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The **MAGNET**^D

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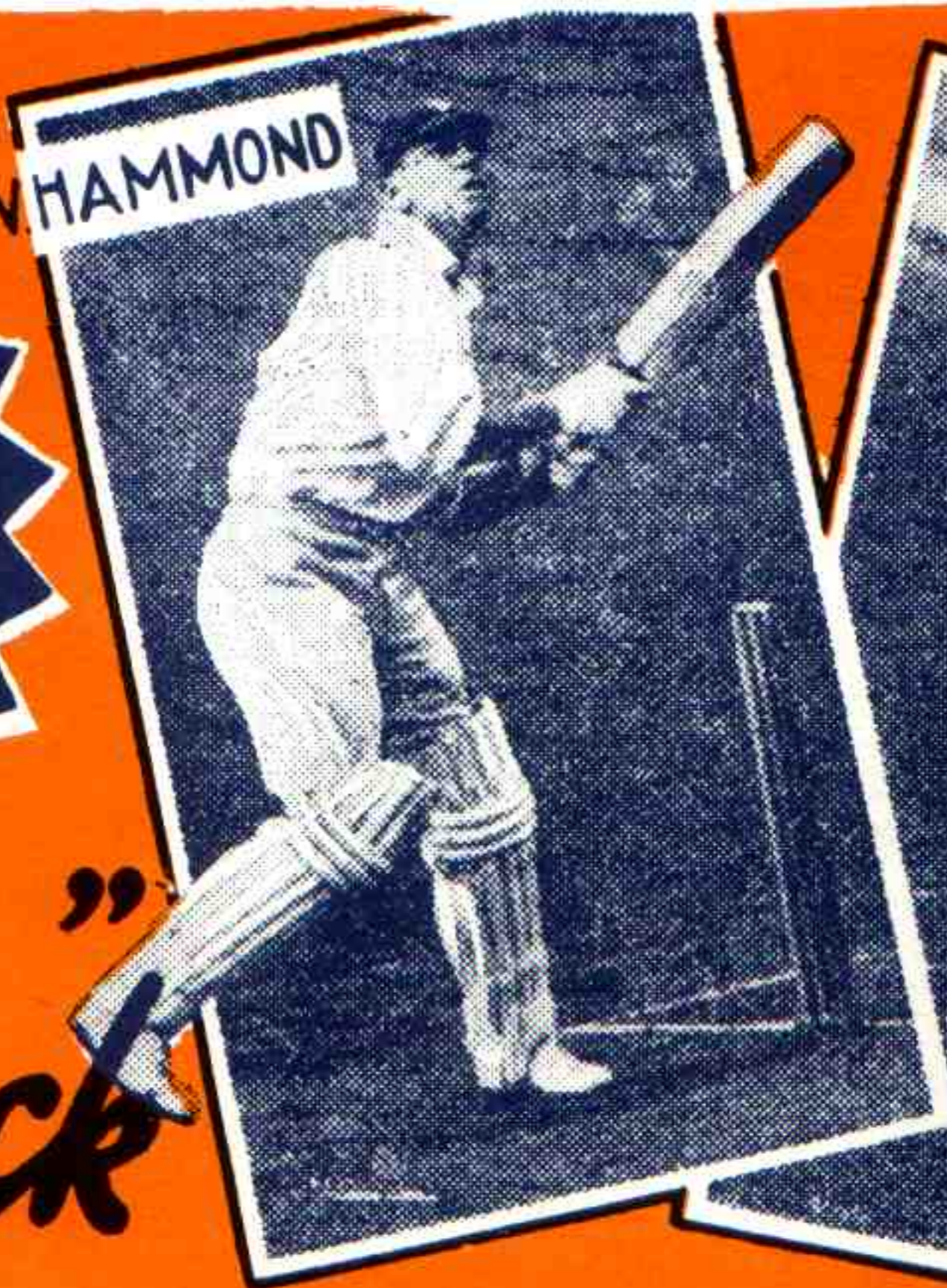
No. 1,171. Vol. XXXVIII.

Week Ending July 26th, 1930.

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MORE**

“Sticky Back”

W. HAMMOND



D. BRADMAN



TEST MATCH PHOTOS



P. HENDREN

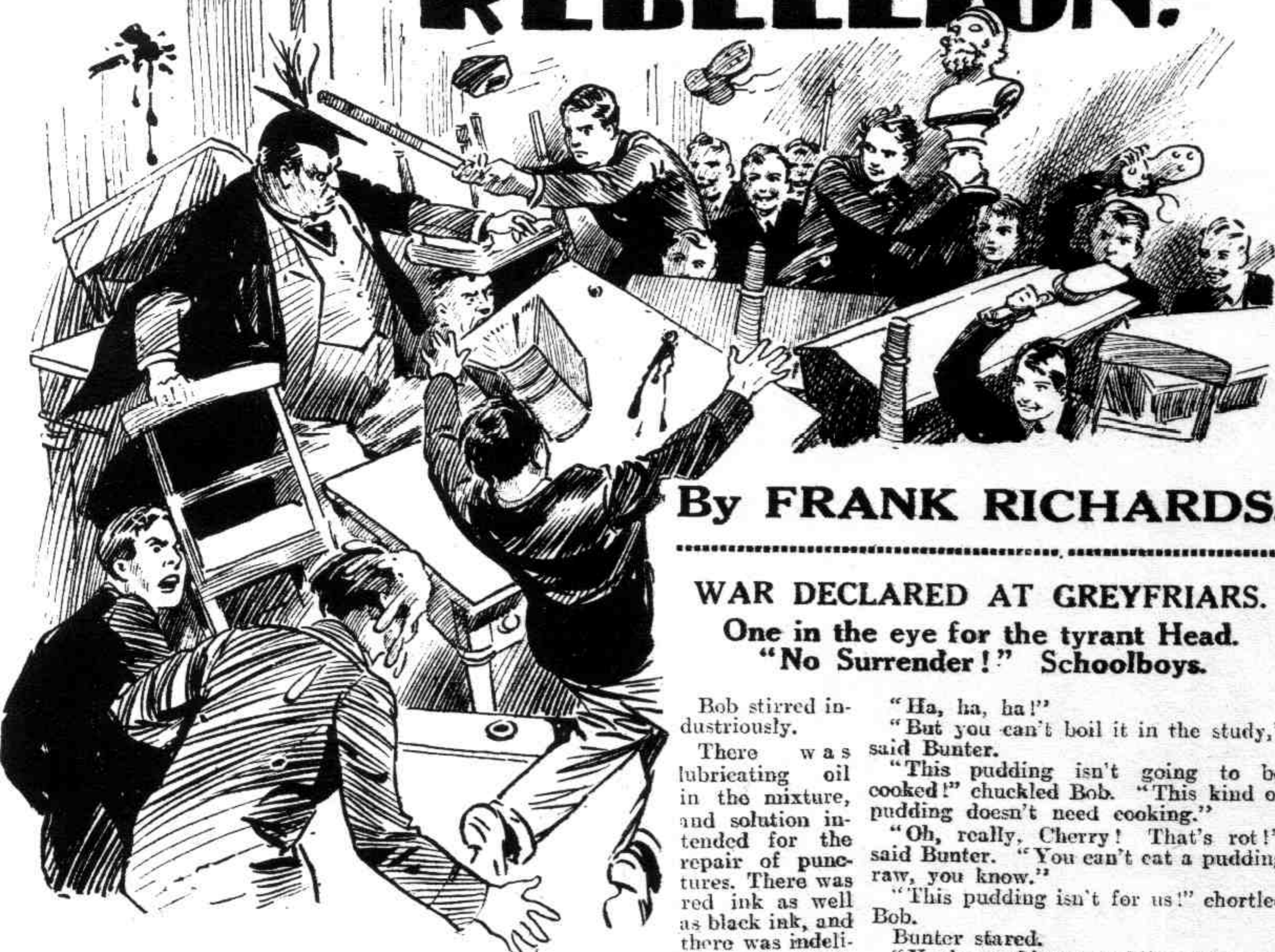
A. HURWOOD



For Your
ALBUM
FREE
INSIDE

ANOTHER ROUSING SCHOOL YARN. FEATURING OTTO VAN TROMP—

THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!



By FRANK RICHARDS.

WAR DECLARED AT GREYFRIARS.

One in the eye for the tyrant Head.
"No Surrender!" Schoolboys.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Does Not Want Any!

"AND ink——"
"Yes, rather!"
"And gum——"
"What-ho!"

"And soot!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Five Remove fellows in Study No. 1 were busy.

Their occupation was unusual; not to say extraordinary.

On the study table stood a large bowl. Bob Cherry, with a big wooden ladle in his hand, was stirring.

The other fellows were adding to the contents of the bowl.

Any fellow glancing into Study No. 1 in the Remove might have fancied that the Famous Five were mixing a pudding. But a second glance would have told that the ingredients the juniors were using could scarcely have resulted in anything of an edible nature.

Bob Cherry poured in ink. Frank Nugent emptied a bottle of gum. Harry Wharton added ashes. Hurree Singh scraped out a remnant of dust from the coal-locker. Johnny Bull hooked out soot from the study chimney. And all these things, added together, made a mixture that did not, in the remotest degree, resemble a pudding.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

Altogether, the mixture was a fearsome one.

"Anything more?" asked Bob, looking round.

"I fancy that's enough," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "If Van Tromp gets that lot on his napper, I am sure he will think so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, the more the merrier," said Bob, stirring away. "May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"There'll be a fearful row!" remarked Nugent.

"There will—when Van Tromp gets this!" agreed Bob. "I fancy his voice will be heard all over the House."

"The rowfulness will be terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"What's the odds?" said Johnny Bull. "The brute is going for us anyhow—and it won't make it any worse if we get our own back a little."

"I say, you fellows!"

The study door opened, and Billy Bunter blinked in through his big spectacles.

"Buzz off, Bunter!" said Wharton.

But Billy Bunter seemed interested. He blinked at the bowl, at which Bob was stirring.

"I say, you fellows, if you're making a pudding, I'll help!" said Bunter.

"Are you going to get the cook to boil it for you?"

Bob stirred industriously.

There was a lubricating oil in the mixture, and solution intended for the repair of punctures. There was red ink as well as black ink, and there was indelible marking-ink.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"But you can't boil it in the study," said Bunter.

"This pudding isn't going to be cooked!" chuckled Bob. "This kind of pudding doesn't need cooking."

"Oh, really, Cherry! That's rot!" said Bunter. "You can't eat a pudding raw, you know."

"This pudding isn't for us!" chortled Bob.

Bunter stared. "You're making a pudding for somebody else?" he ejaculated.

"Just that!"

"Well, you must be an ass!" said Bunter. "Of all the fatheads—unless," he added, "you're making it for me? Is it for me, old chap?"

"You can have some, if you like," said Bob. "We're making it for Van Tromp of the Sixth; but you can have as much as you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter looked puzzled. From where he stood, at the doorway, the shortness of his vision prevented him from discerning the weird contents of the big bowl. He took it for granted that Bob was stirring a pudding.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you must be asses to make a pudding for that bullying beast Van Tromp. He's been a worse beast than ever since his uncle became headmaster. Why, I've heard that you've got to go to his study for a licking, Wharton."

"That's so!" said Harry. "Only I'm not going."

"Well, you've got to go," said Bunter. "If you don't Van Tromp will come here for you."

"I know that! That's what we want."

"Oh, I see! You think you'll get off the licking by offering Van Tromp

that pudding—sucking up to him!" said Bunter, disdainfully. "I can jolly well tell you that it won't be any use. I don't suppose a Sixth Form man cares much about puddings."

"He mayn't care for this one!" agreed Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Bunter persuasively. "Let me give you a word of advice! You'd better go and take your licking, Wharton—you can't stand up against the head prefect of the school, especially when his uncle's headmaster and backs him up in everything. Old Locke isn't headmaster now, you know. Go and take your licking and get it over. And—and you can let me have the pudding. See?"

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

Billy Bunter had the appetite of a cormorant, and he was not much more particular than an ostrich in his diet. But it was improbable that even Bunter would have cared to eat that pudding.

"Like to taste it first, old fat bean?" asked Bob.

"Certainly, old chap. It's a good idea to taste a pudding as you go along," said Bunter. "You make sure that way, you know, that you've got it right. Plenty of sugar in it?"

"Well, taste and see," said Bob. "I don't think it's very sweet; but you

along to Toddy's study and borrow some ink, Franky."

"Right-ho!" said Frank Nugent.

He left Study No. 1, and came back with a large bottle of ink. This, added to the mixture, thinned it considerably.

"That's all right," said Bob. "I fancy that will do. Now we'd better get it fixed up—Van Tromp will be along pretty soon, if you don't turn up in his study, Harry."

"I'll fix it!" said Wharton. "No need for you fellows to get into a row. You clear off and leave it to me."

"Rot!" said Bob. "Sink or swim together!"

"The sinkfulness or the swimfulness togetherfully," Hurree Singh, "is the proper caper, my esteemed Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove shook his head.

"I'm booked for a row, anyhow," he said. "You fellows get out; but mind that nobody comes to the study before Van Tromp gets here. Pass the word to the studies, and keep out of sight."

"But——" said Johnny Bull.

"My dear chap, leave it to me."

And four members of the Co. left the study, leaving Harry Wharton alone there. The captain of the Remove placed the door a few inches ajar. Standing on a chair, he placed the tin bowl on the top of the thick oak door, resting lightly against the lintel.

Then he stepped down, took away the chair, and went over to the window—to wait! All was ready now for the bully of Greyfriars to come to the study, and there was little doubt that when Van

sir. But as Wharton is in your Form——"

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Quite so!" he said.

"The junior has been told to go to Van Tromp's study for a caning," said Wingate. "I am bound to say that it is sheer tyranny—mere persecution. The junior has done nothing to be punished for. As I am no longer a prefect I cannot intervene; but it goes against the grain to see an absolutely unjust punishment inflicted. As you are the boy's Form master——"

Mr. Quelch rose from his chair.

"You are right, Wingate! I am bound to intervene," he said. "I will at least question Van Tromp as to his reasons for punishing Wharton."

"It may save trouble, sir—for I believe that Wharton does not intend to obey the order, and that—well, that will bring the Head into the matter, and it may mean a flogging."

"I quite understand," said the Remove master. "I will speak to Van Tromp at once."

Wingate left the study, and Mr. Quelch remained for some minutes in thought.

Matters had changed very much at Greyfriars since Dr. Locke had left the old school in the hands of the new headmaster.

The good old Head was away now, seriously ill, as the result of a mysterious attack made by an unknown hand. And under Mr. Brander, his successor, Greyfriars was seething with discontent.

Not only was the new Head curt, but dictatorial in his manners to the staff, in a way that every master at Greyfriars resented deeply. That was bad enough; but it was not the worst.

His nephew, Van Tromp of the Sixth, had been made head prefect in Wingate's place, and Mr. Brander backed him up through thick and thin. This

This issue contains another sheet of

"Sticky-back" Photographs of the English and Australian Test Match Cricketers.

can tell me if you taste it. I'll get you some on the ladle."

"Right-ho!" said Bunter.

He rolled forward eagerly. In his mind's eye, Bunter saw a pudding rich with sugar and stacked with plums, which was attractive in an uncooked state, at least to Bunter.

He opened his capacious mouth wide.

Bob Cherry ladled out some of the mixture. There was plenty of ink, but so much soot had been added, that the mixture was of the consistency of a thin paste.

"Here you are, Bunter!" he said, cheerily.

Billy Bunter was short-sighted. But as the ladle came out of the bowl, loaded with that horrible mixture, even the Owl of the Remove discerned that something was amiss with the pudding.

He jumped back.

"Why—what——" he gasped.

"Don't you want to taste it?"

"I—I say, what's it made of?"

gaspd Bunter. "It looks jolly black and——"

"That's only the soot."

"Soot!" yelled Bunter.

"Yes—and the ink——"

"Ink!" gasped Bunter.

"Yes. What have you shut your silly mouth for? Do you want to taste this pudding or don't you?"

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave the chums of the Remove one enraged blink, and departed from the study, slamming the door after him. Apparently Bunter did not want to taste the pudding after all.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall want some more ink in this," said Bob. "It's too sticky! Cut

Tromp pushed open the door he would be sorry that he had come.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, frowned.

Wingate of the Sixth looked worried.

Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, was in the Remove master's study. Both the Sixth-Former and the Form master were evidently in a troubled frame of mind.

"I hardly know, sir, whether I ought to consult you, as I am no longer a prefect," said Wingate. "But——"

"I am glad you have spoken, Wingate," said Mr. Quelch. "I must not, of course, criticise the gentleman whom the governing board have chosen to take Dr. Locke's place. But I must say I was very surprised when the post of head prefect was given to Van Tromp—a new boy here."

"I'm not complaining, of course, sir," said Wingate. "Mr. Brander must do as he thinks best now that he is Head; but it's useless for me to speak to Van Tromp. But I thought that a word from you might have some effect."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Quelch. "Van Tromp seems to be so puffed up with conceit and self-importance, that I fear that anything I might say would be useless."

"You are the best judge, of course,

Trim the photos with scissors and stick them in your album.

led to something like a reign of terror in the Lower School, and to intense resentment in the Upper School. Even to the masters Van Tromp did not check his insolence; and Mr. Quelch disliked very much the idea of an interview with him.

But he felt that it was his duty; and he left his study at last and made his way to the Sixth Form passage, where he knocked at Van Tromp's door.

"Come in, you young rascal!"

Mr. Quelch coloured as he received that unexpected greeting.

He opened the door and entered.

Otto van Tromp was standing by the table, from which he had picked up a cane. He stared at the Form master, and laid the cane down again.

"Oh! I thought it was Wharton!" he said.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch icily.

Van Tromp had looked confused for a moment. But he recovered himself very quickly.

