclaimed.

"That's news!" said Wharton. "We'd better bring a first-class fighting man along with us—the best in the school—and get him to put the Terror in his place."

"Our best man is Wingate," said Bob Cherry.

Wharton nodded.

"We'll ask Wingate to come along," he said. "I don't think he'll refuse."

As a matter of fact, Wingate jumped at the opportunity of coming to grips with the Terror. The fact that the latter was alleged to be seven feet in height and altogether a fearsome person, did not haunt the sturdy skipper of Greyfriars. He wanted to meet the Terror face to face and thrash him. Many were the scores which had to be wiped off.

At a few minutes before eight the Famous Five and Wingate set off together.

Billy Bunter, for reasons best known to himself, did not accompany the party.

As they neared the cross-roads Wingate muttered a caution.

"Don't make a row," he said. "We'll take him unawares before he has time to give us the slip in the dark."

So silently did the party advance that they came upon the Terror before the latter was aware of their approach.

The Terror was standing just behind the sign-post. At his feet was a pile of ammunition, in the shape of lumps of turf.

The Famous Five gasped. So did Wingate. They had the surprise of their lives.

For the Terror, instead of being a towering giant, was a diminutive, grubby-looking infant of about twelve!

Wingate, when he had got over his astonishment, laughed outright.

"So this is the formidable giant who has been responsible for all these outrages?" he said. "This is the hefty lout who has brought about a Reign of Terror!"

The village urchin turned to flee, but Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull promptly pounced upon him.

"Not so fast, my beauty!" said Bob. "We've a score to settle with you first."

"Lemme go!" gasped the Terror.

But he was firmly held by his warders, while Wingate debated what should be done.

"I can't scrap with a dwarf like that," he said. "I should eat him!"

"Here comes somebody who's about his own weight," said Harry Wharton.

Little Willie Newman of the First was advancing towards the spot. He started at the group in surprise.

"Here's a job for you, kid, if you'd care to take it on," said Wingate. "This is the Terror—the fellow who has been doing all the mischief lately. He's about your own build. Would you like to lick him?"

Willie Newman declared that it would be the joy of his life. He took off his jacket and laid it on the grass.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull then released the Terror so that he could divest himself of his coat.

The next moment they were at it, hammer-and-tongs.

The village youngster proved himself quite a plucky fighting-man. But his attack was wild. The rules of the National Sporting Club were unknown to him. He seemed to think it was legitimate to kick and to bite and to scratch. He behaved, in fact, like a wild animal. But he was not to be judged too harshly on that account. He had never been trained to be a sportsman.

Willie Newman recoiled from a savage kick on the shin. That kick roused his fighting instinct as it had seldom been roused before. He sailed in to the attack with the fixed object of polishing off his opponent in as short a time as possible.

"Go it, Newman!" sang out Bob Cherry.

The fag needed no incentive. Left and right, right and left, his fists shot out. And all the while he kept an eye on the Terror's feet, so that he could avoid the kicks when they came.

The Terror began to give ground. He reeled backwards under an avalanche of blows.

Willie Newman peppered him for all he was worth. And the end soon came.

A fierce blow to the jaw, with all the weight of Willie Newman's body behind it, caused the Terror to capitulate. He was lifted clear off his feet, and he landed in a huddled heap in the roadway.

"That concludes the entertainment," said Wingate. "I fancy our young friend will cease to molest Greyfriars fellows in future. Many thanks, Newman. You deserve well of your country."

Willie Newman grinned.

"It was a pleasure!" he said.

Slowly the Terror of the Village tottered to his feet, and limped away through the darkness. He had been tamed.

[Supplement iv.]

THE GREYFRIARS BARRING-OUT!

(Continued from page 8.)

Mr. Carnforth lashed out fiercely with his cane, and there were loud yells when it landed on pyjama-clad legs or backs. But the juniors did not recede. They closed in, swiping with pillows, and the odds were too much for Mr. Carnforth. He went with a crash to the floor, and Nugent caught at the cane, jerked it away, and hurled it the length of the dormitory.

"Bash him!" yelled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, give him jip!"

"Sock it to him!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Mr. Carnforth scrambled to his feet, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels. He made a blind rush for the door. He was not thinking any longer of punishing the Remove. He yearned only for escape from the hornets' nest he had aroused.

After him surged the Removites, swiping away with pillows and bolsters with terrific vim.

A shower of blows drove Mr. Carnforth into the passage, and there he went sprawling.

"Give him some more!" yelled Billy Bunter.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Help!"

The pillows still swiped, and the new Head wriggled and squirmed away, and gained his feet at last, and fairly fled down the passage at breathless speed.

He yelled for help as he ran.

"After him!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton.

On the staircase appeared the burly form and bulldog face of the Lambury Lamb. Mr. Carnforth stopped and clung to the banisters, and pumped in breath.

"Seize them!" he panted. "Thrash them! I—I—I—"

There was a scamper of the Removites back to their dormitory. They were not looking for a scrap with the Lambury Lamb.

They crowded into the dormitory, and the door was slammed and locked.

"We had better keep the door locked," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"I heard them talking about getting ready for a night attack on the Sixth this evening," said Harry Wharton.

"A giddy night attack!" grinned Bob. "Let's hope the Sixth are wide awake. It will be rough on them if they get caught."

"The roughness will be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wharton looked thoughtful.

"The Sixth wouldn't let us join up," he remarked. "That was Sixth Form swank, of course. But we're up against Carnforth as much as they are. If he gets them under we shall have a tough time afterwards."

"No doubt about that," agreed the Bounder. "Are you thinking of taking a hand and helping them?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"Catch me!" said Skinner. "The Sixth can take their chance, and be blown to them!"

"Oh, you're a worm, Skinner!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You don't count, anyway, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Br-r-r-r!" grunted Skinner, and he turned into bed again.

"Volunteers!" said Harry.

There were a dozen offers at once. All the Famous Five were ready for the fray; and Vernon-Smith, Redwing, Tom Brown, Squiff, Bolsover major, Mark Linley, Russell, Ogilvy, Peter Todd, and two or three other fellows were prompt to volunteer. They dressed themselves, while the minority turned in again.

"We'll give Carnforth time to get clear," said Harry. "Then we'll get down to the studies for some cricket-stumps and rulers, and then—"

"Then we go over the top!" chuckled Bob.

"We'll lie low, like Brer Fox, till they begin on the Sixth," said the captain of the Remove. "Then we chip in, and make the fur fly!"

"Good egg!"

The light was turned out, and a little later Wharton opened the door cautiously.

All was dark without, and the war-party quitted the dormitory silently.

Evidently Mr. Carnforth and his allies had dismissed the Remove from their minds—having more important affairs on hand.

In a few minutes the juniors were in the Remove passage, where they groped in the studies for cricket-stumps, rulers, pokers, and any other weapon that came handy. Then they went cautiously down the big staircase. A light burned in the lower hall, and at the bend of the staircase Harry Wharton, who was in the lead, halted, and held up his hand as a signal to his followers.

