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By
FRANK RICHARDS.

Otto van Tromp at Greyfriars. A bully, a cad, a tool in the sinister scheme to bring the famous old school to destruction. This opening yarn of a new series will intrigue you and compel your admiration.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Beastly for Bunter!

LOOK here——” said Bob Cherry. “My dear chap, it’s all right!”

“But——” said Bob.

“Bosh!”

“But if you fellows would rather——”

“Rats!”

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday at Greyfriars School, and the Famous Five of the Remove were in the quad.

Bob Cherry had a letter in his hand.

That letter announced that his father, Major Cherry, was coming down to the school to see him that afternoon.

Which was the cause of the little argument among the chums of the Remove.

They had arranged a ramble for that afternoon, which was to end at the bunshop in Courtfield, and a spread at that establishment.

So far as Bob was concerned, that programme was off, as it was both his duty and his pleasure to meet his father at the station and accompany him to Greyfriars. Naturally, he would have liked his chums to go with him, but he was not quite sure whether they would regard that duty as a pleasure.

“My dear ass,” said Harry Wharton. “we can tea at the bunshop any time. It’s all right!”

“And we’ll be glad to see your pater,” said Johnny Bull.

“The gladfulness will be terrific!” declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. “It is a lengthy time since we have beheld the esteemed and ridiculous countenance of the preposterous major.”

“So that’s that!” said Frank Nugent.

“Still,” said Bob, “if you fellows would rather——”

“Fathead!” said the four together.

“All serene, then,” said Bob. “I’m

jolly glad you’re coming with me; and the pater will like to see you. He says the three-five train, in his letter, so we’d better get a move on.”

And the Famous Five got a move on, walking away cheerily towards the gates.

In the gateway a fat figure was ornamenting the landscape. Billy Bunter was there, supporting his portly person by leaning on a stone buttress, and his little round eyes were very watchful behind his big round spectacles.

As the chums of the Remove came up William George Bunter detached himself from the buttress.

“I say, you fellows——”

“Blow away, Bunter!”

“But I say——”

“Good-bye!”

The Famous Five walked out. Billy Bunter did not blow away. He rolled after the five juniors.

“I say, you fellows, don’t hurry!” said Bunter. “It’s too jolly warm for hurrying. Lots of time to get to the bunshop.”

“Eh? Who’s going to the bunshop?” asked Bob.

“He, he, he!” was Bunter’s reply.

The Famous Five stared at Bunter, and then grinned. Evidently William George Bunter was aware of the projected visit to the bunshop at Courtfield. Bunter often became aware of matters that did not concern him.

But what he had not become aware of was the fact that the programme was changed, and that the Famous Five were heading, not for the bunshop, but for the railway station.

Had Bunter been aware of that change in the programme, certainly he would not have watched and waited at the gates for the chums of the Remove. Certainly he would not have bestowed his fascinating company on them in a two-mile walk.

“Sure you want a walk this after-

noon, old fat bean?” asked Johnny Bull.

“Yes, rather, old chap!” answered Bunter.

“It’s a couple of miles, you know!” said Nugent.

“That’s nothing, to a good walker like me,” answered Bunter. “If you fellows get tired I’ll slow down for you.”

“Oh, my hat!”

“Still, if you’d rather take a taxi I’m on,” said Bunter. “I’ll stand the taxi with pleasure. One of you fellows can lend me the money and I’ll settle out of my postal order to-morrow. I think I mentioned that I was expecting a postal order.”

“You did,” chuckled Bob Cherry. “Many a time and oft, in fact! But to save you the fag of a long walk, Bunter, I may as well tell you that we’re not going to the bunshop. So you may roll home.”

“He, he, he!”

“What are you cackling at, you fat image?” demanded Bob.

“Your little joke, old chap. He, he, he!”

“But we’re not——” began Wharton.

“He, he, he!”

“Look here, you fat ass——”

“He, he, he!”

Evidently Billy Bunter was not to be convinced.

He knew all about that intended spread at the bunshop in Courtfield. And he was quite accustomed to fellows betraying a disinclination for his charming company when a spread was on.

“You can’t pull my leg, you know,” he remarked.

“You silly owl——”

“He, he, he!”

Bunter rolled on with the Famous Five. He had not the slightest doubt that the walk was intended to end at the bunshop; and he had no doubt that

when the spread started he was going to be present.

The Famous Five chuckled and walked on. If Bunter wanted to walk to Courtfield they had no objection to offer.

"I say, you fellows, have you heard the news?" asked Bunter, as the juniors proceeded by road over Courtfield Common.

"What and which?" asked Nugent. "There's a new chap coming to Greyfriars."

"Remove man?" asked Bob, with a faint interest.

"No; I hear that he's a senior, and going into the Sixth," said Bunter. "I happened to hear Wingate speaking about him to Gwynne. Foreign chap, named Bump, or Chump, or something."

"Wha-a-a-t?"
"Well, I'm not sure about the name," said Bunter. "I remember it's a foreign name—Hump, or Bump, or Stamp, or Tramp—"

"It's rather uncommon for a new man to go into the Sixth," said Harry Wharton.

"And still more uncommon for him to be named Stamp or Tramp!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, it was something of the sort," said Bunter. "Wingate said he was a Dutchman; he had it from the Head. I say, you fellows, let's rest on one of these seats. We've come over a mile."

"Like to sit down for about half an hour, old bean?" asked Bob.

"Yes."
"Right-ho! Sit down as long as you like. We'll keep on."

"Beast!"
Billy Bunter did not sit down. The fat junior was showing signs of shortness of breath now. Bunter had a lot of weight to carry, and the afternoon was warm.

But he plugged on manfully. Exertion was not in his line, but there was a reward at the end of it—at least, Bunter fancied that there was.

The juniors walked into Courtfield at last.

"Here we are!" gasped Bunter, as they reached the bunshop in the High Street. "I say, you fellows! Stop! What are you going on for?"

Bunter hurried after the five.

They were heading for the railway station, which was near at hand. Bunter rolled into the entrance after them.

"I say——" he gasped.
"Coming on the platform, old bean?" grinned Bob.

"Look here, you ass, you can get a better spread at the bunshop," urged Bunter. "There's a pretty good buffet here, but the bunshop is ever so much better."

"I told you we weren't going to the bunshop!" chuckled Bob.

"Well make it the buffet, if you like!" grunted Bunter. "But if you take my advice——"

"Bow-wow!"

Harry Wharton took six platform tickets, and the juniors went on the platform. The station clock indicated just three.

"Five minutes before the train comes in!" said Bob.

Bunter blinked at him.
"What train?" he asked.

"My pater's train."
Bunter stared.

"You haven't come here to meet a train!" he howled.

"Ha, ha, ha! Just that, old fat man!"

"Why, you—you—you——" gasped Bunter. "Mean to say that you've come here to meet a train, and that you're not going to have a spread at all?"

"Exactly."
"The exactfulness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Billy Bunter gazed at the Famous Five. The expression on his fat face made them yell.

"You—you—you beasts!" gasped Bunter at last. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"But we did tell you!" chuckled Bob.

"Of course, I thought you were gammoning. You—you awful rotters! I've walked two miles!" gasped Bunter.

"It will do you good, old fat man!"

"Beast! Fancy walking two miles for nothing!" groaned Bunter.

"Well, you can hang on and see my pater, if you like," offered Bob.

"You—you ass! Who wants to see an old donkey?"

"What?"

"A silly old donkey! Blow your pater!"

"You cheeky porpoise!" exclaimed Bob. "If you want me to kick you across the line to the other platform——"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Getting me here for nothing—making a fellow

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CONTAINS

Four Sticky-Back Photos

of the

ENGLISH and AUSTRALIAN

TEST MATCH CRICKETERS

and a

SUPERB ALBUM

in which to put them.

.....

Four more photos next week!

.....

walk two miles on false pretences! Oh, you rotter! Well, I'm not going to stop and see your fatheaded pater!"

"Look here, Bunter——"

"A silly old ass!" snorted Bunter. "No wonder he went into the Army! It must have been that or a home for idiots for him!"

Bob Cherry was one of the best-tempered fellows at Greyfriars. But he had a temper; and Bunter's remarks touched it.

He reached out and grasped Bunter by the collar.

An automatic chocolate machine was close at hand. Bunter's bullet head tapped on it, and he roared.

"Yaroooooh!"

Tap!

"Whooooop!"

"Now bunk, you fat chump!" growled Bob. "Bunk, before I kick you!"

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Beast! For two pins I'd give you a jolly good licking! Look here, you rotters, I'm not going to walk back to Greyfriars. Lend me my fare to Friardale, and you can stay here as long as you like, and wait for that old donkey——"

Bob Cherry lifted his boot.

Without stopping to finish—without even stopping for his fare to Friardale, Billy Bunter departed. He departed in

haste; and Bob's boot just missed him. Bunter scudded over the bridge to the platform on the other side, where the local train for Friardale was already in.

"The fat idiot!" growled Bob Cherry. "I've a jolly good mind——"

"Here comes the express!" said Harry.

And Bob forgot Bunter, as the express from Lantham came roaring into the station, and stopped.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Something New in New Fellows!

HARRY WHARTON & CO.

looked along the train, as the carriage doors opened, watching for Major Cherry to alight. But the stocky form and bronzed face of the old major did not meet their eyes. Only three passengers alighted from the express, one of whom was Mr. Lazarus, of Courtfield, who gave the juniors a shiny smile and a bow as he passed them on his way to the exit. The other two were a fat man with a foreign-looking face, and a fellow of about seventeen, also foreign-looking, who appeared to be travelling together. Of Major Cherry there was no sign.

Doors slammed along the train, and it moved on out of the station again. Bob looked rather blank.

"The pater hasn't come!" he said.

"Looks as if he hasn't!" said Harry. "Must have missed his train."

"But the pater never misses a train," said Bob. "They learn to be punctual in the Army. The pater's never missed a train in his life."

"He's missed this one!" said Nugent.

"The missfulness is certainly terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Otherwise, my esteemed Bob, your ridiculous pater would be here."

Bob nodded, very perplexed. Evidently, Major Cherry had not arrived by that train. Mr. Lazarus had trotted away; but the fat man and his companion remained on the platform. They were speaking to one another in a foreign tongue, which reached the ears of the Greyfriars juniors, and which they supposed at first to be German. But the younger of the two addressed the other as "Oom Meyer," and "oom" was Dutch—in German the word would have been "onkel." And that caused the juniors to glance round at the speaker, as they remembered what Bunter had said of a Dutchman coming to Greyfriars. Dutchmen were, of course, few and far between in that quiet corner of Kent; and it struck Harry Wharton & Co. at once that this big, heavily-built fellow was the new man who was going into the Greyfriars Sixth.

They looked at him, and did not like his looks much.

He was a powerful fellow physically—as powerful as any man in the Greyfriars Sixth. His face was heavy in feature, his eyes small and close together; little piggy eyes, that were, however, extremely sharp and observant. They were a light grey in colour, and had a steely look. And the juniors, as they glanced at him, found that his eyes were already on them.

His glance met Wharton's, and he raised his hand and beckoned to the captain of the Remove.

Wharton did not stir.

He was near enough for the fellow to call to him, if he had anything to say;

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and certainly Wharton did not intend to be beckoned like a porter.

He stood where he was and looked at the fellow.

The big fellow frowned.

Leaving the fat gentleman, he came towards the juniors.

"You belong to Greyfriars?" he asked. He had been speaking in Dutch with the fat man; but he spoke in perfect English now.

"Yes," answered Harry.

"I thought so. What Form are you in?"

"The Remove."

"The Remove. What is that?"

"The Lower Fourth," answered Harry.

"I see. Then if you are in the Lower Fourth you are fags."

The juniors looked at him more curiously. He was a foreigner, and he was new to Greyfriars; but it seemed that he was not new to public schools and their ways.

"I am Otto van Tromp!" he said. "I am going to Greyfriars! I am going into the Sixth Form!"

"Van Tromp!" repeated Wharton. This, evidently, was the name that Bunter had stated was "Hump, or Clump, or something."

"That is my name—a name known in your history," said the Dutch fellow, with an unpleasant grin.

"I believe I've heard it," said Harry.

"If you read history at Greyfriars, you have heard it," said Van Tromp. "It was the name of the Dutch admiral who swept the English from the sea, and carried a broom at his masthead in token of what he had done."

The juniors stared at the fellow.

If this was Otto van Tromp's way of introducing himself into his new school, he was not likely to become popular there.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry.

"No doubt you have read that in your history," said the new Sixth-Former.

"That isn't all we've read," retorted Bob. "That jolly old Van Tromp had to take his giddy broom down afterwards, and was glad to save his skin by scooting as fast as he knew how."

Van Tromp's face darkened.

"Admiral van Tromp was an ancestor of mine," he said.

"Then he hasn't a lot of cause to be proud of his descendant," said Bob.

The little piggy eyes gleamed.

"I am new to Greyfriars," said Van Tromp. "But I am not new to school. I come from Oldwood, where I was a prefect. I shall be a prefect at Greyfriars. You are juniors, and fags; and you had better be civil."

"Hadn't you better set the example?" asked Harry.

"If you're going to be a prefect, you'll be expected to set an example to the Lower School, you know," said Frank Nugent, with a grin. "I don't know what the fellows are like at Oldwood, but they don't seem to learn manners there."

"Otto," called out the fat gentleman, "we lose time—ask the boys about the train."

"Ja, Oom Meyer," answered Van Tromp, in his own language, and restraining his surly ill-humour, he went on addressing Harry Wharton & Co.: "Where is the local train for Friardale—the train for the school?"

"On the other platform," answered Harry. "You go across the bridge. The train's waiting there—you can see it if you look across the line."

Van Tromp turned to the fat man.

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"That is the train, uncle," he said. "It is waiting."

"Let us go, then."

"As for you," said the big fellow, with a scowl at the juniors. "I shall see you again at the school, and perhaps I shall teach you not to be cheeky."

"And perhaps we shall teach you!" suggested Bob.

"The teachfulness will probably be terrific, my esteemed and fatheaded Dutchman!" said Hurree Singh.

Van Tromp stared at him.

"Come, come, Otto!" called out the fat man.

"There is plenty of time for the local train, uncle," answered Van Tromp.

He had a light cane under his arm. He slipped it down into his hand and swished it in the air.

"You!" he said, pointing to Bob with the cane. "Bend over!"

"What?" ejaculated Bob.

"Bend over!" snapped Van Tromp. "I am going to cane you!"

Bob stared at him blankly, and then burst into a laugh.

"Oh, my hat!" he exclaimed. "You haven't even got to the school yet, and you want to begin caning! Hadn't you better wait till you're made a prefect before you tell fellows to bend over?"

"Go to sleep and dream again," suggested Johnny Bull.

"I am in the Sixth," said Van Tromp, "and prefect or not, I shall cane a cheeky fag! Bend over at once!"

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Bob.

"What?" roared Van Tromp.

"Coke!" said Bob. "C-o-k-e—coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The heavy face of the Dutch fellow reddened with rage. He made a sudden stride at Bob and grasped him by the shoulder, and the cane came down with a swish across Bob's back.

There was a roar from Bob Cherry.

"You cheeky rotter!"

That first swipe of the cane was only the beginning, so far as Otto van Tromp's intentions went. But as it happened, it was the last as well as the first, for the Famous Five, as if moved by the same spring, jumped at the big fellow and grasped him on all sides.

Van Tromp was powerful and muscular, but he was not of much use against five sturdy and indignant juniors.

In a moment he was on his back on the platform, and the cane was jerked from his hand and tossed far away.

Bang!

Otto van Tromp's head smote the platform with a resounding concussion. The yell he uttered rang the length and breadth of Courtfield Station.

"There!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That's one for your nob!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Give him another!" panted Johnny Bull.

The Dutchman wrenched himself loose and sprang to his feet. He stood crimson and panting with rage, and for a moment looked as if he would charge at the juniors like a bull.

They stood ready for him, not at all unwilling to give him further instruction. But Van Tromp apparently realised that it was not good enough, and after shaking his fist at the Famous Five, he turned away.

"Otto! Otto!" the fat gentleman was calling impatiently.

And Van Tromp, rubbing his head—which had struck the platform rather hard—rejoined his uncle.

"Precious specimen for Greyfriars!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Why, Loder

and Carne are turtle-doves beside that fellow."

"Let's hope he won't be made a prefect!" said Nugent.

"Not likely," said Wharton. "I don't know anything about Oldwood, but he's not the kind of fellow Dr. Locke would make a prefect. Well, we may as well get off, you men. Major Cherry hasn't come by this train, and it's an hour to the next."

The uncle and nephew were moving away towards the bridge over the line. But as Wharton spoke they suddenly stopped, and both of them turned round again towards the juniors. Wharton's words had evidently struck them, though why, the surprised juniors could not imagine.

The fat Dutchman made a quick step towards Wharton.

"Did you say—Major Cherry?" he exclaimed.

"Eh? Yes!" answered Harry.

"You are expecting him—here?"

Had Van Tromp asked the question Wharton would not have taken the trouble to reply. But he was not disposed to be uncivil to an elderly man, impertinent as the question seemed from a stranger.

"Yes!" he answered.

"You are his son, perhaps?"

Wharton smiled.

"No! This chap's his son."

The Dutchman looked at Bob. His eyes, like his nephew's, were small and piggy, but very keen and searching. They seemed to bore into Bob, with a keen interest that was inexplicable to the juniors.

"Ach! You are Robert Cherry, then?" asked the Dutchman.

"Yes!" answered Bob.

"And your father—he comes to the school to-day?"

"Yes!"

"You expected him by this train?"

"Yes!"

"But, perhaps, if he has lost his train he will not come?"

"Oh, he's sure to come," said Bob.

"He's written that he's coming, so he's bound to turn up, though I'm blessed if I know why it should matter to you, sir."

"I have heard of Major Cherry," said the Dutchman smoothly. "He was very distinguished in the War, is it not so? Is he not also a governor of the school to which my nephew goes?"

"That's so," said Bob.

"It would be a pleasure to meet him. It is that of which I was thinking. But he has not come, and it is no matter. Good-afternoon to you."

The fat man turned away and walked to the bridge with his nephew. The Famous Five stared after them and then looked at one another.

"Jolly queer pair!" said Bob. "Let's get out, you fellows. We'll get that spread at the bunshop while we're waiting for the next train."

"Good egg!"

And the Famous Five left the station, while Otto van Tromp and his uncle crossed the bridge over the line to the local platform.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Makes Discoveries!

BILLY BUNTER snorted. Bunter was dissatisfied. On the local platform, hidden by the waiting local train from the other platform, Billy Bunter went through his pockets one after another with great care.

The fare from Courtfield to Friardale

was not heavy. A few coppers would have seen Bunter through.

But William George Bunter was in the unpleasant state known as stony.

That was not a new state for Billy Bunter to be in. It was an old and familiar state. But it was uncommonly awkward just now.

To walk back to Greyfriars was impossible—to Bunter. To borrow his fare from the Famous Five was impracticable—he did not want to venture within reach of Bob Cherry's boot. So Bunter went desperately through his pockets, in the faint hope of discovering some forgotten coin.

But the search was in vain.

He found a pencil and a pen-nib stuck together by a fragment of toffee. He discovered a long lost aniseed ball, which he promptly transferred to his mouth.

But of current coin of the realm there was no trace.

Any fellow but Bunter would have given it up as a bad job and made up his mind to walk. Not so Bunter.

There was a train ready to carry him, and from Friardale it was only a short walk to the school. So Bunter had to take the train.

Bunter's recourse, in such a case, was not to walk. Bunter's recourse was to "bilk" the railway company.

travelling third; and besides, a fellow might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. Bunter believed in making himself comfortable.

There were few passengers for the local train; and Bunter easily found an empty carriage. Soft cushions invited him to sit down; but Bunter did not sit down.

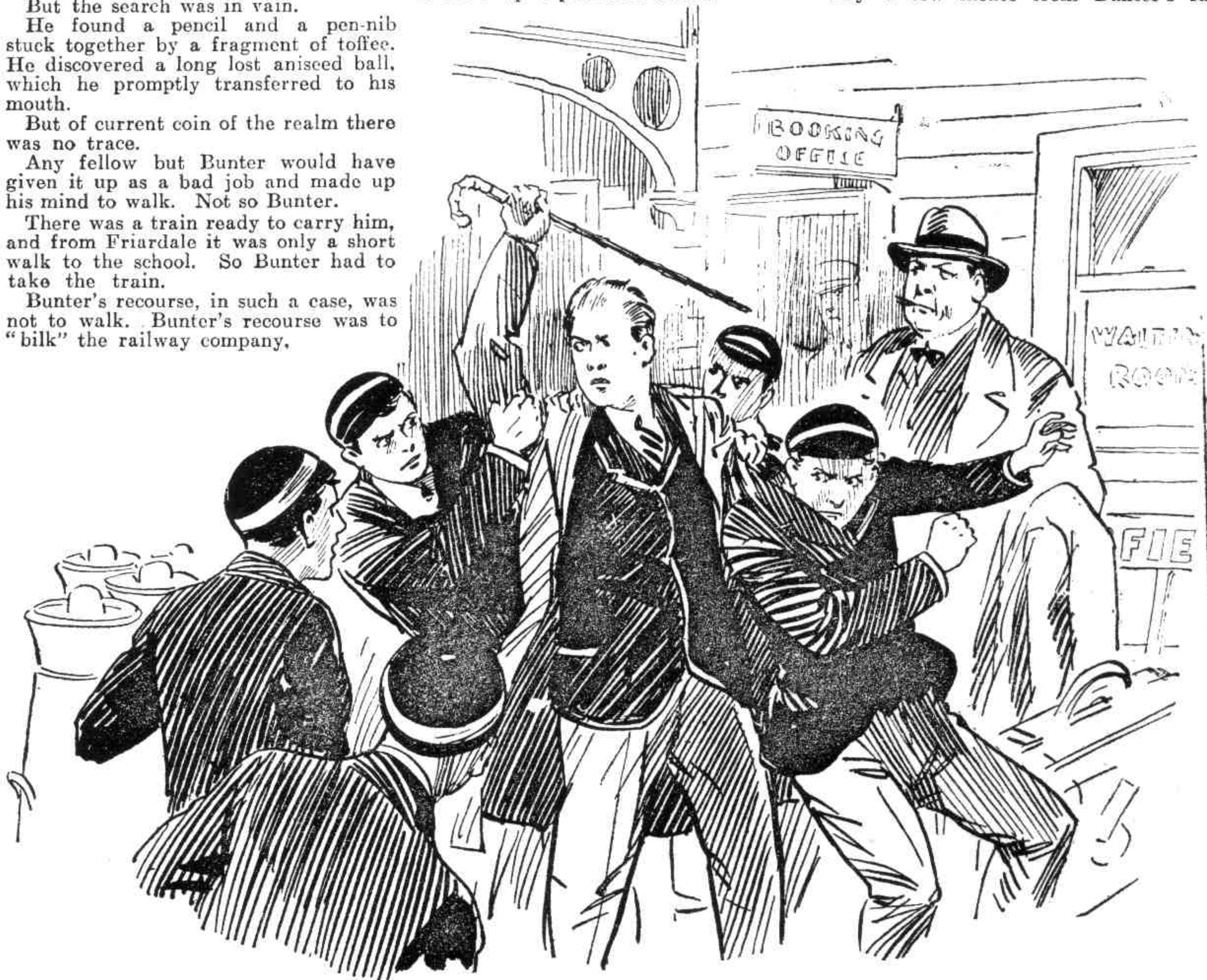
So long as he was on the platform, his platform ticket saw him through. Once in the train it was a different matter. A ticket collector or inspector might come along, and it would be useless for a fellow sitting in the train to show up a platform ticket.

the local train still remained stationary on the rails. Bunter grunted discontentedly, and murmured remarks about a railway company that allowed dust to collect under the seats. Obviously the railway directors had made no arrangements whatever for the comfort of bilks.