"Do you want anything, sir?" he asked carelessly.

"It was upon the subject of Wharton that I came to speak to you, Van Tromp."

"Really?" drawled the Sixth-Former.

"I understand that you have told the boy to come to your study for a caning."

"Yes; I'm expecting him now. He is late."

"May I ask why he is to be punished?"

"That wouldn't interest you, sir."

"On the contrary, it interests me very much, as Wharton's Form master!" said Mr. Quelch sharply.

"Has Wharton asked you to interfere?" asked Van Tromp, with a sneer.

"The boy has not spoken to me; I have learned the matter from another source. As Wharton's Form master, I desire to know why he is to be punished."

Van Tromp shrugged his shoulders.

"I hardly care to discuss the matter, sir," he answered. "Mr. Brander has appointed me to a position of authority, and it is my duty to maintain discipline among the juniors. Wharton had been insolent, and I am going to cane him. That is all."

"What has he done?"

"I've said that I don't care to discuss the matter," said Van Tromp coolly. "If you are not satisfied, sir, you are at liberty to speak to the headmaster on the subject."

Mr. Quelch breathed hard through his nose.

There was a short silence, and the mocking grin on Van Tromp's face did not have a calming effect on Mr. Quelch.

"Very well," he said at last. "Please come with me to the headmaster, and the matter shall be placed before him."

"Pleased!" yawned Van Tromp.

Mr. Quelch whisked out of the study, his face very pink. Otto van Tromp lounged after him.

He grinned as he went. He was quite aware how much support the indignant Form master was likely to receive from the new Head.

They arrived together at the Head's study, the study that Mr. Quelch had spent many pleasant hours in, when it was tenanted by Dr. Lecke. Since the new Head had been appointed, however, Mr. Quelch had never entered that study except when it was unavoidable.

Mr. Brander, seated at Dr. Lecke's old desk, glanced up irritably. But his face cleared at the sight of his nephew.

Hard and unfeeling as the tyrant of Greyfriars was, he seemed to have one soft spot in his heart, and his nephew filled it.

"What is it, Otto?" he asked.

He hardly glanced at the Remove master.

Van Tromp smiled.

"Mr. Quelch has a complaint to make of me, uncle," he said.

The new Head frowned.

"Indeed!" he rapped. "You may speak, Mr. Quelch, but kindly be brief."

Mr. Quelch grew almost purple with vexation. Until his present experience he would never have dreamed that any headmaster could speak to a Form master in that manner.

"Really, Mr. Brander—" he gasped.

"My time is of value, sir!" snapped Mr. Brander. "I have much to do. The late headmaster appears to have left the affairs of the school in considerable confusion, and the labour falls on me."

"I was quite unaware of anything of the kind, sir—"

"It is not a matter for you to trouble about, Mr. Quelch. Kindly keep to the business in hand."

Mr. Quelch almost choked.

"Very well, sir! I will do so! I

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

will certainly do so! Van Tromp proposes to punish a boy of my Form, and declines to give any reason to me for so doing. That, I presume, does not meet with your approval."

"You are entirely mistaken, Mr. Quelch," said the new Head coldly. "My confidence in my nephew is complete. I see no reason whatever for him to explain to you."

"Sir!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

The cold, icy eyes in the fat face of the headmaster fixed on Mr. Quelch freezingly.

"You do not seem quite to understand your position in this school, Mr. Quelch," said the new Head. "I require implicit obedience from every member of my staff. When I appoint a prefect, I require the members of my staff to give that prefect every support and assistance in carrying out his duties. Any gentleman who does not care to give me the implicit support I require, is at liberty to hand in his resignation."

Mr. Quelch choked again.

"I trust I make myself clear!" said Mr. Brander.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Quite clear! Very clear indeed, sir!"

"Very good," said Mr. Brander. "I repeat that I have every confidence in my nephew. Nevertheless, you may state, in my presence, Otto, for what reason you have decided to punish a Remove boy."

"Wharton was insolent," said Van Tromp.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," said Mr. Brander. "He is the most unruly boy at Greyfriars, I believe."

"Really, sir—" gasped Mr. Quelch. "If Van Tromp can make no more definite statement than that—"

"The boy was ordered to come to my study at six o'clock," said Van Tromp. "It is now half-past six, and he has not come. It will be necessary for me to go to the Remove passage to deal with him. Don't you call that insolence, Mr. Quelch?"

"Certainly—if there exists any reason for punishing the boy," said Mr. Quelch. "But I have heard no reason yet."

"Mr. Quelch! Do you uphold a junior boy in disobeying the commands of a Sixth-Form prefect?" exclaimed Mr. Brander.

"Certainly not. But in this case—"

"Enough, sir!" Mr. Brander rose from the desk, and picked up a cane. "You say that Wharton was ordered to come to your study at six, Otto?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And he has not come?"

"He has not."

"Then I will deal with him personally," said Mr. Brander, "and I have no doubt that when I have dealt with him, he will regret that he was not dealt with by you."

And Mr. Brander, taking no further notice of the Remove master, walked out of the study, cane in hand.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard and deep. "Are you satisfied now, sir?" drawled Van Tromp.

Mr. Quelch did not answer him. He rustled away, breathless with indignation, leaving the bully of the Sixth grinning. His intervention had made matters worse, instead of better, for Wharton.

Mr. Brander, cane in hand, was on his way to Study No. 1 in the Remove. A surprise was awaiting him there.

Mr. Brander had said Wharton would regret being dealt with by him instead of Van Tromp. But really it looked as though the Head would be the one to regret it!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Wrong Man!

HARRY WHARTON breathed rather quickly.

He could hear a rapid and heavy step approaching the door of Study No. 1 from the stairs.

He had no doubt that it was Van Tromp.

Word had been passed along the Remove studies, and no fellow in the Form was likely to push open the door of No. 1—where the booby-trap was in readiness for the bully of the Sixth.

Wharton waited, quietly.

It was a serious enough matter to catch a Sixth Form prefect in such a trap; and Wharton was well aware of it. But he was booked for trouble with the bully of the Sixth anyhow. Van Tromp had a very heavy "down" on the Famous Five; and since his uncle had become headmaster, he had made no attempt to restrain his malice towards the cheery Co. And as they were for it anyway, the chums of the Remove had not been long in coming to the conclusion that they might as well hit back.

So Wharton waited coolly, while the footsteps approached the door from the Remove staircase.

The large tin bowl was nicely balanced on the top of the door; whence it must infallibly fall upon anyone who pushed the door open from outside. Van Tromp was not a fellow to tap and pause; when he entered a junior study, his way was to throw the door rudely open and stride in. Wharton waited—watching—with bated breath.

The footsteps reached the door, and it was pushed open roughly from outside.

Crash!

Splash!

"Yurrrrrggghhh!"

The bowl containing the awful mixture descended, fairly on the head of the newcomer.

A gasping, sputtering, choking yell burst from him.

He stood in the doorway, streaming with the mixture, gasping, stuttering, gurgling. Ink and gum and soot and other things clothed him like a garment.

"Oh crumbe!" stammered Wharton.

He gazed at the blackened, streaming figure in horror.

It was not Van Tromp!

"Oh scissors! The Head!"

"Oh! Ooooooh! Ooooooch!" spluttered Mr. Brander. "Wow—woooogh! Ooooooch!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Grooogh! Gug-gug-ug-g! What—what— Oh! Ooooooch!"

Wharton could only gaze at him.

From other studies up the passage came a sound of subdued chuckling. Other fellows had heard the gurgling and gasping, and no doubt they supposed that it proceeded from the bully of the Sixth. They were all keeping carefully out of sight in the studies.

"Gooooooogh!" gurgled Mr. Brander. "Oooooooogh!"

He had dropped his cane. He tried to gouge the fearful mixture out of his eyes, which were swamped with it, as well as his nose and mouth. He cleared his vision a little, and glared into the study—at the startled face of the captain of the Remove.

"Boy!" he roared.

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

"Did—did you do this?" bawled Mr. Brander.

"I—I—I—"

"Answer me!"

"I—I—I never expected you, sir!" gasped Wharton. "I—I never dreamed

you were coming, sir! I—it wasn't meant for you, sir!"

"Grooogh! Ooooooh! You young rascal—Wooooooh! I am blinded—choked! Ach, ach! You shall be flogged—expelled—"

"I—I never meant it for you—"

"For whom did you lay this disgusting trap?" bellowed Mr. Brander.

"For Van Tromp, sir!" gasped Harry.

"For my nephew?"

"Ye-e-es."

Mr. Brander glared round him for his cane.

A better-tempered gentleman than Mr. Brander might have been excited, in the circumstances. But Brander was in a towering and ferocious rage.

He spotted the cane lying on the floor, in a sea of mixture, and grabbed it up, and fairly rushed on Wharton.

He did not tell the junior to bend over. He was too enraged for that. He slashed at him frantically with the cane.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wharton.

He threw up his arm to save his head, and yelled with pain as he caught the slash of the cane across it.

Unfortunately for Bunter, he stepped out just as Wharton was tearing past the door. There was a collision and a crash.

"Yarooooh!" roared Bunter.

He went over headlong; and Wharton left him strewn in the passage, as he fled onward.

The next instant Mr. Brander was on him.

The headmaster had no time to stop; he was going too strong for that. Bunter sprawled fairly in his path, and Mr. Brander stumbled over him and

that in his present state, the sooner he got out of the public view the better.

He hurried down the stairs.

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Quelch met him as he descended, and stared at him blankly. "Who—what—what—"

Mr. Brander brushed roughly past him, leaving the Remove master staring.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker of the Fifth, who was at the foot of the staircase, talking to Potter and Greene,



As the ladle came out of the bowl even Bunter saw that something was amiss. With a gasp, he jumped back!

The next moment, he was dodging round the study table. Mr. Brander rushed after him, horrible mixture trickling from him as he rushed.

The next slash of the cane barely missed Wharton's back. He made a wild leap for the doorway, and fled into the passage.

"Stop!" yelled Mr. Brander.

Wharton did not stop.

He flew.

Mr. Brander seemed to have entirely lost self-control in his rage; and he was too dangerous at close quarters.

Wharton rushed up the passage; and after him came the new headmaster, his inky, sooty gown streaming behind him, his inky and sooty face aflame with fury.

Fellows in the studies heard the chase, and chuckled. They still supposed it was Van Tromp who had caught the booby-trap. One fellow was too curious to see what was going on, to remain in his study. That one was Billy Bunter. Bunter stepped out of No. 7 with a grin on his fat face.

sprawled, too. He came down crashing on Bunter.

"Ow, ow, ow! Wow! Help!" moaned Bunter.

Mr. Brander staggered to his feet, leaving a considerable quantity of mixture adhering to Bunter.

He gripped his cane, glared down at the sprawling Owl of the Remove, and lashed out savagely.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter.

"Yarooogh! I say, it wasn't me—Whoooop! Leave off! Yow-ow-ow! I say—Yarooop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Bunter squirmed and yelled wildly.

Leaving him squirming, Mr. Brander resumed the pursuit. But he had lost a few seconds; and a few seconds, were enough for Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove had vanished; and Mr. Brander rooted through the passage for him in vain.

He gave it up—perhaps, too, realising

"Look at that! Who is it? What is it? Is it a blessed nigger, or a Christy minstrel?"

The three Fifth-Formers stared at Mr. Brander. He was scarcely recognisable in his extraordinary state.

"It—it can't be the Head!" gasped Potter.

"The Head!" repeated Coker. "Oh crumbs! Why, what—" Coker jumped out of the way, as the enraged master lashed at him with the cane. "Why, what—who-wharrer you mean?"

Mr. Brander strode on, breathing fury and ink. Coker stared after him as he vanished.

"W-w-was that the Head?" he ejaculated.

"I fancy so!" said Greene. "What the thump has he been doing?"

"He made a sick at me with that cane!" said Coker hotly. "If he thinks I'm going to stand that, he's mistaken! I'll jolly well tell him so."

"Better not," chuckled Potter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

"Better keep at a safe distance from him just now. He's not safe."

A door was heard to slam in the distance. Mr. Brander had retired from public view—for the present! In many parts of the House the sound of laughter was heard, but in the Remove passage, as by the yellow Tiber of old, there was tumult and affright.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Heavy Hand!

"YE gods!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh dear!" said Nugent.

"The oh-dearfulness is truly terrific!" groaned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"What did the silly old ass want to stick his silly head into it for?" demanded Johnny Bull. "It was meant for the silly young ass, not the silly old ass."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh scissors!" said Harry Wharton.

"What's going to happen now?"

"Goodness knows!"

"Something lingering, with boiling oil in it!" suggested Vernon-Smith.

"This isn't a laughing matter, Smithy," said Bob.

"Isn't it?" said the Bounder. "I thought old Brander looked quite funny when I got a peep at him."

"Well it won't be funny for the man that caught him in the booby-trap," said Skinner. "Which of you was it?"

"It was I," said Harry.

"It was all of us," said Bob.

"The whole jolly family," said Johnny Bull. "We've got to face the music together. After all, it was his own fault, sticking his silly napper in where it wasn't wanted."

The Remove passage was crowded with fellows, all discussing the exciting happening and what was to follow. In the doorway of Study No. 1 was a pool of the fearsome mixture that had been mixed for Van Tromp, and which his uncle had so unfortunately bagged. There were traces of it all along the passage, where Mr. Brander had trodden.

Most of the juniors were horrified. The Bounder was the only fellow who seemed amused by the disaster.

Certainly, nobody in the Remove had any sympathy to waste on Mr. Brander. That did not trouble them at all. They were thinking of what was bound to follow.

Wharton had escaped the immediate wrath of the new Head; and he hoped that Mr. Brander would have calmed down a little by the time he saw him again. But obviously, there was going to be a terrific row.

"It's a flogging at least!" said Skinner.

"The sack, more likely," said Snoop.

"Both, I should say!" remarked Hazeldene.

"You fellows setting up as Job's comforters?" growled Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, it's bound to be the sack," said Billy Bunter. "You can take that from me, Wharton."

"Fathead!"

"Well it's a cert, you know, and you may as well make up your mind to it," argued Bunter. "No good blinking the facts. I say, old chap, as you're going to be sacked, can I have the armchair in your study?"

"What?"

"You won't want it when you're sacked," said Bunter. "These things ain't worth taking home. I'll pay for it, of course—I'll send the money on."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

I'm expecting a postal order—Yaroooooooh!" roared Bunter. "Stop kicking me, Bob Cherry, you beast! Wharrer you kicking a fellow for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob did not explain what he was kicking Bunter for. He kicked hard; and the Owl of the Remove fled, still unenlightened.

There was a footstep on the Remove staircase; and Loder of the Sixth came up. The juniors were silent. They had no doubt that the prefect had come up to fetch the delinquent to the Head.

There was a lurking grin on Loder's face. He had seen the Head in his blackened, inky, and sooty state; and perhaps it had struck him as comic.

"Wharton here?" called out Loder.

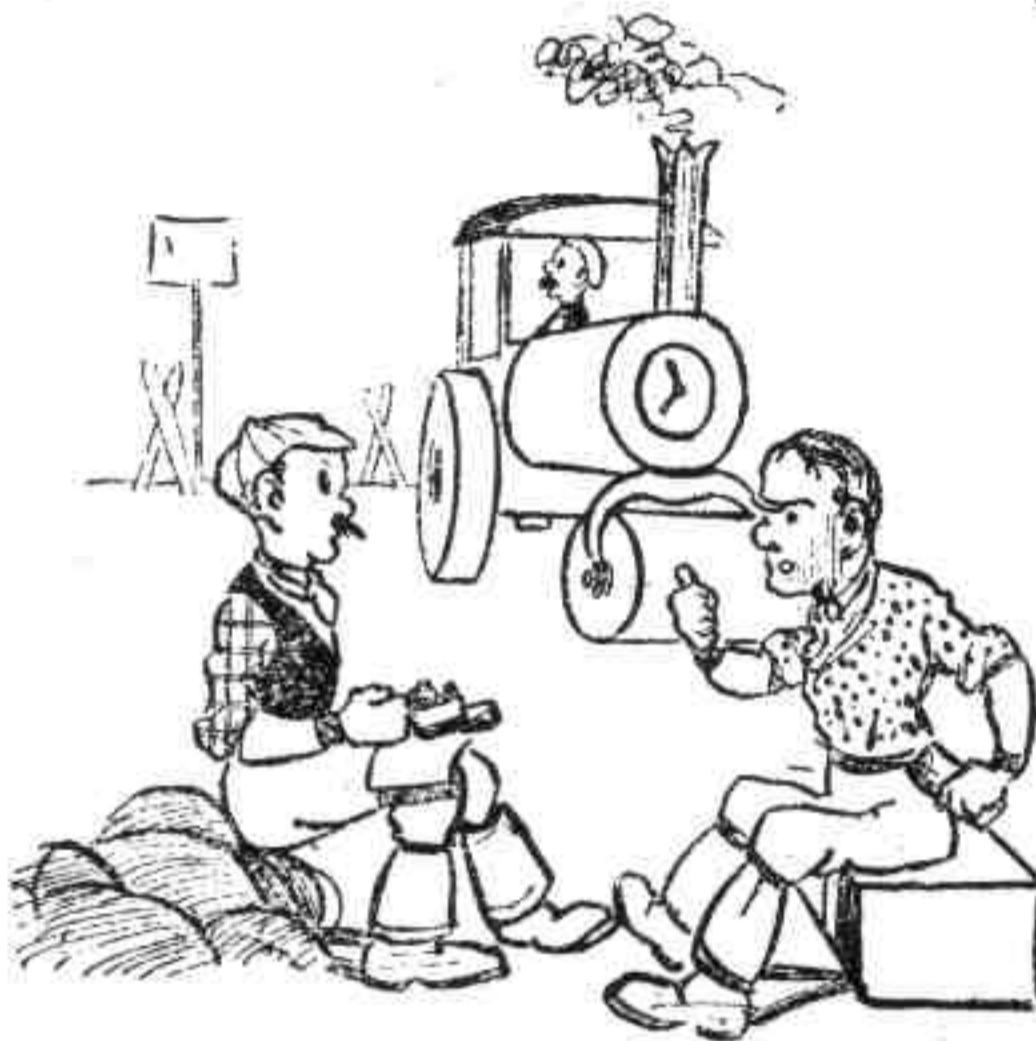
"Here!" answered Harry.