The great door of the School House stood wide open, and the cool night air blew in from the quad.

Not a sound was to be heard, and there was no one to be seen:

"What's on?" whispered Bob Cherry.

"They're outside!" murmured Wharton. "The door's open. I fancy they're going to attack at the windows—not at the barricade indoors. Hark!"

There was a sudden crash from the quad.

Crash, crash!

"They're going it—at the study windows!" exclaimed Harry. "Come on!"

And with one accord the Removites rushed out into the quad.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hand to Hand!

THE light was burning in the Sixth Form passage, but in the studies that opened on it, all was dark. It was past eleven o'clock now, and most of the Sixth were asleep.

Wingate was too wary a general to take risks, however; and in the barricaded passage there were two fellows on sentry-go—Loder and Walker. All the Sixth Form study windows were closed and fastened, and could not be opened from the quad without the breaking of glass—which would be more than sufficient to alarm the whole garrison.

Wingate & Co. had turned into their beds without undressing—prepared to turn out again in case of a night attack.

Loder and Walker, in the passage, moved restlessly about, or conversed in low tones, anxious chiefly for their spell of duty to be over, and for two other fellows to take their places. Wingate, on the bed in his room, was fast asleep, dreaming probably of cricket. He was awakened suddenly by a terrific crash.

He rolled off his bed, blinking in the dark, too surprised for a moment to know what was happening.

Crash, crash, crash!

The window-glass was breaking on all sides. A cool rush of air from the window reached Wingate. He gave a shout:

"Look out!"

Loud shouts answered from the other studies.

In Wingate's window, against the star-light, was framed the bullet head of the Lambury Lamb and he was already climbing in, from a high stool placed under the window outside.

At six other windows, smashed at the same moment, the bruisers were clambering up. The Lamb had laid his plans well. Any of the Sixth Form windows gave access to the interior of the rebels' stronghold, and the sudden attack in the dead of night had a very good chance of taking the rebels by surprise.

Wingate rushed to the window, as the Lamb rolled in through the broken glass and shattered sashes. The Lamb had been quite reckless as to the amount of damage he did to the school property.

The Greyfriars captain drove his fist at the bullet head, and the Lamb panted as it landed, but he did not recede. He struck out in return, and Wingate reeled back across the study. The next second the Lamb was in the room.

"Come on, boys!" he roared. "I'm in!"


A shout answered from the rest of the gang.

Wingate sprang desperately at the bruiser, and closed with him. They struggled fiercely. Walker rushed in from the passage, and lent his aid, just in time to save Wingate from a knock-out drive. But the two seniors were hardly a match for the Lamb, who staggered to and fro, with both of them clinging to him like cats.

"Help!" yelled Walker.

Loud shouts came from six of the other studies. Two of the assailants had been hurled back into the quad, almost at the feet of Mr. Carnforth, who was an eager spectator of the attack. But four of them were inside, and they were carrying all before them. As one man, the Sixth lined up for the defence, but, sturdy as they were, at close quarters the pugilists had a great advantage. Even with two to one, the Sixth had little chance of holding their own, now that it was hand-to-hand.

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"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 745.

Carne came staggering out of his study, with Billy Jinks after him. Jinks knocked him spinning, and rushed along the passage at Loder, and Loder dodged and fled.

Billy Jinks entered another study, where North was struggling with Boss-Eye. North was down, and Boss-Eye was banging his head on the floor. Jinks rushed to the window, and yelled to the two who had been flung back into the quad.

"Come on! This way!"

"'Ere we are!"

"We're arter you!"

The two bruisers scrambled in. Three or four of the Sixth rushed into the study, but Boss-Eye and Jinks held them back easily enough, while their comrades scrambled in. Then the four bruisers made a rush together, and the Sixth-Formers were driven headlong into the passage.

"Back up, the Sixth!" roared Wingate.

"Give 'em blazes!" yelled the Lambury Lamb.

All the Sixth were driven out of the studies now, and penned up in the open passage, with their backs to the barricade they had defended so well in the afternoon. Their defences had been turned—the enemy were within the gates, so to speak.

Breathless, bruised, gasping, the rebels of Greyfriars had their backs fairly to the wall, with the Lamb & Co. facing them in gleeful triumph.

"Fairly got 'em to rights!" chuckled the Lamb.

"Hurrah!" gasped Boss-Eye. "Go for 'em!"

"Steady!" muttered Wingate. "Stand up to them!"

"You bet!" gasped Gwynne.

"We—we're done!" mumbled Loder. "For goodness' sake, Wingate—"

"Shut up, you funk!"

"We—we can't—" stammered Carne.

"Hold your tongue!" said Wingate fiercely. "Stand up to them, you fellows!"

"We're with you, old chap!"

"Are you giving in?" roared the Lamb. "I gives you a chance to knuckle

under, afore we knock you into little skittles!"

There was no reply to that. The Lamb paused only to recover his breath after his exertions, and then he signed to his followers to rush on. There was a rush of the whole gang of bruisers. Wingate & Co. stood up to it manfully, and a terrific struggle raged in the Sixth Form passage. Even Loder put up the fight of his life.

But it was a losing fight, and had there been no help at hand for the rebels, the barring-out at Greyfriars would have come to a sudden and inglorious termination.

But help was coming. There was a sudden yell:

"Come on! Give 'em socks! Remove to the rescue!"

And the next moment, to the astonishment of both contending parties alike, the passage was swarming with Removites.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Remove to the Rescue!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had lost no time.

The crashing of glass had warned them of what was happening, and they sped into the quad at breathless speed, and round to the row of high windows belonging to the Sixth Form studies.

They almost ran into Mr. Carnforth as they came up in a breathless crowd.

Mr. Carnforth, gloating over the success of the attack, was breathing victory and vengeance. Already, in his mind's eye, he saw the revolt crushed and the rebels at his mercy, squirming under the avenging rod. Unfortunately for Mr. Carnforth, it was only in his mind's eye that he was likely to see it—owing to the Remove!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, it's the old bird!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, catching sight of the new Head in the starlight.

Mr. Carnforth jumped.

"You—you—" he stuttered. "What—what are you doing here? Go back—go away—go to your dormitory! Yaroooooh!"

Mr. Carnforth's remarks were cut

short by a rush of the juniors, which sent him spinning.

He sprawled on the ground, and Harry Wharton & Co., without heeding him further, hurried to the rescue of the rebels. They could hear the sounds of conflict from the Sixth Form passage, resounding through the night.

There was a high stool under Wingate's study window, where the Lamb had mounted. Harry Wharton sprang upon it.

"This way!" he panted.

"Buck up!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Mind the broken glass."

Wharton scrambled through the broken window—the Lamb had cleared a wide enough passage. He dropped into the study, and Bob was only a second after him. Next came Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and the Bounder and Peter Todd. Wharton waited till half a dozen fellows had joined him in the room, but no longer. Through the open doorway he could see that the struggle was going against the Sixth.