He almost groaned aloud as the door of the carriage opened. A voice spoke, and Bunter had a view of a pair of shoes as somebody stepped in.

"Here is an empty carriage, Oom Meyer."

Somebody sat down, with his heels only a few inches from Bunter's fat



Van Tromp brought the cane down with a swish across Bob's back. "You cheeky rotter!" roared Bob, and as one the Famous Five jumped towards the big Sixth-Former!

There are quite a number of unthinking people who regard a railway company as "fair game," and do not realise that it is as dishonest to travel without paying the fare, as to pick the pocket of a porter.

Bunter was one of them.

Bunter had a conscience; but his conscience had this uncommon advantage, that it would stretch in any required direction, like elastic.

Having searched his pockets for cash, without result, Bunter's mind was made up. He had to go by that train, and he had to go without a ticket. But it was necessary to be cautious. Bunter's conscience was satisfied; but he was aware that the railway people would not be so easily satisfied.

Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way. Then he rolled along the train and dodged into a first-class carriage. Bunter disliked

Bunter squatted down on the floor of the carriage, and squeezed himself under a seat.

There was, fortunately, room for Bunter to lie under the seat. It was warm and it was dusty. He did not like it. But what was a fellow to do? Discomforts were inseparable from bilking. To travel at one's ease, one had to pay one's way.

Bunter breathed dust, and hoped that the train would soon start, and that no other passengers would get into the carriage. If it remained empty he would be able to crawl out as soon as the train was outside the station, and sit down comfortable till Friardale was reached.

But the train was long in starting. It was there to meet the Lantham express, and take on passengers for local stations. Bunter had heard the express come in and go out again; but

little nose. Bunter glared at those heels.

"You're coming in, uncle?" went on the voice. "The train will be starting soon."

"Yes. I will come as far as Friardale," said an older voice.

"But you are coming to the school?"

"I think not, Otto, in the circumstances."

"But why—"

"It will be better not."

From the heavy tread, and the grunting breath, Bunter could tell that it was a fat man who entered the carriage and sat in the corner seat opposite the first comer.

"Shut the door, Otto! We want no one else here."

The door slammed, and Otto held the handle. Another passenger coming

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along tried the door, and then passed on to the next carriage.

"We're starting," said Otto.

The train moved out of the station at last.

Billy Bunter lay warm and dusty, glaring through his spectacles at the heels of Otto van Tromp's shoes. He did not dare to show himself. Who these passengers were he had no idea; but he realised that he could not rely on strangers to sympathise with a bilk. Bunter had to keep out of sight till the carriage was empty again; which meant that he had to make the journey to Friardale under the seat.

Bunter had, as a matter of fact, travelled under the seat of a railway carriage before; the life of a bilk was not all roses. He did not like it, but he had to make up his mind to do it.

"Why are you not coming to the school after all, uncle?" asked the younger voice. "Doctor Locke expects to see you, as he was told that you would be bringing me to Greyfriars."

"You must give some explanation—I was called away on sudden business, Otto."

Billy Bunter's eyes snapped behind his spectacles. The fellow whose shoes nearly touched Bunter's nose was evidently going to Greyfriars with his uncle; and Bunter, remembering what he had heard of a new boy who was coming that day, guessed who this fellow was—evidently the fellow whose name was Hump or Chump or something. And the uncle was changing his mind about going to the school; and was instructing the nephew to give a false explanation—which was very remarkable indeed, and very interesting to the inquisitive Owl of the Remove. Inquisitiveness was Bunter's besetting sin; and he was getting interested now.

"But why?" asked Otto.

"It would not do to meet Major Cherry there. You heard what the boy said. The major has, it seems, missed his train, but he may come by the next, or he may get to the school by some other way. I cannot take the risk of meeting him at Greyfriars."

Bunter's eyes opened wide.

"I suppose that's so," said Otto.

"However, I can leave you at Friardale and take a train back," said the fat man. "It is of no great consequence whether I see Dr. Locke or not, though I should have liked to see him and observe the kind of man he is. But you will report to me."

"Of course!"

"Major Cherry is a difficulty in our way. It is unfortunate that he should be a member of the governing body, and that he should have a son at the school. With the rest of the governors, I can deal. Sir Hilton Popper, on whose recommendation you go to the school, is as wax in my hands. Colonel Wharton is abroad and cannot intervene. Old Mr. Wingate, who also has a son at the school, is in bad health and unable to attend to such business. Sir Reginald Temple is a fool, and I can twist him round my finger. Of all the board of governors, I fear only Major Cherry."

Billy Bunter almost wondered whether he was dreaming.

"The headmaster stands in the way," went on the fat gentleman, "but in that matter, I know that I can rely on you, Otto."

There was a chuckle.

"You bet!" said Otto.

"But you will be careful—"

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"Leave it to me."

"Except for Major Cherry, I have the governors where I want them," said the fat man. "Once a new headmaster is appointed, the way will be clear. Old boys of Greyfriars seem to have a peculiar reverence for that old gentleman. I dare not give even a hint of dismissing him. But—there are other ways."

"What-ho!" said Otto.

"In the meantime, caution is our motto, my boy. Major Cherry, I believe, already has some vague suspicions—and if he should see me, and learn that it is my nephew who is entering the school, he might jump to conclusions that would be very awkward for us at the present stage of the affair. So I will leave you at Friardale."

"It will be best, no doubt."

"You will probably have a good time at the school, Otto. Better than you had at Oldwood."

"They were against me there," granted Otto. "My prefectship was taken away for thrashing a fag. But—"

"You will be careful at first, but when a new headmaster is appointed, your way will be clear," said the fat man.

"And there's no doubt about that?"

"None whatever. I have not the power to get Dr. Locke turned out; but when he goes—for other reasons—there is no doubt about his successor."

Note to Overseas Readers!

Owing to climatic conditions, it has been found unsatisfactory to gum the photo sheets sent abroad. Readers, however, can fix the photos in their albums with paste.

I have arranged all that, and you may count upon it."

"Good!"

"There is another point, Otto. It may be necessary to telephone to me; and if so, speak on the telephone in Dutch, as you may very probably be overheard."

Otto grunted.

"Dutch does not come easily to me," he answered. "I have almost forgotten it—I have always lived in England, seen only English people, and I have been trained at an English school. It is a foreign tongue to me, uncle."

"So I have already noticed, since you came back from Oldwood school. But you must contrive—ah! Here we are at Friardale."

The train stopped.

Not till they were quite gone, did Billy Bunter venture to roll out from under the seat.

He rolled from the carriage, and blinked around him. The fat man and the new Sixth-Former of Greyfriars were walking towards the exit, their backs to Bunter.

"Oh crikey!" murmured the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter was feeling almost dazed from what he had overheard in the carriage.

What it all meant was a mystery to him. But that it meant mischief of some kind was quite clear, even to Bunter. He blinked after the disappearing forms of Otto van Tromp and his uncle, in a state of dizzy astonishment and wonder.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The New Senior!

"HERE!"

Lord Mauleverer glanced round lazily.

Mauly of the Remove could hardly believe that that sharp, imperative call was addressed to his noble self. However, he glanced round.

Mauly was ambling along Friardale Lane towards the school, at his usual gentle pace. The big fellow who called was proceeding with long strides, and he had nearly overtaken the dandy of the Remove when he hailed him.

Mauly looked at him rather curiously. "Did you call to me?" he asked politely.

"Yes. Stop!"

"My dear fellow—"

"Take this bag!"

The big fellow was carrying a bag in his hand. He held it out to Lord Mauleverer as he spoke.

His lordship gazed at it mildly, as if it were some sort of a specimen held out for his inspection. But he made no movement to take it.

Otto van Tromp frowned at him.

"Do you hear me?" he snapped.

"Yaas."

"Well, take the bag, then!"

"Thanks very much, my dear man," drawled Mauly. "But I've no use for the bag. Thanks all the same."

"I mean carry it, you fool!"

"Oh gad! I see! You mean carry it, you fool?" said Mauly. "Well, I'm not lookin' for a porter's job this afternoon, so I'm sorry I can't carry it, you fool!"

"You've got Greyfriars colours," said Van Tromp. "You belong to Greyfriars!"

"Yaas!"

"Well, take my bag and carry it. I'm Van Tromp of the Sixth!" added the new senior. "I want my bag carried. Carry it."

"I quite understand," assented Mauleverer. "You want your bag carried, and you're too lazy to carry it yourself. I sympathise, really. You see, I'm too lazy, too." And Mauleverer smiled amiably.

"What Form are you in?" demanded Van Tromp.

"I don't quite see how it concerns you, old bean; but if you're really curious to know, I'm in the Remove."

"Then you're a fag. Take this bag."

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Quite a mistake," he explained. "The Lower Fourth don't fag. Once on a time, I believe, they did. But that was chucked long ago. As you appear to be a new fellow, I don't mind explaining that to you."

"The Lower Fourth don't fag, don't they?" said Van Tromp. "Well, I'll soon change all that before I've been at Greyfriars very long. And I'm beginning with you. Take this bag at once!"

"Rats!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"What?" roared Van Tromp.

"What did you say?"

"Rats!"

"I've told you that I'm a Sixth Form man—"

"Awfully good of you to confide your personal affairs to me, my dear boy. But, really, I'm not interested."

"Will you take this bag?"

"Not as a gift," answered Lord Mauleverer, shaking his head. And, feeling that he had wasted enough of his valuable time on the new Sixth-Former, Lord Mauleverer turned away, and ambled on towards Greyfriars.

The next moment his shoulder was

grasped by a powerful hand, and he was swung round again. Van Tromp glared at him.

"Take this bag, you young sweep, or take a thrashing!" he snarled.

"Let go my shoulder, please!" said Lord Mauleverer very quietly.

"Here's the bag."

"Keep it, and let go my shoulder! I'm not carryin' your dashed bag at any price!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Smack!

His lordship gave a yell as Otto van Tromp's heavy hand smote. It was a new experience for the schoolboy earl to have his ears boxed.

"Oh, good gad!" gasped Mauly.

"Now, will you carry the bag?" jeered Van Tromp. "Or— Oh! Ow! Why, you young villain— Ooooooh!"

Van Tromp spluttered as Lord Mauleverer's fist came crashing on him. In a combat with the hulking, powerful fellow, Mauly had no chance at all. But he did not stop to think of that. His noble ears were not boxed with impunity. His knuckles came with a crash on Van Tromp's nose, and there was a spurt of red from that member.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Van Tromp.

He dropped the bag, and fairly leaped at Lord Mauleverer. The next moment Mauly was struggling in a powerful grasp, in which he was almost as helpless as an infant.

Thump, thump, thump, thump!

Blows rained on Mauly. He struggled manfully, and hit back as hard as he could. But he had simply no chance.

"Oh gad!" gasped Mauleverer. "Ow! Wow! Help! Rescue, rescue!" yelled Mauly, in the hope that other Remove men might be within hearing.

From a footpath into the lane, a tall and rather angular gentleman emerged. He glanced about him, and then hurried to the spot, a flush of anger in his face. It was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "How dare you! Do you hear me? Release that boy at once, you young ruffian!"

And as Van Tromp did not heed, Mr. Quelch grasped him by the collar and fairly hooked him away from Mauleverer.

Mauly staggered against a tree by the roadside, panting for breath.

"Oh gad!" he gasped. "Thank you, sir! Oh, my hat!"

Van Tromp turned savagely on Mr. Quelch. His hard, coarse face was crimson with rage.

"You old fool!" he bawled. "Mind your own business!"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"What?"

"Mind your own business! What the thump are you meddling for?" roared Van Tromp. "I've a good mind to knock you spinning."

"You insolent young ruffian!" gasped the Remove master. "Do you imagine that I will allow you to use a boy of my Form in that brutal manner?"

Van Tromp was moving towards the Remove master, with a threatening, aggressive look. But at Mr. Quelch's words he checked himself.

"Your Form?" he repeated. "Are you a Greyfriars master?"

"I am!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Well, if this fag is in your Form, tell him to do as he's told! I've told him to carry my bag, and he has refused. I belong to the Sixth Form."

"You had no right whatever to tell him to carry your bag, and Mauleverer was quite within his rights in refusing."

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye scanned the angry face of the new senior. "I have never seen you before! Are you Van Tromp whom I have heard is to enter the school to-day?"

"Yes; and—"

"I warn you, that if you act in this manner, you are not likely to remain at Greyfriars long," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall report your brutal conduct to your headmaster."

"I suppose I can fag a Lower boy if I like?" sneered Van Tromp. "I fagged them at Oldwood, my last school."

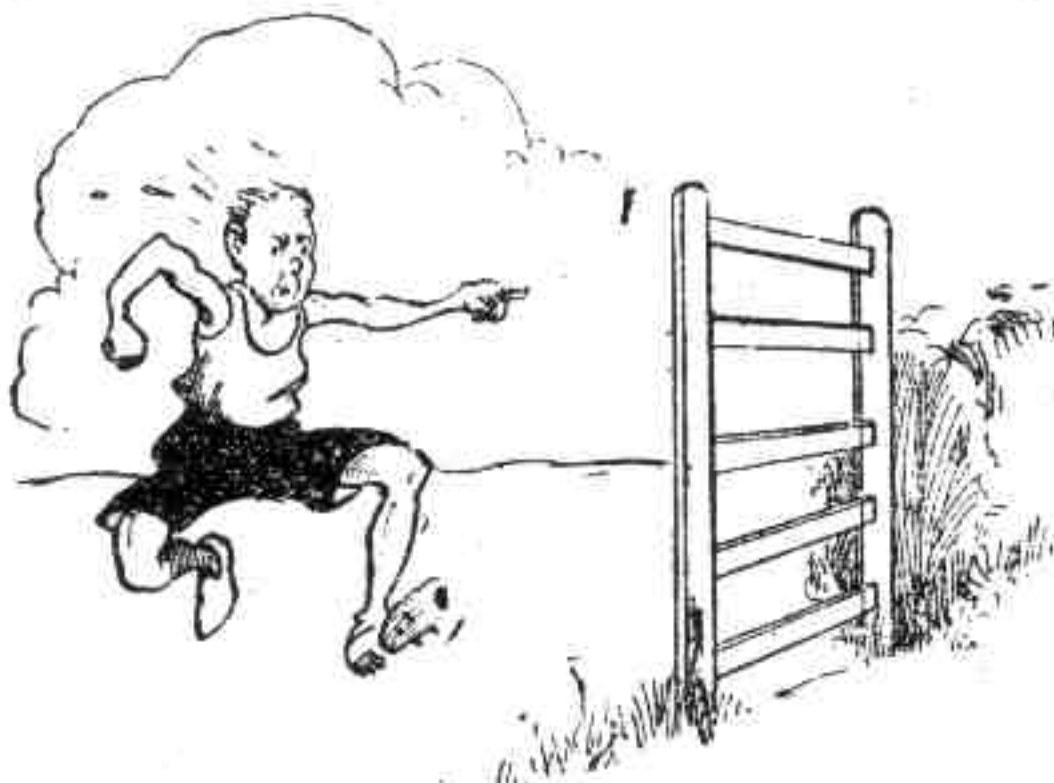
"You are insolent," said Mr. Quelch. "I warn you to be careful of your words, Van Tromp. I know nothing of Oldwood; but at Greyfriars you cer-

RAISE A LAUGH
and
BAG A PENKNIFE.

It's only the work of a moment to write out on a postcard that screamingly funny joke you've heard. Yet it might win for you a prize

THAT'S WELL WORTH
HAVING!

The following ribtickler was sent in by: Geo. Bosley, 8, Coronation Road, Southville, Bristol. He's proud of his pen-knife, too!



An American visitor was discussing sporting matters with a patriotic Britisher.

"Why," he remarked, "in our country we have some marvellous athletes. One Kentucky man ran thirty miles and finished up by jumping a five-barred gate."

"Well," contended the other, "that's nothing. Look at the run he took!"

You can do the same as George, if only you put your mind to it.
GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY!

tainly will not be allowed to act like a bully. You will apologise for the expressions you have used to me."

Van Tromp set his lips.

"I'll lick that cheeky fag another time!" he said; and, picking up his bag, he strode on towards the school.

Mr. Quelch stared after him blankly.

"Upon my word!" he ejaculated. "Van Tromp! Do you hear me, boy? I have told you that you must apologise!"

Van Tromp did not even turn his head. He tramped on towards the school, leaving the Remove master in a state of angry astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch. And he walked away, very much perturbed.

Lord Mauleverer whistled softly.

"Oh gad!" he murmured. "That's a new sort of merchant for Greyfriars! My hat! There will be ructions if he goes on as he's started."

Van Tromp, with a scowling brow, reached the gates, and passed in. The new senior had had two encounters with the Remove, so far; and in neither of them had he had much benefit. Several fellows stared at his scowling face as he came in, and smiled to one another, as if amused. Van Tromp stared round him, and went on towards the House, bag in hand. Skinner of the Remove was lounging in the quad, and he stared curiously at the new senior's scowling face, and grinned. But his grin died away as Van Tromp made a quick stride towards him.

"Take this bag for me!" said the new senior.

"Blow your bag!" answered Skinner.

"Who are you, I'd like to know?"

"Van Tromp of the Sixth."

"Oh, you're the giddy Dutchman, are you?" said Skinner. "Well, I'm not fagging for a Dutchman, that I know of."

Van Tromp reached suddenly at Skinner, and took his ear between finger and thumb. Skinner squealed.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Are you taking the bag?"

"Ow! Yes! Leggo!" howled Skinner.

Skinner was not made of the same stuff as Lord Mauleverer, and he did not venture to hit out at the big fellow. He took the bag.

From a little distance, Wingate of the Sixth had observed that scene, with surprise in his face. He came over to the spot immediately. There was a frown on the Greyfriars captain's face.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"Who may you happen to be?"

"My name's Van Tromp—"

"Oh, the new fellow?" said Wingate. "Well, you mustn't pull fellows' ears here, Van Tromp."

"I shall do as I please."

"Will you, by gad?" said Wingate, staring at him. "I rather think not!"

"He's making me carry this bag, Wingate," said Skinner. "The Remove don't fag; and he's not a prefect—"

"Drop the bag and clear off," said Wingate.

Skinner grinned, dropped the bag, and cleared off. Van Tromp made a stride after him, and Wingate interposed immediately.

"Chuck it!" said Wingate tersely. "You're rather making a fool of yourself, Van Tromp."

"Who are you?" demanded Van Tromp, glaring at him.

"My name's Wingate; and I happen to be captain of the school. And I warn you that manners of this sort won't do for Greyfriars."

With that, Wingate turned and walked away. And Van Tromp, scowling, picked up the bag, and carried it into the house himself.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Trouble Ahead!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! There's the dad!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting on the platform at Courtfield, when the four o'clock express came in from Lantham.

Major Cherry descended from the train.

Bob Cherry rushed across the platform, to greet the bronzed, soldierly-looking old gentleman. His comrades followed him.

The major shook hands with his son, and then with the Co.

"I'm glad to see you here, Bob," he said, "and your friends, too. I suppose you waited for this train—"

"We came here for the three-five, dad," answered Bob. "Did you lose your train?"

"Not exactly! I had a reason for missing the connection at Lantham," said the major— He broke off. "But now I am here, let us go—are you boys equal to a walk to the school?"

"Yes, rather, sir," said Harry Wharton, with a smile.

"The ratherfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!"

"Then we will walk!" said the major. Major Cherry and the juniors left Courtfield Station together.

The Co. could not help noticing the thoughtful, rather sombre, shade on the major's face, as they went down Courtfield High Street. They wondered whether it had anything to do with his unknown reason for missing the connection at Lantham, and coming on an hour late. It was quite unlike the major to miss a train; generally he was as punctual as a clock.

Bob's father was evidently in a very thoughtful mood. He did not speak again till the town was left behind, and they were following the tree-shaded road across the common towards the school.

"Penny for 'em, dad!" Bob ventured at last.

The major started a little. Then he smiled.

"I was thinking," he said. "I am sorry I kept you waiting at the station, Bob—but I met Sir Hilton Popper in Lantham—and I took the opportunity of discussing with him some matters connected with the school—some rather pressing matters."

The major's face grew sombre again. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

"Nothing wrong with Greyfriars, is there, father?" asked Bob.

"At present—no!" said Major Cherry. "But I am not quite easy about the future. How is your headmaster?" he added abruptly.

"Much the same as usual," said Bob in surprise. "We saw him at prayers this morning, and he was the same as usual."

"Nothing wrong with his health?"

"I don't think so."

"That is good," said the major. "But it makes the whole matter more puzzling."

He spoke rather to himself than to the juniors; and checked himself abruptly.

The major changed the subject immediately; and began to speak on the perhaps more interesting subject of Remove cricket.

That was a subject the Famous Five were always ready to discuss. At the same time, they were feeling rather perplexed, and could not help wondering.