"You're to go to the Head's study."

"Oh! All right!"

PENKNIVES FOR LAUGHS!

Alfred Keeling, of 46, Leman Street, Derby, has caught the judge's eye with the following amusing storyette:



First Navy: "Why don't old Jee come down from the steam-roller and 'ave 'is grub with us?"

Second Navy: "Oh, 'e says with all these 'ere car thieves about, 'e ain't takin' no chances!"

NOTE.—All Jokes and Limericks should be sent to: c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

"Is he very waxy, Loder?" asked Bob.

"Just a trifle," said Loder. "Just a little! You're a cheeky young scoundrel, Wharton; but I'm sorry for you. You'll be sorry for yourself when the Head's done with you. Come along."

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath. "Can't be helped!" he said.

"Hold on!" said Bob. "We're all going—"

"Rot!" said Harry. "What's the good of lickings all round?"

"Yes if it's only a licking; but a fellow might be sacked for this," said Bob. "They can't very well sack five fellows in a bunch; so we're all going to own up, see?"

"Yes, rather," said Nugent. "We were all in it, anyhow."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

Harry Wharton shook his head. "You fellows keep out of it," he said.

"I can stand it."

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. "Come on, you men."

Loder looked back.

"You'd better hurry up, Wharton!"

no called out. "You won't improve matters by keeping the Head waiting."

"I'm coming!"

Wharton followed the prefect; and his chums followed him. On that point the captain of the Remove had to give way—the Co. were not to be denied. There was, too, reason in Bob's argument. Mr. Brander, who had only been a week at Greyfriars, was not likely to want to expel five fellows at one fell swoop, whereas it was quite possible that a single offender might be expelled.

The Famous Five descended the stairs, leaving an anxious and buzzing crowd behind them. Their faces were very serious as they approached the Head's study. Before they reached that apartment, they met Mr. Quelch. The Remove master was looking very worried and distressed.

"You are going to the Head?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!" answered Harry.

"Then it was you who—who— Is it possible Wharton, that you, the head boy of my Form, had a hand in such an outrage?"

"It was really an accident, sir," said Harry. "We meant it for Van Tromp, and Mr Brander got it by mistake."

"You had better explain that to Mr. Brander," said the Remove master. "It is a mitigating circumstance. But surely you, Wharton, should have known better than to play such a prank on a Sixth Form prefect?"

"Van Tromp was going to lick me for nothing, sir," answered Harry. "I thought he might as well have something to lick me for."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

His face was very troubled and thoughtful as he passed on. Mr. Quelch was very strict on discipline, yet he could not find it in his heart to blame his head boy in the circumstances.

"Come on!" grunted Loder.

Loder tapped at the Head's door and opened it, and the Famous Five entered. Mr. Brander fixed his eyes on them. He was freshly washed and brushed now.

"I sent for you, Wharton!" he snapped.

"We're all in it, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"The all-fulness is terrific, sir."

The new Head compressed his lips hard.

"Am I to understand that all of you were concerned in this unspeakable outrage on your headmaster?" he demanded.

"We never meant it for you, sir," said Nugent.

"It was meant for Van Tromp," said Johnny Bull.

"You deliberately planned this outrage on a prefect of the Sixth Form?" said Mr. Brander grimly.

"Yes," said Harry; "because he is a bully and a brute—"

"Silence!"

The juniors were silent.

"Since you have all confessed to participation in this outrage, you will all be equally punished," said Mr. Brander.

"You will be given a public flogging tomorrow morning. You will be gated for every half-holiday for the remainder of the term. Each of you will write out a thousand lines of Virgil. For the present, you may go!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob involuntarily.

"Silence! You may go," said Mr. Brander harshly.

The Famous Five left the study. In the passage they gazed at one another.

They had fully expected a flogging, but the rest of the sentence was rather

unexpected. The new headmaster had a heavy hand.

"We're for it, you men!" said Bob Cherry dismally.

Wharton set his lips.

"We're for it," he agreed; "but—"

"But what?"

"This can't go on," said Harry.

"What can we do?" asked Nugent.

Wharton shook his head.

"I don't know. But this can't go on! They're piling it on too thick, the Head and Van Tromp, and it can't go on!"

And the Famous Five returned dismally to the Remove passage. They found a crowd of fellows there eager for news.

"Flogging, gating, and lines!" said Peter Todd. "It's awfully thick!"

"The thickfulness is terrific!" groaned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed and disgusting Beak is the preposterous limit."

"Well, you asked for it, you know," said Skinner.

"Oh, shut up, Skinner!"

It was a dismal evening for the Famous Five. The prospect before them was dismaying, and for once the five cheeriest faces in the Remove were dismally clouded.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Coker Asks for It!

"**R**OTTEN!" said Coker of the Fifth in the games study.

Coker was indignant.

When Coker was indignant, he was accustomed to making the fact known. The bull voice of Horace Coker was loud in the land.

"Rotten!" he repeated. "The new Beak is going too far. What is the school coming to, I should like to know!"

Coker's face went red with wrath.

Physically, Coker of the Fifth had recovered from the flogging the new Head had given him. Mentally and morally he was still sore.

"The man's a cad—a rank outsider!" he said. "Who ever heard of the Fifth being flogged, and all for booting that tick, Van Tromp?"

"For goodness' sake, Coker—"

"I'm not afraid to say what I think!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "Yes, I jolly well know that old Brander has a way of creeping about and listening at a door. And if he's listening at this door now, he can jolly well hear what I think of him!"

The Fifth Form men in the games study gazed at Coker. Not one of them answered him. All of them knew the stealthy ways of Meyer Brander, and how very frequently his ears happened to hear what was not intended for them. And Coker was the only man in the Greyfriars Fifth who was willing to risk trouble with the tyrant of the school.

"I jolly well wish," went on Coker, "that I knew who it was that bunged Dr. Locke on the napper! I'd smash him! But for that, this blighter Brander would never have wedged in at Greyfriars!"

"Quiet, old man!"

"Rot! The governors must have been potty to appoint him, even as temporary headmaster," said Coker. "It was that old ass Sir Hilton Popper who bullied them into it. Precious sort of old ass to be chairman of the board!"

"Not so loud," breathed Greene.

Snort from Coker.

"Do you think I'm going to whisper because the Beak sneaks round listening at doors like a sneaking little fag?" he boomed. "Catch me! I'll say what I jolly well think, and I'll say it as loud as I like!"

"Well, if you like to ask for it—!" said Potter.

"Rot! Blow the Beak!" snorted Coker. "If the governors knew how he was carrying on here, they'd be sorry for their bargain, I can tell you. I'm not the fellow to stand up for fags, as you know. I've a short way with fags myself. But those Remove kids were quite in the right to go for that cad Van Tromp; and if Brander got it by mistake, serve him right for shoving in his fat head where it wasn't wanted. There's been too much flogging at Greyfriars since Brander came—lots too much! And I say it's rotten, and I don't care who hears me!"

The door-handle turned.

The door opened.

There was a sort of convulsive movement on the part of the Fifth-Formers in the room.

Mr. Brander stood in the doorway.

No one had heard a footstep approaching. There had not been a sound. Mr. Brander had been "creeping" again.

"Oh crikey!" murmured Potter.

The Fifth Form men jumped up respectfully, most of them rather red in the face. It was absolutely certain that Mr. Brander must have heard Coker's booming voice; indeed, the black frown on his face, the glint in his narrow eyes, told as much.

There was a dead silence.

Coker spun round and stared at the new headmaster. Even Coker faltered

a little as he realised that the Head had overheard his wild and whirling words.

"You were speaking, I think, Coker," said Mr. Brander.

"I—I—I—" stammered Coker.

"I think I heard your voice," said Mr. Brander.

"Yes," gasped Coker.

"You can scarcely expect me to pass your words over, Coker."

Coker set his lips.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "A fellow has a right to say what he likes, without stopping to think whether there's anybody listening at the keyhole."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Blundell.

The Fifth Form men fairly shivered. All of them knew that Mr. Brander had been eavesdropping. But Horace Coker was certainly the only fellow at Greyfriars who would have cared to tell him so.

The new headmaster's face flushed.

"Coker, you—you dare to say—to insinuate—" he articulated.

"I've said what all the fellows think, sir," answered Coker sturdily, "and I jolly well don't care if you lick me!"

"Blundell!" said Mr. Brander.

"Yes, sir?"

"Go to my study and fetch the cane from my desk there."

Blundell paused.

He was a senior; he was captain of the Fifth; he was a First Eleven man, and a full-fledged Blood. And he was told to fetch a cane, like a fag of the Second Form!

(Continued on next page.)



**GREYFRIARS
CORRESPONDENTS.**

No. 3.

**BOB CHERRY OF THE
REMOVE.**

The **MAGNET'S** long-haired poet has earned his salt again this week, for his snappy poem written around popular Bob Cherry is well up to standard.



DEAR Pater,—The cricket is over,
The tea-things are all cleared
away,
And I and my chums are in
clover—

We've had a most wonderful day!
St. Jim's have been licked to a frazzle,
We vanquished and put them to rout;
And though my own star didn't dazzle,
Old Wharion made fifty, not out!

To-night there is no preparation,
To-morrow no verbs to construe;
So I've a less dull occupation
Composing a letter to you.
My chums are at chess at this minute,
My presence is therefore ignored;
I fancy old Inky will win it,
He seems to be sweeping the board!

Just lately I've been very busy,
Preparing for Founders' Exam;
The swotting has made me quite dizzy,
I'm never a chappie to "cram."
My chance of success isn't tenfold,
Although I've been "up to my eyes";
I fancy Mark Linley or Penfold
Will collar the coveted prize!

On Wednesday, by way of diversion,
A riverside picnic was planned;
We had quite a jolly excursion,
The grub and the weather were
grand!
But Bunter insisted on sharing
Our hamper of excellent fare;
We watched him, grinning and glaring,
Consume quite an elephant's share!

Our sports will be held very shortly,
I'm in for the "half" and the mile;
And Bunter, the plump and the portly,
Is also competing (don't smile!).
In spite of our boisterous banter,
No word of defeat will he hear;
He says he will win in a canter
And leave us for dead, in the rear!

And now I must scurry and scramble
Or I shall be "left at the post";
If you can decipher this ramble
Your eyesight is better than most.
My love both to you and the mater,
And now I have finished my job;
I'll send all the other news later—
I am, Your affectionate BOB.

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Mr. Brander's icy eyes turned on him.

"Do you hear me, Blundell?"

Slowly, in silence, with crimson in his cheeks, the captain of the Fifth left the games study.

The seniors in the room remained silent while he was gone. Even Horace Coker had nothing to say.

He came back with the cane in his hand.

"Thank you, Blundell!" said Mr. Brander icily.

Blundell handed him the cane without a word or a look. His anger and humiliation were too deep for words. Mr. Brander swished the cane in the air—an unaccustomed sound in the games study. The seniors looked at him in eloquent silence. Some of their faces scarcely concealed contempt.

"Coker!" Mr. Brander pointed to a chair with the cane. "Bend over that chair, Coker."

Coker, breathing hard, stood rigid. Blundell opened his lips, and closed them again. It was useless to speak to a man who was a rank outsider, and who carried on as a headmaster never had carried on at Greyfriars before, in all the long history of the old school.

"Do you hear me, Coker?"

Blundell's lips opened again. This time he spoke.

"Mr. Brander——"

"You need not speak, Blundell."

"I must speak, sir," said the captain of the Fifth. "I'm bound to utter a protest."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brander icily. "Take warning, Blundell, that if you utter one more word, I shall cane you as well as Coker."

Blundell gasped! His gasp was echoed by the other fellows! But Blundell did not speak again.

"Now, Coker——" said Mr. Brander.

Coker paused, hesitated, and then bent over the chair. His face was crimson with rage and mortification.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

The cane rose and fell, and every lashing cut brought a gasp from Horace Coker. Mr. Brander was putting his beef into it.

"You may get up, Coker."

Coker got up.

He stood pale and trembling with rage. Mr. Brander looked at him, and looked round at the silent, grim-faced Fifth Form men.

"Let this be a warning to all of you!" he said, and he tucked the cane under his arm and walked out of the games study.

There was a deep silence when he had gone.

Coker broke it.

"Does he think we're going to stand this sort of thing," asked Coker thickly. "The spying, listening, cavedropping rotter——"

"Shut up!" muttered Blundell.

"The rotten, sneaking outsider——"

"Dry up, you idiot—he may be listening now!" breathed Potter. "Shut up."

"Oh!" said Coker.

And Coker of the Fifth, for once, shut up.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

And Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Go away!" moaned Bob Cherry.

"He, he, he!"

Bunter seemed entertained.

Five juniors were standing in attitudes of woe and deep dejection in the Rag. Bob Cherry leaned on the table. Nugent leaned on the back of a chair.

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Johnny Bull walked to and fro. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh stood wriggling. Harry Wharton twisted painfully.

The flogging had taken place.

All Greyfriars, assembled in the Hall, had had the pleasure or otherwise of seeing Mr. Brander exercise the birch that morning.

Floggings had been rare under Dr. Locke's rule, but they had happened; the sight was not exactly a new one. But in severity, the flogging on this particular morning exceeded anything in the experience of Greyfriars fellows.

Mr. Brander had laid it on very hard indeed. Perhaps he felt it his duty not to spare the rod. Perhaps, as some of the fellows surmised, he liked flogging a schoolboy. Certainly he had put beef into it, and fat as he was, he seemed to have plenty of muscle.

After the flogging, the Famous Five retired to the Rag, deserted at that early hour, to recuperate, as it were.

The chums of the Remove were not soft, they knew how to take a licking. But this licking was a record. It had quite "taken it out" of them, and they were feeling very bad indeed.

Naturally, they desired to hide their woe from the public eye. No fellow wanted to be seen wriggling and writhing, or to be heard moaning and groaning. They had the Rag to themselves,

LOOK OUT

for our representative at the seaside resort you are visiting. He is giving away splendid prizes and thousands of attractive FREE GIFTS. Numerous competitions will be held for which attractive prizes will be given. Very large quantities of gifts will be distributed to readers who are seen making a prominent display of the

MAGNET.

and there they wriggled and writhed and moaned and groaned to their hearts' content, the other fellows tactfully leaving them alone—till Billy Bunter butted in.

Bunter, of course, had to butt in. Bunter was always where he was not wanted. Indeed, it would have been difficult for Bunter to have been anywhere else, for it had never been on record that he was wanted anywhere.

He blinked at the suffering quintette through his big spectacles, and smiled a fat smile.

"Feeling bad?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said Bob Cherry with a groan. "Not at all! Nice, in fact! We're squirming like this because we're enjoying ourselves! Wow!"

"Get out, you fat idiot!" mumbled Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Do clear off, Bunter," said Wharton.

"But I say, you fellows, don't make such a fuss about it," said Bunter encouragingly. "After all, what's a licking?"

The five gazed at Bunter.

Had they felt equal to exertion, they would have collared the fat Owl of the Remove and answered his question in a practical manner, by demonstrating forcibly what a licking was.

"Brander rather laid it on, I know," continued the Owl of the Remove. "Still, I'm rather surprised to see fellows making all this fuss."

"Go away!" moaned Nugent.

"Well, I've come here to buck you up a bit," said Bunter. "Look here! Pull yourselves together."

"Get out!"

"Travel, you fat freak."

"Oh, really, you fellows! I think you might be civil to a chap who's sympathising with you," said Bunter. "Look here, if you take my advice, you'll chuck all this mumbling and grumbling and bear it like men. Pull yourselves together, you know, and buck up. Be men, like me."

"How could anybody be a man, and be like you at the same time?" asked Bob Cherry. "The thing's impossible."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Get out before I kick you," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Ow, ow, ow! Wow!" came from Frank Nugent as he twisted dolefully. "Ow, ow! Oh dear! Wow!"

"You're making a frightful row about a bit of a licking, Franky," said Bunter. "It's rather funky, don't you think?"

"Any of you fellows feel strong enough to kick Bunter?" asked Nugent in an expiring voice.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

Johnny Bull picked up a book from the table and hurled it at the fat figure in the doorway. Bunter dodged it.

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Go away, you fat villain."

"Shan't!" said Bunter. "I think you ought to be glad to hear a fellow talk to you plainly when you're making such an exhibition of yourselves. My advice to you is pull yourselves together; stop making this row about a mere licking, and buck up, as I should. You wouldn't hear me making all this fuss about a licking, I can jolly well tell you."

Bob Cherry breathed hard and deep. He did not feel equal to dealing with Bunter, but he felt that he must make an effort.

"I must say that I rather despise you, if you don't mind my mentioning it," said Bunter, with a shake of his head. "It's rather childish, you know—all this fuss about a licking! Cut it out, old fellow and bear it manfully as I should."

Bob detached himself from the table. The desire to deal faithfully with William George Bunter seemed to give him strength.

"You wouldn't make a fuss about a licking, Bunter?" he asked.

Bunter's fat lip curled.

"No fear!" he answered contemptuously.

"Sure about that?" asked Bob.

"Quite! I'm a man, I hope!" sneered Bunter.

"Well, I'll give you a chance to show all that fortitude," said Bob; and he made a sudden rush at the Owl of the Remove, grasped him by the collar, and spun him to the table.

"Ow!" roared Bunter, in alarm. "I say, leggo! No larks, you know!"