"Now come on!" he exclaimed. "The rest can follow."

"Lead on, old bean!" chuckled Bob.

Wharton led the way, and the Removites rushed out of the study into the passage. Fast after them came the rest of the war-party, scrambling in at the window and rushing across to the passage.

"Remove to the rescue!" bawled Bob Cherry.

They were behind the gang of bruisers, now on the verge of a complete victory—only Wingate and three or four of the Sixth were still resisting. Before the Lamb & Co. knew that new enemies were at hand, the Remove were upon them, with a terrific rush, slashing out on all sides with cricket stumps and rulers.

Wild yells arose from the Lamb & Co.

Successful as they were, they had had a hard struggle, and they were not quite fit to tackle a new party numbering nearly twenty. Indeed, at the best of times, they would have had their hands full, with the force that was now against them.

Some of them turned furiously on the juniors; but the rescuing party's rush had revived the courage and energy of the Sixth, and they renewed the combat vigorously.

Between the Sixth-Formers on one side and the Remove on the other, the bruisers were taken between two fires, and the odds against them now were almost overwhelming.

Three of them went down and were pinned down by the juniors. Two bolted into the studies and leaped from the windows to escape. One was driven up the passage under a shower of blows. Only the Lambury Lamb continued to give trouble, and he was tackled by Wingate, Gwynne, and North, and dragged down by main force.

The change in the state of affairs had been startling. A couple of minutes before the rebels had been almost at their last gasp, now they were victorious—some of the enemy had fled and the others were yelling surrender.

The Lamb, still struggling and shouting and raving, was dragged into Wingate's study and pitched bodily from the window. He yelled still more loudly as he landed on the hard, unsympathetic ground.

"Old on!" Billy Jinks was roaring. "Keep them stumps away from a cove's napper! I gives in! 'Old on!"

"Easy does it!" gasped Mr. Boss-Eye.

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NEXT MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 745.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Easy, gents! I'm orf, if you'll let me mizzle! Straight!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Let him mizzle, and help him!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Boss-Eye was helped from the window, and there was a lamentable howl from him as he reached the ground.

One after another the assailants were ejected, yelling, till the stronghold was clear of them.

In the quadrangle the Lamb & Co. were making night hideous with a terrific flow of language. Mr. Carnforth was adding to the din with spluttering wrath.

But in the quarters of the Sixth there was breathless victory, though it was accompanied by severe damages. Every fellow in the Sixth was knocked about extensively. Streaming noses, bruised faces, black eyes were as thick as leaves in famed Vallambrosa. Some of the seniors leaned on the wall, and stood gasping, utterly spent. Loder had not energy enough left to dab at the stream of crimson that ran from his nose. And there were a good many damages among the Removites, though they had not suffered nearly so severely as the Sixth.

"How—how did you fags come here?" gasped Wingate, when the enemy were gone, and he had recovered his breath sufficiently to speak.

"Oh, we dropped in to see you through!" said Bob Cherry coolly. "We knew you couldn't carry on without the Remove, you know."

"I don't want to be ungrateful!" said Wingate. "You've helped us out, and I acknowledge it. But—"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"But we're only the Lower Fourth, and the Sixth can't be obliged to the Lower Fourth!" he said. "That's all right, Wingate, don't worry. We won't rub it in! But we're in the game now. We can't get out so easily as we came in!"

"But—" said Wingate uneasily.

"I rather think we're not going to drop out into the hands of the giddy Lamb!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We're in the merry barring-out now, Wingate, like it or lump it!"

"And if we have too much neck from you!" roared Bolsover major, "we'll jolly well chuck you out, and carry on on our own!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate made no reply to that. He went to his study to bathe his eye and his nose—both needed it badly. The Removites were in a hilarious mood. There was no retreat open to them now, and they were "landed" in the barring-out, and they rejoiced at it. The Sixth did not rejoice. Rebels as they were, they had not forgotten their lofty position in the school, and an alliance with the Lower Fourth was gall and wormwood to the top Form. But there was no help for it, and it was an indubitable fact that but for the help of the Remove, the barring-out would have been crushed and the rebels delivered over to the vengeance of the new Head.

The Sixth had many qualms at the new state of affairs. But the heroes of the Remove did not mind that. They were in the barring-out now, and they rejoiced.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Joins Up!

THERE was little sleep for the remainder of that night in the quarters of the Greyfriars Sixth. The seniors were busy for a long time attending to their damages, and the juniors were too excited to think of sleep. Watch was kept against another attack, and the broken windows had to be barred against another entry with whatever came to hand. Tables and desks and bedsteads were stacked at the windows, without molestation from the enemy. The attack, half-expected, did not come. Apparently the Lamb & Co. were "fed-up" with combat for the time being.

As a matter of fact, such a reinforcement as the garrison had received made an attack a very problematical affair. Even at close quarters, hand-to-hand, the rebels were now too strong for Mr. Carnforth's allies. Probably they realised it; or probably they, too, were busy attending to injuries. At all events, the remainder of the night passed quietly.

When the rising-bell rang out over Greyfriars in the spring morning, the garrison, senior and junior, were wide awake and watchful. There was soon a thronging crowd in the quadrangle staring at the broken and barricaded windows with deep interest and excited comments. Through gaps in the barrier at the windows Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged greetings with other members of the Remove outside.

Billy Bunter came up to the window-sill, and blinked up at the captain of the Remove.

"How are you fellows off for brekker?" he inquired.

"Don't know yet," said Wharton cheerfully. "I believe there's plenty to go round."

"If you're sure of that, old chap, I'll join up," said Bunter. "I'm afraid every minute of catching that beast Carnforth's eye. I really think I should be safer in there with you—if you're quite sure that there's plenty of grub."

Loder came into the study. It happened to be Loder's study that Wharton and Bob were in. Loder, with a black eye and a swollen nose, was not in a good temper that morning.

"Clear off, you fags!" he snapped.

The juniors looked at him.

"Clear off where?" inquired Bob politely.

"Anywhere you like, out of my study!"

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Bob. "We've got to share these quarters, now we're in the barring-out. You ought to be glad to see us here; you'd be birched by this time—"

"Get out!" shouted Loder.

"Rats!"

The bully of the Sixth advanced on the two juniors. Evidently gratitude did not weigh very deeply with Gerald Loder.

Bob Cherry picked up his cricket-stump, and Wharton raised his ruler, and they stood on the defensive. Loder paused.

"Will you get out of my study?" he snapped.

"Not unless we choose, old bean!"

"No ragging here," said Wingate, looking in at the door. "You kids can go into my study if you like."



A pillow whizzed through the air from Bob Cherry's bed. It smote the new Head full in the face, and he staggered back. "Pile in!" roared Johnny Bull. "Go it!" Pillows came whizzing at Mr. Carnforth from all directions of the dormitory. He spun round dizzily. (See chapter 6.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE STOLEN DIARY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
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"Anything for a quiet life!" smiled Bob.