Something, it was clear, was on the major's mind; and it was not only to see his son that he was visiting Greyfriars.

Apparently there were clouds on the horizon, and the major was concerned about the school. Only that could explain his having seized an opportunity for a discussion with Sir Hilton Popper—for the major was not exactly friendly with that gentleman, and they never met except as governors of Greyfriars on business connected with the school.

Sir Hilton, moreover, was a portentous bore; and certainly not a man whose company Major Cherry would have

sought except for good reasons. The juniors remembered having heard that Sir Hilton had recently become chairman of the governing board; so he was, of course, a very important gentleman in Greyfriars affairs. But what sort of trouble could be threatening the old school was a mystery to them.

However, the major had evidently dismissed the matter from his mind now, and he chatted cheerily with the juniors on their way to Greyfriars.

They reached the school, and as they walked towards the House, Bob Cherry uttered an exclamation:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the new chap!"

"The jolly old Dutchman!" said Johnny Bull.

Otto Van Tromp came out of the House as they approached it. He was in company with Loder of the Sixth.

Apparently the new senior had made a friend already.

From what they had seen of Van Tromp in Courtfield, the Famous Five were not surprised to see that he had made friends with the blackest sheep at Greyfriars.

Van Tromp glanced at them; and seemed about to come towards them; but seeing that they were in company with Bob's father, he turned abruptly away.

The major's glance followed him, curiously.

"Who is that, Bob?" he asked.

"A new man in the Sixth Form, dad! He came by the train we expected you by this afternoon," answered Bob. "His name's Van Tromp."

"He is new here?"

"Yes."

"It's odd—his face seemed familiar to me," said the major. He paused, looking after Van Tromp, who was walking away with Loder of the Sixth. The major had had only a glimpse of his face, and now he could see only his back. He shook his head in a puzzled way, and went on to the House with the juniors.

"You're going to tea in the study with us, father?" asked Bob.

The major smiled.

"Certainly, my boy! I am going to see the Head now, and then I shall call on your Form master; then you may expect me in the study."

"Good; we'll kill the fatted calf all ready!"

Major Cherry laughed, and left them; and the juniors went up to the Remove passage. In Study No. 1 there was a pooling of resources, and Bob departed for the school shop with a bag and the necessary cash. The other fellows proceeded to tidy and adorn the study a little for the reception of the distinguished visitor.

Bob Cherry made his purchases at the tuckshop, and emerged therefrom with a well-filled bag and a cheery face. He almost ran into Loder of the Sixth and Otto van Tromp, who were coming in.

"Mind where you're going, you young ass!" grunted Loder.

"Sorry!" said Bob politely.

"Oh, it's you!" exclaimed Van Tromp, his little piggy eyes gleaming at Bob. "I told you I would deal with you at the school, you cheeky young rascal."

And the new senior, reaching out suddenly, grasped Cherry's ear and twisted it severely.

Bob gave a yell.

But if Van Tromp supposed that Bob Cherry's ear was to be pulled as easily as Skinner's he was making a mistake.

Up came the well-filled bag. There was a crash as it landed on Van Tromp's

waistcoat. The new senior staggered back.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Ow! Oh! Why, I—I—I'll—"

"You young sweep!" exclaimed Loder. "Look here—"

Van Tromp recovered himself and sprang towards the Remove, his face red with rage. Bob Cherry jumped back.

"Hands off, you bully!" he exclaimed.

Van Tromp did not heed. He fairly leaped at Bob and grasped hold of him. Up came the bag again, catching the new senior under the chin. Van Tromp spluttered and sat down suddenly.

Bob did not wait for him to get on his feet again. The big senior, at close quarters, was rather too tough a handful even for the sturdiest fellow in the Remove. Bob sprinted away towards the House, while Van Tromp sat and spluttered.

He was rather breathless when he arrived in Study No. 1 in the Remove.

"Hallo! Anything up?" asked Wharton.

"That new cad!" gasped Bob, rubbing his reddened ear.

"The jolly old Dutchman?" asked Nugent.

"Yes; he had the cheek to pull my ear. I biffed him with the bag, and he sat down! I left him sitting!" added Bob, with a grin.

"Good man!"

"We're going to have trouble with that brute," said Bob. "He seems to be a born bully! And he's down on us already."

"We'll give him as good as he hands out if he bothers us," said Harry. "Thank goodness he's not a prefect."

"He seems to have made friends with a prefect—and the worst at Greyfriars."

"Well, we've had trouble with Loder before, and he didn't get the best of it," said the captain of the Remove. "This Co. can always keep its end up!"

"Hear, hear!" agreed the Co.

On that point the Famous Five were unanimously agreed. And they dismissed Otto van Tromp from their minds, and gave all their attention to preparing the spread for the distinguished visitor.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Major Cherry Wants to Know?

"BLESS my soul!" said Dr. Locke. He gazed at Major Cherry in mild surprise.

"Really!" he said.

"Then there is nothing in it?" asked the major.

"Nothing whatever."

Major Cherry looked very much relieved.

"I am glad to hear it, sir," he said. "Both as a governor of the school and as an old boy of Greyfriars, I am glad to hear that there is no question of your resigning your post."

"I cannot imagine how such a suggestion came to be made," said Dr. Locke. "So long as I am able to fulfil my duties, I certainly have no intention of resigning, and that is a matter for the governors to decide."

He coloured faintly.

"If I have failed to satisfy the governing board—"

"Not in the least," said Major Cherry. "You may be quite certain that to most of the board your resignation would be a blow. I myself should regard it as nothing short of a disaster."

"You are very kind," said the Head, smiling.

"Perhaps I should not have mentioned the matter," said Major Cherry. "But knowing how I feel on the subject, you will understand that this rumour that

you might leave Greyfriars made me uneasy. Sir Hilton Popper—"

He paused.

The Head's lips compressed a little.

"I am sorry to say that Sir Hilton Popper and I do not always take the same view," he said. "He is the only member of the governing board who has ever disagreed materially with my views."

"I understand that," said the major. "I cannot help thinking that Sir Hilton Popper is a gentleman with whom few can agree. On the other hand, he is a man of very determined character, and has great influence on the board. I saw him to-day, and had a talk with him. His views totally disagree with mine. However, you have relieved my mind very much, sir, and I will say nothing further on this disagreeable subject. I am only too glad to be assured that there is no danger of Greyfriars losing you."

"Rest assured of that," said the Head, with a smile. "Unless the board should request me to resign—which is improbable."

"Impossible, you mean," answered the major.

And the talk in the Head's study turned to other subjects.

But when Major Cherry left his old headmaster and the study door closed on him there was a sombre and thoughtful frown on his brow.

A few minutes later he was in Mr. Quelch's study, and Mr. Quelch's manner was very urbane to the father of the junior whom, perhaps, he liked best of all the fellows in his Form.

But the Remove master soon perceived that his caller had another matter on his mind, apart from his son's progress at the school.

"I have seen the Head," said the major, rather abruptly. "Mr. Quelch, I am about to refer to a somewhat delicate matter. I speak to you, not merely as a member of Dr. Locke's staff, but as a tried personal friend of the Head."

"Certainly," said Mr. Quelch, though he raised his eyebrows slightly in surprise.

"The fact is," said the major, "that although Dr. Locke is quite unaware of it, there appears to be a desire on the part of some members of the governing board to appoint a successor in his place here."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"No actual proposition to that effect has been put up," said the major, "but the chairman of the board—Sir Hilton Popper—has certainly been sounding other members in an informal way—"

"Indeed."

"It appears to be Sir Hilton's view that the Head may resign his position here," said Major Cherry. "I have asked Dr. Locke the plain question, and he has assured me that he has no such intention."

"I am sure of it, sir."

"Yet it is clear that such an idea is very strongly in Popper's mind. He has his eye on Dr. Locke's successor already."

"Indeed!" repeated the Remove master.

"A man with whom he seems very much taken," said the major. "A man of foreign extraction, whose name is Brander. I believe the man is suited to the position so far as attainments go, but I had a far from favourable personal impression of him."

"You have seen him, then?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, I have seen him. A couple of weeks ago Sir Hilton Popper called on me, with this gentleman in his company, and introduced him. It was his desire to obtain my support for Mr. Brander in

the event of the Head leaving Greyfriars."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch for the third time.

"I understand that similar calls were made on other members of the governing body," continued Major Cherry, "and this Mr. Brander has been introduced to all of them, or nearly all. On some of them he seems to have made a good impression. As the governors had received no official hint whatever that the Head might be leaving, this is very singular."

"Very singular indeed," said Mr. Quelch.

"Between ourselves, sir," said the major, "Sir Hilton Popper does not like the Head, does not agree with him, and would not be sorry if Dr. Locke left the school."

"I am already aware of that, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "Sir Hilton Popper is not an easy man for anyone to agree with."

"I have given the matter a great deal

successor—as far as it rests with him. It is a very perplexing state of affairs, and very disagreeable."

"Very," said Mr. Quelch.

"There is no doubt whatever that Sir Hilton desires this Mr. Brander to take Dr. Locke's place, and has introduced him to members of the board in the hope of gaining their support. If Dr. Locke should leave, Sir Hilton certainly has influence enough to carry the election in favour of his candidate."

"No doubt. But—"

"But the Head does not intend to leave. So, apparently, it comes to nothing. And yet—"

The major paused, and looked at Mr. Quelch, as if for help in his perplexity. The Remove master frowned thoughtfully.

"I have not entered into particulars with Dr. Locke," added the major. "He would be deeply wounded if he knew of Sir Hilton's campaign—I can only call it a campaign—and especially if he knew that the chairman of the



"Of all the Greyfriars Board of Governors, I fear only Major Cherry," said the fat gentleman. Billy Bunter, under the seat, wondered whether he was dreaming.

"Once a new headmaster is appointed, the way will be clear!"

of thought," continued Major Cherry. "I was perplexed and uneasy. I made up my mind finally to see Dr. Locke and ask him plainly. I have done so, and his answer is a relief to me. But—"

"Yes?" said Mr. Quelch.

"But I saw Sir Hilton Popper to-day, at Lantham, and he still seems to have the impression that the present headmaster may be leaving. I cannot help thinking that this implies that he may make some motion to that effect at the next official meeting of the board."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Such a motion would be defeated, I am sure of that," said Major Cherry. "I have some influence, and it would be used to the utmost of my power in support of Dr. Locke. In fact, the motion is so assured of defeat that it would seem unlikely that Popper would make it—and yet"—the major tugged at his moustache—"yet he not only seems to think that the Head may leave, but has practically appointed his

board had actually selected a successor for him."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Quelch.

"Between ourselves, Mr. Quelch, Sir Hilton is a very dictatorial man," said Major Cherry.

"I have observed it," said Mr. Quelch, with a faint smile.

"It occurs to me, that he might make some effort, personally, to obtain the Head's resignation," said the major. "His opinion, as chairman of the board, would have weight with a sensitive gentleman like Dr. Locke."

"No doubt," said Mr. Quelch. "But I am sure that Dr. Locke would not yield to any such dictation without a reference to the whole governing board in full meeting."

"If he is firm on that point the whole thing falls to the ground, and we shall hear no more of Mr. Brander," said Major Cherry, "and, as a friend of the Head, and one whom he will probably

consult in such a matter, Mr. Quelch, I am sure you would advise him to be firm."

"You may be absolutely assured of that, sir," said Mr. Quelch, with emphasis, "all the more because I am convinced that any headmaster selected by Sir Hilton Popper would probably be most unsuitable for a school like Greyfriars."

"I fully agree," said Major Cherry.

And after a little more talk the major left Mr. Quelch and proceeded to the Remove passage, where the spread was now ready—and the major was warmly welcomed into Study No. 1.

It is doubtful, perhaps, whether plum cake and current cake, and three kinds of jam appealed very strongly to a gentleman of Major Cherry's years, but the hospitality of the juniors, and their obvious pleasure in his company, certainly appealed to him.

And the major made a good tea, though he passed lightly over the cake, and his inroad upon the jam was not deep.

The major seemed to have thrown aside the thoughtful and sombre mood in which he had arrived at Greyfriars. Apparently his interviews with Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch had relieved him very considerably.

It was a bright and cheery party in Study No. 1; but that cheery tea-party was destined to be interrupted—and in a very startling manner.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Asking for It!

"**T**HAT'S the cad!" whispered Skinner.

Skinner was lounging in the Remove passage with Snoop and Stott. He had been telling them of his encounter with the new Sixth-Former that afternoon, and he was still on the subject when Otto van Tromp came in sight on the Remove staircase.

Snoop and Stott had not seen the new fellow yet, and they glanced at him curiously.

"Looks a hefty brute!" commented Snoop.

"What the thump does he want here?" asked Stott. "I suppose he doesn't think this is the Sixth Form quarters, does he?"

Van Tromp glanced round and came towards the three juniors, who happened to be the only fellows in sight in the passage. Most of the Remove were at tea.

Skinner gave him a malevolent look and backed away a little. He had not forgotten the twisting of his ear, and Wingate was not at hand now to intervene. Van Tromp stared at him, and, recognising him, grinned sourly.

"This is the Remove passage, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Skinner.

"There is a boy named Cherry in the Remove?"

"That's so."

"Which is his study?"

"No. 13," answered Skinner.

Van Tromp walked along the passage, without troubling to thank Harold Skinner for his information. Skinner followed him with his eyes, and then looked at his companions. There was a cane under Van Tromp's arm, which he had apparently borrowed from a prefect's study. That, and the expression on his face, indicated fairly clearly what he wanted with the "boy named Cherry."

"My hat!" murmured Skinner.

"That fellow's been only a few hours in the school, and he's got a cane and is looking for a chap to lick! Jevver hear of anything like it?"

"Well, he's not a prefect," said Snoop. "He can't lick a Remove man."

"Looks as if he thinks he can," grinned Skinner. "I suppose Cherry has been treading on his corns already. He's the sort of chap this bully would be down on, of course! My hat! He's gone into Cherry's study!"

Van Tromp, along the Remove passage, had disappeared into Study No. 13.

"Cherry's not there," said Stott. "He's feeding in Study No. 1 with Wharton and his set."

"I know! And Cherry's pater's there, too," said Skinner, with a grin. "My

he did not guess that one of the friends was Major Cherry.

There was a buzz of cheery voices and a clinking of crockery from Study No. 1 as the new senior arrived at the door.

"Pass the cake, old bean."

It was Bob Cherry's voice.

Van Tromp set his thick lips, grasped the door-handle, and turned it, and and hurled the door wide open.

There was a startled exclamation in the study.

The burly new senior strode in. The cane was gripped in his hand now. He did not, for the moment, observe Major Cherry, who was seated in the arm-chair, the high back of which was towards Van Tromp. But he observed at a glance the five juniors whom he had encountered on the platform at Courtfield, and his piggy eyes glittered at them.

"Oh, my hat! You again!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, jumping to his feet. "What the thump do you want here?"

Van Tromp did not answer the question. He had come there for actions, not for words.

The cane swished in the air and came down across Bob's shoulders, with a heavy lash.

There was a roar from Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Why, you cheery cad! Oh, my hat!"

"Collar him!" yelled Johnny Bull.

Up jumped the major from the arm-chair. The juniors, for a second, had forgotten his august presence.

"Stop!" exclaimed the major.

And the Famous Five, about to hurl themselves on Van Tromp, stopped. And the new senior, startled by the sudden apparition of the major, lowered the cane and stared at the old soldier blankly.

Major Cherry made a stride forward and faced him with glinting eyes.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"I—I—" stammered Van Tromp.

"You are a new boy here," said Major Cherry. "I presume that the headmaster has not made you a prefect on your first day in the school?"

"No—no-o!" stammered Van Tromp.

"Then by what right do you carry a cane?"

"I—I—I—" Van Tromp babbled.

"You are speaking to a governor of the school!" snapped Major Cherry. "I command you to explain yourself at once."

"I—I—I—"

"By what right do you carry a cane, if you are not a prefect?" demanded the major. "Answer me!"

"I—I borrowed the cane—"

"You admit that you have no right to carry it?"

"Ye-c-es!" gasped Van Tromp.

"You have struck a Lower boy with a cane you have no right to use. The fact that he is my son makes no difference at all. You came here to bully a Lower boy."

"I—I—I— He was cheeky."

"In that case, you should report him to a master or a prefect."

"I—I—I—"

"Give me that cane!"

Van Tromp hesitated. He was utterly taken aback by finding the major in Study No. 1. He had not dreamed for a moment of encountering a governor of the school in a junior study. He backed towards the door.

"Do you hear me?" roared the major.

Van Tromp handed over the cane.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on

(Continued on page 12.)

The Next FOUR FREE "STICKY-BACK" PHOTOS OF FAMOUS ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN TEST MATCH CRICKETERS

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only hat! Old Major Cherry is a school governor! I wonder what would happen if that Dutchman butted in to lick Bob, with the old bean there? It ought to be rather entertaining."

Snoop and Stott chuckled.

"Of course, he wouldn't know about the old bean having tea in a junior study," continued Skinner. "You can see he doesn't know anything about that jolly old warrior being on the spot or he wouldn't have come up here with that cane! Hallo! He's coming back!"

Van Tromp came out of Study No. 13 again.

There was a scowl on his face as he retraced his footsteps along the Remove passage. Skinner stepped to meet him.

"Are you looking for Cherry?" he asked.

"Yes," snapped Van Tromp.

"Well, I can tell you where he is, if you like."

"Where is he, then?"

"Study No. 1. He's having tea there with his friends."

"Oh, good!"

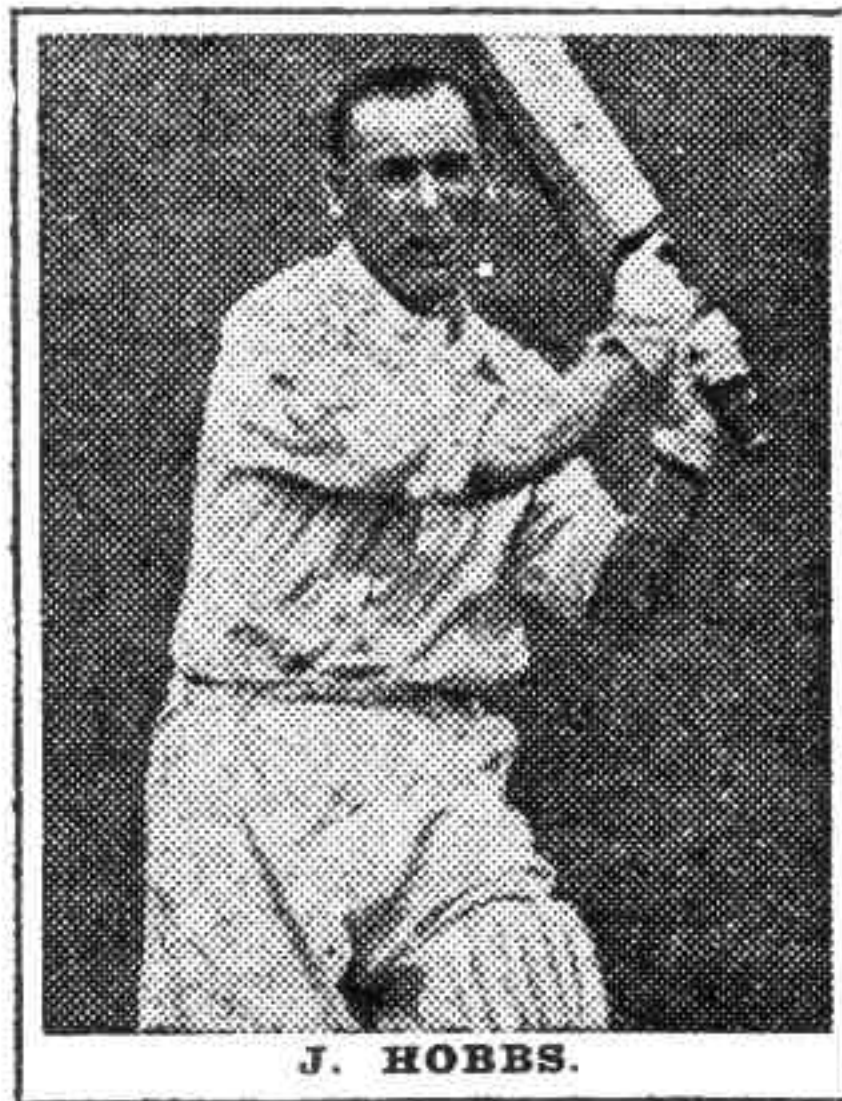
And Van Tromp strode at once to Study No. 1. If Bob Cherry was having tea there with his friends Van Tromp could guess that his friends were probably the juniors who had been with him at Courtfield Station. Certainly

NUTSHELL BIOGRAPHIES of THE TEST MATCH CRICKETERS FREE GIFTS!

Who form the subjects of this week's

JACK HOBBS.

JACK HOBBS is the cricket idol of every schoolboy, and the big draw at every ground where cricket is played. There is scarcely a batting record which he has not broken, and yet of all people he seems to be the man least concerned with records. No batsman in the whole history of the game has scored so many centuries in first-class cricket, and his total of runs in matches between England and Australia alone has passed the three thousand mark. At forty-seven years of age he remains the master batsman—master of every stroke the game knows, while the boy in him can still be spotted in his delight in stealing a specially cheeky run. Cover-point is his place in the field, and in that position he has no superior. We all like him because his success has left him unspoilt. When there is an autograph book to be signed,



J. HOBBS.

or a boy asking a question on cricket, Jack is there—ready. Golf and Badminton are the games he plays to keep himself fit during the "close" season, and, of course, he has to make many speeches. But he would rather face Larwood and McDonald at the same time than make one speech! This does not mean that he has nothing to say about what he calls the game of games, for few players put so much deep thought into their play—or think so quickly about it. A compliment was paid to him this season—as on other occasions in the past—when he was co-opted to the selection committee of England's Test team. Often has he suggested that the time has come when he should make way for a younger man, but the simple truth of the matter is that we can't afford to do without Jack Hobbs yet. Consider what he did for England in the very first Test of the present season!

WILLIAM MALDON WOODFULL.