"Lend a hand, you men!" gasped Bob.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" groaned Frank Nugent.

He did not feel equal to lending a hand. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh only groaned.

But Johnny Bull and Harry Wharton found energy enough to lend a hand. They grasped William George Bunter in a firm grasp.

"Hold him over the table while I get something!" gasped Bob. "There's a cricket stump here somewhere——"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, in anticipation.

The Owl of the Remove struggled frantically, while Bob looked for the cricket stump. But two pairs of hands held him fast in a bending attitude over the table. Bob found the stump.

"Stand clear, you chaps!" he said.

Wharton and Jonny Bull stood clear, holding Bunter on either side and leaving room for Bob to wield the stump.

He wielded it with great effect. His flogging had left little of Bob's superabundant energy in him for the present. But what was left he exerted on Bunter. Bunter found it enough.

Whack! Whack! Whack!
"Yooop! Whoop! Wooooh!" roared Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You're making a row about this licking, Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Yow-ow-ow!"
"Is that what you call being a man, and bearing it manfully?"

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!"
Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Help!" yelled Bunter, struggling wildly.

Somehow a licking applied to his own portly person seemed less easy to bear than a licking applied to any other fellow.

"Isn't this rather childish—all this fuss about a licking?" inquired Bob.

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"
Whack! Whack! Whack!
"Yooooop! Help! Murder! Fire!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Yow-ow-ow! Beast!"

Bunter's voice faded away in the distance—with Bunter. Bunter, apparently, did not want to give any further demonstration of how a licking should be borne; he vanished into space.

Bob threw down the stump and chuckled. He was feeling distinctly better. There was still a considerable amount of moaning and groaning and mumbling and grumbling in the Rag; but there was no more Bunter.

time-table affected every Form and every Form master. No doubt Mr. Brander considered that he was producing more efficiency by such changes. The masters did not agree, and they had long ago decided that Mr. Brander was a mere meddler, who mistook his desire to meddle for a sense of duty.

"What is it this time?" yawned Bob Cherry. "The French set to move into another class-room?"

"Or Roman history in the Remove on Tuesdays instead of Thursdays?" grinned Nugent.



The inky, sooty, furious headmaster followed Wharton as he rushed up the passage!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.
To Fag or Not to Fag!

THE Bounder lounged into Study No. 1 on the following day, and found the Famous Five at tea there.

"Seen the notice, you fellows?" he asked.

"No. Something new on the board?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes; new paper by the Beak—just up."

The chums of the Remove were interested at once.

Since Mr. Brander had been Head of Greyfriars notices had appeared on the board at a great rate.

Mr. Brander's system appeared to be chiefly to run counter to everything that his predecessor at Greyfriars had done.

Every day there was at least one change—sometimes two. Changes in the

"Or another extra call-over?" asked Johnny Bull.

"A bit more serious than that, so far as the Remove is concerned," answered Vernon-Smith. "So far, the new Beak has been only playing the goat, so far as I can see, with his meddling and chopping and changing. But this time he has got home on us."

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"Order that in future the Remove shall fag for the seniors, like the Third and Second," said the Bounder.

"What?" yelled the Famous Five, with one voice.

"The dear man has got it up against the Remove," drawled the Bounder.

"We've ragged his dear nephew, you know, and his dear nephew isn't the man to forget it. If this thing goes through, Van Tromp has got us all where he wants us, and no error."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob blankly.

Harry Wharton compressed his lips.

"The Remove don't fag," he said.

"That was settled a long time ago. There was a row about it at the time, and it was settled."

"The settlefulness was terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh indignantly.

"This is too preposterously thick."
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"If you take my advice," said Bob, "You'll chuck all this mumbling and grumbling, and bear it like a man."

Whack! Whack! Whack!
"Yaroooop!"

"Pull yourself together!" grinned Bob; he was feeling a good deal better now, though Bunter, perhaps, was not.

Whack whack!
"Yow-ow-wooop! I say, you fellows, chuck it! Ow, ow! I say, leggo! Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! Yaroooooooooh!"

Bunter made a frantic effort and tore himself loose. He made a wild rush for the door.

"Come back!" roared Bob Cherry, brandishing the stump. "We want you to show us how to bear a licking, Bunter."

"Well, it's unsettled again, if the Beak has his way," said the Bounder. "I suppose the headmaster has authority to upset all the traditions of a school if he likes. The man's a fool!"

"The man's a rotter, you mean!" roared Bob Cherry.

"He's riding for a fall, I fancy," drawled Smithy. "He's interfered with every Form at Greyfriars in one way or another. But he's got a special eye on the Remove, and I fancy a very special eye on this study. What are you fellows going to do about it?"

"What can we do?" said Nugent.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I know what I'm going to do," he said, "or, rather, what I'm not going to do—I'm not going to fag!"

"The Beak!" said Nugent.

"The Beak can do as he likes—but I'm not a fag, and I'm not fagging," said Smithy. "It's up to you, Wharton, as captain of the Form, to stand out against it. Every man in the Remove must agree not to fag, and to stick together over it till Brander chucks it up."

"He's not the man to chuck it up," said Harry.

"No fear!" said Johnny Bull. "He's the man to keep on, and flog and sack fellows who give him trouble. And the more in the wrong he is the more he will keep on."

"Well, I'm not fagging, for one," said the Bounder; and he lounged out of the study leaving the Famous Five in excited discussion.

Tea was quickly finished, and the chums of the Remove went down to look at the new notice on the board. They found a crowd gathered round it. Removites stared at it with deep indignation, but fellows who did not belong to the Remove seemed to feel rather differently. Some fags of the Third and Second were grinning.

The notice was in Mr. Brander's hand, and it stated briefly that from this date the Remove or Lower Fourth would be subject to fagging on the same terms as the Third and Second Forms.

"Cheek!" said Bob Cherry.

"It's the giddy limit!" said Lord Maulverer.

"The Remove won't stand this!" said Squiff.

"How are we going to help it?" asked Skinner.

Squiff had no reply to make to that. His face was dark and angry and rebellious. But how it was to be helped was a difficult problem.

"You fellows kickin' about this?" asked Temple, of the Fourth, with a cheery smile. "I don't see it myself. Why shouldn't you fag like other fags?"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney, of the Fourth.

"Not a bad idea, if you ask me," said Fry of the Fourth blandly. "The Lower Fourth really are fags, you know."

These observations on the part of Temple & Co. were followed by drastic proceedings on the part of the irritated Remove men. There was a sound of bumping and scuffling and yelling, and Temple, Dabney & Co. departed from the spot in haste, and in a rather dusty and ruffled condition.

"I say, you fellows, we can't stand this, you know!" said Billy Bunter, when the injudicious Fourth-Formers had fled. "It's too thick! Quelch ought to interfere! He's our Form master."

"Something in that," said Bolsover major. "What about speaking to Quelch?"

"He, he, he!" came from Sammy Bunter of the Second Form. "Why shouldn't you Remove fellows fag, I'd

like to know? I think it's a jolly good idea."

"Make it easier for us!" said Gatty of the Second. "Jolly good idea to make the Remove fag, too, I think!"

"My idea exactly!" said Paget of the Third.

The fags were unheeded. A dozen Remove men gathered and eagerly discussed the matter. Resistance to the Head's order seemed dangerous and difficult; but it was agreed that the Remove master was bound to intervene and stand up for the rights of his Form.

"Wharton ought to put it to him, as captain of the Form," said Hazeldene, "and the sooner the better."

"That's so!" said Tom Brown. "Go it, Wharton!"

"I'm afraid it won't be any good," said Harry. "But I'll certainly speak to Quelch, if you like."

And Wharton went at once to the Remove master's study; the other fellows waiting anxiously to hear the result.

Mr. Quelch glanced at his head boy

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with a troubled frown. Probably he guessed why Wharton had come.

He held up a warning finger before the captain of the Remove could speak.

"Wharton! You have seen the Head's new notice on the board?"

"Yes, sir. And—"

"Is it upon that subject that you desire to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is futile," said Mr. Quelch.

"I have no power to intervene. I can only recommend you to submit cheerfully to the authority of your headmaster."

"We thought you might speak to Mr. Brander, sir—"

"It would be perfectly useless for me to speak to Mr. Brander, Wharton, on that or any other subject. Please say no more."

"Very well, sir!"

Wharton left the study.

"Well, what's the jolly old verdict?" asked Bob Cherry, when Wharton rejoined the crowd of Remove fellows.

"Nothing doing!"

"Quelch won't interfere?" asked the Bounder.

"No."

"Well, I knew he wouldn't. The masters are all funky of the Beak," said Vernon-Smith. "The fact is, he

would sack them as soon as look at them. Capper and Twigg fairly crawl at his feet, and Quelch eats a lot of humble pie. If we're going to nip this in the bud, we've got to stand up for ourselves!"

"What can we do?" asked Peter Todd dubiously.

"Refuse to fag!" answered the Bounder coolly.

"That means six—"

"I don't care if it means sixty!"

"Wait till Van Tromp or Loder calls on you to fag!" grinned Skinner.

"They can call on me till they burst their crop, and I shan't fag," said Vernon-Smith, "and every fellow in the Form who has the pluck of a bunny rabbit will stand by me!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"We're not going to stand it!" he said. "Goodness knows what we can do; but if you stand up against fagging, Smithy, here's one man who'll stand by you through thick and thin."

"And here's another!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The anotherfulness is terrific!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Van Tromp."

Silence fell on the crowd of Removites as the bully of the Sixth came up.

The look on Van Tromp's face was enough to apprise them of what was coming. The Head's order had been less than an hour on the board, and Van Tromp was going to put it into practice at once. To fag or not to fag was a question to which the Removites had to find an immediate answer.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Wants to Know!

"CHERRY!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Don't answer me like that, Cherry!"

"I—I mean, yes, Van Tromp!" said Bob meekly.

"I've decided on you for my fag!"

"Oh!"

Bob Cherry, having uttered that ejaculation, remained silent.

Harry Wharton opened his lips, and closed them again.

It was useless to repeat to Van Tromp that the Remove did not fag, when there was the Head's order, in black-and-white, announcing that they did!

The dark, incensed look of the juniors brought a grin to Van Tromp's heavy, ill-favoured countenance. Possibly he would not have been keen to fag the Remove if they had not objected to fagging. But the more they objected, the better Van Tromp liked it.

He looked the Removites over mockingly.

"I'm going out now, Cherry!" he said. "Clear up my study while I'm gone!"

"Oh!" repeated Bob.

"It's rather untidy," said Van Tromp. "I shall expect to find it in perfect order when I come in."

"Oh!" said Bob. He seemed rather at a loss for words.

The Bounder smiled sarcastically. He was waiting for Harry Wharton to speak; but Wharton was silent. The Head's order was an outrage on the cherished liberties of the Remove, but defiance of the Head's order was an extremely serious matter, not to be decided upon in a hurry.

As Wharton did not speak, the

(Continued on page 12.)

ALL ABOUT 'EM!

Below our cricket expert gives you some inside information on the subjects of this week's splendid Free Gift Photo Sheet.



HAMMOND

this had unhappily proved true. Hammond went to Australia with the last England touring team, to smash nearly all the records which existed. Twice in the series he scored over two hundred runs in an innings—an unparalleled feat—and his Test match total for the series was 905, or nearly two hundred more than the previous best total. He has also scored over a thousand runs in the month of May. A quick-footed batsman, he is essentially of the school which believes that attack is the best defence. At one time he also threatened to be a tip-top footballer, but gave up this game to concentrate on cricket. In the field he has the eye of an hawk, and is certainly without a superior in the whole world as a first-slip fielder. Incidentally, he can claim to be an all-rounder, for he is quite a useful medium-paced bowler. He loves to drive a car for miles, and tries to hit a golf ball the same distance, but he just hates being photographed.

The people who hint that we no longer produce batsmen as good as those of other days have to swallow their words when they see Wally Hammond, and remember the things he has done, for this Gloucester man is now only twenty-seven years of age. Some time ago he went to the West Indies and during the trip became so ill that it was thought he might never play cricket again. How different might have been the history of Test matches if

The surprise selection of the present Australian team was Alec Hurwood, and one of the reasons why he was sent with the party may have been because no Englishman had ever batted against him. He did not even play for Queensland—his home State—when the England side was last in Australia. At the time of writing, it remains to be seen whether the "mystery" bowler will justify his selection before the end of the tour, but at first he certainly did not adapt himself as well to English conditions as it was hoped he would. However, he showed himself a good fast-medium bowler in Australia during the last season down under, and even in the innings in which Bradman scored his 452 not out, Hurwood came through with the fine analysis of six wickets for 179 runs. He is able to make a new ball swing in a puzzling fashion, and from time to time has also shown that he has the Maurice Tate knack of getting the ball to "fizz" at an amazing pace off the pitch. He has had some disappointments concerning his cricket, for after his first spell with Queensland he seemed to have been dropped by his State. However, there came a day when neither Hornibrook nor Oxenham could play, so Hurwood dashed off and asked to be given another chance. And he took it with both hands. This shows the sort of never-say-die stuff of which he is made. A useful bat, and quite a good field, much may yet be heard of him.



HURWOOD.



HENDREN.

If a vote were taken as to who is the most popular cricketer of our time, "Patsy" Hendren would probably come out at the very top of the poll. Not only with watchers is he popular, but opponents like him. In a phrase, "they all love Pat." He is a great sportsman, and simply refuses to be other than a grown-up schoolboy. Away on the boundary line he will threaten to be throwing the ball in when he hasn't even reached it, but if there is any ball which can be reached, Hendren gets there. He ought to be fleet of foot, seeing that he has played for England as an outside-right at soccer. The batting of Patsy is a sheer delight; adventurous and care-free, he is master of a stroke which few other players even attempt—that of hooking a rising ball from the fastest of bowlers to the square-leg boundary. Since the War he has scored more centuries than Jack Hobbs, twice recording thirteen separate hundreds in a season; and has more

double centuries to his credit than any other player. His cricket career really began when he sold score-cards on the ground at Lord's—the ground on which he has since figured so prominently. With his colleague, Jack Hearne, he holds the record for a third-wicket partnership—375. Patsy is also a most successful teacher of the rising generation at a cricket school in London, and if he has any spare time he spends it playing—as he says—at golf.

Whatever the outcome of the present series of games between England and Australia, this "Aus-sies" trip will be memorable for the deeds of Donald Bradman—or "Boy Bradman," as he is familiarly called. Though now only twenty-one years of age, he has done things which entitle him to be ranked among the world's greatest batsmen, and the best judges of the game are convinced that he will go on from triumph to triumph and possibly become the greatest run-getting machine the world has ever known. This means, of course, that his batting is based on a solid foundation. There is nothing of the stodgy, sit-on-the-splice about him. No matter what the situation, he just goes for the bowling and makes runs off the best. For his native State of New South Wales he made, during the last Australian season, the prodigious score of 452 not out, this being a record for all first-class cricket. Arrived in this country he started off with a double century, and proceeded to do what no other Australian visitor to this country has ever done—scored a thousand runs by the end of May. In the first Test Match at Trent Bridge the "boy" scored 131 runs when Australia, in that memorable second innings, were fighting with their backs to the wall! Light of hair, and comparatively small of form, Bradman is also a wonderful fielder, and his throw from near the ropes is something to marvel about. He can also bowl a bit, but his captain wisely decides that being so young he should not try to do too much in this direction. In business he is a sports outfitter; he loves music, and can "tickle the ivories" quite nicely.



BRADMAN.

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NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER ISSUE!

THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!

(Continued from page 10.)

Bounder chimed in. Smithy was always reckless, and not much given to considering consequences.

"Hold on a minute, Van Tromp!" he said.

The bully of the Sixth, having failed to draw any of the Famous Five into a reply that could be construed into an excuse for a licking, was turning away. He turned quickly as the Bounder spoke.

"Well?" he rapped.

His brow darkened at once. A better-tempered and more dutiful prefect than Van Tromp might have been irritated by the sarcastic expression on the Bounder's face.

"You're makin' rather a mistake," said Vernon-Smith coolly and clearly, while the other fellows stood hushed. "The Remove don't fag!"

Van Tromp pointed to the notice on the board.

"You've seen that?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I've seen it!" answered the Bounder carelessly.

"Then you know that the Lower Fourth is not exempt from fagging now."

"Not at all!"

"Are you disputing the headmaster's order?" asked Van Tromp, his eyes glinting.

"I'm simply pointin' out that the Remove don't fag," answered the Bounder. "I suggest that you, as head prefect, should remind the Head of it, as he seems to have made rather a mistake on the subject."

Van Tromp stared, and some of the juniors grinned.

"You cheeky young sweep!" said Van Tromp. "Are you asking for a licking?"

"Not in the least! We'd rather you didn't fag us," said the Bounder. "If you insist on it, of course——"

"You can take that as a certainty!" said Van Tromp, laughing.

"Then I'm bound to tell you that I, for one, shall not fag!" said the Bounder quietly and deliberately.

Van Tromp's jaw set grimly.

"We shall see about that," he remarked. "I've told you, Cherry, to tidy my study while I'm out. Vernon-Smith will help you. You understand me, Vernon-Smith. If I find a spot of dust in my study when I come in, look out for squalls. Have my tea ready, too. Everything in perfect order."

He paused.

"Both of you will fag in my study this afternoon," he said categorically, "and if either of you does not, look out for trouble! I warn you that it will mean a Head's flogging. That's all!"

With that, Otto van Tromp turned and walked away. He joined Gerald Loder in the quad, and they went down to the gates.

The Removeites looked at one another.

"Well, you've done it now, Smithy!" said Skinner.

"Looks like it!" agreed the Bounder.

"Where are you going, Smithy?" asked Tom Redwing, as the Bounder turned away.

"I'm going to see the Head about it."

"Smithy!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, Smithy——"

Unheeding the exclamations on all sides, the Bounder walked away to the Head's study.