And the juniors walked out of the study, leaving Loder scowling. They turned into Wingate's study, which was a large room, and which the juniors were making into their headquarters. They had to be somewhere; and Wingate gave up his study and shared Gwynne's quarters for the nonce.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter shifted along to Wingate's window. "Are you there, Wharton?"

"I'm here, fatty!"

"What have you got for brekker?" asked Bunter anxiously.

"Just going to scout," answered Harry. "You'd better cut off, Bunt. You're no good here!"

"More use than any of you if it comes to real scrapping," said Bunter. "I'd come in like a shot if I knew how you were fixed for grub. I say, you fellows, I'll cut off and make sure of breakfast, and then I'll come back, and you can let me know how you're fixed."

Billy Bunter departed, to make sure of one breakfast at least. Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking about their own meal. Fortunately they found that the supplies were ample. George Wingate, like a prudent general, had realised that an army marches on its stomach, and had taken his measures accordingly. There was a rather disorderly breakfast in the passages and the studies, and the juniors were a good deal handier at providing for their own wants than the Sixth Form rebels. Quite a merry crowd thronged in Wingate's study, where Bob Cherry did the cooking at a roaring fire.

The study and the section of the passage outside the doorway, were crowded with Removites in great spirits.

Breakfast was a little late, and perhaps the cooking left a trifle to be desired, but it was ample, and there was general satisfaction. The cheery meal was still going on when Billy Bunter's fat voice was heard under the window again:

"I say, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Roll away, Bunter!"

"What sort of a brekker have you got?"

"Topping!"

"Lots of grub?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Tons!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter. "I say, help a fellow in! I'm joining up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter succeeded in clambering on the window-sill. There were a bedstead, table, and armchair crammed against the window, and no opening large enough for Bunter. He blinked in through the openings of the barrier.

"Help a fellow through!" he gasped.

"I say, those sausages smell prime. Help a chap in!"

"You won't be any use here, Bunter," said the captain of the Remove.

"He doesn't want to be any use—he wants to scoff the grub!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Can't be did, Bunter! There'll be a famine a couple of hours after you get in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter.

"Carnforth's just come out, and he's got a cane in his paw. He's seen me. Help me in!"

That was an appeal not to be resisted. Five or six of the juniors rushed to the window to drag the desk aside and give Bunter admission. The fat junior was palpitating with impatience and alarm on the sill. Mr. Carnforth had come out into the quadrangle, looking a great deal

like a lion seeking what he might devour. He had spotted Bunter, and he was coming towards him with long strides.

"Buck up!" shrieked Bunter. "He'll be on me in a minute! Hurry up! Oh dear! Quick!"

"Bunter!"

"Oh! Oh, yes, sir! G-g-good-morning, sir!" gasped Bunter, as the new Head arrived.

"What are you doing on that window-sill, Bunter?"

"Just—just speaking to the fellows, sir—advising them to—to surrender and—and—come back to their duty, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry, as he heard that statement.

"I do not believe you, Bunter! I shall punish you severely for speaking to those rebellious young rascals. Descend at once!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

"Ready, old fat top?" whispered Bob Cherry, as the desk moved at last.

"You can squeeze in. Take a header!"

"You hear me, Bunter?" shouted Mr. Carnforth, swishing his cane.

"J-j-just coming, sir!" gasped Bunter.

Instead of dropping back into the quadrangle, however, Billy Bunter

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plunged headlong into the opening in the barrier, to get into the study.

Over the table, between the desk and the upended armchair, there was room for a fellow to squeeze in—but Bunter's extensive circumference had not been quite allowed for. Bunter plunged in, and stuck fast, gasping.

"Help!" he yelled.

Whack, whack, whack!

With his fat little legs still over the window-sill, Bunter was in a very favourable position for Mr. Carnforth to deal with him. The cane rose and fell with great vim.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooh! Help!" roared Bunter. "Help me in, you beasts—Yaroooh! I'm being killed—Yooop! Whoop! Yow-ow-ow!"

Bob Cherry grasped the Owl of the Remove by the shoulders and dragged. Hurree Singh secured his ear with one hand, and his hair with the other, and put his beef into a long and strong pull. The barrier at the window rocked, and Bunter came through, with a series of fiendish yells. His fat legs caught a final lick with the cane as he came, and then he rolled on the study carpet, roaring.

Squash!

An egg whizzed through the window, and, as Mr. Carnforth glared in, the missile caught him fairly on his prominent nose.

There was a suffocated howl from Mr. Carnforth, and he disappeared.

"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter. "I'm hurt! Yow-ow-ow! What silly idiot was lugging my hair out by the roots?"

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"You black idiot! Ow-wow! My ear's nearly pulled off! Wow-wow! Is this the way to treat a pal who comes to join you in danger?" hooted Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to clear off and leave you to it!"

"Do!" urged Bob Cherry.

"Yah!"

Bunter didn't. He felt safer with a barricade between his important fat person and the new Head. Instead of that, he blinked round in search of breakfast, and he forgot his injuries as he started on a second and more ample meal.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

T. End of His Tether!

MR. JAMES CARNFORTH stamped into the Head's study and slammed the door. He was in a frame of mind that could not have been expressed in words. For some little time he had been busy cleaning egg off his angular features. Now he was trying to think out a course of action for the day, and failing. Look whatever way he would, insuperable difficulties seemed to environ him. His rule at Greyfriars had been a disastrous failure, and how to deal with the hurricane his tyranny had aroused was a deep mystery to him. It was a riddle to which he had to find an answer somehow, and an answer was not to be found. He tramped to and fro in his study, gritting his teeth, knitting his brows, trying to think out the problem, and muttering expressive words, not at all the kind of words a schoolmaster ought to have muttered in any circumstances whatever.

There was a tap at the door, and it opened. Mr. Quelch presented himself. The new Head gave him an angry stare.

"Are you not gone yet?" he snarled. "I discharged you yesterday, Mr. Quelch. I am surprised to see you still in the school."

"There is no occasion for surprise, sir," answered Mr. Quelch coldly. "After thinking the matter out seriously, I do not intend to go, unless your dismissal is endorsed by the governors."

"You dare—"

Mr. Quelch raised his hand.

"Listen to me, Mr. Carnforth. The present state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue. I have been a master at Greyfriars for very many years, and something is due from me to the school. I have determined that this disgraceful state of riot shall cease."

"You have determined," stammered Mr. Carnforth—"you, a dismissed master—a discharged servant, I may say."

"You may say what you like, sir; but that will not alter the facts. I am here to warn you to dismiss the ruffians you have called into the school!"

"Leave my study, sir!"

"What I have further to say, sir, will probably interest you," said the Remove master dryly. "You may expect a visit from the governors this morning."

"Wha-a-at?"

Mr. Carnforth stared blankly at him. It was his dread—his haunting dread—that the school governors might discover what was going on before he succeeded in restoring order—by which he

understood restoring tyranny and the rule of the rod.