SURPRISE was expressed in many quarters when William Woodfull, the Victorian, was chosen to skipper the side now visiting this country, but the Australian selectors made no mistake. Woodfull is popular with those who play under him, and has the knack of getting the best out

of his men—the essential qualifications for leadership. He has been called the unbowlable because, for two seasons, in Australia, no man succeeded in getting a ball to the wicket when he was batting. In one tour in New Zealand he finished with the extraordinary average of 148 per innings. He is the Australian Sutcliffe rather than the Hobbs—which means that he is a stayer rather than a quick scorer, but is just the type for giving the side a good send-off,



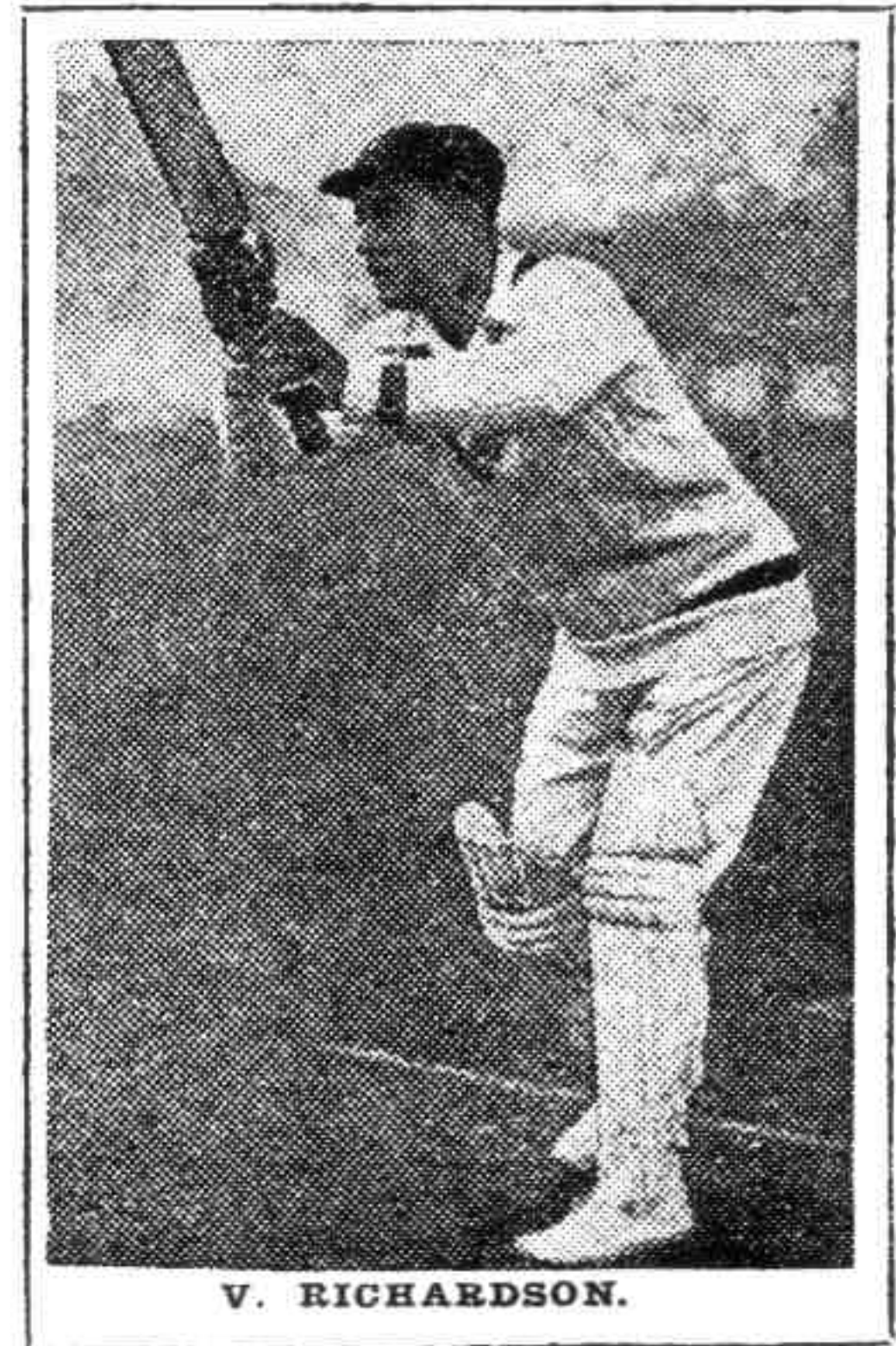
W. WOODFULL.

and is a breaker of bowlers' hearts. A schoolmaster by profession, Woodfull learnt his cricket in the garden of his home, where a concrete pitch was laid down on which he practised. He will be thirty-three years of age before the end of the present summer. He is teetotal and a non-smoker, and at the end of a strenuous day's play there is nothing he likes better than to listen to, or play, some music.

VICTOR RICHARDSON.

THE cricket conditions in Australia do not tend to the production of really dashing batsmen, but Victor Richardson comes under this heading once he gets going. Because he can seldom resist the temptation

to have a "dip," he is not regarded as among the soundest of batsmen, but he is one of the best to watch, and is a very popular vice-captain of the present team. He is among the century-makers for Australia, in Test-match cricket, and when an England team last toured down under he scored 231 for South Australia against them. Whether in or out of form with the bat he is always in form in the field. Indeed, he ranks as one of the greatest fielders—in any position—in the game to-day. Wally Hammond once said: "I never ran a risky single when the ball went near Victor." Is something of an all-round athlete, having played for his state of South Australia at football, and won many prizes on the running track. He knows everything there is to know about motor-cars, and at home sells them as his method of earning a living. Victor is ever ready to entertain his colleagues with a song.



V. RICHARDSON.

HERBERT SUTCLIFFE.

IT is doubtful if there was ever a more ideal innings opening partnership for Test match cricket than that struck up between Jack Hobbs and Herbert Sutcliffe. Hobbs provides the bit of dash and enterprise: Sutcliffe is just the steady, solid, unmovable Yorkshireman. Of Herbert—slender of body but big of heart—it has often been said that he is never so good a batsman for his county as he is for England. Greater tribute could not be paid. It reveals Sutcliffe's capacity for the big occasion. His innings of 170 in the Test at the Oval in 1926 was the big factor in deciding the destination of the "Ashes." When he went to Australia in 1924-5, he scored more runs in one series of Tests than any player had done up to then, and he was also the first Englishman to score two centuries in one match in a Test against



H. SUTCLIFFE.

Australia. As an opening batsman with either Hobbs or his Yorkshire colleague, Holmes, he has shared in more century first-wicket partnerships than any other player. Talking is not his strong point, but he is so careful about his clothes that the hotel porters sigh the minute they see him arrive with his bags! "Our Herbert," as they call him in Yorkshire, is now thirty-five years of age, and Pudsey is the town which is most proud of him, as he was born there. His favourite scoring stroke is a flashing ball through the covers, made with an ease and grace which is equalled by few. The leg glide and the late cut have also brought him hundreds of runs. In the field he alternates between the slips—where he is very safe—and the long field, while those who watch him carefully in every movement would know, without being told, that he is fond of dancing.

ANOTHER FOUR SUPERB "STICKY-BACK" PHOTOS FREE NEXT WEEK!

THE HIDDEN HAND!

(Continued from page 10.)

breathlessly, wondering how this strange scene was going to end.

Major Cherry swished the cane in the air. Van Tromp made another backward step, evidently apprehensive that the cane was about to be used on him.

"Now, sir," said the major, "you will apologise for your conduct. You will tell Robert Cherry you are sorry."

Van Tromp's eyes blazed.

"Never!" he gasped.

"Never?" repeated the major. "You refuse?"

"Yes!" hissed Van Tromp.

"Very well. Then I shall thrash you as you deserve," said Major Cherry grimly; and he made a stride at the new senior and grasped him by the collar.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob.

"Release me!" yelled Van Tromp. "Take your hands off me, Major Cherry! I will go to the Head—"

"You will certainly go to the Head; for I will take you to him, and draw his attention to your conduct!" snorted the major. "But first you will apologise for your lawless brutality, or else you will be thrashed. Now, then."

Van Tromp made an effort to tear himself away.

But muscular as he was he had no chance in the steely grip of the old soldier. Major Cherry, with his left hand on the bully's collar, twisted him round, and the cane rose and fell with a sharp lash.

Van Tromp gave a fearful yell.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Wharton.

"The crumbliness is terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Now, sir," hooted the major, "I am waiting to hear that apology."

"I—I—never—" hissed the new senior, between his teeth.

Whack!

"Oh! Ow! Oooooop!"

"I am waiting," said the major grimly.

"Oh, I—I—I apologise!" howled Van Tromp. Two stinging lashes were enough for the bully. "I—I am sorry."

"Very good!" said Major Cherry; and he released the new senior. "That will do." He threw the cane aside. "Now we will go to the Head."

Van Tromp panted.

"I—I do not wish to go to the Head. I—I beg you to overlook the matter," he gasped. "I—I have said that I am sorry."

"Very well," said the major. "I will allow the matter to end here. But let it be a warning to you. Leave the study."

Van Tromp, choking with rage and humiliation, almost tottered from Study No. 1. Skinner & Co., in the passage, grinned gleefully as they watched him go.

Van Tromp tramped away to his study in the Sixth. His harsh face was red with rage, and many fellows stared after him curiously as he went. Every study in the Sixth echoed the slam of the door as he closed it.

A little later, looking from his window, the new senior saw Major Cherry crossing the quad to the gates, with the Famous Five in company. Harry Wharton & Co. were seeing the distinguished visitor off. They did not see the eyes that glittered at them from Van Tromp's window, or the fist that was shaken savagely, and probably would have cared very little if they had.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,169.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Tribulations of a Bilk!

"HALLO! Hallo! Hallo!"

"Bunter!"

A taxi had borne Major Cherry away for Courtfield Station. Harry Wharton & Co. had said good-bye at the gates, and they stood looking after the taxi as it disappeared. And then a fat and forlorn figure came in sight from the direction of Courtfield.

William George Bunter was limping along the road to the school. He was dusty and tired and perspiring. His fat face was lugubrious. He seemed hardly able to drag one podgy leg after the other.

The Famous Five regarded him with smiling curiosity.

They had, as a matter of fact, forgotten Billy Bunter's existence after he had parted with them at Courtfield. Now they were reminded of it, they wondered what had happened to Bunter. Apparently he had missed tea. And obviously he had been exerting himself.

He blinked at them dismally through his big spectacles as he came limping up.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Enjoying life?" bawled Bob.

"Ow!" groaned Bunter.

"Had your tea?" chuckled Nugent.

"No. I'm famished."

Bunter leaned on the wall and groaned.

"I say, you fellows, I've had an awful time!" he said pathetically. "I say, I've had to walk all the way from Courtfield."

"Didn't you go on to Friardale in the local train, then?" asked Harry.

"Ow! Yes!"

"Then how the thump have you walked from Courtfield?"

"Ow! I had to go back," groaned Bunter.

"You went back from Friardale to Courtfield by train?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove, in astonishment.

"Ow! Yes!"

"You must be fond of railway travelling," said Johnny Bull. "What on earth did you do that for?"

"Ow! I had to."

"But, why?"

The Famous Five stared at Bunter. His proceedings that afternoon seemed to them very mysterious.

Bunter groaned dismally.

"You see, I hadn't a ticket," he moaned. "Not having a ticket, I couldn't get out of the station at Friardale."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Of course, I thought I should be able to dodge out of the station," groaned Bunter. "I did last time. But this time that beastly ticket collector fairly pounced on me. He asked me for my ticket. I told him I'd accidentally dropped it in the train. He—he didn't believe me."

"Go hon!"

"Low cad, you know, doubting a fellow's word," said Bunter.

"But you were telling him crams!" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You fat villain! If you hadn't a ticket from Courtfield, you couldn't have dropped it accidentally in the train," said Nugent.

"Well, the man didn't know that, did he?" demanded Bunter. "He ought to have taken my word—the word of a Public School man."

"Oh crumbs!"

"But he wouldn't," said Bunter sorrowfully. "Instead of taking a gentleman's word, you know, he just grinned like a hyena, and told me that I'd better go back and look for the ticket I'd dropped, or else pay the fare. Of course, I couldn't pay the fare without any money; and I hadn't any money. He wouldn't let me out of the station without giving up a ticket."

"Hard cheese!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically. "But if you keep on like this, Bunter, you'll get landed in a place that's still harder to get out of. They call it chokey."

"Beast! Well, there I was, stuck in Friardale Station," groaned Bunter. "Every time I came near the exit there was that beast of a man grinning like a— a fiend, you know. He seemed amused all the time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

They seemed to share the amusement of the ticket-collector at Friardale.

"So there I was," mumbled Bunter. "All I had was the Courtfield platform ticket, and that was no use at Friardale. I—I began to think I should be kept in that beastly station till after call-over."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" snapped Bunter. "I can tell you it wasn't funny for me, mouching about that putrid station, unable to get out."

The Famous Five chortled. They seemed to think it funny, if Bunter did not.

"My esteemed Bunter," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, "you should remember that honesty is the cracked pitcher that is better than a bird in the bush."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! So, at last, I got the train for Courtfield," groaned Bunter. "At Courtfield, of course. I was able to get out with my platform ticket."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I had to walk from Courtfield. I'm fagged out. Hungry, too! I haven't had any tea. Oh dear!"

Bunter gave a deep groan.

His adventures of the afternoon seemed to have had a very dispiriting effect on him. Many a time and oft had William George Bunter bilked on the railway. Now, evidently, he had bilked once too often!

"It was lucky I'd kept that platform ticket," he went on. "But for that I could never have got out without paying. And I couldn't pay anything, owing to being disappointed about a postal order."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stick to honesty next time, old fat bean!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It pays in the long run."

"Beast! I say, you fellows, have you had tea?"

"Yes, fathead, long ago."

"Can you lend me—"

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

The Famous Five walked in at the gates, laughing. Billy Bunter was looking as if all the woes of the universe had descended, at one fell swoop, on his fat shoulders. But the opinion of the Famous Five was that he deserved what had come to him. The deep tribulations of an unhappy bilk did not touch their hearts.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter rolled in after the chums of the Remove. "I say, has that new man come?"

"The Dutchman? Yes."

"His uncle didn't come with him, I bet!" said Bunter.

"Blessed if I know. We weren't in when he blew in," said Bob. "But I suppose he did. Why shouldn't he?"

"He, he, he! I could tell you fellows something if I liked."

"Bow-wow!"

"You see, I heard them talking," said Bunter. "I was in the same carriage with them, and they didn't see me."

"You're fat enough to be seen."

"Beast! I was under the seat. Not having a ticket—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "Did you travel to Friardale under a railway seat? Ha, ha, ha! I think I'd rather try honesty, for a change!"

"Well, I was under the seat and they got into the carriage," said Bunter. "I heard them talking all the way to Friardale."

"You fat, eavesdropping bounder!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! You'd be jolly interested if you knew what they were talking about," sneered Bunter.

"Rats!"

"I'll tell you, if you like," said Bunter. "Look here, the tuckshop ain't closed yet. Come in with me and I'll tell you—"

"You fat villain!" said Harry Wharton. "If you tell us a word that you heard when you were hidden under the seat we'll scrag you!"

"The eavesdropfulness does not appeal to our honourable and absurd selves, my esteemed sneaking Bunter," said Hurree Singh.

"I say, you fellows, it would make you jump if you knew—"

"We'll make you jump if you tell us," said Harry. "Shut up!"

"Beast! I won't tell you now," roared Bunter. "But, I say, you fellows, what am I going to do for tea?"

"You mean whom are you going to do?" chuckled Bob. "Anybody you like, old man, except us. Good-bye!"

And the Famous Five vanished.

"Beasts!" howled Bunter.

And he plodded on wearily to the House.

There was no tea for Bunter. He had to wait, with a yearning, fat heart, for supper. He had had quite a horrid afternoon. He was tired, and he was morose. He was even beginning to doubt the wisdom of bilking. For once, it was certain, the railway had had the best of it. Billy Bunter could not help thinking that perhaps, after all, honesty was the best policy.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

What Bunter Knew!

"SCAT!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bunk!"

"Look here, Nugent—"

"Mizzle!"



There was a crash as the well-filled bag landed on Van Tromp's waistcoat. "Oh!" he gasped, staggering back. "Ow! Oh! Why, I—I—I'll—"

"I didn't know you fellows were having supper," said Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I just called in to see Bob—"

"Take a good look and go!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, old fellow—"

"Shut the door after you!" said Mark Linley.

Bunter shut the door. But he remained on the inner side of it. Wild horses could not have dragged Billy Bunter out of Study No. 13 just then.

Prep was over, and supper was on in No. 13. Mark Linley had been frying sausages over a spirit stove in the fender. Bob Cherry had been making a huge jug of cocoa. Hurree Singh had been cutting bread-and-butter. Likewise, there was a cake left over from tea with the major—a special cake, which the juniors had hoped would tempt that distinguished guest, but which somehow had not tempted him. The aspect of the study table was very attractive to Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, you know I missed tea," said the Owl of the Remove. "I've been frightfully hungry—"

"There's supper in Hall," said Wharton.

"That's all right; I've had supper in Hall," said Bunter. Apparently one supper had failed to satisfy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, those sosses smell good! Lucky you've got plenty."

"My esteemed Bunter—"

"It's all right, Inky, I'll stay," said

Bunter, pulling a chair to the table. "I'll tell you the news, if you like. Did you fellows know the Head was going to be sacked?"

"What?"

It was a shout from all the six juniors in the study.

Billy Bunter grinned.

He had succeeded in making a sensation.

"Sacked?" repeated Wharton.

"Well, either that or he's resigning," said Bunter. "He's going, anyhow. The governors are fed up with him. I can't say I'm surprised. Rather a doddering old ass, if you ask me."

"You fat chump!"

"Oh, really, Linley! Pass the sosses!" said Bunter. "I say, Bob, did your pater tell you the Head was going to be bunked? I suppose he'd know, being a governor."

"No, you ass!"

"Perhaps they haven't told him," said Bunter, with his mouth full. "After all, old Popper is chairman of the governors now, and I dare say he doesn't think much of your pater. A bit of a noodle—what?"

"Do you want me to burst you all over the Remove passage, Bunter?" asked Bob.

"Eh? No."

"Then you'd better shut up."

"Well, it's queer your pater not knowing, as it's a cert," said Bunter. "The Head's going, all right. I shan't

(Continued on page 16.)

No. 1

GREAT REVIVAL OF SCHOOLBOY PAPER

EDITORIAL OFFICES WRECKED

Boy With The Buzzing Blue-bottle Ode.

Being the Editor of a schoolboy paper isn't all ginger-beer and doughnuts, I can tell you!

Directly it became known that the "Greyfriars Herald," after an absence of many moons, was to be revived for the benefit of MAGNET readers, my editorial den was besieged by a horde of contributors, would-be contributors, and won't-be contributors! I have had my hands full keeping the invaders at bay; and Bob Cherry, our Fighting Editor, has already put in a claim for overtime pay!

Finally, in sheer self-defence, I had to bolt and barricade the door, and paste a notice outside:

"THE EDITOR CAN'T SEE ANYBODY!"

Some practical joker has erased the "T" from "CAN'T," with the result that there is a perpetual hammering for admittance going on outside, even while I write. And there is a queue extending half the length of the Remove passage!

One of my earliest callers was Billy Bunter, who offered to sell me his life-story for fifty pounds. On being refused, he gradually came down to five bob, and thence to a bag of jam-tarts. But there was nothing doing! However, Billy was so persistent that at last I consented to let him contribute a column to this issue.

Bolsover major commanded me to accept a boxing yarn. I turned it down, and suggested that "Punch" would be a more appropriate paper. Whereupon Bolsover flew into a paddy, and had half wrecked the study before the Fighting Editor succeeded in ejecting him.

Alonzo Todd's "Ode to a Buzzing Blue-bottle" was declined—without thanks! It was Lonzy, and not the blue-bottle, who had to do the "buzzing." He landed on the lino in the passage, with a bump and a yell; and other ejected callers shot through the doorway after him. They formed a sort of Rugged serum in the Remove passage.

It has been no easy job to make a selection from the scores of articles which have been showered upon me. But I have done my best, and I hope my readers will enjoy many merry chuckles over the extracts I have chosen.

Greyfriars

SIXTH-FORMERS AS FILM STARS

GEORGE WINGATE'S FACE AGAINST HIM!

HOT INTERVIEW WITH SKIPPER

It was with some trepidation that I tapped on the door of Wingate's study. I

felt like Daniel must have felt when he bearded the lions in their den. Old Wingate is a pretty tame sort of lion, as a rule, but sometimes he gets up on his hind legs and roars—especially if you interrupt him at an inconvenient moment!

"Come in! Get out!" said Wingate, in the same breath, as he caught sight of my scared face.

"If you please, Wingate—"

"I don't please! Hop it!"

"I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' with which are incorporated the 'Tuckshop Times' and the 'Common-room Clarion.' I wish to ask you a few impertinent—I mean pertinent, questions. Not for my own base curiosity, but for the benefit of MAGNET readers."

"In that case," said Wingate, "I'll give you two minutes. Fire away!"

"How do you like being captain of Greyfriars?"

"I don't!" said Wingate briefly.



"Too many cares and responsibilities—many born idiots barging in when I'm busy!"

"Ahem! What are you going to do when you grow up into a big boy?"

Wingate glared.

"You cheeky young rascal! I'm grown-up already. Members of the Sixth are men—not mannikins. Didn't you know that?"

"Sorry, Wingate! But when you're a real man, with school and college behind. What will you be?"

"I haven't decided yet. I may stand for the Bar—"

"Oh! That's rather a tame profession to my mind. Pity you can't become a famous film star, like Ronald Colman or Ivor Novello. But, of course, there's a big drawback to that. Your face."

"M-m-my face?" stammered Wingate.

"Yes. It's handsome enough, but a rugged sort of way, but it isn't a film face. The ears are too large and floppy; the nose is slightly out of shape; the mouth too wide; the forehead too low, suggesting lack of intelligence. What will be your next move?"

Wingate's next move came with surprising swiftness and suddenness. He sprang to his feet, seized me by the shoulders and spun me round, and planted such a hefty kick upon my person that I am writing this interview in a standing position!

PREFECT SWAMPED WITH COFFEE

"YOU BIG BRUTAL BULLY!"

DIARY of CHEEKY FAG

SUNDAY.—Woke up. Went to morning chapple. Fell asleep. Woke up. Went to evening chapple. Fell asleep. Woke up. Went to bed. Fell asleep.