Wharton compressed his lips.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

What was best to be done in the present troublous circumstances Wharton did not know. But it was not agreeable to have the lead taken by another fellow in this decided way. Wharton was captain of the Form. Still, he could not deny that the Bounder had given him a chance to take the lead if he had liked.

"The awful ass!" muttered Redwing uneasily. "He's simply asking for a licking if he checks Brander!"

"I say, you fellows, the Bounder's got a nerve!" said Billy Bunter. "If he gets us off fagging he ought to be captain of the Form. Wharton's no good."

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"He hasn't got us off fagging yet," said Harry quietly. "Let's see the result before we do a song-and-dance about it!"

The Removeites followed the Bounder as far as the corner of the Head's corridor. Thence they had a view of Herbert Vernon-Smith tapping at the Head's door.

"Come in!" called out the hard voice of Mr. Brander.

Vernon-Smith entered the study.

The new Head was busy with a stack of papers on his desk. Mr. Brander was always a very busy man—much busier than Dr. Locke had ever been.

He was, in fact, one of those men who mistook meddling for efficiency and tyranny for firmness. Many things that Dr. Locke had been content to leave to his staff Mr. Brander took into his own hands. Probably he did twice as much work as the late Head; but the results he produced were not half so good.

There was something Prussian in Mr. Brander's nature. He had a love of detail, a desire to keep all the threads in his own hands; a determination that nothing, howsoever trivial, should be done without his cognizance.

At the present moment he was correcting papers for the Fifth Form—a task that might well have been left to Mr. Prout. Any relief Mr. Prout might have felt at missing the laborious task was more than counter-balanced by his deep resentment at having his proper work taken out of his hands.

The Fifth liked it still less than Prout; for the headmaster was a much more severe critic than the Form master.

Probably the burden of overwork, which his system of interference placed on his own shoulders, helped to make Mr. Brander irritable and snappish.

He gave Vernon-Smith a glance that was more like a glare, as the Bounder entered the study.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"May I speak to you, sir?"

"Yes; be brief."

"About the new notice on the board, sir," said the Bounder calmly. "As you are new here, sir, I thought perhaps Mr. Quelch might have explained to you that the Remove do not fag."

"What?"

"As he has not done so, sir, I thought I'd better mention it," said the Bounder.

There was a faint sound in the corridor of stealthy footsteps. Some of the Removeites had crept along to the door, which the Bounder had left ajar.

They looked at one another as they heard Smithy's words. Where the Bounder found his nerve was a mystery to his Form-fellows.

Mr. Brander glared at Vernon-Smith silently, as if Smithy had taken his breath away.

He found his voice at last.

"What? What did you say, Vernon-Smith?" he ejaculated. "Have you come here to be impertinent?"

"Oh, no, sir! I was merely pointing out that the Remove are not a fag Form, as you seemed not to know it, bein' new here."

Mr. Brander gasped.

"The Lower Fourth will, in future, fag for the Sixth Form, like the Third and Second," he said. "Have I not made that plain in my notice on the board?"

"Yes, sir. But isn't it a mistake?"

"It is not! You may go, Vernon-Smith." Mr. Brander's hand strayed to a cane, but he withdrew it and repeated: "You may go!"

"Van Tromp has told me to fag in his study this afternoon, sir!" said the Bounder. "I hoped you'd say that I need not do so."

"On the contrary, I warn you to obey my nephew's directions," said Mr. Brander. "I shall punish you very severely if you fail to do so."

"I should like to have it clear, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "Am I going to be punished if I don't fag in Van Tromp's study?"

"Most assuredly."

"Very well, sir! I only wanted to know."

And with that the Bounder left the study, leaving Mr. Brander staring. His hand strayed to the cane again.

It was on his lips to call Vernon-Smith back for a caning. But he refrained, and devoted his attention again to the Fifth Form papers.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Fagging for Van Tromp!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH glanced at the juniors in the passage and strolled away, his hands in his pockets.

The Removeites followed him.

"Well, you've got a nerve, Smithy!" said Bob Cherry.

"I believe so!" assented Vernon-Smith.

"I thought you'd get a licking from the Beak."

"So did I."

"Well, you've got it straight from the horse's mouth now," said Skinner.

"You jolly well know that you've got to fag for Van Tromp, Smithy."

"Quite!" yawned the Bounder.

"What are you going to do, then?" asked Harry Wharton. "I mean what I said, Smithy—if you stand out against fagging I'll back you up."

"Same here," said several voices. But most of the fellows were silent and dubious.

"My dear chap," said the Bounder, "how can I stand out against fagging when the Beak himself has ordered me to fag in Van Tromp's study. I shall be flogged if I refuse." He laughed. "And I expect I shall be flogged if I don't refuse."

"How's that?" asked Nugent.

"Why, I'm going to fag for Van Tromp, but I hardly think he will like the way I do it," drawled the Bounder.

"I'm going to his study now. You coming, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I'll go if you do, Smithy," he answered. "But if you stand out against it, I'll stand out, too."

"My dear chap, let's go and fag like good, obedient fags," said the Bounder; and he walked away to the Sixth Form passage, Bob following him.

"What on earth has Smithy got in his head now?" asked Peter Todd, rather uneasily. "I don't like the look in his eye."

"What the thump are you doing?" gasped Wingate.
 "Fagging for Van Tromp!" answered Smithy.



There was a jeering laugh from Skinner.

"I jolly well knew that he would come to heel, like any other fellow," he said. "He's got to toe the line, and he knows it. He was only gassing."

"Looks like it," said Snoop.

"He's up to something," said Peter.

"The upfulness is terrific," declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The crowd of Removites broke up, some of them wondering, some of them uneasy, but most sharing Skinner's view that the Bounder, after all his bold words, had made up his mind to bow the knee to the inevitable.

Meanwhile, Bob Cherry and his fellow-fag reached Van Tromp's study in the Sixth.

They found the room rather untidy, as the senior had told them. Bob Cherry glanced round it and grunted. He was very unwilling to begin fagging; it went deeply against the grain.

The Bounder looked at him and laughed.

"Here's for a start!" he said.

He took the table by one leg, tilted it over, and sent it crashing into a corner of the study.

Books and papers, inkstand and ink, shot off the table in a shower. Bob Cherry gave a jump.

"Oh, my hat!" he gasped. "Is that what you call fagging?"

"That's what I call fagging," assented the Bounder, "and it's the only kind of fagging that any man at Greyfriars will get out of me!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

Vernon-Smith took the clock from the mantelpiece, and dropped it in the grate. There was a crash and a smash.

"Smithy, old man—" gasped Bob.

"You going to look on?" asked the Bounder. "I thought you'd come here to fag for Van Tromp. He told you to."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

The Bounder proceeded with his fagging. He opened the study cupboard, in which crockery and other things were kept. He tossed out cups and saucers, jugs and plates, and they landed one after another on the floor, breaking into fragments as they landed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "I fancy Van Tromp won't like this kind of fagging, Smithy."

"My idea exactly!" agreed the Bounder. "He may get fed-up on fagging the Remove after this. You never know."

A large cake was hurled out of the cupboard. The Bounder kicked it across the study; and Bob, entering into the spirit of the thing, passed it back to the Bounder. It flew into three or four pieces from Bob's foot. Two or three pots of jam and marmalade and jelly shared the sad fate of the cake.

The cupboard was soon bare. "Go it!" said Vernon-Smith. "We may get interrupted—and we want to do our job thoroughly."

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather."

"The table looks a little bit untidy, with the legs sticking up in the air like that. Van Tromp said we were to make the study tidy. Lend a hand."

Smithy grasped a leg of the table, and wrenched. The leg, with a sounding crack, came off in his hands.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. And he gave his attention to the other table-legs, wrenching them off in turn, while the Bounder looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

There was plenty of work for willing hands. A knife came in useful for ripping out the cushioned seats of two armchairs; after which Smithy snapped the blade under his foot. Two or three vases joined the clock in the fender, in fragments. There were a couple of pictures on the walls; and they looked quite a harrowing sight after the Bounder had thumped upon them with the poker. There was a rather large and handsome gilt mirror over the mantelpiece; and when the Bounder hurled the poker at it, there was a terrific crash, and the mirror was distributed in fragments all over the study.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob.

(Continued on page 16.)

No. 3

MOBILIZATION OF REMOVE FORCES

BARRICADED PASSAGE

OPEN REBELLION

It has come at last! It had to come sooner or later, and it has come sooner than some people expected. It has burst like a bombshell upon Mr. Meyer Brander, our new Head.

War declared at Greyfriars! War against Meyer Brander and all his works!

I told you last week that we were not prepared to knuckle under tamely to the new order of things. Life has not been worth living since Brander came to take the place of Dr. Loekc. It has been a frightful orgy of pains and penalties and punishments. Lickings have been part of our daily diet. Impots. have been showered upon us as thickly as leaves in Vallombrosa. Our ears have been boxed so often by Brander and his nephew that it's a wonder we have any left!

But the fighting spirit of the Remove, instead of being crushed and broken by these tyrannies, has blazed up in a beacon-fire of resentment and indignation.

Was it the fault of the Famous Five that Brander walked into the booby-trap designed for his nephew Otto? Not a bit of it! It was Brander's own fault, for being such a Nosy Parker. But the beast didn't see it in that light. We were flogged without mercy; gated for the rest of the term; and ordered to write a thousand lines of Virgil; I wonder Brander didn't make it a million!

On top of all this, Brander made his crowning mistake of ordering the Remove to fag.

The revival of fagging the Remove could have only one result. Rebellion!

Acting under my orders, as Commander-in-chief of the Remove Army, the fellows have locked themselves in their studies, and the Remove Passage has been barricaded.

Meyer Brander is foaming and fuming with rage. He is dashing up and down the school like a lion escaped from a menagerie. Efforts are being made to drive us from our dug-outs; but we are in an impregnable position, as the invaders are finding to their cost! Already we have repelled them, with heavy casualties on their side; and we shall go on repelling them till further orders. Ed.

HEADMASTER A CREEPY, CRAWLY TOAD

FLOGGED FIFTH-FORMER FIGHTING MAD

AMAZING SCENES AT PRIVATE INTERVIEW

It was not a happy moment that I chose for interviewing Horace Coker, the great "I Am" of the Greyfriars Fifth.

The great Horace was feeling very sore, both bodily and mentally. He had suffered more than anybody at Greyfriars from the tyranny of Meyer Brander; and he had just been caned in front of his Form for saying things about the Head which were more forcible than polite!

Coker was stamping to and fro like a wild beast when I entered his study. His rugged face was grim; his burly fists were clenched, and he was making terrific punches at some person not present, yet visible to his mind's eye. I could guess who that person was, and I grinned.

"Pity there's a law against punching a headmaster on his

giddy proboscis!" I said. "Old Brander would have a hot time at your hands, Horace, if it were lawful to commit assault and battery on his oily person."

"He would!" growled Coker. "I'd paste him and pummel him and pulverise him—knock him into the middle of next week, in fact!"

So saying, the burly Horace dealt such a hefty punch at the imaginary person of his headmaster that I promptly hopped back out of range. Had I stayed where I was and stopped that punch, I should have been an ambulance case!

"I gather from your remarks that you don't exactly love Mr. Brander?" I chuckled.

"Love him!" hooted Coker. "I loathe him! I hate the very



Greyfriars

WAR DECLARED AT

GREAT DARING OF FAT SCHOOLBOY

BUNTER, OF THE REMOVE ARMY, CAPTURES FEED

PAINFUL PENALTY PAID

With a bold and majestic step I marched along Head's corridor to Mr. Brander's study. I have seen some fellows make that eggscursion with an unsteady gate, slinking and squirming, and faredly knocking at the neeze. But there's nothing like that about me. I fear no foe in shining armor!

Matter of fact, I had no cause to fear. I was not up for punishment, but was merely taking a note to the new Head, with Mr. Quelch's compliments.

Instead of a nervous nock—a timmerus ratter-tat like most fellows give—I bashed my boot against the door, and threw it open without waiting for an invitashun.

I found myself blinking into an empty study. Brander was out—prowling around on one of his spying eggscursions, most likely. Brander's an awful beast in that way. He creeps about like a bergular, and he actually lissens at key-holes—a thing I should never dream of doing!

I was about to leave Quelch's note on the desk and depart, when I saw a

sight which set my eyes watering and my mouth gleeming—or rather, my mouth watering and my eyes gleeming. On Brander's table was a tea-tray; and on the tray was a dish of suckulent jam tarts and another dish of doo-nutts, and another of fancy pastrys. Then I noticed—by axcidentally kicking it over—a spirit-stove on the floor, and a kettle beside it.

Evidently Brander had been about to have tea, when he had been called away. And what a tea for a Head! Tarts and doo-nutts and fancy pastrys! I fancy fancy pastrys myself, but I never fancied that fancy was a fancy of Brander's. Greedy old glutton!

"If Brander eats this little lot," I mormered, "he'll get cronio indiagestion. I must save him from that!"

I only meant to eat one or two of the items, so that none would be missed; but they were so jolly delishus that I couldn't resist the temptation to scarf.

(Continued at foot of next column.)

sight of him! He's a creepy, crawly, contemptible toad, and a bullying beast into the bargain!"

"Hush!" I said warningly. "We have ears, you know! And Brander may be listening at the keyhole—it's a pleasant little habit of his."

"I don't care!" said Coker recklessly. "I'm not afraid to tell Brander to his back what I say behind his face—that is to say—well, you know what I mean! I'm a plain fellow."

"Painfully plain!" I murmured. "A plain-spoken fellow, I mean," said Coker, giving me a suspicious glare. "I never mince my words, when I'm cut up myself. Have you come to interview me by the way? If so, you can hop it! I don't feel like being interviewed just now. I want to be left alone with my thoughts."

"Reelly! Do you ever have thoughts, Coker?"

"Eh? You cheeky young rascal!" "The thought struck me that thought never struck you! How can a fellow think, when he lacks the necessary apparatus?"

Of course, I was fairly asking for it. And I fairly got what I was asking for!

With a bull-like roar the exasperated Coker raised his boot and lifted me bodily through the doorway.

A tragic ending to a comic interview!

Greyfriars Herald

GREYFRIARS (OFFICIAL)

AUTOMATIC PUNISHING MACHINE

FORTUNE AWAITING INVENTOR

(We had no intention of publishing anything from the pen of the unpopular Otto; but the following article shows him in his true colours—as a brute and a bully of the first water.—Ed.)

I have no quarrel with my Uncle Meyer, the present Head of Greyfriars, except



that he is far too tender-hearted and tolerant—far too gentle and light-handed in his dealings with the Greyfriars boys.

(Continued from previous column.)

the lot. The good things farcely melted in my mouth; and my teeth were just closing over the last tart when the study door suddenly opened, and in came Brander, followed by Skinner and Snoop and Stott of the Remove! He had brought the sneaks of the Remove along, presumably to give them tea and get them to tell tails about their schoolfellows. Skinner & Co. were unlucky!

And so was I! Having bolted the tea I now felt like bolting myself. But Brander was too quick for me. He seized me by the shoulders, and shook me like a terrier shakes a fat rat.

"Bunter, you greedy young beast, you've been and wolfed my tuck!" he said—or words to that effect. "I'll learn you! Hand me my cane, Skinner!"

We will draw a veil, dear reader, over the painful scene which followed. Suffice it to say that Brander produced more dust from my bags than a vacuum-cleaner could have done; and I crawled out of the lion's den feeling more dead than alive!

I have begged him to be more strict and severe, and more drastic in his punishments; but alas! my dear uncle has a lump of putty where his heart should be. He really ought to be supervising a girls' school!

Now, if I were Head of Greyfriars things would be vastly different.

First of all, I should scrap the existing rules of the school, and draw up a new and more stringent set; and woe betide any boy who broke any one of them!

I should introduce a special Punishment Parade, to be held each morning in Big Hall. And I should install a "Robot Flogger"—a fearsome mechanical monster that could wield the birch and cane with far more strength and vigour than a human headmaster.

When a long queue of boys was awaiting punishment, the tail-end of the queue would be flogged just as soundly as the first ones, because the Robot's arm would never grow tired. How nice it would be to play the part of a gloating looker-on, whilst the monster did its merciless work!

But there are some young rascals with hides like tortoises, who are case-hardened and cane-hardened, and upon whom the birch has the effect of water on a duck's back. For these boys, I should revive the pillory and the stocks.

In the official punishment-book you would find such entries as these:

Culprit: William George Bunter. *Offence:* Stealing jam-tarts. *Punishment:* Put in the pillory and pelted with jam-tarts!

Culprit: Horace Coker. *Offence:* Insubordination. *Punishment:* Six weeks in the stocks!

MASTERLY INNINGS BY TRUMPER THE SECOND SHOCK FOR GREYFRIARS CRICKET

When Bob Cherry, the jester of the Remove, told me that Mr. Brander, our new Head, ought to be playing for the First Eleven, I was indignant.

"Brander!" I cried aghast. "Why, he doesn't know the first thing about cricket!"

"I disagree," chuckled Bob. "Brander's always 'catching us out,' and only the other day he hit several of our best bowlers for 'six' at a public flogging!"

I could have kicked myself for falling so easily into Bob Cherry's trap. You see, Bob has often pulled my "leg before."

Our match with Courtfield County Council school duly came off last Wednesday. I was afraid that Brander, or his spoilsport nephew, Van Tromp, might interfere; but they left us severely alone—perhaps because Dick Trumper & Co. brought their masters to see the match.

July 26th, 1930.

TO FAG OR NOT TO FAG

VIEWS OF SOME FAMOUS PERSONAGES

THE DAILY DOSE OF ASHPLANT

MR. MEYER BRANDER: Certainly the members of the Remove Form should be made to fag. They should, in fact, never have been exempted from this duty. They are, for the most part, unruly and undisciplined young rascals, and fagging will at least keep them out of mischief. My orders are that the Remove shall resume this old custom; and I have commanded my nephew, Otto van Tromp, to see that my orders are rigidly enforced.