"The—the governors!" he stammered. "I have succeeded in getting into touch with Colonel Wharton, the chairman of the governing body, on the telephone," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "I have explained to him exactly how matters have gone since Dr. Locke, under pressure from the governors, resigned his position here."

"You—you have dared——" stammered Mr. Carnforth.

"I considered it my duty to the school, sir. Colonel Wharton answered that he was not wholly surprised. He was against your appointment here, and only yielded to the desire of the governing body. This interview took place last evening, sir, and Colonel Wharton has arranged to visit the school this morning——"

"This morning!" said Mr. Carnforth faintly.

"With Sir Hilton Popper, and Major Cherry, and Sir Reginald Brooke, and perhaps some other of the governors," said Mr. Quelch. "Sir Hilton Popper was your chief supporter. He will be able to see with his own eyes the result of your appointment."

With that Mr. Quelch turned on his heel, and walked out of the study.

He left an utterly dismayed man behind him.

Mr. Carnforth stood staring helplessly at the doorway for whole minutes after the Remove master was gone.

He was utterly at a loss.

At any minute four of the lofty gentlemen belonging to the governing body might arrive at Greyfriars, and find the Sixth and the Lower Fourth in open revolt, and a gang of battered bruisers camped in the school!

The thought of it almost made Mr. Carnforth's head swim.

He gasped for breath.

Somehow, anyhow, the affair had to be huddled up, and some semblance of order restored. Even yielding was better than being caught in the act, as it were; and he reflected that he could yield now, and renew the contest at another time under more auspicious circumstances. A sense of honour did not handicap Mr. Carnforth in any way.

He left his study at last, and hurried to the Sixth Form passage. There was a howl as he was sighted over the barrier.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's the old bird!"

"Give him an egg!"

"I say, you fellows, buzz an inkpot at the beast!"

"Order, there!" shouted Wingate of the Sixth.

"Rats!" yelled back his independent rescuers.

And five or six missiles flew over the barricade at the new Head.

Mr. Carnforth dodged an inkpot and a Greek lexicon successfully; but an egg smashed on his neck and streamed down his gown, and a jam-tart squashed on his nose. There was a roar of laughter from the merry Removites.

"Right on the boko!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Boys!" gasped Mr. Carnforth. "Wingate, I desire to speak to you." He dabbed frantically at the jam on his nose. "You young rascals— Groogh! Wingate, I appeal to you——"

"Order, you fags!" shouted Wingate angrily.

"Give old Wingate a chance," said Harry Wharton. "If the giddy old bird is going to surrender——"

"I will agree to anything reasonable,



An egg came whizzing through the window, and before Mr. Carnforth could dodge aside, the missile caught him fairly on his prominent nose. There was a suffocated howl from the Head. "Goal!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 9.)

if you will return at once to your duties!" said Mr. Carnforth.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Carnforth?" asked Wingate, fixing his eyes upon the new Head.

"Quite!" stammered Mr. Carnforth. "Anything in reason."

"A complete amnesty, covering everything that has occurred," said the captain of Greyfriars, "and the rights of the Sixth to be respected as in Dr. Locke's time."

Mr. Carnforth choked.

"I—I——"

"Nothing short of that," said Gwynne.

"And Mr. Quelch to remain," put in Wharton.

"Certainly, Mr. Quelch to be reinstated," said Wingate. "And the agreement to be put into writing and witnessed, sir."

Mr. Carnforth squirmed. The Greyfriars rebels did not trust him—they had good reason not to trust him. But such a document was ruin to him, if it came to the sight of the governors—and it was very probable that it would; indeed, the important gentlemen might arrive while it was being drawn up.

"I—I agree to everything, but—but that!" gasped the new Head at last. "I cannot sign such a document. I—I have my position, my dignity, to consider. You can trust me——"

"I am sorry to say we cannot, sir," said Wingate coldly. "There is nothing more to be said, then, and the barring-out goes on."

He stepped down. Mr. Carnforth almost limped away. Wingate's terms were rather too severe for acceptance, even in his extremity. There was only

one resource left—a final desperate attempt to quell the revolt by force before the governors arrived on the scene. Mr. Carnforth hurried to the Form-room, where the Lamb & Co. were gathered over a disorderly breakfast, some of them still eating, and some smoking their pipes and filling the room with thick smoke.

The battered bruisers looked sourly enough at the schoolmaster. The Lamb grunted at the sight of him.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to carry out your contract," said the new Head, between his teeth. "You must do what you have been engaged to do, and without delay. If you do not immediately overcome these rebellious young rascals, and reduce them to submission, you are useless here, and I shall pay you nothing."

"Wot!" roared the Lamb.

"I shall pay you nothing if you do not do your duty—not a penny!" said Mr. Carnforth savagely.

"Ain't we done our best!" roared Billy Jinks. "Ain't we got more black eyes among us now than we've ever got on a Saturday night?"

"You know why I called you in—not to loaf smoking about the school," hissed the enraged headmaster. "Do your duty, or go!"

"We ain't going till we've thrashed them young rips, and you may lay to that!" said the Lambury Lamb. "And if you don't square, old gentleman, we'll give you such a 'andling that you won't know your own face arter!"

"Will you carry out my orders?" shouted Mr. Carnforth.

"Not jest at this 'ere minute. We

can't 'andle that crowd now, and we've got to get 'elp," said the Lamb. "Boss-Eye 'ere is going down to Lantham to pick up some of our pals and bring 'em along."

Mr. Carnforth shuddered. The prospect of a fresh gang of hooligans arriving at Greyfriars was dismaying. The present gang was trouble enough. It was dawning upon Mr. Carnforth that his heroic measures were not only useless, but worse than useless.

"I forbid you to do anything of the kind!" he exclaimed sharply. "Leave Greyfriars at once! That is the best thing you can do, as you have failed to help me in any way."

"We ain't going without our money," said the Lamb.

"Do you think I shall pay you for having done nothing but cause riot and trouble?" howled Mr. Carnforth.

"I think you'd better, if you want to 'ave a tooth left in your 'ead!" answered the Lamb darkly.

Mr. Carnforth turned and swept away to his study.

There was a deep growl from the gang of bruisers, and they followed him. Their impression was that they had earned their money; they had plenty of marks to show for it. They crowded on Mr. Carnforth's track, and their intention of taking the law into their own hands was so obvious, that the new headmaster, in great alarm, broke into a run. He felt more than ever like that hapless magician who raised a spirit that he could not quell.

"Arter him!" howled the Lamb.

There was a rush in pursuit of Mr. Carnforth. That gentleman bolted into his study like a rabbit into a burrow, and slammed and locked the door just in time. Outside the study the bruisers raged, and the Lamb bestowed a heavy kick on the panels. Utterly at a loss what to do, Mr. Carnforth palpitated behind the locked door; and it was just at the same moment that Bob Cherry, looking out of a Sixth Form window, gave a yell:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's your merry old uncle, Wharton, and my pater, by Jove! And old Popper, and old Brooke! The giddy governors are coming!"