MONDAY.—Woke up very early. Went down to the river and took a sip in the dark—I mean, a dip in the Sark. It was glorious! Spent a busy day fagging for Wingate. Burnt his toast at tea-time, and got the sack. Hay-ho! Such is life!

TUESDAY.—Spent a busy day fagging for Loder. Pored his coffy down the back of his neck—a pure axcident!—and got the sack—plus "six" with an ashplant. Ow-ow-ow! I'll never fag for Loder again—the big, brootal bully!—not even if he goes down to me on bended eyes, with tears in his neeze!

WEDNESDAY.—Played kricket this afternoon against the Third, and by putting out young Tubb for a dux-egg I gratefully extin-

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guished myself. Spent a busy evening fagging for Carne. Dropped a tray of crockery—smashed the jolly lot—and got the sack.

THURSDAY.—

Spent a busy day fagging for Walker. When I had finished, he asked me to get some fags for him from the village. I said: "It's against the rules for a fag to go fagging all the way to friardale for fags! Anyway, it's too much fag. So

you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" Rezzult—the sack!

FRIDAY.—I should have spent a busy day, fagging for Gwynne, but it slipt my memmery and I devoted my lezzure hours to writing a St. Sam's story. Gwynne sent for me this evening, and gave me the sack—and a fearful licking.

SATTERDAY.—Spent an idle afternoon fagging for nobody. I'm fed-up with fagging! One of these days there will be a reverlution at Greyfriars, and then, instead of the Sixth fagging the Second, the Second will fag the



Sixth! That will be turning the tables, with a vengence! May that happy day soon dawn!

Wow! Yow! I've just come back from fagging for that new brute Otto van Tromp. The bullying rotter twisted my arm and lammed me with a walking can because I dropped the butter-dish in the sugar. Why, I ache all over. Why, Loder and Carne and Walker put together are angels compared with Otto van Tromp! If he's staying at Greyfriars long I'm going to keep out of his way. Fags who read these notes take warning in time. Groooough! I shall have to eat my supper standing up.

CRICKET BATS AUTOGRAPHED BY AUSTRALIAN PLAYERS

(Exclusive to "Magnet" Readers.)

In keeping with its consistent "go ahead" policy, the MAGNET has secured two special cricket bats, autographed by the Australian Test Match heroes, writes a Herald correspondent. These cricket bats will be given as prizes in a simple yet fascinating competition, thus every reader will possess an ever-remembered souvenir of the present series of Test matches.

Full particulars will be published in the MAGNET.

The Herald

July 12th, 1930.

TRUTH ABOUT BUNTER'S ANCESTORS.

PALS OF JULIUS CÆSAR

"I NEVER BOAST!"
says Bunter.

The famous Bunter family, like the tide at Southend-on-Sea, goes back a long way. I have been pouring over the old chronicles, and I find that the first of the Bunters came over with Julius Seizer. He planted his foot on English soil, and the Family Tree of the Bunters promptly started to sprout.

Yes, dear reader, the House of Bunter has a long and historical record, which makes all the Remove fellows historical with envy. It was famous and flourishing when the House of Wharton was a mere Noer's Ark, and the House of Cherry a mere doll's house!

You often hear Greyfriars fellows boasting about their peddiggree, and telling tall tails about their ansestors. (A sure sign of ill-breeding, by the way. You never hear *me* boasting!) I despise fellows who are always telling a lack of pies—I mean, a pack of lies—about their ansestors.

The trooth is, nobody's ansestors were half so extinguished as mine. When Sir William de Bunturre came over with the Konkeror, what were the Whartons and Cherrys, and the Bulls and Todds, doing? Why, they were his surfs and vassals, his humble henchmen, his bondslaves and boot-lickers!

It was Sir William de Bunturre who built that noble eddifiss known as Bunter Court, which has been the country seat of the Bunters for jennytrations. (Their town seat, by the way, is on the Thames Embankment.)

Very little is known about Sir William's



life, eggsept that he was always in the wars. He is supposed to have died of over-feeding, but that's all rot. He must have wasted away, for when his son, Sir Lancelot de Broke Bunturre, took over the estates, they were morgaged up to the hilt.

Sir Lancelot was a gallant night in his day. He was no ornament in the Torna-ment, but would plunge boldly into the fray, brandishing his broadsword, and cleaving his opponents to the chine. Histry tells us that he died of appleplexy, through eating too many green apples.

I wish I had time and space, dear reader, to tell you about my other famous ansestors. But you will hear more about me in dew corse!

TEN MATCHES WON OUT OF FIFTEEN

GREAT CRICKET RECORD BY GREYFRIARS

Remove cricket is going great guns this season. Of fifteen matches played, we have won ten, drawn three, and lost two. There have been some exciting finishes—notably when we beat Highcliffe by one run, back in May. We shan't forget that tussle in a hurry, and neither will Frank Courtenay & Co., who put up a gallant fight and were game losers.

Bob Cherry is top of the batting averages at present, with an average of 33 runs per innings. Hurree Singh easily claims the bowling honours. Our dusky friend is in deadly form this season, and wickets have gone down like ninepins before his keen attack. In one match he captured all ten wickets—a very rare feat. Truly, the prowess of the esteemed and ludicrous Nabob is terrific!

Our worthy skipper, Harry Wharton, tells me that he has received an anonymous postcard (unstamped) bearing the following message:

"Why is all the berried tallent in the Remove aloud to remain berried? Why don't you pitch all your personal pals out of the team, and play some really good kricketers, like Billy Bunter? You are a bad kricketer and a worse kaptin, and I regard you with despision and lofty content. Yah!"

"P.S.—You needn't think it was Bunter who wrote this postcard, bekwase it wasn't! I wouldn't stoop to address you!"

When I asked Wharton what action he was taking in the matter, he picked up a fives-bat and sallied forth in quest of the "anonymous" postcard writer!

Our next fixture is with St. Jim's, on Wednesday. The Remove will be represented by: H. Wharton (capt.), R. Cherry, F. Nugent, J. Bull, Hurree Singh, H. Vernon-Smith, M. Linley, P. Todd, T. Brown, G. Bulstrode, and S. Q. I. Field. Reserves: Penfold and Russell. Should the pitch require rolling, Billy Bunter will be used for that purpose!

BIG GAME HUNTING BY MASTER

IDEAL HOLIDAY VIEWS

FLYING INTO SPACE AMBITION



MR. PROUT.—My ideal holiday would be to plunge into the wilds of Africa, armed with my famous Winchester

repeater, and to decrease the population (not of the natives!) but of the lions, tigers, and other big game which infest the jungle. But alas! My dream holiday is likely to remain a dream. Instead of stalking big game, I shall probably go ferreting with a couple of rabbits—I mean, rabbiting with a couple of ferrets. My companions will be Mr. Quelch and Mr. Hacker.

(These gentlemen won't be best pleased at being described as a couple of ferrets!—Ed.)

BILLY BUNTER.—I'd like to spend the Vack at an old-fashioned manner-house that beleaved in old-fashioned feeding! People don't eat enuff nowadays to keep body and soul together. Our four-fathers had more sense. Their motto was, "Eat not to live, but live to eat"—and a jolly good motto, too! If any of my readers owns a manner-house where they do things in stile—six meals a day, with harty snacks in between—I hope they will send me an invite. Then I will cancel the pressing invitashuns I have reeseved to Wharton Lodge, Mauleverer Towers, and other slow old places where they do nothing but fast!

DICK PENFOLD.—I'm rather tired of land and sea. The azure vault of heaven for me! An aeroplane I fain would hire, and then I'd have my heart's desire. By Jove! It would be ripping fun to soar aloft and chase the sun! Swift as a swallow on the wing, I'd shoot through space like anything! My

gaze would travel far and wide, over the peaceful countryside. And now and then I'd take a peep, and see old Greyfriars fast asleep. Then daringly I'd loop the loop; and twist and turn, and spin and swoop; till all the people held their breath, and prophesied my sudden death! Yes, that is how I'd "take the air." Have you an aeroplane to spare?

LORD MAULEVERER.—I'd like to crawl into a hammock on breaking-up day, an sleep like a dormouse right through the Vac. It has been a frightfully exhaustin' term, begad, an' I'm worn to a shadow. But the hammock holiday is an idle dream. I shall spend the Vac. racin' an' chasin' all over the place, an' by the time it's all over I shall need a rest-cure!

ALONZO TODD.—My ideal holiday, dear readers, would be to take a trip to the Gooby-Booby Islands and there devote my time to the enlightenment of the ignorant savages. I should take with me a vast store of tracts and trousers, and I feel sure that, under my gentle tuition, the natives would speedily become Westernised and fit to take their place in the competitive world of to-day. My uncle Benjamin once told me—(Ring off Alonzo; life's short—space is shorter!—Ed.).

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(Continued from page 13.)

be sorry. He caned me the other day for bagging a pie from the kitchen, though I told him I hadn't."

"You fat fozzler!" said Harry Wharton. "What on earth has put it into your head that the Beak is leaving?"

Bunter chuckled.

"You see, I get to know things," he remarked. "I can tell you it's a cert. There's going to be a new headmaster. I don't know his name, but I fancy that new man in the Sixth could tell you. He, he, he!"

The juniors stared blankly at Bunter.

"What would Van Tromp know about it?" asked Nugent.

"Lots, I fancy, as it's his uncle who's going to work to shift the Head out," said Bunter. "That's why he didn't come on to the school to-day with the young Dutchman. He was afraid of meeting your pater, Bob."

"What the thump—"

"You see, he found out that your pater was coming, somehow, and he decided not to turn up himself."

Harry Wharton & Co. stared. They remembered the interest the fat man at Courtfield had shown in learning that Major Cherry was coming to Greyfriars that afternoon. Bunter, evidently, was well informed, so far as that went.

"But didn't Van Tromp's uncle come to the school with him?" asked Nugent. "He went to the Friardale platform with him, at Courtfield."

"Nobody was with Van Tromp when he arrived," said Mark Linley. "I saw him come in; he was alone."

"I could have told you that," said Bunter. "He changed his mind, after he found out that Bob's pater was coming."

"But why should he?" asked Bob.

"I suppose your pater knows something about him," said Bunter. "He said he couldn't risk meeting him here, as the major would smell a rat or something if he knew that his nephew was coming to the school."

"Great pip!"

"You see, being under the seat in the carriage, I heard all they said!" grinned Bunter. "The Dutchman—I don't know his name, unless it's the same as his nephew's; perhaps it isn't. Anyhow, whatever his name is, he's a corker. I can tell you. He said he's twisted all the Board of Governors round his finger, and knows who's going to take old Locke's place when he goes."

"Is the fat chump dreaming?" asked Mark Linley, in astonishment.

"Oh, really, Linley—"

"I dare say he went to sleep under that seat and dreamed it," said Nugent.

But Bob Cherry was looking very hard at Bunter. From the words his father had let fall, Bob was aware that something was going on behind the scenes in connection with the governing board. What the Dutch senior and his uncle could have to do with it was a mystery. But it certainly

looked as if Bunter had found out something.

"Are you making this up, you fat dummy?" asked Bob, at last.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, pass the sosses! Well, if there aren't any more, I must say you might have a few more when you ask a fellow to supper. Still, I can fill up on cake."

Bunter proceeded to fill up on cake.

"It's all rot," said Harry Wharton. "The governors would never ask the Beak to resign! Utter rot!"

"That's what the Dutchman said!" agreed Bunter. "He said they'd never dismiss old Locke; but there were other ways."

"Other ways?" repeated Wharton.

"That's what he said."

"Other ways of getting rid of the Beak, to make room for a new headmaster?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Yes. I say, this is good cake!" said Bunter. "That new man, Van Tromp, has a hand in it somehow."

"How could a Sixth Form man have anything to do with getting the headmaster to leave, fathead?"

Bunter shook his head.

"I can't make that out," he confessed. "But that's what his uncle said. And they've got a new man all ready to take old Locke's place. They didn't mention any names, but—well, if it was Van Tromp's uncle I shouldn't be surprised. That's what it sounded like to me, from the way they talked."

"Van Tromp's uncle!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "That fat merchant we saw at Courtfield! My hat!"

"They didn't say so; but that was how it struck me," said Bunter. "But how they're going to work it, I can't say—for the old bean said distinctly that the governors wouldn't dismiss Locke. And he ain't likely to resign if he can help it, I fancy! Look at the salary he gets! It's jolly well known that the Head of Greyfriars is awfully well paid—better than any other headmaster in the country. I've heard that he gets over two thousand a year—and that's a lot for a schoolmaster. Blessed if I see how he earns it—I don't think much of him myself. And I dare say he makes a lot on the bills, too."

"Wha-a-t?"

"Well, he could easily, in his position," argued Bunter. "He could make a lot that way; and I know I jolly well should if I were a headmaster of a big school. Of course, he ain't much of a business man; but a keen, sharp man like that Dutchman, for instance, could make a fortune in a few years, if he had old Locke's job."

Bunter blinked round the table.

"Any more cake?" he asked.

"No, you cormorant."

"Is that the lot, then?" asked Bunter disparagingly. "My hat! Is that what you call a feed? I'll stand you fellows a better spread than that in my study when my postal order comes. Well, I'd better be getting along—I've got to see Mauly before bed-time. He had a hamper to-day—I mean, I've heard he had a row with that fellow Van Tromp, and I want to ask him about it."

And the tuck having come to a conclusion, Billy Bunter came to a conclusion and rolled out of Study No. 13.

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at one another when the Owl of the Remove had gone.

"Now, what the thump does all that mean?" asked Bob.

"Goodness knows."

"Bunter's gas," said Johnny Bull. "He heard something or other, and

got it all mixed, and dreamed the rest."

"Very likely," agreed Wharton.

"But—"

"But—" said Bob slowly.

"The butfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"There was something on the pater's mind," said Bob. "Something's up between the governors and the Beak, I believe. But—"

"If we knew the name of Van Tromp's uncle you could ask your pater whether he's ever heard of him," remarked Nugent.

"Yes; but we don't know his name, unless it's the same as Van Tromp's. And the pater heard Van Tromp's name, and never made any remark on it."

"Maternal uncle's have different names from their nephew's, of course," said Harry. "Might be quite a different name. But—" He paused. "There's something in it, you men, though I'm blessed if I can make out what. You remember Major Cherry saw Van Tromp in the quad, and he said the fellow's face seemed familiar to him. I noticed at Courtfield that he's like his uncle."

"That's so," said Bob, with a nod.

"But—"

"It doesn't seem much use trying to sort it out," said Harry. "We're not quite friendly enough with Van Tromp to ask him his uncle's name."

"Ha, ha! No."

"But there's something up," said Harry, with conviction. "Something's going on behind the scenes—though I can't make out what."

And his chums concurred. Something, whatever it was, was going on behind the scenes; but making out what it was was quite another matter. And the chums of the Remove had to give it up.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Trapped!

"YOU see!" murmured Loder.

Loder of the Sixth sat in an armchair, in Van Tromp's study. Outside, in the quad, the summer sun was shining; and from the cricket ground came the cheery sound of bat and ball.

It was a couple of days since Van Tromp's arrival at Greyfriars.

In those two days the new senior had not made much progress in the good opinion of his Form, or of other Forms.

He had made friends; he was very chummy with Loder, the black sheep of the Sixth, and with Loder's pal Carne. Other fellows in the Sixth did not seem to think much of him; and Wingate hardly concealed his opinion that the new man was not a credit to the Form.

His ways, however, were a good deal like Loder's ways. For instance, on this golden afternoon he preferred sitting in his study and smoking cigarettes to joining in games practice. Loder agreed with him there!

But there were not many of the Greyfriars Sixth who had the same tastes as Loder. Wingate's friends made it clear that the less they saw of Van Tromp the better they liked it.

In the Lower School he was intensely disliked.

As he was not a prefect, and therefore had no power of inflicting punishment, the Lower School would have been indifferent to him, in ordinary circumstances. But the new senior went out of his way to make himself unpleasant.

He seemed to be a born bully, and to find a peculiar sort of pleasure in bullying. He liked cuffing fags, or pulling their ears; he liked to see fellows afraid of him. Any opposition, the slightest sign of defiance, was enough to rouse his bitter animosity. Loder was a bully, but compared with his new friend he was almost agreeable.

Towards the Famous Five, Van Tromp's feelings were especially bitter. And Bob Cherry was the fellow he disliked most of all. It was of Bob Cherry that he was speaking now, as he sat smoking a cigarette in his study with Loder.

"You see!" repeated Loder.

"I fancy you don't like that set of cheeky fags in the Remove any more than I do!" grunted Van Tromp.

"No. But— Well, a fellow has to keep up appearances, you know," said Loder, with a laugh. "I'm a prefect; but I can't pitch into a fellow simply because I don't like him. When they kick over the traces I drop on them fast enough, but—"

Van Tromp grunted.

"Well, I can deal with Cherry myself," he said. "You are a prefect, and you can send him to this study. Leave the rest to me."

"But you can't lick him for nothing, you know," urged Loder. "As I said, a man must keep up appearances. Wingate's down on what he calls bullying, and—"

"I don't care a rap for Wingate."

"Well, he's captain of the school, and though he's an easy-going man, he isn't to be trifled with," said Loder.

"He may not be captain of the school long!" grunted Van Tromp.

Loder gave him a curious look.

"You've hinted at that more than once, old bean," he said. "I must say I can't make it out. The Head thinks no end of Wingate, and he's the most popular senior in the school. I've had a try at shifting him, but there was nothing in it. You can't touch Wingate."

"That's all you know."

Loder shrugged his shoulders.

"Anyhow, I'm not afraid of Wingate," said the new senior disdainfully. "I tell you I am going to deal with Cherry! His father struck me with my own cane—"

"Well, his father's a governor of the school, and from what you've told me, you really asked for it—"

"That makes no difference! If you are afraid of trouble with Wingate, I do not ask you to take a hand. Find an excuse for sending Cherry to this study, and leave the rest to me."

"I'll do that, of course. The cheeky little beggar would be all the better for a hiding. But you may be hunting trouble."

"I don't mind that."

"All right, then."

Gerald Loder rose and threw away the stump of his cigarette. With a nod to Van Tromp, he left the study.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the quad when Loder strolled out of the House. Loder passed the group of juniors, and then, as if he had suddenly remembered something, he stopped and glanced round.

"Here, Cherry, run into the House for me, will you?" he said.

"Yes, Loder!" answered Bob.

The Remove did not fag, nevertheless, a request from a Sixth-Form prefect was difficult to refuse. Moreover, as Loder spoke very civilly, Bob had no desire to be disobliging.

"I've left my Horace in a study,"

said Loder. "I left it on the table in Walker's study—no, in Van Tromp's. Cut in and get it for me, will you, and bring it to me on the Sixth Form green."

"Right-ho," answered Bob.

Loder strolled away towards the Sixth Form green, where he sat on the old bench under the beech tree. Bob Cherry left his comrades and went into the House, quite unsuspecting. It was common enough for Sixth Form men to take their books out on the green in fine weather, and if Loder had forgotten his Horace, it was natural enough for him to ask a junior to fetch it. Bob had no misgivings as he approached Van Tromp's study.

He did not know whether the new senior was there, but he tapped at the door before opening it. Then he went in and looked for the book on the table. As he did so, Van Tromp rose from his chair with a peculiar smile on his face, and a glitter in his piggy eyes.

"Loder sent me here for a book, Van Tromp," said Bob in explanation.

"Did he?" grinned Van Tromp.

He stepped to the door and closed it. Then he turned round to Bob and the latter observed that he had a cane in his hand.

Bob eyed him warily.

"I say, I came for a book for Loder," he said. "He said he left it on your table, Van Tromp."

"He must have been mistaken, I think," said Van Tromp smoothly. "There is no book here. That is, if you are telling the truth. I think it more likely that you came here to play some trick, not expecting to find me here."

"You can ask Loder, if you like," said Bob shortly. "The book doesn't seem to be here, and I'll cut. Let me pass, Van Tromp."

"Not yet!" grinned Van Tromp. "I have been anxious to see you in private for some time, my boy. Do you see that chair?" He pointed with the cane. "Bend over it."

"Rats!" answered Bob.

"I am waiting," said Van Tromp, swishing the cane.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" answered Bob unceremoniously. "Do you think you can tell a fellow to bend over like a prefect? You tried that on the day you came, and you didn't have much luck."

"Will you bend over that chair?"

"No, I won't."

"Perhaps you will if I help you!" suggested Van Tromp.

He made a stride towards the junior, and Bob jumped back. Van Tromp followed him up, and Bob retreated round the study table.

His eyes gleamed across the table at Van Tromp.

"Hands off, you rotten bully!" he said between his teeth.

The new senior followed him round the table. Bob circled the table again, and made a sudden dive for the door.

In an instant Van Tromp rushed on him, grabbed him by the shoulder, and swung him back, so forcibly that Bob staggered against the table and set it rocking. The new

senior turned the key in the door, took it out, and dropped it into his pocket.

He turned to Bob again with an unpleasant grin.

"Now I think I will deal with you," he remarked. "Will you bend over the chair now, Cherry!"

"No fear!"

"I will make you."

Bob dodged round the table again as the bully advanced on him. There was no escape from the study now, and in a struggle with the powerful senior, Bob had no chance, sturdy as he was. But he had not the remotest intention of allowing Otto van Tromp to thrash him.

Twice they circled round the table, Van Tromp's face growing blacker and blacker. But Bob was the quicker and more active of the two, and he kept out of reach. The new senior grasped the table, dragged it away, and jammed it against the wall.

"Now—" he snarled.

Bob Cherry backed away from him, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing. There was no more dodging now.

Swish!

The cane swished through the air and landed on Bob's shoulder. Van Tromp did not seem to care where it landed, so long as it landed with force. Bob gave a yelp of pain as he caught the slash.

He had retreated as far as the fireplace, and there was no farther retreat for him. But he groped round for a weapon, and grasped the clock that stood on the mantelpiece. It was a small, handsome marble clock which belonged to Van Tromp; his study was well-furnished with many expensive things. Bob swung the clock into the air.

"Now, keep off, you rotter!" he snapped. "Come a step nearer and I'll bung this clock at you."

"Put that clock down!" roared Van Tromp.

"Rats!"

The new senior rushed at him.

Bob kept his word at once. The clock flew through the air, landed on Van Tromp's waistcoat, and rolled to the floor.