MR. QUELCH: It would be unwise of me to express an opinion in print on this very controversial subject. But I think that the boys in my Form are well acquainted with my views on the matter.

BILLY BUNTER: Fagging the Remove is not justise. I am a grate stickler for justies. Anything that is not just just is—well, unjust! I believe in the liberty of the subject. Loder of the Sixth wanted me to fetch some firewood for him, to boil a kettle. I told him to go and chop chips! He also wanted me to fetch some coal from the seller. I told him to go and eat coke! And he wanted me to poach some eggs, but I told him that would be theiving! Anyway, fagging is beneath the diggnity of sons of gentlemen.



Commoners like Wharton and Cherry can wash dishes and sweep floors, if they like; but no cap-and-apron stunt for me, thanks!

LORD MAULEVERER: Faggin', to my way of thinkin', is debasin' an' degradin', besides bein' wearin' an' tearin' to the constitution, an' fearfully ex-

haustin', begad! Anyway, it's too much fag!

GERALD LODER: I shall do my duty as a prefect, and support the new Head in his revival of fagging the Remove. And what is more, I shall keep my own fag up to the mark by giving him liberal wages—in the form of liberal daily doses of my ashplant! Needless to say, I am delighted that the Remove have got to toe the line.

It was a jolly good game, brightened by Trumper's batting and Hurree Singh's bowling. The Remove made 100, and we thought we had the game in our pockets. But Trumper played a masterly innings, worthy of his namesake who used to play for Australia. None of Trumper's chums was comfortable against Inky's spins and breaks, but all the bowling came alike to the Courtfield skipper; and he had actually taken the score to within seven runs of our total, when Mark Linley made a magnificent catch at mid-on, to give us victory by the skin of our toothfulness, as Inky would say.

All our forthcoming cricket fixtures have been cancelled, for the time being. We have something much more exciting than cricket to think about. The Remove Form has risen in revolt against the new Head. We are locked in our studies, and have barricaded the Remove Passage against all invaders. It is war! War to the knife against Brander and all his works! How is it all going to end? The rebellion may have a short life and a gay one; on the other hand, it may last for weeks, in which case there will be no Cricket Columns to write, and this space will be taken up by the latest war news from the Remove Front!

THE MAGNET LIBRARIAN.—No. 1,171.

THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!



(Continued from
page 13.)

"Go it!" said the Bounder.

Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's somebody coming."

The study door opened, and Wingate of the Sixth looked in. He stared at the two juniors, and stared round the dismantled study.

"What—what—what the thump are you doing?" gasped the captain of Greyfriars.

"Fagging for Van Tromp!" answered Smithy.

"What?" yelled Wingate.

"The Remove are fags now," explained Bob Cherry. "We've got special orders to fag this study. This is how we're doing it."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Wingate. "You young sweeps—you clear off and let Van Tromp's room alone."

"Can't—we're ordered to fag here, and we're not finished yet," answered the Bounder. "There are a few more things to smash. Lend a hand with this cabinet, Cherry."

"Stop!" exclaimed Wingate.

The Bounder glanced at him carelessly.

"Sorry I can't oblige," he answered. "May I remind you that you are not a prefect now, Wingate?"

Wingate coloured.

"I'm captain of the school, you young rascal—" he began.

"That cuts no ice!" retorted the Bounder. "The captain of the school has no authority outside games, unless he's a prefect, too. You can rag me as much as you like at cricket, Wingate; but you can't interfere here, and you know it."

Wingate paused.

"Look here, Smithy, don't you check old Wingate," said Bob. "I don't care whether Brander took away his prefectship or not; I'd rather obey Wingate's orders than the Beak's, if you come to that."

"Same here," said the Bounder. "All the same, I'm not going to stop ragging this study. I'm going on."

"Look here—"

"Rats!"

"Oh, I'm not going to interfere," said Wingate. "You're right, Vernon-Smith; I'm no longer a prefect, and I can't order you to stop. But I advise you as a friend to chuck it. You've done enough to be flogged for now."

"Thanks for the advice, though we're not taking it," said Smithy.

Wingate shrugged his shoulders and walked away. It was by the new Head's act that he had now no authority to stop the ragging; Van Tromp had been given his post of head prefect of the school. The captain of Greyfriars went back to his own study, and gave the raggers no further heed.

"Keep on," said Smithy. "Van Tromp won't be long—he's late for tea

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

already. There's more to be done yet. Don't slack."

"What next, then?" grinned Bob. "Lend me a hand with this cabinet."

It was quite a handsome cabinet, with glass doors; and there were books and some fancy pieces of china in it. The next minute, it was far from being a handsome cabinet. The glass went into fragments as it crashed on the floor; and as it lay face down, Smithy jumped on it, his feet went through the back. He trampled right and left, till the cabinet was in sections. The pieces of china in it were reduced to something like dust; and Smithy sorted out the books from the ruins, and tore a handful of pages from each.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. "Let's clear, old man—I—I really don't want to be here when Van Tromp comes in."

"May as well be off the scene!" said the Bounder, with a cheery nod. "I fancy he will get a bit excited."

"Ha, ha! More than a bit, I think." Vernon-Smith looked round the study. "I think it will do!" he remarked.

The room presented a scene of havoc such as had never before been seen within the ancient walls of Greyfriars. Had a cyclone struck Van Tromp's study, it could scarcely have done more damage. From wall to wall, from corner to corner, the room was wrecked and ruined.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob was looking from the window. "There comes Van Tromp, Smithy." Van Tromp and Loder were visible in the distance, strolling towards the House.

"Let's cut!" said the Bounder.

The two juniors rather hastily left the study. They lost no time in getting out of the Sixth Form quarters.

"This way," said Smithy, drawing Bob to the door of the House, where Van Tromp and his companion were coming in.

The bully of the Sixth glanced at the two juniors, as he entered.

"Here!" he called out.

"Yes, Van Tromp," said the Bounder, with a smile.

"You've done as I told you?"

"What a question!" said the Bounder, raising his eyebrows. "Aren't we here to do as you tell us?"

"To hear is to obey, you know!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Don't be cheeky," said Van Tromp. "Answer me—have you fagged in my study as I ordered you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I shall soon see!" said the bully of the Sixth. "If you haven't, look out for squalls."

"But we have!" said the Bounder, "and we've done the work more thoroughly than any Third Form fag would have done it."

"Yes, rather," grinned Bob.

Van Tromp gave them a suspicious stare, and walked away to his study. The two juniors hurried up to the Remove passage. And the Remove, when they heard how the two fags had fagged for Van Tromp, simply gasped—and waited for the thunderstorm to burst.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Rebellion in the Remove!

"WHAT—"

Van Tromp of the Sixth stared into his study.

He gasped.

It was difficult for the bully of the Sixth to believe the evidence of his eyes. He stood in the doorway, and

gazed into the wrecked, havocked room, his eyes bulging, his mouth open, his jaw dropping.

"What's up?" called out Loder.

Loder was going into his own study, when he noted the extraordinary aspect of Otto van Tromp. He came up the passage.

"What's up?" he repeated. "You look as if you've got a ghost in your study, old bean. What—" Loder broke off, as he glanced into the interior of the room, "Oh! Great Pip! Great Christopher Columbus! What—what's happened?"

"Those—those young villains—gurgled Van Tromp.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Look! The—the room's ragged—wrecked—ruined!" Van Tromp gasped for breath. "Why, I—I—I'll—"

Loder suppressed a grin. During their walk that afternoon, Van Tromp had been telling him how easy it was to bring cheeky fags to heel. Van Tromp, according to his own view, was the fellow to do it; indeed, he boasted that he had done it. Two of the most unruly fellows in the most unruly Form at Greyfriars, he had told Loder, were fagging meekly in his study, while they were taking that walk.

This, apparently, was how those meek fags had done their fagging! Loder saw a comic side to the matter, which was quite lost on Otto van Tromp.

"My hat, they've put their beef into it!" remarked Loder. "The room doesn't look as if you'll ever get it to rights again, by gad."

Van Tromp spluttered with rage.

"I—I'll smash them—I'll cut the skin off their backs—I—I'll—where's a cane? Can you see my cane?"

"There it is—in the grate—but it's split to pieces," said Loder, trying not to smile. "They don't seem to have overlooked anything."

"Get me a cane from your study!" bawled Van Tromp.

"Certainly, old fellow."

Loder of the Sixth fetched a cane from his study; Van Tromp clutched it from his hand, and started for the stairs. Loder looked after him, and whistled.

The bully of the Sixth tramped up the stairs. Coker of the Fifth was coming down, and he stared in surprise at the white, furious face of the prefect. He was so surprised that he stopped directly in Van Tromp's way, staring at him.

Van Tromp shoved him roughly aside, and Horace Coker staggered against the wall. The Sixth-former tramped on up the stairs.

Coker crimsoned with wrath.

"You rotter!" roared Coker. "Do you think you can shove a Fifth Form man about? You cheeky toad!"

Van Tromp did not heed the indignant Coker. He tramped and stamped on his way to the Remove passage.

That passage was crowded with Remove fellows. A breathless discussion had been going on; but there was a sudden hush as Van Tromp appeared. The expression on his face was startling.

His burning eyes swept over them.

"Where are Vernon-Smith and Cherry?" he gasped.

"In Smithy's study!" said Snoop.

Van Tromp stamped on to Study No. 4.

He kicked open the door, with a crash, and stamped in.

Three juniors were in No. 4; Smithy and Redwing, to whom the study belonged, and Bob Cherry. Redwing and Bob rose quickly as the infuriated

bully stamped in. Vernon-Smith remained sprawling in the armchair, his glance cool as ice. His face was perfectly calm; but his eyes were dancing. It might have been supposed that the reckless Bounder was enjoying the thrilling pass to which things had now come.

"You—you—you——" Van Tromp was stuttering with rage. "You—you've ragged my study——"

"Fagged, you mean!" said the Bounder. "You told us to fag, you know! Haven't we done the job thoroughly?"

Van Tromp did not answer. He made a rush at the Bounder, slashing with the cane, careless where the blow fell.

Vernon-Smith whipped out of the chair like lightning, and the lashing cane fell across the leather. It cracked like a pistol-shot as it fell.

Vernon-Smith backed round the table. His face was still cool; but the light of battle glinted in his eyes.

Van Tromp panted. "Come here!" he gasped. "Bend over that chair! At once!"

"Rats!" said the Bounder coolly. "Bend over, I tell you!" hissed Van Tromp.

"And I tell you, rats!" said the Bounder. "You've caned me a dozen times since you've been a prefect, Van Tromp. That's the lot! You're not going to cane me any more. So put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Bend over that chair—you first, and then Cherry—or I'll take you by the collar and thrash you!" said Van Tromp hoarsely.

"Will you?" said the Bounder. He caught up a cricket stump from a corner of the study. "Come on, then, and begin."

"Smithy!" gasped Redwing. "Stand by me, you men!" said the Bounder. "I'm fed up with bullying, and I'm not standin' any more. Keep off, Van Tromp, if you know when you're safe."

Van Tromp was too enraged to heed. He fairly hurled himself at the Bounder, lashing out with the cane.

There was a crash as Smithy warded with the cricket stump. But the terrific force of the slash drove the stump down, and the cane rang on the Bounder's shoulder, and he gave a yell of pain. The next moment, there was another crash, as he struck with the stump. Van Tromp reeled back from the crashing blow on his bullet head.

"Oh!" he gasped. "You—you dare to strike a prefect——"

"Looks like it, doesn't it!" said the Bounder.

"Oh my hat!" stuttered Bob Cherry, while Tom Redwing stood in blank dismay.

Van Tromp rushed at Vernon-Smith. He received, without heeding, a blow from the stump, and grasped the Bounder in his strong hands.

"Back up!" yelled Vernon-Smith, as he was fairly swept off his feet in the powerful grasp of the big Sixth-Former.

It was no time to think of consequences. Bob Cherry rushed to the Bounder's aid, and Redwing was only a second behind him. Two pairs of hands fastened on the bully, and dragged him back.

The doorway was crowded with faces now. Harry Wharton leaped into the study, followed by Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh. They, too, were quite forgetful of consequences now. Their chum was engaged in a furious grapple with the bully of Greyfriars, and that was enough for the Co.

They rushed on Van Tromp and grasped him on all sides.

The enraged bully had lost all self-command now. The cane had been wrenched from his hand, and he was hitting out with clenched fists—blows that would have done serious damage, had he been given time. But the odds were too heavy for him now; and he went to the floor with a crash, the juniors sprawling over him.

"Bag him!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Thump him!"

"Give him beans!"

"The beanfulness is terrific!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Peter Todd, staring in at the door. "I—I say, he's a prefect, you know. The Head——"

"Blow the Head!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Give that cad beans, you men! We've had enough of this bullying!"

"Yes, rather! Give him gip!"

"Give the esteemed rotter a preposterous ragging!" gasped Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "We are for it now, my absurd chums; and the hangfulness is as good for a sheep as for a lamb."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it!"

"Pile in, you men!" yelled the Bounder. "It was bound to come to this—and now it's come, give him teco."

"Good egg!" said Peter, and he rushed in to lend a hand. And several fellows followed him in.

Van Tromp almost disappeared under the swarm of juniors. There was not a fellow in the Remove who had not a score to pay; every fellow had felt the weight of the bully's cane, more than once. Now was the time to pay off the score; and it was paid with interest.

Bumped and thumped and lled and ragged, Van Tromp gasped for breath, helplessly. His head was pushed into

the coal-locker, and came out black; an inkpot was up-ended over his face; a handful of soot from the chimney was rubbed into his hair; his collar and tie were torn away, his coat split up the back. In a gasping, stuttering, spluttering heap, he was rolled out of the study at last, and sprawled helplessly in the Remove passage.

"Kick him downstairs!" shouted the Bounder.

"Hurrah!"

"The kickfulness is the proper caper."

"Go it!"

"Give a fellow room!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Otto van Tromp snirmed frantically along the passage, assisted by a dozen feet. Kicks landed on him right and left. Breathless as he was, he reached the Remove staircase very quickly. A shower of kicks rolled him off the landing, and he went bumping down.

"After him!" cried the Bounder,

The wretched object on the stairs ~~plucked~~ plucked itself up and fled. Yells and howls and catcalls followed him, as he vanished down the lower staircase.

"Well," gasped Bob Cherry, fanning himself after his exertions. "Well, my beloved 'earers, we've been and gone and done it now!"

And there was no doubt that they had!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Locked Out!

"HA, ha, ha!" roared Coker of the Fifth.

Potter and Greene chuckled. The sight of Otto van Tromp was really calculated to appeal to a fellow's sense of humour.

He was almost crawling away from the stairs—gasping, spluttering; and in a shocking state of dishevelled untidiness.

Many fellows were gathered at the foot of the staircase. The din from the Remove passage had been heard far and wide. It was known that Van Tromp had gone there with a cane; and the uproar indicated that his visit was not prospering. And even Sixth Form men, who believed firmly in keeping juniors in order, were not sorry to hear Van Tromp getting a ragging.

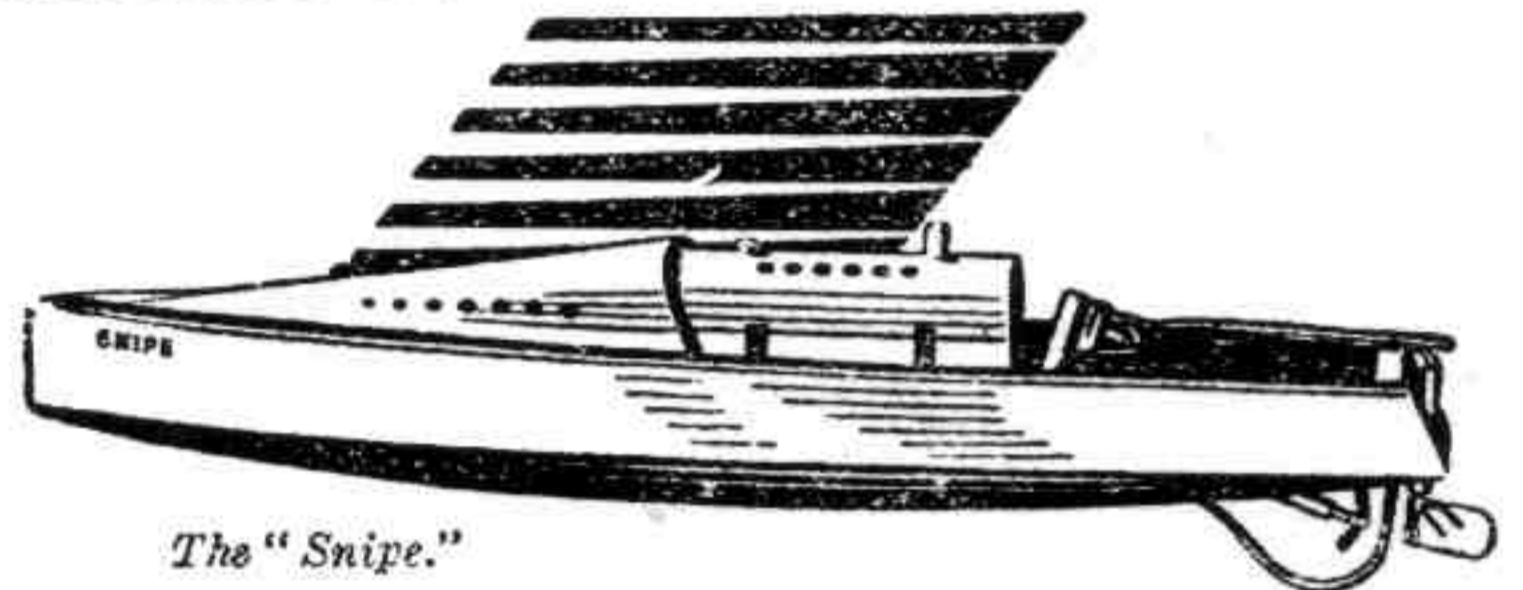
"Look at the tick!" said Coker. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Blundell of the Fifth chuckled. "Anything happened, Van Tromp?" he asked blandly.