Four stately gentlemen had alighted from a car at the gates, and Gosling rushed to admit them. The four stately ones advanced across the quadrangle

towards the School House. Mr. Carnforth looked from his study window, and groaned a deep, deep groan. For it was borne in upon him now that the game was up!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Exit Mr. Carnforth!

COLONEL WHARTON and his companions looked about them as they advanced. Crowds of Greyfriars fellows in the quad capped them respectfully. They caught sight of the row of smashed windows, and stared, and came across towards the Sixth Form windows, still staring, and exchanging observations. Busy hands at Wingate's window dragged away the piled furniture, and Harry Wharton & Co. looked out, smiling a little uneasily.

"Good-morning, uncle!" said Harry.

"Good-morning, dad!" said Bob Cherry.

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Sir Hilton Popper.

"So you are in this extraordinary affair, Harry!" said the colonel. "I understood from Mr. Quelch that it was a rebellion of the Sixth Form."

"We came to the rescue," explained Harry. "Mr. Carnforth's gang of bruisers made a night-attack—"

"What?"

"Gang of bruisers!" repeated Sir Hilton Popper. "I refuse to believe it. I have faith in Carnforth! I refuse to believe that there are such persons on the premises at all!"

A loud yell from another part of the building apprised the baronet, quite suddenly, that such persons were on the premises, without the shadow of a doubt.

"Come out o' that!" It was the Lamb's stentorian voice. "I tell you what, old bag o' bones, we'll 'ave this 'ere blooming door down if you don't come out o' that!"

"'Ear, 'ear!" roared Billy Jinks.

"Upon my word!" gasped Sir Hilton Popper.

"Come!" said Colonel Wharton quietly. "There appears to be a—ahem!—disturbance elsewhere—"

Mr. Quelch hurried out into the quad to meet the governors.

"Thank goodness you have arrived!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Carnforth has had

some dispute with his—his—his myrmidons, and they seem to be attacking him in his study—"

Crash! Crash!

Undoubtedly there was an attack on the Head's door. The sound of it rang all over Greyfriars.

The Head's window shot up, and a scared face appeared there. To the utter amazement of the governors, an angular form wriggled out of the window and dropped into the quad. Mr. Carnforth had taken the only means of retreat—and just in time. The study door flew open with a crash, and in a moment more the Lamb and Billy Jinks and several more bullet-headed gentlemen crammed the window.

"What—what—what does this mean?" gasped Sir Hilton Popper. "Is—is—is that the conduct of a headmaster, sir?"

"Arter him!" roared the Lamb.

He dropped from the window in pursuit. Colonel Wharton interposed between Mr. Carnforth and the Lambury Lamb.

"Stand back, my man!" he said sternly.

The Lamb hesitated. His comrades, swarming out of the window behind him, hesitated, too. Colonel Wharton was not a man to be lightly disregarded.

"I don't know 'oo you are, sir," said the Lamb, with reluctant respect. "But whoever you are, I can tell you we ain't going to be rooked. That there bony gent hofferd us a fi'pun note apiece to 'elp him agin them young sweeps, and he's going to pay up, or we'll alter the shape of his blessed phizog for him."

"So that is your method of administering this school, Mr. Carnforth!" said Colonel Wharton icily.

"I—I—I—"

"What have you to say, sir?" thundered Major Cherry.

"I—I—I—" Mr. Carnforth hardly knew what he had to say. "I—I—I—there was a rebellion. I was bound to use force; the school was in a state of revolt—"

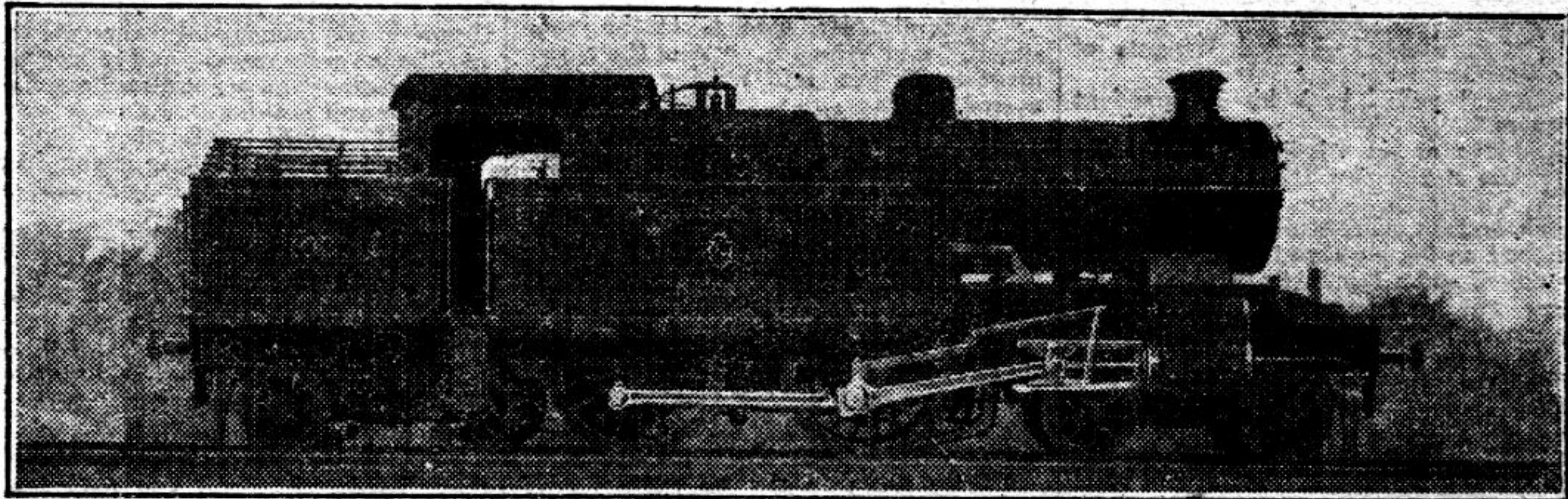
"It was never in a state of revolt in Dr. Locke's time," said the colonel dryly.

"We have been deceived in this man!" hooted Sir Hilton Popper. "Bless my soul! A gang of drunken ruffians! Upon my word! I admit that I was deceived in this man. He is a fool, or a rascal!"

"I do not think that there is any question as to the course the governing

(Continued on page 20.)

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IN THE "POPULAR." OUT ON TUESDAY. - - DON'T MISS IT!

THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

Round the Camp-fire with the Greyfriars Scouts.

"HAS IT EVER STRUCK YOU?"

By Harry Wharton (Patrol Leader, Lions).

Who hath smelt wood-smoke by twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.
J. H.