Crash!

The concussion was too much for the clock. It was in several pieces as it rolled at Van Tromp's feet.

The Dutch senior gave a roar of rage. He leaped on Bob like a tiger, grasped him, and twisted him over with a powerful grip. Bob struggled manfully; but he went down on the rug, and Van Tromp's powerful hand pinned him there, and then the cane rose and fell with savage force.

Lash, lash, lash!

(Continued on next page.)

THE WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

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Bob Cherry roared.
 "Yow! Owl! Whoop! You rotten bully! Ythooooo! Help! Rescue! Rescue, Remove!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Co. to the Rescue!

HARRY WHARTON started.
 "What the thump—" he ejaculated.

"Bob—" began Nugent.

The four members of the Co. stared round. They were waiting for Bob Cherry to rejoin them when his voice fell on their ears—in stentorian tones. The juniors were not very near the windows of the Sixth Form studies—but Bob's voice had great carrying powers.

"Rescue, Remove!" came Bob's voice on its top note.

"He's in Van Tromp's study!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Is that bully pitching into him?"

"Sounds like it," said Harry.

He ran towards the window of Van

Wharton threw up his left arm to ward off the blow, for it was aimed at his head. His arm was almost numbed by the force of it as it fell.

But he plunged in headlong at the window.

Van Tromp struck at him, and struck again, panting with rage. Twice the cane struck Wharton, before he could close in and grasp the senior. Then he was too close for the cane to be used; but Van Tromp's arms closed on him in a bear-like hug, and he was swept off his feet.

It would have fared hard with Wharton then had he been unaided. But his comrades were scrambling headlong in at the window.

Bob Cherry jumped at Van Tromp, and grasped his collar from behind and dragged. At the same moment Frank Nugent attacked him in front, driving his clenched fist recklessly into the bully's face. A few moments more, and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh were joining in.

The tables were turned now.

The big senior could handle one junior with ease, two without much difficulty. But five of them were too many for him. The odds were overwhelming now.

Van Tromp went down with a crash, the Famous Five sprawling over him. He struggled and fought and roared.

"Give him jip!" yelled Johnny Bull.

ARE YOUR CHUMS COLLECTING OUR...

Tromp's study. The Sixth Form studies at Greyfriars were on the ground floor, but the windows were rather high. Harry Wharton jumped, caught the sill, and dragged himself up. His comrades were at his heels.

Wharton pressed his face to the glass and stared into the study. What he saw brought a flush of indignation and rage to his face.

Bob Cherry was stretched face down on the rug, Otto van Tromp pinning him there, and thrashing him with the cane with all the vigour of his arm.

Wharton panted.

"That bully's got him!" he gasped.

"Rescue!" came in a yell from Bob. "Yaroooh! Oh, you rotten bully! Help! Rescue, Remove!"

The window was closed and fastened. But Wharton, as he saw his chum writhing and yelling under the savage punishment, was not disposed to stand on ceremony. He drew himself on the sill, and kicked his boot through a lower pane of the window.

Broken glass fell within the study in a shower.

Van Tromp gave a start and stared round.

His eyes bulged in amazement as he saw the broken window and the Remove on the sill, and two other juniors clambering up beside him.

"Go back!" yelled Van Tromp furiously. "Get down! How dare you break my window! I—I—I—"

Wharton did not heed him.

He kicked jagged glass out of his way without the slightest ceremony, and reached in and dragged back the window catch.

The next moment he was dragging up the lower sash.

Otto van Tromp left his victim, and made a jump towards the window, brandishing the cane. Bob Cherry staggered to his feet.

"Keep back!" roared Van Tromp, as he reached the window and slashed at the captain of the Remove with the cane.

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SUPERB FREE STICKY-BACK PHOTOS of the ENGLISH and AUSTRALIAN TEST MATCH TEAMS?

"Punch him!" howled Nugent.

"Wallop him!"

"Rag him!"

"Give the cad toco!"

Van Tromp struggled furiously.

But he had no chance now. Every one of the juniors received hard knocks; but they did not heed them.

Thump, thump, thump, thump! came on Van Tromp, as he struggled and fought. Every one of the five were punching, and punching his hardest.

Knock!

It was a loud knock at the door, and the door-handle turned and rattled.

The juniors did not heed; they were too busy.

Wingate's voice came from the passage outside.

"Open this door! Let me in! What's all this row? Do you hear? Let me in at once!"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Ow, ow! Help!" shrieked Van Tromp.

"Give him toco!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Here, give me room to bang his napper on the floor!"

"Go it, old bean!"

Johnny Bull grasped Van Tromp by the ears, which were rather unusually large, and gave a good hold. With a firm grip on the bully's ears Johnny Bull banged his head on the floor.

There was a loud concussion, and a louder yell from Van Tromp.

"Whooooo!"

"Ha, ha! Give him some more."

Bang!

"Yaroooooooh!"

Knock, knock, knock! came at the

door. Wingate of the Sixth seemed to be getting excited. There was a buzz of amazed voices in the Sixth Form passage. Never in all the history of Greyfriars had there been such a terrific shindy in a Sixth Form study.

"Open this door!" roared Wingate.

Bang, bang! went Otto van Tromp's head on the floor. The yells of the new senior rang the length of the Sixth Form passage.

"Will you let me in?" roared Wingate.

But he was not heeded.

As a matter of fact, the juniors could not have let him in, as the key of the study was in Van Tromp's pocket. But they were not thinking of it, anyhow. They were giving the bully a lesson, and had no desire to be interrupted.

"My hat!" gasped Wingate. "My only hat! The door's locked! What the thump is going on—What—"

He banged at the door again.

"Let me in, you young rascals! Van Tromp, let me in!"

"Help!" raved Van Tromp.

Wingate shook the door-handle furiously.

"Try the window!" suggested Gwynne of the Sixth.

"I suppose I'd better," said Wingate, and he hurried out of the House.

A minute later, the captain of Greyfriars was staring in at the broken window of Van Tromp's study. Outside that window a crowd of amazed fellows had gathered, listening to the uproar within.

Wingate clambered actively in at the window. He dropped into the study.

"Now, you young sweeps!" he roared.

And the Famous Five desisted at last in the presence of the captain of the school. They released Van Tromp and jumped up.

But Van Tromp did not jump up.

... IF NOT, TELL THEM WHAT THEY ARE MISSING!

He lay on the floor, breathless, dusty, dishevelled, spluttering and gasping.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Plain English!

WINGATE stared at the sprawling Sixth-Former, and then at the breathless juniors. Harry Wharton & Co. backed away a little.

"What does this mean?" demanded Wingate. "You've come to a Sixth Form study and—and— Who broke that window?"

"I did!" said Harry.

"You—you dared to break in the window of a Sixth Form study?" gasped Wingate.

"Yes."

"What do you mean? How dare you? Are you mad?" exclaimed Wingate.

"That brute had Bob here, thrashing him," answered Harry. "We had to get in and help him."

"Yes, rather!" panted Johnny Bull. "And we'd jolly well have broken any window in the school, Wingate!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!" Wingate's face set grimly,

"So Cherry was in the study?" he said.

"Yes," said Bob

"What were you doing here?"

"Loder sent me here to fetch a book, and then that brute collared me and pitched into me."

"What for?"

Bob grinned breathlessly.

"Nothing—except that he has the bad taste not to like me, Wingate. I don't know any other reason."

Otto van Tromp gasping, staggered to his feet. The look he gave the Famous Five was almost demoniac.

But he did not approach them. He had had enough of handling the cheery Co. Wingate fixed his eyes on the new senior.

"I've got to know the rights of this, Van Tromp," he said. "Matters are pretty serious when Lower Fourth fags break in a study window."

Van Tromp ground his teeth.

"Those young scoundrels—"

"Tell me what's happened!" snapped Wingate. "You've heard what Cherry has said. Why did you pitch into him?"

"He came into my study to play some trick, not knowing that I was here," said Van Tromp. "I caught him—"

"He says that Loder sent him for a book."

"That was a lie!"

"You rotter!" shouted Wharton. "We all heard Loder ask Bob to fetch the book from this study, Wingate."

"Did you ask Loder, Van Tromp?"

"I did not! He was not here for me to ask him!" snarled Van Tromp. "I caned the young rascal, and then those hooligans smashed in my window and attacked me!"

"You have no right to cane a junior, Van Tromp. I've told you that already. And who locked the door?"

"One of these young rascals, I suppose, to keep out interference," snarled Van Tromp.

"Oh, you rotter!" exclaimed Bob. "You locked the door yourself, when I tried to dodge out of the study."

"Is that the case, Van Tromp? You took it on yourself to cane this junior, because you supposed that he had come to the study to play a trick, and you locked the door first?" asked Wingate, very quietly.

"I have told you that some of these young rascals locked the door."

"Liar!" said Bob.

"Silence, Cherry!" Wingate crossed to the door and looked for the key. "The key is not here," he said. "Where is it?"

Van Tromp started a little. He had forgotten, for the moment, in his excitement, that the key was in his own pocket.

"Where is the key?" repeated Wingate.

"It's in Van Tromp's pocket," said Bob. "He put it there after locking the door, Wingate."

"Is the key in your pocket, Van Tromp?"

"If it is, one of these juniors slipped it there while I was struggling with them," said Van Tromp sullenly.

"The whopperfulness is terrific, my esteemed, lying Van Tromp!" exclaimed Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

Wingate regarded the senior and the juniors very doubtfully.

"Well, let's have the key, anyhow," he said at last.

Van Tromp fumbled in his pocket and found the key. He handed it to Wingate, who unlocked the door.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged rather uneasy glances. The Co. had rushed to Bob's rescue, without giving a thought to the consequences; and, in



"Rescue!" came in a yell from Bob Cherry. "Yaroooh! Help! Rescue, Remove!" Harry Wharton didn't stand on ceremony—he kicked his boot through a lower pane of the window.

the same circumstances, they certainly would have done the same again. Nevertheless, it was a serious matter to have smashed in the window of a Sixth Form study and to have handled a member of the Sixth Form.

Wingate seemed to be at a loss. The captain of Greyfriars was strong on discipline. But he had a pretty clear idea how matters stood in this case.

"You fags can clear off, for the present," he said. "I'll speak to you later about this."

Van Tromp broke out savagely. "You are head prefect! You are going to punish those young rascals for attacking me—"

"You've heard what I said," answered Wingate coldly. He opened the study door. "Clear off, the lot of you."

Harry Wharton & Co. left the study. They passed through a crowd of staring Sixth Form men as they departed.

Wingate closed the door after them, and turned to Van Tromp. The new senior was eyeing him malevolently.

"Now those kids are gone, I'll speak," said Wingate quietly. "You locked this door, Van Tromp, and put the key in your pocket. That's clear. Cherry was sent to the study—that's clear, too. You set on him while he was here, and locked the door to keep him from getting away."

"You can think as you please!" snarled Van Tromp.

"Those juniors have acted in an outrageous way," went on Wingate. "But how can I deal with them when the fact is that they saw their friend being ill-used by a cowardly bully?"

Van Tromp flushed with rage.

"You had better be careful of your words!" he gasped.

"You'll get plain English from me, Van Tromp," answered the captain of Greyfriars contemptuously. "That isn't all yet. You say you thought that Cherry came here to play some trick. You may have thought so. But you started on him without inquiring. His friends, naturally, came to his help. You have no right to cane a Lower boy, as you know jolly well. The fact is that you've taken a dislike to Cherry, and you were bullying and ill-using him."

Van Tromp panted.

"If you take that cheeky fag's part—"

"You are to blame all through," interrupted Wingate. "You've placed me in a rotten position. These juniors have acted outrageously; but it is impossible to punish them, or even to blame them, because they happen to be in the right. Fags have to be made to respect the Sixth Form. There's an end of all order if they are allowed to lay hands on a Sixth Form man. Yet in this case they have done it, and I am forced to pass the matter over. The whole fault is yours, because you are a rotten brute and bully!"

Wingate did not measure his words. "You've got what you asked for," he continued. "They seem to have handled you pretty roughly; and you asked for it all, and I wish you'd got more, while they were about it."

"You—you—" stuttered Van Tromp. "You've been only two days at Greyfriars," went on Wingate, "and already I've had to warn you about bullying. You've got to stop it. There will most likely be a row about that broken window. If the matter comes before the Head, I'm bound to tell him how the thing happened, and exonerate the juniors. I warn you that if you keep up this sort of thing, you're in danger of being told to get out of Greyfriars."

Van Tromp sneered.
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"It would not be so easy to turn me out of Greyfriars," he snarled; "and you had better not put on too many airs. You may not be captain of the school much longer. In a short time—"

Van Tromp broke off abruptly. In his rage he was saying too much, and he realised it.

"Well, what's going to happen in a short time," said Wingate contemptuously.

"You will find out when the time comes," scowled Van Tromp. "And now, get out of my study!"

Wingate made a step towards him, his eyes glinting.

"I've a few more words to say before I go," he answered. "You've got to stop this, Van Tromp. You've got to stop it at once! If a Lower boy acted as you've done, he would be thrashed—"

"A Sixth Form man will not be thrashed, I think!" sneered Van Tromp.

"Don't be so sure of that! Next time you are found causing disorder by bullying, you will be taken up before the prefects," said Wingate, "and you will get a prefects' beating! If that's the only way to deal with you, that's the way you will be dealt with. You'd better remember that, Van Tromp, and let it be a warning to you."

And, without waiting for a reply, Wingate walked out of the study, and shut the door after him.

Van Tromp was left alone.

He shook his fist at the door that had closed after Wingate, his sullen, savage face black with rage.

"Wait!" he muttered between his teeth. "Wait! In a short time—in a very short time—I'll make you sorry for yourself. You carry your head high now. I will bring it low enough soon. Wait!"

In the Remove there was intense excitement over the row in Van Tromp's study. Harry Wharton & Co. waited to hear from Wingate, from their Form master, or from the Head. But they heard nothing more of it.

Only when they came across Van Tromp again he gave them a black and bitter look of hatred. Which, however, did not affect the equanimity of the cheery Co. in the very least.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Takes a Hand!

"**O**W!" Billy Bunter roared. He roared with wrath, with indignation, and with considerable surprise.

It was the impact of a heavy boot on his tight trousers that caused William George Bunter to emulate the celebrated Bull of Bashan.

It was quite an unexpected attack. Billy Bunter had rolled down to the school letter-box, to drop in a letter. He had just dropped the letter into the orifice when the boot smote him, and Bunter roared and rolled.

Someone had come up behind him; and Bunter, as he rolled over and sat up and roared, discerned that it was Van Tromp of the Sixth.

Van Tromp had a letter in his hand, and was apparently approaching the box to post it. Finding Bunter in the way, he had helped him out of the way with that sudden and unexpected kick.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. The bully of Greyfriars grinned down at him. He seemed to find something amusing in the incident.

"Wow! Beast!" roared Bunter. "Do you want another?" asked Van Tromp.

"Ow! Wharrer you kick me for, you beast?" demanded Bunter.

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"You were in my way."

"Why, you—you—you cheeky foreign rotter," yelled Bunter, "do you think you can kick a man because he happens to be in your way?"

"What did you call me?" asked Van Tromp, coming a step nearer to Bunter, his eyes glittering down at the fat Owl of the Remove.

"I—I say, keep off!" gasped Bunter, in alarm. "D-d-don't you kick me again, you beast—yaroooh!"

Bunter scrambled hurriedly away, but quick as he was, the new senior's foot was quicker. It crashed on Bunter, and he rolled over again, roaring. Van Tromp was about to follow up the kick with one more, when a heavy grasp was laid on his shoulder, and he was spun round.

He found himself staring at Horace Coker of the Fifth Form.

"Stop that!" said Coker.

"What?"

"Let that kid alone!"

"You—you fool! How dare you interfere with me?" roared Van Tromp, shaking his shoulder free from Coker's grasp.

"I'll interfere with you fast enough if you kick that fag again!" said

PUT YOUR THINKING-CAP ON

like C. W. Barlow, 110, Hall Street, Semaphore, South Australia, and compile a Greyfriars limerick. If it's worth a leather pocket wallet you'll get one. Here's his wianing effort:

A certain young junior named
Skinner
Once attempted to pick out a
winner.
But his money all went
To a bookmaking gent.
Serve him right, the disgraceful
young sinner!

Don't waste any more time,
chums, get busy on your effort
right away!

Coker truculently. "Let him alone, you bully."

"I say, Coker, old man—" murmured Potter of the Fifth. Potter and Greene had been walking with Coker when he suddenly detached himself from them to intervene on Bunter's behalf.

"Don't get into a row with the Sixth, old man," said Greene.

Coker snorted.

"Don't be an ass, Potter! Don't be a silly chump, Greene, he snapped. "I believe in licking fags, and I've often said so, but this fellow isn't going to kick a kid about the quad, and I'm not going to let him."

"Do you think you can stop me?" hissed Van Tromp.

"I'll stop you fast enough if you kick Bunter again," said Coker.

"I will kick him as much as I like."

"Yarooogh!" roared Bunter, in anticipation.

"Better not," advised Coker. "I don't care whether you're in the Sixth or not—I don't think much of the Sixth, anyhow. You touch Bunter again, and I'll knock you spinning."

And Coker glared at the new senior in a very warlike way.

It was quite a new thing for Horace Coker to be taking up the cause of a fag—Coker had, as he often said, a short way with fags, and it had often landed him into trouble. But there was a limit, in Coker's opinion, and

this new fellow was over-passing the limit. Coker intervened, partly from a sense of fair play, partly, perhaps, to show a Sixth Form man how little he, Coker of the Fifth, cared for the Sixth.

"Coker, old bean—" murmured Potter.

"Shut up, Potter."

"I say—" urged Greene.

"Shut up, Greene."

Coker answered his friend over his shoulder. His eyes were fixed on Van Tromp.

Van Tromp, not to be deterred by Coker's threats, reached out with his boot, and landed it on Bunter, as the Owl of the Remove squirmed away. There was another roar from Bunter.

The next moment there was a roar from the bully of the Sixth. Coker was a man of his word.

He made a jump at Van Tromp, hitting out.

Van Tromp caught a hefty fist with the side of his head and went over sideways, landing on the ground with a crash.

His hat flew off in one direction, the letter in his hand flew in another. Van Tromp rolled on the earth.

Coker glared down at him, ready for further trouble.

"I warned you!" he said. "Now get up, and put up your fists, you rotter. I'm ready for you!"

Van Tromp was not long in accepting that invitation. He sprang up and rushed at Coker like a tiger.

Coker was, as he said, ready for him. He met Van Tromp with right and left.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Potter.

"Coker, old man—" spluttered Greene.

Coker did not heed. He had his hands full with Van Tromp. Big and powerful as Horace Coker was, he was not so big or muscular as the new senior. And what Coker did not know about boxing would have filled books.

Van Tromp, on the other hand, knew a good deal about it. He had the advantage of Coker in every way.

Coker was a terrific fighting man—in his own way. He was burly and strong, had unlimited pluck, and cared nothing for punishment. His only idea of scrapping was to hit out, and to keep on hitting out. But against a good boxer who was as powerful as himself, that was not good enough.

Coker roared as a fist crashed in his nose; he gurgled as a fist hammered on his jaw.

He staggered back.

Van Tromp followed him up hard and fast, his little eyes glittering, his jaw set, savage animosity in his face.

Fellows were crowding up from all sides. A fight between two seniors was very uncommon, and for a Sixth Form man to be mixed up in a scrap was almost unheard of. There was a buzz of excitement.

"Go it, Coker!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Stop that!" shouted Loder of the Sixth.

Neither of the combatants heeded. Coker was driven back, step after step, under the fierce attack of the new senior. But Coker rallied, and came on again, and by sheer force and recklessness, burst through Van Tromp's guard and got home on the bully's savage face. Van Tromp reeled back, for a drive from Coker's shoulder, with Coker's weight behind it, was almost enough to fell an ox.

"Man down!" gasped Price of the Fifth, as Van Tromp sat on the earth.

Coker panted.

"Come on, you rotter! Come on!"

Van Tromp staggered to his feet. But he did not seem in such a hurry to come on now. The blow had staggered him, and probably his pluck was not quite so unlimited as Coker's.

"Come on!" bawled Coker.

And he hurled himself at Van Tromp, hitting out. The bully of the Sixth gritted his teeth and attacked in his turn.

Hammer and tongs they went, while the ring of fellows round them grew in numbers. There was a shout from Hobson of the Shell.

"Cave! Here comes Prout!"

"Look out, Coker!"

"Chuck it!"

But Coker did not heed. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, came striding up, his fat face almost purple with anger and excitement. The crowd made way for him, as the portly Form master bustled on the scene.

"Coker! What—what— Cease

this instantly! Van Tromp, cease this unseemly disturbance! Follow me to the Head, both of you!"

Mr. Prout thrust himself fairly between them, and the struggle ceased at last. Coker and Van Tromp drew back, both breathless, both bruised, panting and glaring at one another.

Mr. Prout glared also.

"Two seniors—fighting like two unruly Lower boys!" he boomed. "You should be ashamed of yourselves! Follow me to the Head! I shall take you both to Dr. Locke! Follow me, I command you!"

"Very well, sir!" gasped Coker.

Van Tromp did not stir.

"I'm not in your Form, sir!" he growled.

"What? What? Follow me at once, Van Tromp!" boomed Mr. Prout.

And the bully of the Sixth, after a brief hesitation, obeyed. Mr. Prout marched off to the House, followed by Coker and Van Tromp, and by the

whole crowd of fellows who had gathered to watch the fight.

Only one fellow remained on the scene of action—Billy Bunter! Bunter was still gasping for breath. The fat junior staggered to his feet at last, and as he did so, an envelope lying on the ground caught his eye. It was the letter Otto van Tromp had dropped when Coker knocked him down.

Bunter blinked at it.

It was addressed to "Meyer Brander, Esq., 1, Eccleston Square, London."

"That's that beast's letter!" murmured the Owl of the Remove. "He was going to post it when he kicked me, the beast!"

Bunter picked up the letter. He gave a cautious blink round. No eye was upon him, all the fellows had followed Mr. Prout and the two combatants towards the House. Billy Bunter slipped the letter into his pocket and rolled away.

(Continued on next page.)

"Come into the Office, Boys!"