The bully of Greyfriars gave them a bitter glare. A score of pairs of eyes were on him, all glimmering with amusement. Not a fellow there sympathised with him in his disaster.

(Continued on next page.)

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"Had a row with the tags?" grinned Coker.

"Did you let the fags handle you like that?" asked Walker of the Sixth.

"Better call nunky!" chortled Coker.

"The Remove are rather above your weight, Van Tromp! Better call nunky!"

Smack!

Coker staggered, with a roar of surprise and wrath.

Mr. Brander had come suddenly on the scene.

His first action was to box Coker's astonished ear—a terrific smite with his open hand that made Coker spin like a humming-top.

No doubt Coker should not have alluded to the Head as "nunky." But the smacking of heads was a new thing at Greyfriars, especially senior heads.

Coker spun round and glared at the Beak.

"What are you up to?" he roared. "You old donkey—"

"What?"

"Do you think you can smack fellows' heads?" roared Coker. "Keep your paws to yourself."

"Coker!" gasped Mr. Brander. "How dare you? Go to my study and wait for me there. I shall flog you!"

"You won't!" said Coker.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Go and eat coke!"

With that retort, Horace Coker stalked away—not in the direction of the Head's study.

A dead silence fell on the crowd of Greyfriars fellows.

Potter and Greene exchanged a hopeless look. Coker of the Fifth had done it now.

Mr. Brander seemed to have lost his voice. He recovered it, however, and shrieked after Coker.

"Coker—"

"Rats!" roared Coker, over his shoulder. Coker had been flogged, and he had been caned. Now he had had his ears boxed, and that was the limit.

"What did you say?" raved the new Head.

"Rats!" roared Coker.

"Go to my study and wait for me there, or you shall be expelled from the school!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Bosh!"

With that retort, Horace Coker stalked off the scene, leaving Mr. Brander staring and spluttering.

There was a chuckle from somewhere, and the glinting eyes of the new headmaster gleamed round for the chuckler.

"Who was that?" he hissed.

No reply.

"Did you laugh, Hobson?"

Hobson of the Shell started.

"I, sir?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, you!" roared Mr. Brander. He had a cane in his hand, and he gripped it hard. "Come here, Hobson."

"I—I only coughed—sort of coughed, sir!" gasped Hobson.

"Come here!"

James Hobson looked at Mr. Brander, at his infuriated face and gripped cane. The example of rebellion was easy to follow. Instead of coming to Mr. Brander, Hobson of the Shell made a bolt in the opposite direction.

"Hobson!" shrieked Mr. Brander. "Come back! Come here! Come back at once, Hobson."

James Hobson vanished.

Mr. Brander made a stride in pursuit, and then stopped. He had other matters on hand. Hobson had to wait, as well as Coker. The new headmaster fixed his eyes on Otto van Tromp.

"What has happened, Otto?" he gasped. "I heard a noise—an uproar! What has happened?"

"I've been attacked—ragged—assaulted. A crowd of Remove boys—in the Remove passage!" panted Van Tromp.

"I will deal with them," said Mr. Brander, between his teeth. And with the cane gripped in his hand, he mounted the stairs.

"Now look out for the fireworks!" murmured Temple of the Fourth.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" a voice was heard from above. "Here comes the Beak!"

There was a scampering of feet.

Mr. Brander, his teeth set, his eyes gleaming, arrived on the Remove landing. He was going to put down this outbreak of rebellion with a firm hand. His mind was already made up to cane the whole of the Remove, not sparing a single member of the Form.

He marched into the Remove passage.

Not a fellow was in sight.

A minute earlier the passage had been crowded with Remove men. Now it was quite deserted.

Mr. Brander stopped at the first

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study and turned the door handle. The door did not open.

He rapped on the door of Study No. 1 with his cane.

"Open this door at once!" he called.

"What do you want?" asked Harry Wharton's voice from within.

"Is that Wharton? Open this door, Wharton! Is it locked?"

"Yes, rather!"

"I command you to open it."

"What for?"

"I am going to cane you and all the Form. Every member of this Form shall receive the severest possible punishment. I will make an example of the Remove!" roared Mr. Brander. "Now open the door."

No answer.

The cane crashed on the door again.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Let me in immediately!"

"Not for a licking, sir!" answered the captain of the Remove.

"Do you dare to disobey my orders, Wharton?"

"Yes!" answered Harry.

"What? What? What did you say?" shrieked Mr. Brander.

"We've had enough lickings!"

answered the captain of the Remove. "We're fed up, sir! I won't open the door!"

"Same here!" chimed in Frank Nugent's voice. "I won't either!"

The new headmaster stood trembling with rage. His grip on his cane was convulsive. But a strong oaken door stood between him and the juniors who defied his authority, and they were out of reach of his vengeance.

He gasped for breath. He was as much surprised as enraged. It had never occurred to his narrow, obstinate mind that tyranny was the shortest path to rebellion. Even a worm will turn, and the Greyfriars fellows were anything but worms. The turning-point had been reached now.

The new Head's system had, in fact, put a sort of premium on rebellion. When severe and incessant punishments were handed out for any offence or no offence, it was hardly more dangerous to rebel than to submit.

For some moments Mr. Brander remained outside Study No. 1, rather at a loss. But his cane was useless against an oaken door, and he passed on to the next study. He rapped on the door.

"Open this door!" he snapped.

"What do you want?" came Tom Brown's voice.

"I command you to open the door!"

"Nothing doing!"

"Brown! You shall be expelled."

"You'll have to expel all the Remove along with n.e. then," answered the New Zealand junior. "You won't be let into any of the studies."

"Hazeldene! Are you there, Hazeldene?" Mr. Brander's retentive memory recalled the names of all the occupants of the Remove studies.

"Yes, sir!" came Hazel's faltering voice.

"Open this door, Hazeldene!" Mr. Brander was well aware that Hazel was not made of the same stuff as the sturdy junior from New Zealand.

"I—I say, Browney—"

"Let that door alone!" said Tom Brown.

"Silence, Brown!" roared Mr. Brander. "Hazeldene, open this door immediately, and I will deal with you leniently."

"Keep away from that door, Hazel."

"I—I say, it's the Head, you know, and—"

"Never mind the Head, keep away from that door."

"Look here, Brown, I'm not going to be sacked to please you. I'm bound to open the door. I—"

"Stand back!"

"I am waiting, Hazeldene!" exclaimed Mr. Brander.

There was a movement in the study. Hazeldene was evidently in a state of terror. His hand was heard on the door.

The next moment there was a yell and a fall. There was a sound of scuffling.

"Hazeldene! Will you open this door?" roared Mr. Brander.

"Groogh!"

"He can't, sir!" came back Tom Brown's cheery voice. "I'm sitting on his head."

"What?" roared Mr. Brander. "Brown! Release Hazeldene at once. Do you hear me?"

"I'm not deaf, sir!"

"Hazeldene!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Ow! Ooogh! Gerroff! Ow!"

The door of Study No. 2 did not open. Hazeldene reposed on the floor, with Tom Brown sitting on his head: and the door remained locked. And Mr. Brander, almost foaming, passed on.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Defeated!

RAP rap, rap! Herbert Vernon-Smith winked at Redwing, who smiled faintly. The door of Study No. 4 was locked, like all the doors in the Remove passage. Every fellow had gone to his study and locked himself in. In the deserted passage the enraged headmaster roved a good deal like a tiger in a cage.

"Vernon-Smith!" He banged on the door of Study No. 4 with the cane. "Vernon-Smith!"

"Adsum!" said the Bounder cheerily, as if he were answering to his name at calling-over.

"Open your study door, Vernon-Smith!"

"You shall be sent home to-morrow!" "Fathead!"

"What?" shrieked Mr. Brander, scarcely believing his ears.

"Fathead!" repeated the Bounder. "F-a-t-h-e-a-d, fathead!"

"Smithy—" murmured Redwing. "My dear man, in for a penny, in for a pound!" drawled the Bounder. "Do you think anything I may say will make him madder? It's time we told the old fool what we thought of him."

"Vernon-Smith! I heard your words—"

"I meant you to hear them, Brander. Like to hear some more? Fathead! Ass! Chump! Silly old buffer!"

Mr. Brander choked. He gave the door a last crash with the cane, and stamped on along the Remove passage. There was nothing, evident'y, to be done

of the new Head's fury. So he remained judiciously silent.

"Todd! Do you hear me, Todd?"

"I say, Toddy, the Beak's talking to you, and— Yaroooooh! Stop kicking me, you beast! Ow!"

"Todd! I am aware that you can hear me! I command you to let me into this study!"

Silence from the judicious Peter.

"Very well," said Mr. Brander between his teeth. "I shall deal with you presently. Todd! I will make an example of you, with the rest of the Remove. Bunter, take the key from Todd, and open the door."

"I—I say, Toddy— Yaroooooh!"

"Are you taking the key from Todd, Bunter?"

"Ow! Wow! How can I take the key from him, sir, when he's kicking



"That's enough, you rotter!" roared Coker at the headmaster. "Hands off, or I'll knock you spinning!"

"No fear!" "I order you—"

"Call again next Christmas," answered the Bounder.

"I shall expel you from the school, Vernon-Smith."

"Thanks!" "What did you say?" roared Mr. Brander.

"Thanks!"

Rap, rap, rap! came the cane on the oaken panels. Mr. Brander would have given much to land it on Smithy instead of Smithy's door. But Smithy was safe on the inner side of the oak.

"Redwing! Are you there, Redwing?"

"I'm here, sir!" answered Tom.

"Open the door, Redwing!"

"I'm standing by Smithy, sir!"

"You young rascal!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said the Bounder. "You've asked for this, Brander, and now you've got it! The best thing you can do is to chuck it up and get out of Greyfriars. You're no good here."

"You are expelled, Vernon-Smith!" roared the new Head.

"Rats!"

with the Bounder, so long as the study door was locked.

It really looked as if the new Head would have to retreat, defeated, from the quarters of the Remove. But he made another attempt, at the door of Study No. 7. That study was tenanted by Billy Bunter, Peter Todd, and Tom Dutton, the deaf junior. Bunter, at least was not the fellow to defy the voice of authority.

Mr. Brander wrenched at the door-handle of Study No. 7. It was locked like the rest, and he rapped on the panels.

"Bunter! Are you here, Bunter?"

"Oh! No!" came a gasping voice.

"I—I'm not here, sir."

"Bunter! Open this door!"

"I—I can't, sir!"

"I shal' flog you, Bunter!"

"Oh crikey! Toddy's got the key, sir!"

"Todd! Peter Todd! Unlock this door!"

me?" wailed Bunter. "Ow! Wow! Leave off kicking me, you beast!"

"Dutton! Dutton! Answer me, Dutton!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Eh?"

"Open the door, Dutton!"

"The floor, sir?" asked the deaf Removite. "Bunter's on the floor. Toddy's keeping him there. What about the floor, sir?"

"I did not say floor. I said door, you fool!"

"No, sir; there's a chair—"

"A chair?"

"Yes; but there isn't any stool. We don't have a stool in the study. There's a stool in the box-room, I think, if you want one."

"You senseless fool!"

"Eh?"

"Take the key from Todd."

"Would you mind speaking louder, sir? I'm a little deaf."

"Take the key from Todd, and open this door at once!" roared Mr. Brander.

"I don't think I'm a dunce just because I can't hear you, sir! I told you I'm a little deaf."

"Let me into this study!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

"Who's muddy?"

"Dutton! You stupid boy, Dutton—"

"I can't make him out," said Tom Dutton. "First he said somebody was muddy, and now he's talking about mutton. What does he mean about mutton, Toddy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brander gave it up. He tramped along the passage, banging with his cane on door after door, and commanding the doors to be opened.

Not a door was opened. Some of the fellows answered, but the more prudent remained silent. But not a key was turned back.

At Study No. 13 Bob Cherry's voice answered him. He requested the applicant for admission to go and eat coke.

Mr. Brander ground his teeth.

"You are the ringleader in this, Cherry!" he hissed. "You shall be expelled from the school!"

"My pater will have something to say about that!" retorted Bob.

"Silence! Linley! Open this door, Linley!"

"Can't, sir!" answered Mark Linley.

"Hurree Singh! Are you there, Hurree Singh?"

"The hercfulness of my esteemed self is terrific, sir."

"Let me in, Hurree Singh."

"The regretfulness is preposterous, sir; but your esteemed presence would not be a boonful blessing in this worthy study."

"Wun Lung! Open this door, my boy!"

"No can." came the soft voice of the little Chinese. "Me velly solly, sir; no can opee door."

Breathing fury, Mr. Brander stamped on to the last study in the Remove. He banged on the door furiously.

"Chuck it, old bean!" came Johnny Bull's voice from Study No. 14. "We're not letting you in. Run away and play."

"Keep your temper, sir!" said Squiff cheerfully. "If you lose your temper you won't catch any fish."

"You rebellious young rascals—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"I will flog you—"

"First catch your hare!" said Johnny Bull.

"Fish! Is Fish there? Open this door, Fish and I will pardon you!"

"I—I guess—" stammered Fisher T. Fish.

"I will pardon you, Fish, if you open this door immediately."

Mr. Brander evidently believed in that old maxim of treacherous politicians, "divide and conquer."

"I—I guess we can't stand out against the Beak, you guys," said Fisher T. Fish. "We sure can't! I guess—"

"Guess again!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"I calculate I'm going to let the Head in," argued Fisher T. Fish. "I sure ain't going to be flogged. Not if this infant knows it. I guess—"

Bump!

"Yaroooh! Wake snakes! Yooooop!"

"Fish! Open the door, Fish!"

"Fishy can't open the door, old scout," answered Johnny Bull. "Fishy's head is in the coal-locker."

"Yurrrrrrrgggh!"

Mr. Brander drew a deep, deep breath.

He had gone the length of the whole passage now, and not a single door had been opened. Safe, for the present, behind locked doors, the whole Remove

had defied the authority of the new headmaster.

Slowly, consumed with fury, Mr. Brander traversed the long passage to the stairs again. On the landing he paused.

He was bitterly reluctant to retire and leave the Removites masters of the situation, even for a short time. But there was nothing doing; he was powerless so long as the doors were locked.

Still, they could not remain locked for ever! His time would come, and it would come soon! He descended the stairs at last, with a look on his face that made fellows who saw him retire hurriedly from his presence. The baffled tyrant of the school was yearning for a victim upon whom to wreak his rage, and nobody wanted to serve his turn.

Had the new Head of Greyfriars been an escaped tiger his path could not have been avoided more carefully as he strode back to his study.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Coker's Defiance!

GREYFRIARS SCHOOL was in a buzz of wild excitement.

It was time for evening prep, but nobody at Greyfriars was thinking of prep.

The Remove, certainly, were in their studies; but it was quite certain that preparation was not in their minds.

The Third and the Second had been taken into their Form-rooms by their respective masters; but the Third and Second were in a buzz, like the rest of the school; and Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Twigg, as a matter of fact, were giving them no attention. Wiggins and Twigg, like the rest of the masters, were in a perturbed and excited state.

Neither were the Shell and the Fourth at prep. The Shell and the Fourth were eagerly discussing the amazing outbreak in the Remove quarters. Some of them were proposing to follow the example of the Remove, especially Hobson of the Shell, who was well aware that he was booked for vengeance.

Mr. Brander, since he had come to Greyfriars, had ruled the school with a rod of iron. But the rod seemed to be breaking now like a reed.

"Britons never shall be slaves!" said Hobson. "If those Remove kids can kick, we can kick."

"Hear, hear!" said Stewart of the Shell. "If the old blighter comes after us, we'll lock him out, too!"

"You men," said Temple of the Fourth to his cronies, "the Beak's in a frightful bait, and he will take it out of somebody! If he tries to take it out of us, I'm going to lock him out of my study, for one."

"What-ho!" said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"But those kids will have to come out of their studies sooner or later," said Wilkinson. "The Beak will have them then."

"Um! Perhaps we'd better see how it turns out, before we put our foot in it," said Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

The Fifth were mostly gathered in the games study. Coker of the Fifth was there, occasionally rubbing his ear, which was still singing a little from the terrific smack the Beak had bestowed upon it.

The Fifth Form men were perturbed and troubled. They were seniors, and as seniors they, of course, condemned anything in the nature of insubordination on the part of juniors. The lefty

dignity of a senior Form prevented them from even thinking of sharing in such an outbreak. Nevertheless, there were few of them who did not wish the Lower Fourth luck in their stand against the tyrant of the school. And Coker, at least, was as rebellious as any fag.

Coker, obviously, was up for another flogging, after the way he had talked to the Head. And Coker declared, in a voice that could be heard over half Greyfriars, that he wasn't going to be flogged.

"Once is enough—more than enough!" declared Coker. "I'm done with the Beak. Let him try to flog me, that's all!"

"You don't want to be sacked," said Potter.

"I expect my friends to stand by me," said Coker. "The Beak can't sack the whole Form."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Blundell irritably.

"Well, sack or no sack, I'm not going to have that rotter's paws laid on me," said Coker. "Who ever heard of smacking a Fifth Form man's head?"

"The man's a rank cad," said Hilton; "but he's Head of Greyfriars."

"Time he was turned out!" said Coker.

"Yes, ass! But we can't turn him out."

"Well, I'm not going to be flogged," said Coker positively; "and if he sacks me I won't go, so there!"

"Here comes Prout!" murmured Potter.