THERE is always the possibility of getting lost even in this country, where there are so many signposts. It may happen that you are making your way across the moors or through a forest, and a heavy mist falls, and you are unfamiliar with the country you are traversing. In that case, what would you do? How would you set to work to regain your direction? Then you may be passing through a strange country, wild and little inhabited, and night falls, leaving you to wander about, groping in the manner of a blind man, not knowing which way to turn, or how to get out of such predicament. It becomes most exasperating and disquietening to be placed in such a position—if you are not versed in the knowledge of finding your way. You will notice that the old hand at camping does not walk along with his eyes looking straight before him all the time, but always makes a point of looking right and left and

and two together, making them four. That is, as you know, deduction, and it is deduction you must use to "find your way." Now I will leave you to Tom Brown's really clever article.

HARRY WHARTON.

FINDING YOUR WAY.

By Tom Brown.

THERE are one or two things to remember if you are ever lost. Don't get excited. Don't lose your head. Don't rush about yelling, or you will certainly get lost even more. Just sit down quietly, and look round you, and have a little think.

Notice which way the wind is blowing. To do this, wet the index-finger, and hold it up in the air. You will immediately feel a coldness on one side of the finger, the side from which the wind will be blowing. This may help you. If the wind is cold and sharp, it will be an easterly or north-easterly wind; if it is a warm breeze, it is a westerly one. North winds bring snow and cold rains, and are cold and damp.

The ability to find one's way both in the daytime and the night is one of the most important things a camper should know.

It so happened one summer, when four of the Lion Patrol were out on a long tramp-camp, that we "took the wrong turning," as the saying goes, and found ourselves stranded on the top of some high, bleak hills. It was practically impossible to camp on the top of the hills, as there seemed little or no shelter from the sweeping north wind which had sprung up, and was particularly cold, and there was no wood and water about, which we should have wanted had we thought of putting up camp there.

Then suddenly we found ourselves in a bank of heavy mist, which was beginning to settle down. This, with the hastening twilight, made it extremely difficult for us to find our way. We tramped about, looking carefully for a sheltered spot or a pathway which led down to a lower and more inviting level, and finally got hopelessly lost.

It was dark, and we sat down to try and reckon where we could be. Suddenly I heard a faint tinkle of running water. Now, water runs downhill, and we were on the top of the hill, and wanted to get down into the valley. That set me thinking. If, I reasoned, we followed the stream, we should eventually find our way down into the lowlands.

We did find the stream, after looking for a short while, and, after following it, making detours to avoid waterfalls and gullies, we discovered a sheltered piece of ground where we could make a camp. We had the hill and woods at our backs—that is, the north and east—and we faced south, and, as the ground still sloped down considerably before us, there was little likelihood of being flooded out should it rain during the night.

If we had not stopped to think, we should probably have had to remain on the misty, damp hilltop a whole night—a most unpleasant thing, I assure you.

A very good compass is ready provided by Nature—that is, the woodman's compass. In the sketch you will see the drawing of the top of a tree-stump that has been cut. Examine the stump, and find the heart, or centre, of it. Then look for the thickest part from the centre, and you will find that that part is always facing the north, as shown in the sketch. The reason for this is that the tree protects itself more on the north side than on the south, where there is more sunshine.

In the case of not being able to find a tree-stump to use as a compass, look on the trunks of the other trees, and find out where the green moss grows. That side faces the north also.

Should you lose your way at night, one of the easiest methods in finding your direction in the absence of a compass is to

discover the north by means of the Pole-star. Having found that star, you will know that, when facing it, the west is on your left hand, and the east is on the right hand, and the south lies behind you.

But how to pick out the Pole-star from the myriads of twinkling lights bespeckling the sky? I will tell you how.

The Plough is the group of stars you must find first. In the diagram you will see how the seven stars are arranged in the heavens. Drawing a line through the seven stars, it will make the outline of a saucepan with a slightly-bent handle. Some call this group the Great Bear, and in America it is often spoken of as the Dipper, because of its close appearance to a ladle.

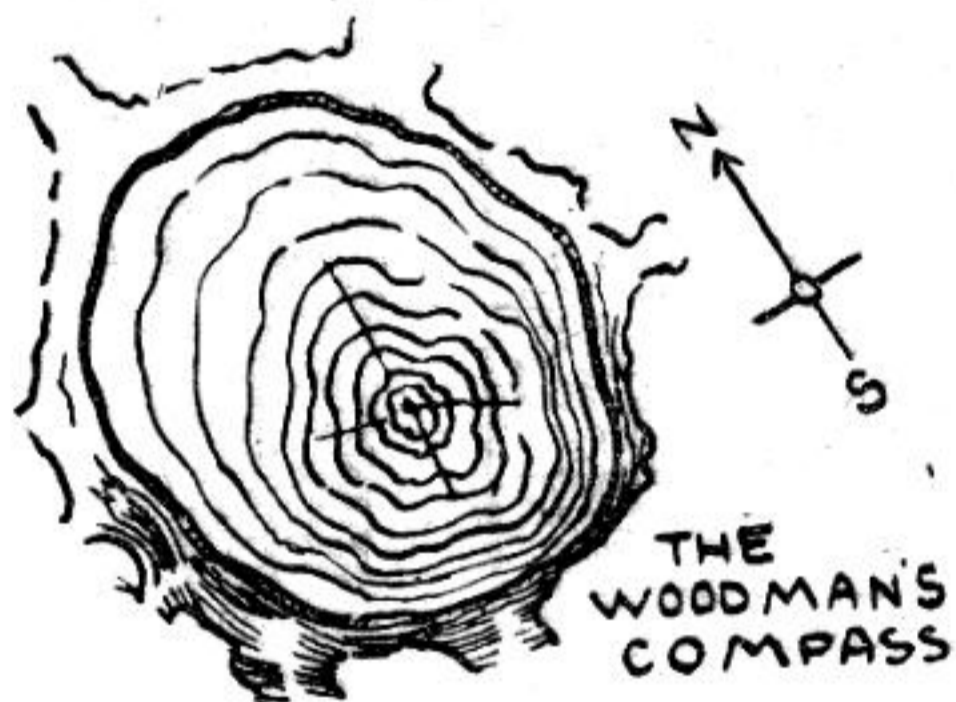
From the two stars, at the end of the group marked "P"—known as the Pointers—you imagine a line drawn through them, like the dotted line in the sketch, and it will lead you to the Pole-star, the first star on that imaginary line. The Pole-star points to the north, and is almost six times as far from the nearest Pointer as they are from one another.

Having discovered the north, you will be able to find your direction and the way you want to go.

The sun is another thing from which you can find your direction. It rises in the east, and sets in the west. At midday you will find it overhead in the south; that is when it has reached the highest point in its semi-circular transit.

If in the early morning you want the south, look at the sun; it will be in the east, having just risen. Face it, and the south is on your left hand. At midday you want to find the north, face the sun, which will be south, and the north will be at your back. In the evening, if you look at the sunset, the east will be behind you.