WELL, and what do you think of it? I'm referring, of course, to the splendid free photograph album which is presented to every reader with this week's issue! Wasn't it worth waiting for—and wouldn't you have felt like kicking yourself if you had missed it? And what do you think of the four photographs? O.K., aren't they?

Don't forget that there are to be four more photographs in next week's issue, and also in the subsequent numbers. In seven weeks' time your album will be complete, and it will form one of the finest souvenirs of the Test Matches one could possibly possess. So if you haven't already done so, you had better go round to your newsagent, and tell him to reserve a copy of the MAGNET for you every week. And don't be selfish—pass on the good news to your chums. They'll be delighted to hear about our *Free Gifts*, and I'll be delighted to welcome them to our ever-growing band of loyal readers. Show them your album—and they'll do the rest!

If you would like to do me a favour, you can do it if you

DROP ME A LETTER,

and let me know what you think of this particular issue of our little paper. Naturally, I want to make sure that the new features which I have introduced are the kind you want, and I like to hear from my readers. So fire away, and give me your candid opinion of our new programme.

ONE of my girl readers has written to me this week, asking me if I can tell her the Christian names of the Duke of York. His full name is Albert Frederick Arthur George, and his titles are Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney.

The next letter in my post-bag this week, comes from eight Irish readers, who, naturally, are interested in Micky Desmond, the popular Irish character, in our Greyfriars stories. Sure thing, Micky is Irish to the backbone—and a credit to his country! He hasn't been very prominent in our recent yarns, but you'll probably hear more of Micky in the near future.

John Manners, of Herne Bay, asks me to tell him

SOMETHING ABOUT VAMPIRES

this week. John wants to know if it is true that vampire bats will suck the blood of sleeping persons. Certain species of the large Indian bats live on the blood of animals, which they suck while the animal is sleeping, but I am unable to trace any record of a bat sucking the blood from a human being. Most bats, however, live on insects, and the bats which are found in this country are quite harmless. The largest bats in the world are found in Malay, and the wing-span of some of them measures upwards of five feet! Fancy coming across one of those on a dark night!

Here is a curious query which comes from "J. K.," of Dulwich. He wants to know

WHAT IS "NEPTUNE'S STAIRCASE"?

This is the name given to a series of eight locks at Corpach, on the Caledonian Canal, which cut across Scotland from Moray Firth to Loch Linnhe. By means of these locks a ship can be lifted from a lower to a higher level, just as though it was actually climbing a staircase—hence the name!

Have you ever heard of

"MAGIC SQUARES"?

Alf Baxter, of Greenwich, wants to know how to construct them. Well, you have first of all to put down six consecutive figures as follows:

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

Then you must reverse the corner figures diagonally. For instance, put the 1 where the 9 was, and the 3 where the 7 was, and so on. This gives you:

9	2	7
4	5	6
3	8	1

Now move all the figures one space round the centre one in a clockwise direction, and you will get:

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

This is your "Magic Square," and you

will find that every line, horizontal, vertical and diagonal, adds up to the same amount—15! You can construct a square with any numbers you like—so long as they are consecutive—and all the lines will total the same. Try puzzling your pals with this!

I CAME across a fellow the other day, who would have interested you. He had just returned to England after a sojourn

AMONGST THE HEAD-HUNTERS.

This was in Peru, where the warriors of the Jivaro tribe still specialise in this pleasant little pastime. Naturally, it is forbidden by law—but the Jivaros know how to get around laws, and they give short shrift to any enemy whom they might meet in the forests. Furthermore, they know a secret process whereby they can extract the skull, and shrink the head to the size of a tennis-ball. This is then mummified, and added to the head-hunter's collection.

In the "bad old days" the Jivaros even used to shrink and mummify the whole body of their enemies, and in a museum in New York, there is a shrunken mummy, only thirty-one inches long. It is the mummy of a former Spanish officer who was five-foot ten in height before he fell into the clutches of the head-hunters!

Now we'll have a look at the "Black Book," and see what's in store for next week's issue.

First of all comes a topping long yarn of Greyfriars, entitled:

"TALE-BEARER-IN-CHIEF!"

By Frank Richards.

the second story in our grand new series, featuring Van Tromp, the bully of the Sixth, which, I venture to predict, is going to be one of the most successful we've ever run. There's lots of fun in next week's yarn—and lots of interest, too!

George E. Rochester's fine flying serial will be continued, and you will find any amount of thrills in it! The centre pages will contain another "Greyfriars Herald" supplement.

In addition, there will be another "Greyfriars Correspondents" poem, and nutshell biographies of A. P. F. Chapman, M. Tate, A. Kippax, and C. Grimmett, whose "sticky-back" photographs will be presented FREE with this issue. Jokes, limericks, and your Editor's weekly chat will complete a real first-rate number—so don't miss it!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
 "How the thump did Bunter know we had a cake for tea?" asked Frank Nugent.
 "Oh, really, Nugent—"
 "Roll away, barrel!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, old chap—"
 "The rollfulness away is the proper caper, my esteemed fat Bunter," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.
 The Famous Five were at tea in Study No. 1 when Bunter arrived. Bunter did not roll away. He was used to such greetings at tea-time, and they rolled off Bunter like water from a duck.

"I say, you fellows, you've missed the scrap!" said Bunter, helping himself to the cake.

"Who's been scrapping?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Coker, and that new beast, Van Tromp."

"Good old Coker!" said Nugent. "I hope he got the best of it."

"Well, I fancy he was getting the worst of it, when old Prout butted in," said Bunter. "Prout's taken them both to the Head. I say, you fellows, that beast kicked me!"

"Which beast?"

"That beast Van Tromp. Kicked me for nothing," said Bunter, breathing hard. "Just because I was standing in front of the letter-box when he came along to post a letter. Coker chipped in and stopped him."

"My hat! That was jolly decent of Coker," said Harry Wharton.

"He's a beast, but he's not such a beast as that Dutch beast," said Bunter. "I'd have given Van Tromp a jolly good licking myself, if Coker hadn't butted in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. But I say, you fellows—here, let a fellow have a chance at that cake! I say, Van Tromp dropped his letter while he was scrapping with Coker, and I picked it up."

"And put it in the box?" asked Wharton.

Bunter grinned.

"No fear! Look!"

The Owl of the Remove drew a letter from his pocket and held it up. The Famous Five stared at it.

"Is that Van Tromp's letter?" asked Bob.

"That's it."

"You fat ass! You'll get into a row for bagging his letter."

"Well, he kicked me," said Bunter. "I'm jolly well not going to be kicked for nothing. I say, you fellows, that must be his uncle it's addressed to, you know. That's his uncle's name."

"Meyer Brander!" said Bob.

The juniors exchanged glances. They remembered that afternoon at Courtfield Station, when they had heard Van Tromp address the fat man as Uncle Meyer.

Evidently "Uncle Meyer's" surname was Brander.

"Brander!" said Bob. "Never heard the name before; but I suppose it's Dutch. That must be the jolly old uncle."

"I say, you fellows, we know that Van Tromp and his uncle are up to some game," said Bunter. "So if you read this letter—"

"You fat villain!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! The question is, do you know any Dutch?" asked Bunter. "Is there any Remove man

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who knows any Dutch? The letter's written in Dutch."

"You've opened it?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"N-n-not exactly opened it," said Bunter cautiously. "It happened to come open by accident—"

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 1 of a unique series of poems that will fascinate you.



BILLY BUNTER,
of the Remove.

DEAR PATER.—I pen this epistle,
To tell you I'm right on the rox;

No doubt you will say, with a wistle,

"My son's always giving me shox!
I sent him a hansom remittance
Not more than a fortnite ago."
But, pater, that niggerdly pittanse
Was spent at one sitting, you know!

There's one trajjick thing about munny,
It melts like the snow in the sun;
You order a feed, and (it's funny)
You're bankrupt before you've begun!

The high cost of tuck is a skandle,
A perfect disgrace, I declare;
And when you've got munny to handle
It vanishes into thin heir!

Dear pater—if bissiness is booming
Just now, at your profiteer's job,
I hope you won't think me presooming,
But could you just manage five bob?
I'll faithfully share it with Sammy,
We'll join in a jolly good feed
On tarts that are jooey and jammy,
And anything else that we need.

I suffer from fearful prostration,
The whether's so dredfully warm;
But, save for a touch of starvation,
I'm feeling in eggsellent form!
The food at this place fails to nurrish.
There's not enuff Vittamin B,
But when your five-bobber I flurrish
'Twill feed up and fortify me!

I'm going grate guns at the cricket,
In fact, I am one of the nobbs;
My bowling is dead on the wicket,
My batting is worthy of Hobbs.
But Wharton's so horribly jellus,
I can't get a place in the team;
Just fancy a player so zellus
Not given a show—I could scream!

I send my regards to the mater,
(From Sammy she shortly will hear),
I send my best love to you, pater,
For you I respect and rever.
This letter's unstamped at the border,
But I'm without munny, you see;
So buck up with that postle order!
Your loving son—W.G.B.

"You fat rascal!"
"Only I can't read the silly lingo it's written in," said Bunter. "I thought one of you fellows might be able—"

"Do you think we would read the rotter's letter, you sweep?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove angrily. "Fasten it up again at once, and put it in the letter-box."

"Well, some fellow might be able to make it out!" urged Bunter. "You see—"

Harry Wharton rose from the table. On such matters as these the Owl of the Remove had no scruples; but the views of the Famous Five were quite different.

"Give me that letter, you fat rogue!" snapped Wharton.

"Here, you are, old chap! Perhaps you can get hold of a Dutch dictionary, and make it out!" suggested Bunter eagerly. "Why, you silly ass, you're sticking the envelope again! What are you sticking it for?"

Wharton made no reply to that. The flap of the envelope was intact. Bunter had apparently used steam to open it. With the aid of a bottle of gum Wharton carefully fastened it again.

"Now put it in your pocket," he said.

"All right, old chap! But what—"

"And now come with me."

"But I haven't finished the cake—"

"Come along, I tell you!"
Wharton dropped his hand on Bunter's fat shoulder, and twirled him to the door.

"I say, you fathead, where are we going?" hooted Bunter.

"To the letter-box."

"What for, you dummy?"

"To post that letter."

"Shan't!" roared Bunter.

"Well, I'll take your ear to the letter-box," said the captain of the Remove. "You can come along with it if you like."

And taking a fat ear in finger and thumb, he led the Owl of the Remove from the study.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bunter's ear went, and Bunter decided to go with it. Indeed, he had no choice in the matter. A parting would have been too painful.

Wharton led Bunter's ear along the passage and down the Remove staircase; and Bunter, with a series of squeaks, accompanied the ear.

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!" howled Bunter. "I'm going, ain't I? Wow! Leggo my ear, you beast! Wow! Yow-ow! I'll jolly well lick you! Leggo! I'm going, you beast! I—I want to post this letter! That's what I wanted to do all the time! Ow! Wow! Leggo!"

"Well, come on," said Wharton, releasing the fat ear. "I'll race you to the letter-box and kick you so long as you're in reach."

"Beast!"

It was a swift race to the letter-box, in the school wall. Bunter put on remarkable speed. The conditions of that race urged William George Bunter to his greatest efforts.

He was gasping for breath when the letter-box was reached. Van Tromp's letter was duly dropped in.

Having seen it safely posted, Harry Wharton walked back to the House.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

SIR HILTON POPPER coughed.
Dr. Locke coughed also.
There was a frigid expression on the face of the headmaster of Greyfriars School. A trace of hardness,



"Coker, cease this instantly!" commanded Mr. Prout, thrusting himself fairly between the breathless combatants. "Van Tromp, cease this unseemly disturbance! Follow me to the Head, both of you!"

very unusual there, could be discerned in Dr. Locke's benign countenance.

Sir Hilton coughed again.

He was a dictatorial old gentleman; he was chairman of the governing board; he was little accustomed to hesitate. But he hesitated now.

The fact was, that he was at the school on a distinctly unpleasant errand, and he realised it.

Still, he was there to get his errand done, and he made the plunge—after two or three preliminary coughs.

"I am sure, Dr. Locke, that you will realise," said Sir Hilton slowly, "that in making the suggestion I am about to make—"

He coughed again.

"Pray proceed, sir!" said the Head icily.

But for his interview with Major Cherry a week ago, Dr. Locke would have been only surprised by the baronet's hesitation and embarrassment. But that talk with the major, and some subsequent discussion with Mr. Quelch, had prepared Dr. Locke for what might come. And now he knew that it was coming, and he was on his guard.

"There has never been a headmaster of Greyfriars, sir, more respected than yourself—by all the Board!" said Sir Hilton. "This feeling is fully shared by me."

"Thank you, sir."

"Nevertheless—" said Sir Hilton.

The Head waited.

"Nevertheless," repeated Sir Hilton, colouring a little, "it certainly appears to me, sir, that the time has come when you may justly claim a well-earned rest."

"Indeed."

"For years," said Sir Hilton, "you have filled this high post, sir, with credit in every possible way. You have given many, many years of your life to the school. You are entitled to repose."

"You are very kind," said the Head, with a faint touch of sarcasm; "and when I feel the need of repose I shall not fail to convey as much to the Board."

Another cough from Sir Hilton.

"You do not feel the need of repose at the present time?" he hinted.

"Not in the least."

"H'm!" said Sir Hilton.

There was a pause.

"Greatly as I respect you, sir," resumed Sir Hilton, after a long pause, "I have often differed from you in certain matters. It has often appeared to me that new blood is wanted. Change is the order of the day, sir, in these times. A younger man—"

He hesitated.

The Head was grimly silent. He had no intention whatever of helping out the baronet in the difficult task he had set himself.

"New times require new methods, sir," said Sir Hilton, making another start. "In many respects, I think, Greyfriars is hardly on a level with the times. A young and vigorous man—"

He paused again.

Grim silence from the Head.

"I will be frank, sir," said Sir Hilton, realising that he had to come out into the open. "In my opinion, sir, the time has arrived for you to request the Board to allow you to retire to an honourable repose, and leave the reins in the hands of—of some worthy successor—"

"That is your opinion, sir?" said the Head.

"I acknowledge it!" said Sir Hilton.

"In that case, sir, such an opinion should surely be expressed at a meeting of the governors, and not to me personally."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Sir Hilton hastily. "But I should prefer the matter to be arranged amicably—quietly—without fuss. No member of the Board is unaware of your great services, sir, or ungrateful for them. Yet the fact remains—"

"May I ask whether your opinion is shared generally by the Board?"

"H'm!" said Sir Hilton.

"You have been frank, sir," said Dr. Locke. "I will be equally frank. I have no intention of resigning the headmastership of Greyfriars. In the event of the Board requesting my resignation, that resignation will be immediately tendered. That is all I can say."

"Such a request is not likely to be made!" grunted Sir Hilton.

"If you, sir," pursued the Head, "hold the opinion you have described, nothing debar you from raising the question at the next meeting, and putting it to the vote."

Sir Hilton Popper frowned.

"It is not my desire to take such a step," he answered. "Neither do I think that a majority of the Board would support it."

Dr. Locke smiled faintly. He was of the same opinion.

"Then, sir, there appears to be nothing further to be said," he remarked.

(Continued on page 28.)

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The Flying Spy!

BY
GEORGE E.
ROCHESTER

August, 1914.

YOU traitor!"

And with the words Falkenheim hurled the contents of his glass full in the face of Guido von Sturm.

There was a moment of tense, expectant silence on the part of the four other members of the party. Von Sturm was the first to break it, speaking in a quiet and even voice as he dabbed at his streaming face with silken handkerchief.

"Gentlemen," he said, "with your permission I will bid you good-night, and withdraw."

It was his friend, the flushed and burly Brachenfeld, who answered.

"Withdraw!" he roared.

"What, without seeking satisfaction for such a blackguardly insult as that? Are you mad, Guido?"

The firm lips of Von Sturm curved into a mirthless smile.

"No," he replied; "but, unfortunately, Falkenheim is drunk. I will deal with him in the morning, when he is sober."

For a moment his steely blue eyes stared contemptuously into the blazing ones of Falkenheim, then he turned away from the table.

"Wait!" cried Falkenheim hoarsely.

Guido von Sturm paused.

"Yes," he said coldly.

"By morning I will have left to join my regiment," said Falkenheim. "So if it is satisfaction you want, you can have it here and now!"

Von Sturm's heels came together with a click, and he bowed.

"I thank you!" he said suavely.

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"But your condition makes your offer one which I cannot accept."

Falkenheim laughed and proved himself the fool he was.

"It seems," he sneered, "that I might well have added the epithet 'coward' to that of 'traitor'."

"You might have done," answered Von Sturm; and his voice was icy. "But you would have been singularly ill-advised."

"Yes, by thunder!" roared Brachenfeld, in whose rooms this distressing incident had taken place. "No guest of mine shall call Von Sturm either coward or traitor! You will take back those words, Falkenheim!"

Hurting through the clouds that shadow No-Man's Land flies Von Sturm, the German Ace, bent on further destruction of the hated Englander.

Then Von Sturm, the German, becomes Guy Tempest, the Britisher!

Falkenheim surveyed him sullenly.

"I will," he answered, "if he will drink the toast I gave."

"Of course he'll drink it!" cried Brachenfeld; and raised his glass. "He was only joking when he refused before. Gentlemen, I give you Falkenheim's toast—'Der Tag!'"

"Stop!"

The voice of Von Sturm cut like the crack of a whip, riveting the company where they stood. Brachenfeld, with glass poised aloft, gaped at him foolishly.

"Why, Guido," he began, in dismay, "you cannot mean—"

"I mean this," cut in Von Sturm;

and his boyish face was very stern: "I will not drink such a toast. Der Tag—The Day—the long awaited glorious Day which has now dawned, and which sees Germany at war, has brought no feeling of exultation to me, but rather one of shame."

"There!" snarled Falkenheim, in venomous triumph. "What did I tell you? A cursed traitor—"

"Silence, you!" blazed Von Sturm. And something in his tone silenced and half-sobered Falkenheim. "I am a German," went on Von Sturm; and he addressed the others, "and I will fight for my country, if called upon. But our quarrel is not just. Deliberately

we have unsheathed the sword when the road to peace lay open. All the glib phrases of war lords and politicians cannot justify our invasion of Belgium—"

"Are we to listen to such words?" shrilled Falkenheim, having recovered something of his courage. "Are we to listen to this sanctimonious pacifist—"

With rough hands Brachenfeld thrust him aside, and approached Von Sturm.

"Guido," he said heavily, "are you in earnest?"

"I am! This is no time for jesting!"

"But this War, man. Germany will emerge from it as the most powerful country in the world."

"Then it will be at the price of her honour," retorted Von Sturm. Very stiff and upright he held himself then as he went on: "Yet, permit me to repeat: I am a German, and my duty is to the Fatherland. The views I hold will not prevent me from serving my

country at the Front. Gentlemen, I bid you good-night!"

With that he bowed, turned quickly on his heel, and was gone.

Downstairs in the narrow hallway he collected his hat and light overcoat and stepped out into the street. The hour was late—almost midnight—yet the streets were thronged with frenzied and delirious crowds.

For on this night of August 3rd, 1914, Berlin was seething with excitement. England had not yet entered the War. But it was rumoured that she was determined to stand by her long-given word to protect the neutrality of Belgium. Deliberately, it was said, she was considering taking the field against the mighty and invincible grey-clad hordes of Germany.

And for what?

Not for gain, but just to fulfil her pledge to Belgium that she would, at all times, protect that country from invasion.

What foolishness! What madness!

Well, she must make her own decision. And if the path of honour led her to war, then she would follow it at her own risk. Her contemptible little army would be swept back into the sea by the field-grey heroes of the Fatherland, who numbered among their units such magnificent regiments as the Uhlans, the Prussian Guards, and the Death Head Hussars.

Any hour now news of her decision was expected. It was common knowledge that in London the Cabinet was sitting. And when they rose was it to be the word "War!" which would go flashing to the four corners of the earth, to the farthest outposts of her mighty Empire?

Berlin waited with feverish expectancy!

And through the crowded streets Guido von Sturm made his way towards the quiet, residential quarter of the Gartenstrasse, where he lived with his guardian Dr. Zolhoff, Chief of the German Secret Service.

It was well after midnight when at length he turned into the broad, tree-lined thoroughfare where his guardian's house was situated. Ascending the steps of the house, he let himself in with his latchkey.

"Has the Herr Doktor returned yet?" he asked the elderly manservant who met him in the spacious and dimly-illuminated hallway.

"No, sir," replied the man; "he is still at the Wilhelmstrasse. He left a message asking you to wait up for him."

Von Sturm nodded.

"I will wait in my room," he said.

Wearily he ascended the broad, wide staircase to his bed-room on the first floor. It was a room furnished with spartan-like simplicity, containing only an iron bedstead, a chair, dressing-table, and cupboard. On the wall hung a few framed groups of his fellow students at Halle University.

For he was young, this Von Sturm, being a bare seventeen years of age. Though slim and lithely built, with finely-featured face, there was about him, however, a poise and balance which one looks not for in youth.

With hands clasped behind his back, his boyish face puckered in serious thought, he fell to pacing the floor. It was true what he had told Brachenfeld and his companions that night. German though he was, he could not see the righteousness of Germany's cause. To him she savoured of a bullying, sabre-rattling braggart.

Yet why couldn't he think like Brachenfeld and Falkenheim and the others? Why should he question this

and query that? Who was he to judge his country's leaders?

It had been the same at Halle University. Popular, indeed, he had been; but there had been times when somehow he hadn't seemed to fit in. The duelling—the sabre-fighting—for instance. To him that had appeared as a brutalising and degrading thing. Then the haunting of the beershops by the students. They saw no harm in it, yet to him it was beastly.

He was no prig. His worst enemy could never have called him that. But there was some vague instinct in him which yearned for the out-of-doors and the playing-fields in preference to the beer-halls and the duelling floor.

He was a boy who had known neither father nor mother. Both, he understood, had been killed in a railway accident in his infancy, and Dr. Zolhoff, a distant connection of his father's, had taken him into his own home and brought him up as his own son.

Troubled and perplexed in mind, striving desperately to grapple with the problem as to why he should have a different mental outlook to his fellows, the boy restlessly paced his bed-room floor whilst an hour passed, and then another.

A car purring up the avenue to the massive portico of the front door brought him at length to a halt by his window. Gazing down he saw the tall, thick-set, and fur-coated figure of his guardian alight from the car and enter the house.