If you are lost in the heart of a forest, the first thing to do is to look round for rising ground, and then seek out the tallest tree in the neighbourhood. Climb this tree to the top, and by doing so you will be able to get above the other trees, and be able to discern landmarks. When looking down at the land in this fashion from a height, the glint of water in the sunlight is usually the first thing that will catch your eye. You can then face the same way when climbing down the tree, and, when on the ground, you will then know the direction in which that piece of water lies. Smoke from a house or cottage makes a good guide at times, and can be seen for many miles on a calm day.



over his shoulder. He is looking for landmarks, and making a mental note of them for future reference.

Making notes of landmarks when breaking new ground is always a very wise thing to do. Has it ever struck you that way?

Remember such things as curious buildings, church steeples, strangely-twisted trees, windmills, chalk quarries, the colour of gates, and the kind of woods you pass through. Telegraph-poles mark the course of main roads and railways, and can be seen from quite a good way off.

You will probably see all these things as you pass along, but only remember them for the moment. That is not good enough. Follow the lead of the old camper, and make mental notes of everything that you pass. The land may be undulating, or it may be flat or swampy—remember this.

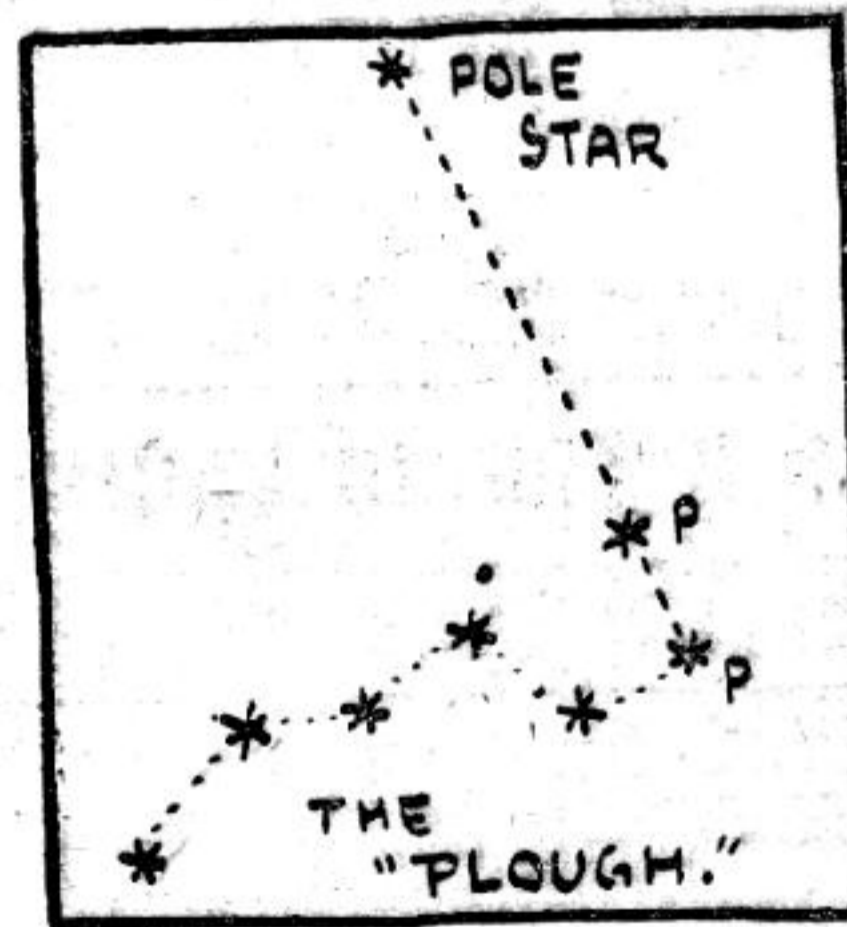
Then there are numerous other ways of regaining direction, from things which you may not notice unless you know where to look for them.

There may be a time when you are in possession of a compass and a map, in which case it will be practically impossible for you to lose your way; but what of the time when you have not these things with you? It would make a great difference to you. But should it? Isn't there a way of doing without a pocket compass or map? Let us look round for a moment!

Yes; that's just it—have a look round! Find clues, find signs; read them, and deduce. Then see whether the absence of a compass and map handicaps you. No; of course it does not!

For once the irrepressible Tom Brown has thrown off his cloak of insane humour, as we might very well call it, and has written the accompanying article on "Finding Your Way!" Next to Peter Todd, I think Brown is the best detective at Greyfriars. Funny, but it's true!

Tom Brown has a detective's brain—a brain that observes things, and puts two



Smoke was used for signalling long before the wireless and semaphore systems were invented, and is still used to a great extent in some distant parts of the world.

There are also sounds that will guide you. If you hear, or smell, or see signs of human life you are not lost. Many people think that if they are unable to find their way through an unfamiliar country they are lost. In reality, they have just wandered a little off the track, and can return almost at once by just noticing things and reading signs.

On the ground you may discover tracks of a boot. Follow them. The owner of that boot evidently came from somewhere, and is going to some place, and that will help you out of the woods. Waggon-tracks will also help you; they will lead you in the same way as the boot-tracks, and are perhaps even better to follow.

THE GREYFRIARS BARRING-OUT I

(Continued from page 18.)

body will follow," said Colonel Wharton. "Mr. Carnforth certainly cannot be left in charge for another hour—"

"I do not desire it, sir!" howled Mr. Carnforth, making the best of it.

"Are you going to pay up?" howled the Lamb, losing patience.

"One moment, my man!" said the colonel, raising his hand. "Mr. Carnforth, if you owe these men money, you had better pay them. They must leave the premises immediately; and the sooner you follow them the better. Gentlemen"—he looked round at his companions—"I suggest sending a telegram immediately to Dr. Locke, begging him to return here and take control."

"Excellent!" said Major Cherry.

The four stately gentlemen followed Mr. Quelch into the School House. Already the barricade in the Sixth Form passage was being demolished by hurried hands. The arrival of the governors had put a different complexion on matters, and the barring-out was over.

Meanwhile, the Lamb & Co. surrounded Mr. Carnforth in the quad. Left alone in the midst of his allies, the hapless headmaster did not argue the point—he paid up. The Lambury Lamb and his comrades, satisfied but sulky, marched down to the gates and disappeared.

An hour later, the gates had to be reopened for another departure. This time it was Mr. James Carnforth.

Wingate & Co. came out of their stronghold not feeling very easy in their minds. Their Remove allies trooped out with cheerful faces.

Wingate, in the Head's study, gave a

full and frank explanation of the affair to four grave and serious gentlemen.

The return to lessons in the Form-room was not exactly welcome to the heroes of the Remove. But the departure of the Greyfriars tyrant was a consolation. The whole school rejoiced in that.

And that afternoon it was known that Dr. Locke was returning. The kind old Head, nobly putting aside his own offended dignity, responded to the call; and on the following day all Greyfriars turned out to cheer him on his arrival. Once more the old school resumed the even tenor of its way; though it was not likely to forget, for a long time to come, the Greyfriars Barring-Out.

THE END.

(There will be another grand long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars next week, entitled "The Stolen Diary!" By Frank Richards. Don't forget to read the Chat, which appears on page 2 of this issue!)



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