A few moments later there came a quiet knock on the bed-room door, and the elderly manservant appeared. His hands were trembling, and there was a quiver in his voice as he said:

"Dr. Zolhoff will see you in the library at once, sir."

"Very good, Anton," replied the boy.

Quitting the room, he passed down the thickly-carpeted staircase, and, traversing the hallway, entered the large and sumptuously-furnished library of Dr. Zolhoff.

The doctor was standing in the middle of the room, his heavy fur coat unbuttoned, his hat and gloves on the table where he had thrown them. There was a pallor about his somewhat brutish face and a glitter in his little, deep-set eyes which gave token of some strong, suppressed emotion.

"I have news for you!" he said harshly, as Von Sturm entered the room, closing the door behind him.

"Yes, sir?" said the boy questioningly.

Then he was conscious of a strange thrill as harsh and vibrant from the lips of Dr. Zolhoff came the words:

"At three o'clock this morning England declared war on Germany!"

War!

So England had made her decision. Her word had proved her bond, and she was to take the field against the invader who was already sweeping across unhappy Belgium.

"You understand what this means?" Zolhoff's metallic voice cut in on the boy's thoughts. "England, the country we hate most in all the world, has thrown down the gauntlet. Bitterly will she come to rue it, for this fourth day of August will be written in letters of blood across her history. We will crush her beneath our iron heel, and only when the Imperial Eagle of Germany flies over every one of her vast possessions will our victorious armies return home!"

He took a step forward, laying his hand on Von Sturm's shoulder.

"And you, I know," he went on earnestly, "will worthily play your part in the coming struggle. I have had arrangements made, and to-day you will proceed to the School of Flying In-

struction at Dusseldorf, where you will take a commission in the Imperial Air Service of Germany!"

Von Sturm bowed.

"I understand, sir!" he answered quietly.

The Craft of Commandante Kragen!

THREE years have passed, three long and weary years of blood and carnage. And still the unbroken line of British bayonets holds the grey-clad hordes at bay.

In the air the struggle is becoming daily more desperate. High above the battle-smoke which shrouds the shell-pocked shambles of trench and No-Man's Land, wheeling squadrons swoop to the attack with guns aflame or thunder on through screaming shrapnel barrage, their racks laden with high-explosive bombs.

On both sides the death roll is terrible in this grim aerial warfare, and hourly it is mounting.

But there is one—acclaimed throughout Germany as the greatest War Ace of them all—who so far has eluded the death which rides the skies with him—one who on the British side of the lines commands a sincere and ungrudging respect which he has won for himself by his magnificent courage and his superb sportsmanship.

He is Hauptmann Guido von Sturm, one-time student and now the most brilliant of Germany's great fighting pilots.

No knight of olden days ever displayed a more generous chivalry to wounded or disabled foe than this slim and firm-lipped boy whose name stands for all that is finest in the grim game of war.

It was one evening in early August, 1917, when the sun was setting red towards the west, from whence came the eternal rumble of heavy gunfire, that Von Sturm's beautifully stream-lined, little scarlet scout dropped down to land on the parched and withered grass of the German aerodrome of Buhl.

Taxi-ing in towards the long line of canvas hangars, he switched off his engine and swung himself from the cockpit.

"I sleep here to-night, sergeant," he said to the sergeant-mechanic who came running up. "Give both engine and synchronised gun a thorough overhaul, for I leave again with the dawn."

"Very good Herr Hauptmann!" replied the sergeant, rigid at attention.

With a nod the boy passed on in the direction of the officers' mess. The sergeant—a Bavarian from Munich, stared after him with admiring eyes.

"Ah, there goes one!" he informed a near-by mechanic, "who is no swaggering Prussian Junker like our commandante here."

"It is the Hauptmann von Sturm, is it not?" questioned the mechanic. "Yes, I thought so. But what brings him to Buhl?"

"He has a roving commission," explained the sergeant. "He just comes and goes as he likes, for he is attached to no particular squadron. The whole of the front is his battle area, as the cursed Englishers have learned to their cost."

He switched his gaze to the fighting scout of Von Sturm.

"See!" he exclaimed, pointing to the riddled fuselage. "Bullet holes! Again he has been in a fight. But will he speak of it yonder in the mess? Nein, he will not—he is not that sort. It is our commandante, the valiant Kragen, who will do the talking. Pah!"

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He spat disgustedly, then swung himself up to the engine and commenced to unbolt the cowling.

Meanwhile, Von Sturm had reached the mess and, after a cold shower and brisk rub-down, he redressed and made his way to the long, plainly-furnished dining-room, where the pilots and ground officers of Buhl aerodrome were seated at dinner.

At the head of the table, clad in field-grey uniform, was sprawled the Commandante Kragen, Officer Commanding Buhl Aerodrome. A full goblet was in front of him, for he drank deeply did this Kragen, and his heavily-jowled face was flushed not so much by the closeness of the evening as by the wine he had been consuming.

Effusively he greeted the boyish Von Sturm, bidding his aide-de-camp vacate his chair and give it to this honoured and unexpected guest.

"You have had some fun with the Englanders to-day—yes?" he demanded when Von Sturm was seated and appeasing an almost ravenous hunger.

The boy looked at him with eyebrows raised.

"Fun?" he repeated coldly. "I admire your choice of word, Herr Commandante!"

Kragen laughed gustily.

"Yes, but it is fun for you," he insisted, "this harrying of the Englanders in the air. Come, tell me of your latest fight!"

And from the grey-clad German pilots at the table came a chorus of:

"Yes, let's hear of it, Herr Hauptmann!"

But Von Sturm refused to be drawn. Apart from his terse official reports to German Headquarters he was one who was never known to speak of the exploits which had earned for him the row of ribbons which he wore on the left breast of his closely-fitting tunic.

And foremost of those ribbons was the coveted black-and-white one of the Iron Cross, the highest award for valour which could be worn by any soldier of the Fatherland.

"Well," said Commandante Kragen at length, making no effort to conceal his disappointment at Von Sturm's silence, "if you will not tell us what you have done to the Englanders to-day I will tell you what I have done to the French!"

He laughed in the manner of one who is well pleased with himself.

"They are cunning dogs, those French," he resumed, "and I do not believe that all their Red Cross signs cover wounded only. So, acting upon my orders, two of my machines this morning registered direct hits with twenty-five lb. bombs on a hospital train proceeding due west from Nancy. There, my young friend, what do you think of that?"

"I think," replied Von Sturm quietly, "that you are a murderous blackguard, and if I were your superior officer I should have you instantly relieved of your command!"

The deadly insult, the rank insubordination of the words, stunned the company into a sudden tense silence. Then the full import of them percolated through to the brain of the glaring Commandante Kragen.

With an oath he launched himself to his feet.

"What did you say?" he roared.

Von Sturm pushed back his chair and rose.

"It is unnecessary for me to repeat

myself," he said icily. "Nor do I intend to do so. The enemy have always respected our Red Cross; but they cannot be blamed if, after your vile outrage of this morning, they refuse to do so in future. You have been guilty of an act, you stupid fool, which may well recoil with devastating effect on our own wounded!"

"These—these words to me——" spluttered Kragen, his face livid with fury.

"Yes, to you!" retorted Von Sturm sternly.

Kragen crashed a massive fist to the table.

"You insolent hound!" he bellowed. "Donner und blitzern! But you go too far. I will have you placed under close arrest——"

"You will?" cut in Von Sturm, and laughed amusedly. "You, the Commandante Kragen, of Buhl, will have me, the Hauptmann von Sturm, placed under close arrest? Why, you fool, a word from me would break you tomorrow!"

He paused, then added gratingly:

"And be careful that I do not speak that word!"

Kragen seemed suddenly to shrink. For the instant he had been near to forgetting who this young pilot was. Superior in rank to Von Sturm Kragen might be, but commandantes were plentiful and aces of the calibre of Von Sturm were not.

If this affair had a sequel in a Court of Inquiry at headquarters, at Mannheim, then it would certainly not be the valuable Von Sturm who would be broken. Discipline would be preserved, of course, but it would be proved to everyone's satisfaction that it was the easily replaceable Commandante Kragen who had erred.

And he had erred. He could see now that the bombing of the French hospital train that morning had not been quite the clever thing which he had thought it at the time.

However, he had his dignity to think of. He had been grossly insulted in front of his own officers by this insolent young upstart. Undoubtedly, the sooner the whole thing was forgotten the better; but to save his face it was very necessary that the last word should be his.

So, drawing himself stiffly erect, he said harshly:

"You will hear more of this, Herr Hauptmann!"

With that he swung on his heel and stalked towards the door. Someone tittered. Savagely Kragen repressed an almost overwhelming desire to turn and rend the offender.

He had cut a sorry figure—a comic figure, almost—and he knew it. And it was in a furious and vengeful frame of mind that he quitted the room and passed out into the cooling air of the open.

Dusk was by now slowly deepening into night. From their hangars the night-bombers, detailed for raids behind the enemy lines that night were being wheeled on to the tarmac by straining grey-clad mechanics. Here and there stood a pilot, muffled in heavy flying kit, waiting to take his seat in the cockpit.

Kragen strode on to the Squadron Office, throwing himself sullenly into his chair at his littered table. Unter-offizier Sultz, duty officer for the day, approached him with a sheaf of papers.

"The Intelligence Report from Mann-

heim, Herr Commandante!" he said.

With a grunt Kragen took the papers and proceeded to con them. But his thoughts were elsewhere. Fury! Never in his life before had he been spoken to as he had that evening in his own mess.

Black rage welled up in him anew. By thunder! But he would get even somehow with that impertinent young puppy of a Von Sturm——

Suddenly he tensed. A paragraph on the neatly-typed sheet which he was holding had riveted his attention.

"No pilot," he read, "must approach within 2,000 feet of the British kite balloon, which, from 11 a.m. till dusk, will be in the air three kilometres due east of Ouchy. This kite balloon is a decoy."

With trembling hand Commandante Kragen laid down the papers.

A decoy!

That meant that British anti-aircraft were trained in readiness on the balloon, waiting to open a deadly fire the moment an attacking German machine came within range of it.

For long moments Commandante Kragen sat there, gazing in front of him with narrowed eyes. The means were at hand to even the score which he had against that swaggering young upstart who had so humiliated him.

He turned to Unter-offizier Sultz.

"Inform the Hauptmann von Sturm that I have orders for him!" he said harshly. "You need not return here until you have dined!"

Saluting, the unter-offizier withdrew, and a few minutes later Von Sturm entered the room.

"You sent for me, Herr Commandante!" he said evenly.

And now Commandante Kragen was the brisk, efficient officer, forgetful of the scene which had been enacted earlier that evening in the mess.

"Yes," he said. "Headquarters at Mannheim have been endeavouring to locate you. Your orders are to shoot down in flames the British kite balloon which will be in the air from 11 a.m. till dusk, three kilometres out of Ouchy. You will attack before noon tomorrow!"

"Very good!" responded Von Sturm.

And, with a sharp salute, he turned on his heel and marched from the room.

In British Hands.

ELEVEN A.M. of a glorious August morning.

Overhead, the decoy kite balloon, with two dummy figures in its basket, strained creakingly at its wire cable.

"Blinkin' hot!" muttered Sergeant Smith, in charge of bush-hidden No. 10 British Anti-Aircraft Battery.

He mopped at his perspiring brow and went on:

"D'you know what I think? I believe Jerry's smelt a rat. If he hasn't why don't he attack this balloon, which is sittin' up, fairly asking for a burst of bullets."

"It's early yet," answered his corporal. "We've got all day, and——"

He broke off as, high overhead in the blue, there sounded the faint drone of an acro engine.

"That's a Jerry engine," he observed, squinting up through the bushes which were piled around the gun. Then he let out a yell. "By heck, sarg! He's coming!"

Like a scarlet streak, a German fighting scout was hurtling down on the kite balloon with synchronised gun aflame. Above the thunder of its engine sounded the staccato rattle of exploding cartridges as the ammunition-belt whirled through the chamber.

"A red 'un!" roared the sergeant. "It's Von Sturm, lads!"

Yes, it was Von Sturm, and well was his scarlet fighting scout known on the British side of the lines.

Crouched over his controls, his gloved hand clenched round the trigger of his synchronised gun, he thundered down on the kite balloon, which he had been ordered by the Commandante Kragen to destroy.

Not for one moment had he doubted the authenticity of those orders, nor did he now, when suddenly the air about him became a screaming inferno of exploding shrapnel.

Grimly he held on, tearing down through the hurtling shells which burst around him, with vomiting lurid flame. Wind shrieked madly through flying wires and struts, and hot flame from the muzzle of his spitting gun licked back beyond his cockpit windshield.

Five hundred feet—three hundred feet—one hundred feet separated him from the kite balloon. Suddenly a tongue of flame licked out from the envelope, spread with amazing rapidity, and as the balloon plunged earthwards, a blazing mass, Von Sturm yanked back his control-stick and went up and up into the blue in a wild, soaring zoom.

Then without warning his machine lurched drunkenly, rolled, and fell away into a spin. Desperately he fought to get her under control. He glanced outboards, and his face went suddenly grey and haggard. For his lower starboard plane had been shot to pieces.

Riven fabric and flying wires were streaming outwards from shattered framework and splintered struts. His case was hopeless. They had got him at last.

Switching off his engine, he brought the control-stick hard back and across in an endeavour to counteract his spin by means of port ailerons and rudder. He raised his goggles to guard against splintering glass blinding his eyes should he live when the crash came.

It was going to take every atom of skill which lay in his sensitive hands to get down without being killed. But he managed it, crashing heavily on buckling port planes within a quarter of a kilometre of the anti-aircraft battery.

Half-stunned, and bleeding from a gash across the temple, he crawled from the mangled wreckage of his



"You are not the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm!" cried the colonel, his voice broken with emotion. "You are no German—you are Guy Tempest—my son!"

machine to find himself a prisoner in British hands.

"All right?" inquired Sergeant Smith, and his voice was not unkindly. "Here, corporal, dress his head wound. We'll send him back to Ouchy by lorry."

A lorry was going back to Ouchy aerodrome and Von Sturm, a blood-stained bandage round his head, travelled aboard it under escort. Arriving at the aerodrome he was taken before the commanding officer, Major Boyd of the Independent Air Force operating under Brigadier-General Trenchard.

The major, a grizzle-haired veteran, was seated in the flight office with his adjutant and orderly officer. He stared keenly at the grey-clad boy standing stiffly erect on the other side of the table, then rapped:

"Your name?"

"The Hauptmann Guido von Sturm of the Imperial Air Service of Germany!" answered the other.

The adjutant stifled an exclamation; whilst the orderly officer, a youth scarcely out of his teens and fresh from England, sat literally gaping.

This then was the brilliant Von Sturm, this slim, good-looking boy.

"You were shot down by anti-aircraft, I understand?" went on the major.

"Yes, that is correct!"

Major Boyd nodded.

"Very good, Herr Hauptmann!" he said. "I will report your capture at once to wing headquarters. In the meantime you will remain here. The

medical officer will examine you and give you every attention necessary.

"Instruct Saunders and Cox to act as escort to Captain Von Sturm!" he ordered.

The next hour was the strangest that Von Sturm had ever spent. Instead of being treated abominably as he had been led to believe in Germany, under the escort of two cheery souls, Captain Saunders and Captain Cox, he was being shown an attention and consideration which bewildered him. Had he been guest instead of prisoner he could not have been more courteously treated.

It was towards mid-afternoon, when he was sitting silent and preoccupied in the ante-room which adjoined the mess, that Major Boyd appeared.

Von Sturm sprang to his feet, rigid at attention.

"You are to be taken to British Wing Headquarter, at Le Courban," the major informed him. "If you are prepared to give me your parole to make no attempt at escape, then you will travel without the usual armed escort."

"I give my parole, sir!" answered Von Sturm quietly.

The major nodded, and turned to Saunders and Cox.

"You will accompany Captain Von Sturm to Le Courban," he said. "The car is waiting."

His eyes rested again on the face of the grey-clad boy. Taking a step forward, he held out his hand.

"It is the fortune of war, Herr Hauptmann," he said quietly. "But permit me to assure you that the treatment you will receive at our hands will be that accorded to one who has proved himself a courageous gentleman and a gallant foe!"

Von Sturm bowed and took his outstretched hand in firm grip.

"I thank you, Herr Major!" he said.

It was long after darkness had fallen that the car reached the serried hangars and huts of Wing Headquarters at Le Courban. A staff-captain came forward as the car drew up with a grinding of brakes in front of the Wing office.

"It is the Captain Von Sturm?" he demanded sharply.

"Yes, sir," answered Cox.

"He will come this way, please!" commanded the other.

He led the way past the sentry on guard at the door of the Wing office, and, traversing a narrow corridor, threw open the door of a room sparsely furnished with a blanket-covered table and a chair.

"Wait here!" he ordered, and withdrew, closing the door behind him.

Saunders and Cox waited with their prisoner whilst minutes passed. Then came a tread in the corridor outside. The door opened and a grey-haired colonel stepped into the room.

He eyed Von Sturm and then dismissed Saunders and Cox.

Waiting until the door had closed behind them, the colonel advanced towards Von Sturm.

Within a pace of him he halted. Slowly his eyes took stock of the close-fitting field-grey uniform with its row of oil-stained ribbons on the left breast of the tunic.

Then with strangely working face he raised his eyes to the boy's.

"You are the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Yes, sir!" answered the boy.

Next moment he stepped back with hands clenched and face of a sudden deathly white. For in a voice broken by emotion, the other had cried:

"No—you are not! You are no German—you are Guy Tempest—my son!"

(Here's an intriguing start to one of the best stories of the Great War ever written. Mind you read next week's sensational instalment. Don't forget, either, the four Free Photos in next week's bumper number, boys!)

THE HIDDEN HAND!

(Continued from page 23.)

"My view was that, in a quiet discussion between ourselves, you might see the matter from my point of view," said Sir Hilton. "Honourable retirement and repose—a generous pension—"

"The matter is in the hands of the governors of the school, sir, and to them I leave it."

Sir Hilton rose.

"In that case, I have nothing further to say," he remarked stiffly. "My opinion is that Greyfriars would benefit by a change of method—by the administration of a younger man; but if you decline to meet my views—"

"Precisely!" said the Head.

"Then I will take my leave, sir!" grunted Sir Hilton.

And he took it.

It was a frowning baronet who walked down to the gates, after leaving the Head.

Sir Hilton Popper was accustomed to having his own way; and he had had little doubt that by the sheer force of his personality he would overcome the reluctance or opposition on the part of Dr. Locke.

He was disappointed and irritated.

He walked out at the gates, and strode along the road to Courtfield. At a little distance from the school a senior of Greyfriars met him on the road, raising his hat with almost obsequious respect.

"Ah! Van Tromp!" said Sir Hilton, his frowning brow clearing. "I am glad to see you!"

Van Tromp's keen eyes read his face—and read there the disappointment and annoyance Sir Hilton was feeling.

His eyes-gleamed.

"I hope, sir, that you have some news for my uncle," he said.

"I am sorry, no!" said Sir Hilton.

"As you are aware, Van Tromp, I have the highest—the very highest—opinion of Mr. Brander. Not only as a schoolmaster, but in every way. You know, perhaps, that Mr. Brander had helped me in some matters of business connected with my estate; and he has proved himself a man of business of no common order—exactly the man, in my opinion, who is required to take control of my old school."

"My uncle is very proud, sir, of having gained your good opinion," said Van Tromp. "He has told me that his

chief reason for desiring to become headmaster of Greyfriars is that he may be able to carry out your views there—views which the present headmaster hardly appears to understand or appreciate."

A Greyfriars man would hardly have recognised the bullying, truculent Van Tromp in the fawning fellow who was speaking so obsequiously to Sir Hilton Popper.

"Exactly," said Sir Hilton. "I am disappointed—extremely disappointed. But Dr. Locke declines to see matters from my point of view. I find in him a rather unexpected strain of obstinacy."

Sir Hilton grunted.

"For the present the matter must end," he said. "I deeply regret it, and you may tell Mr. Brander so, Van Tromp. It is useless for me to raise the matter with the governors—I should receive no support in pressing for the present headmaster's resignation. However—"

He paused.

"Yes, sir," murmured Van Tromp.

"Possibly Dr. Locke may reflect and see reason," said Sir Hilton. "In the event of his retirement, there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Brander will succeed him as headmaster of Greyfriars. No doubt whatever. That is an absolute certainty."

And Sir Hilton, with a nod, strode on.

Otto Van Tromp watched him till he was out of sight, with a faint, peculiar grin on his face.

"So that's that!" murmured the new senior of Greyfriars.

He walked slowly to the school.

"That's that!" he repeated. "I expected nothing else—and my uncle really expected nothing else—though it was worth trying! But there are other ways—other ways!"

And as he muttered those words a glitter came into the eyes of Otto van Tromp which would have startled anyone who had observed it.

THE END.

(The next story in this grand new series featuring Van Tromp, is entitled: "TALE-BEARER-IN-CHIEF!" Look out for it in next week's FREE GIFT NUMBER of the MAGNET—it's a real corker!)

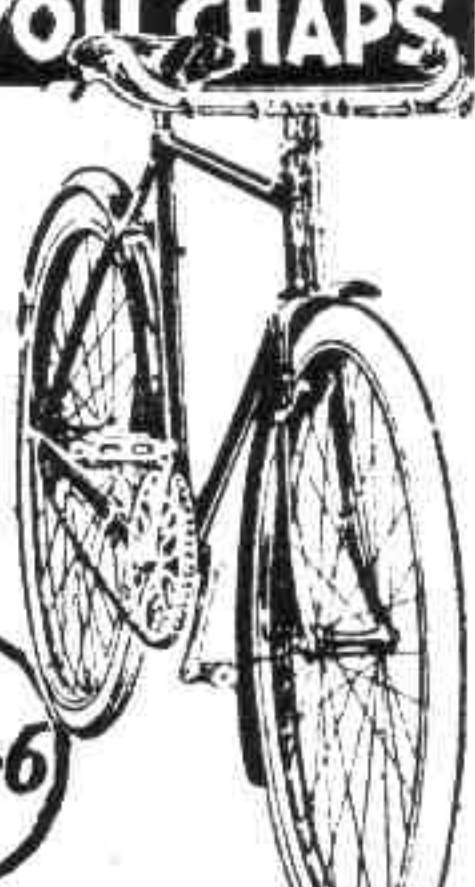
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