Mr. Prout entered the games study. The plump face of the Fifth Form master was deeply clouded and troubled.

"Coker!" he said. "Is Coker here? Coker, you are to follow me to the Head's study."

"To be flogged, I suppose?" said Coker disdainfully.

"I—I fear so, Coker! I am sorry, my boy; but it is necessary to submit to the authority of the headmaster."

"I'm not going, sir."

Mr. Prout blinked at him.

"You must go, Coker."

"I'm not going! If Brander wants to see me, tell him to come here!" answered Coker. "No disrespect to you, sir. I know you'd stand up for your Form against that rotter if you could. But I'm not taking any more from Brander."

"You must not allude to the Head in such terms in my presence, Coker," stammered Mr. Prout.

"Well, sir, you know he's a rotter as well as we do. If he wants an answer from me, sir, tell him I won't come."

"Coker! Really, Coker—"

"And tell him," went on Coker, "that the Fifth Form are fed-up with his meddling, and that we want to be left to our own Form master. Tell him the Fifth won't stand any more of his meddling!"

Mr. Prout gasped. Coker's words found an echo in his own plump breast, as a matter of fact. But, as a Form master he could not listen to them.

"Say no more, Coker. You make matters worse. Go to the Head's study immediately, my boy."

"I'm not going, sir!"

"Better go, old man," whispered Potter. "You see—"

"Don't be an ass, Potter!"

"Old chap—" pleaded Greene.

"Don't be a fathead, Greene!"

"Coker, really—really—" said Mr. Prout.

"I'm not going, sir! Tell the Beak to fetch me, if he wants me. That's final!" said Horace Coker.

Mr. Prout blinked at him helplessly,

and left the games study. He left a dead silence behind him. Coker's reckless defiance of the Head's authority had rather taken away the breath of his Form-fellows.

Coker of the Fifth looked round scornfully on the clouded faces of the fellows in the games study.

"Back me up!" he said. "If that bullying old rotter comes here after me, back me up! See?"

"Who wants to be sacked?" asked Price.

"Oh, rats!" said Coker. "I'd rather be sacked a dozen times over than let that rank outsider smack my head. You'll see!"

"Here he comes!" breathed Blundell. There was a heavy footstep outside, and Mr. Brander entered the games study. He had a cane in his hand, and a malignant glitter in his eyes. Mr. Brander had been longing for a victim, and Coker had obligingly offered himself. Mr. Brander had come to deal with Coker.

But it was a different Coker that he found awaiting him in the Fifth Form games study. This was not the Coker who had bent over at his order and taken a caning. This was a new and defiant Coker.

"Coker," said Mr. Brander, between his teeth, "you have refused to come to my study at my command—"

"You've got it!" said Coker. "I have come here to punish you for your insolence."

"Rats!" said Coker.

"Bend over that chair, Coker!" said

Mr. Brander, taking a convulsive grip on the cane.

"Shan't!" retorted Coker. The Fifth Form men held their breath. This was rebellion, with a vengeance! Evidently the example of the Remove was spreading.

"Did you say—" Mr. Brander gasped.

"I said I shan't!" answered Coker. "If you're deaf, I'll say it again! Shan't!"

Mr. Brander stood quite still for a moment or two.

Perhaps it dawned upon his narrow mind that he was raising a storm that he would find it difficult to control.

But he had gone too far to recede. Having provoked rebellion, he had to crush it, or see his authority break in his hands like a reed.

"Coker! Obey me instantly, or you are expelled!"

"Rats!" Mr. Brander said no more. He strode at Coker, with the cane uplifted.

Coker breathed hard and quick. But he, like the Head, had gone too far to recede now.

"Hands off, Mr. Brander!" he said. "If you touch me, I can only say—Whoooooooooop!"

Coker said that quite involuntarily as the cane came down with a terrific swipe.

Mr. Brander struck and struck again. Coker, with a roar of rage, grappled with him.

The cane was torn from Mr. Brander's hand and tossed into a

corner. Coker faced the headmaster with flashing eyes and clenched fists.

"That's enough from you, you rotter!" roared Coker. "Hands off, you cad—touch me again and I'll knock you spinning!"

"Coker, you—you—you have dared to raise your hand against me—you—you—" Meyer Brander stuttered.

"Oh, get out!" said Coker. The new headmaster gasped.

"Coker! You are expelled! You will leave Greyfriars the first thing in the morning!"

"I won't!" retorted Coker.

It looked for a moment as if the infuriated man would leap at Coker like a tiger. The seniors stood round with horrified faces. Coker put up his fists; and his intention to hit out was so obvious that Meyer Brander, in the midst of his fury, paused. A drive from Coker's hefty fist, with Coker's weight behind it, would have flattened out the fat gentleman on the floor of the games study.

"Coker! You—you young scoundrel! You are expelled—expelled in disgrace from the school! You leave in the morning!"

And with that the new headmaster turned and swept from the room.

The Fifth Form men looked at one another. Coker breathed hard. He had passed the Rubicon now, and burned his boats behind him. For Coker of the Fifth there was now no retreat.

(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

WELL, chums, and what do you think of this week's sheet of "sticky-back" photos? Aren't they just "it"? You should have twelve photos all told now, as well as an album in which to stick them. But this wonderful souvenir of the Test Match cricketers is not complete yet. Oh dear, no! Next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET will contain FOUR more FREE photographs. There will be twenty-eight photos in all, and when you've collected the whole set you will have a souvenir well worth treasuring.

A query of interest to MAGNET readers comes from Charles Harvey, of Skegness. He wants to know if it is true that all metal ships are actually

FLOATING MAGNETS?

Yes, this is so, because a bar of steel held in a certain direction for any length of time becomes magnetised, especially if it is constantly tapped. And a ship, while it is being built, is really one large bar of steel, while the riveting which goes on acts as "tapping." The consequence is that, by the time it is launched, the ship is one vast floating magnet. That is why, if you go aboard a ship, you will find a large iron ball on either side of the compass, and a long bar of iron in front of it. This is to counteract the influence of the magnetism of the ship on the compass, and to allow the compass to be used for accurate steering. It seems strange, doesn't it, that a ship should be a magnet? But it's true.

Here is

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

which you can carry out yourself. Take an ordinary pin, and rub it with a pocket magnet until it becomes magnetised. Then place it on a thin piece of paper and float the paper on a glass or dish of water. Press

down very carefully on the paper, and you will find that you can leave the pin floating on top of the water, exactly as a steel ship floats. You will find that you now have a home-made compass, and that the floating pin will point to the magnetic North.

This tip is worth remembering, for you never know when you might be lost somewhere without a compass, and without even the sun or stars to guide you!

MY diary has not many interesting things to tell us about this present week. The only anniversary of any note is that of next Thursday, which is the day on which, in the year 1704, we took Gibraltar from the Spaniards. They tried hard to get it back, and the French helped them, but even their combined forces could do nothing. Gibraltar was ours, and ours it has remained until this day!

One of my readers, who lives in Birkenhead, is

INTERESTED IN HYPNOTISM,

and wants to know if it is true that people can actually be hypnotised. Certainly, but only provided that they agree to allow themselves to be hypnotised. It is impossible to hypnotise a person who sets his mind against it. Hypnotism has been used in many cases by doctors in the treatment of shell-shock victims, with marked success. But, unfortunately, many so-called "hypnotists" are merely impostors, and have confederates who pretend to be hypnotised.

"Is the Red Sea really red?" is the question which H. G., of Tiverton, asks me. Not always, but it has been known to turn blood-red! This was caused by the presence, in large numbers, of a tiny marine plant, which floats in the water and makes the whole sea appear to be red in colour. Similarly the Sargasso Sea

appears to be a dull brown, because of the vast mass of seaweed which floats upon it.

Just one more question. Ted Kelly, of Douglas, says that he has heard stories about fishes being showered down from the skies, and wants to know if such a thing is possible. It is not only possible, but it has happened on several occasions! The explanation is extremely simple. When waterspouts pass over shallow water, they often suck up fish, frogs, and the like. Later on these are dropped from the clouds as the storm passes to some other locality.

A shower of fish occurred in Queensland a few years ago. I wonder if any of my Australian readers can tell me of other instances of such "miraculous" showers.

NOW let's "get on with the washing"—or, in other words, see what there is in store for next week's issue. As mentioned earlier on another

FOUR FREE GIFT PHOTOGRAPHS

will be presented with next week's MAGNET. These will be of Robins, Larwood, Jackson, and Oldfield, and, as usual, the "nutshell biographies" of these giants of cricket will also appear in our pages.

The "barring-out" series of Greyfriars yarns gets more exciting week by week. You'll find excitement galore—and tons of fun—in

"DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!"

By Frank Richards,

which is the title of next week's long complete yarn.

Geo. E. Rochester's vivid War serial: "The Flying Spy!" will give you a feast of thrills, and you'll chuckle over our "Greyfriars Herald" supplement.

Our rhymester will be rhyming as usual, and, of course, I will be waiting in the office, ready to answer whatever questions you care to "shoot" at me—and also to hand out penknives and pocket wallets to the lucky chums who send in prize-winning yarns and limericks.

YOUR EDITOR,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Only Way!

"WHAT next?"

Bob Cherry asked that question.

The Remove fellows had come out of their studies, after making sure Mr. Brander was gone. There was a crowd in the passages, and watchful eyes were kept on the staircase, lest the Head should return.

All the Form were gathered there. Excitement reigned, but there were many doubtful faces. Fellows like Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish had been glad to escape the Head's wrath behind locked doors, but they were deeply apprehensive of what was to follow.

"What next?" repeated Bob.

It was a difficult question to answer.

There was a cloud of deep thought on Wharton's brow. Matters had come to such a pass now that it was scarcely possible to go back; the rebels of the Remove had to go forward, whether they liked it or not.

"Blessed if I know what to do next," said Johnny Bull. "But I jolly well know that I'm not going to be licked any more by Brander, or by his precious nephew, either!"

"Same here!" said Nugent.

"The samefulness is terrific!"

"That's all very well," jeered Skinner, "but do you think we can play hide-and-seek with Brander—bolting into our studies when he lutt's in, and coming out again when he's gone?"

"I guess you guys have made it worse than ever," said Fisher T. Fish. "The Beak will sure take it out of us for locking him out of the studies. I guess—"

"Shut up, Fishy!"

"It's all rot," said Hazel sulkily. "What's the good of making the man wild when he's got us in his power?"

"Just what I think!" agreed Skinner.

"If you fellows want to kow-tow to Brander, there's nothing to prevent you from going to him now!" suggested the Bounder. "I'm sure he'd be glad to see you in his study. He must be just yearning to use his cane on somebody!"

"Yes, go it, Skinner!" grinned Bob Cherry.

But Skinner was not disposed to "go it." It was one thing to criticise the measures the leaders of the Form had adopted, but quite another to face the tyrant of the school in his wrath.

"We're for it now!" said Harry Wharton. "We've stood up against the Head—and we've got to keep on. Shoulder to shoulder—"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I say, it's important—"

"Well, what is it, fathead? Sharp?"

"What about supper?"

"What?" roared Bob.

"Supper," said Bunter, with a very serious blink through his big spectacles. "All very well to lock the Head out of the studies, but it stands to reason that he won't send our supper up here. Well, supper's important!"

"Kick him, somebody!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Somebody's coming!" There was a footstep on the stairs, and immediate alarm.

Some of the juniors bolted for the studies at once. Two or three doors were slammed and locked. But the cooler-headed fellows stopped to ascertain first who was approaching.

"It's only Walker!" said Nugent.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1.171.

"Oh, Walker don't matter—if he checks us, we'll roll him downstairs, as we did Van Tromp!" said Vernon-Smith.

Walker of the Sixth came up to the Remove landing. He was a prefect and a friend of Loder's, and had been rather "thick" with Van Tromp since the latter had become the most important senior at Greyfriars. But the Removites were past caring whether they handled a prefect or not; after their defiance of the Head himself, that was a small matter. The looks that were cast at James Walker were far from respectful or submissive.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the Bounder sharply.

"Message from the Head!" answered Walker, taking no notice of the Bounder's offensive tone. Walker's own manner was unusually civil. He did not want trouble with the Remove in their present excited state.

"Does the dear man want us in his study?" grinned Smithy. "If he does, you can tell him we won't come!"

"Tell him to go and eat coke!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Let a fellow speak," said Walker pacifically. "Mr. Brander has sent me

AUSTRALIAN READER WINS LEATHER POCKET WALLET

for the following Greyfriars limerick:

**Of men in the Fifth none is bigger
Than Coker—who's so full of vigour.
At games so relentless,
He knocks chaps quite senseless,
And cuts a ridiculous figure!**

Sent in by Miss Marjorie C. Pyle, Kilmarnock, Finley, New South Wales, Australia.

MORE EFFORTS WANTED PLEASE!

here to tell you to assemble in your Form-room immediately."

"What does he want us there for, Walker?" asked Harry.

Walker grinned.

"He was sorting out a birch when he told me to fetch you," he answered. "I fancy it's a flogging all round!"

"Tell him we're fed-up on floggings," said Johnny Bull. "We're not having any more."

"The fed-upfulness is terrific, my preposterous Walker."

"That isn't all," said the Sixth-Form man. "The Head expects you all there in ten minutes. Every fellow who doesn't come will be sacked!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I fancy he means it," said Walker. "You'd better toe the line, you know. Brander's in a mood to sack half the school, if it comes to that. Take your licking and make the best of it."

And having delivered his message, Walker of the Sixth descended the stairs again and disappeared.

The juniors exchanged looks. There was silence in the Remove passage for some moments. The fellows who had gone into the studies came out again. All the Remove knew that they had reached a crisis now. In many faces there was deep dismay.

"Well, it's the jolly old cross-roads now," said Bob Cherry, breaking the silence at last. "What's the verdict?"

"I'm not going to be sacked, I know that!" said Skinner.

"I'm not going to be flogged!" said the Bounder. He glanced round, with a sarcastic grin. "If we give in now, we're done for. Stick together! He can't sack the whole Form—the governors would chip in if it came to anything like that. He could sack one or two! He can't sack the lot!"

"That's so!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got to stand shoulder to shoulder—and take the risk! I'm not going to the Form-room."

"I'm sticking here!" said Bob.

"The stickfulness is terrific!"

"The fact is, it's safer to stick out!" said Squiff. "If we give in, the brute can do as he likes. If we all stand out together he can't sack a whole Form, as Smithy says. I'm for sticking it out."

There was a chorus of approval. The Famous Five were quite firm; the Bounder ready for any recklessness; and Tom Brown, Squiff, Toddy, Redwing, Mark Linley, Lord Mauleverer, in fact almost all the Form, were of the same mind.

"Stick it out!" said Russell.

"As the poet says—" began Wibley. Wibley always had a quotation ready.

"Oh, never mind the poet; shut up, Wib!"

"My dear chap what Tennyson says is quite to the point," said Wibley.

"Not once or twice, in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

"Blow Tennyson!" said the Bounder. "Kipling is more to the point in stirring times like these. Doesn't he say somewhere:

"Hit him in the eye, sergeant,
Bung him on the floor!
Kick him in the ribs, sergeant,
Wipe him round the jaw!"

"Is that Kipling?" asked Wibley suspiciously.

"Well, it sounds like Kipling, anyhow," said the Bounder, while the other fellows laughed. "Is it agreed, you men—we stay here?"

"Agreed!" said a dozen voices.

"Where are you going, Fishy?"

"I—I guess I'm going down!" said Fisher T. Fish. "You guys are simply asking for it, you know. You'll have to toe the line, and you'll get it right in your pesky necks! I guess I'm going."

"Come back, you rotter!" roared Johnny Bull. "We've got to stand shoulder to shoulder. Stop him!"

"Collar him!" shouted Bob. "No deserters!"

"I guess—"

"Oh, let him go!" said Harry Wharton. "We don't want any funks here! Let him go if he likes."

"We don't want a Remove man greasing up to Brander!" growled Smithy. "That rotter thinks he's going to get out of a licking by giving in. Let's give him a licking before he goes."

"Good egg!" said Bob.

Fisher T. Fish accelerated, and disappeared down the Remove staircase. Skinner and Snoop exchanged a glance, and followed him; but they stopped short.

"Aren't you fellows coming?" asked Skinner uneasily.

"No fear!"

"And you'd better think twice," said the Bounder, with a sneer. "Brander

may let you off for funking and giving in; but he may take it out of you because he can't get at us. It's rather a gamble."

Skinner and Snoop exchanged another uneasy glance; and they came back into the passage.

"After all, he can't sack the whole Form!" said Skinner. "And—and when the sacking begins, he will pick out the ringleaders."

"Oh, shut up, you worm!" said Squiff. "Look here, you men, we're not going down. That's settled. But Brander will come up if we don't go down, and he may bring the other masters and the prefects with him."

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath. "We haven't got much choice left,

"Hurrah!"

"But if they don't?" said Bob.

"If they don't, we'll bar him out on our own! And we'll begin by barring him out of the Remove passage!" exclaimed Wharton. "Once we get going I fancy the other Forms will join in; they're jolly near as fed-up with Brander as we are! The example's the thing!"

"Hurrah!"

"Pile in!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "No time to lose, my infants. Brander will be coming back, and he won't come alone! Go it!"

And the Removites set to work.

Obviously, matters could not remain as they were. Mr. Brander would come back; and he would bring force with

assembled in their Form-room, according to his command.

The threat to expel every fellow who did not come was bound to have its effect—in Mr. Brander's opinion, at least. Expulsion was the last and severest penalty that could fall on any fellow; and it was not to be lightly faced.

"Come with me, Otto!" said Mr. Brander. "I may need your assistance. It is my intention to flog the whole Form!"

"Good!" said Van Tromp.

He followed his uncle.

Mr. Quelch met them before they reached the Form-room. The Remove master was deeply troubled and disturbed.

The new Head waved him aside.

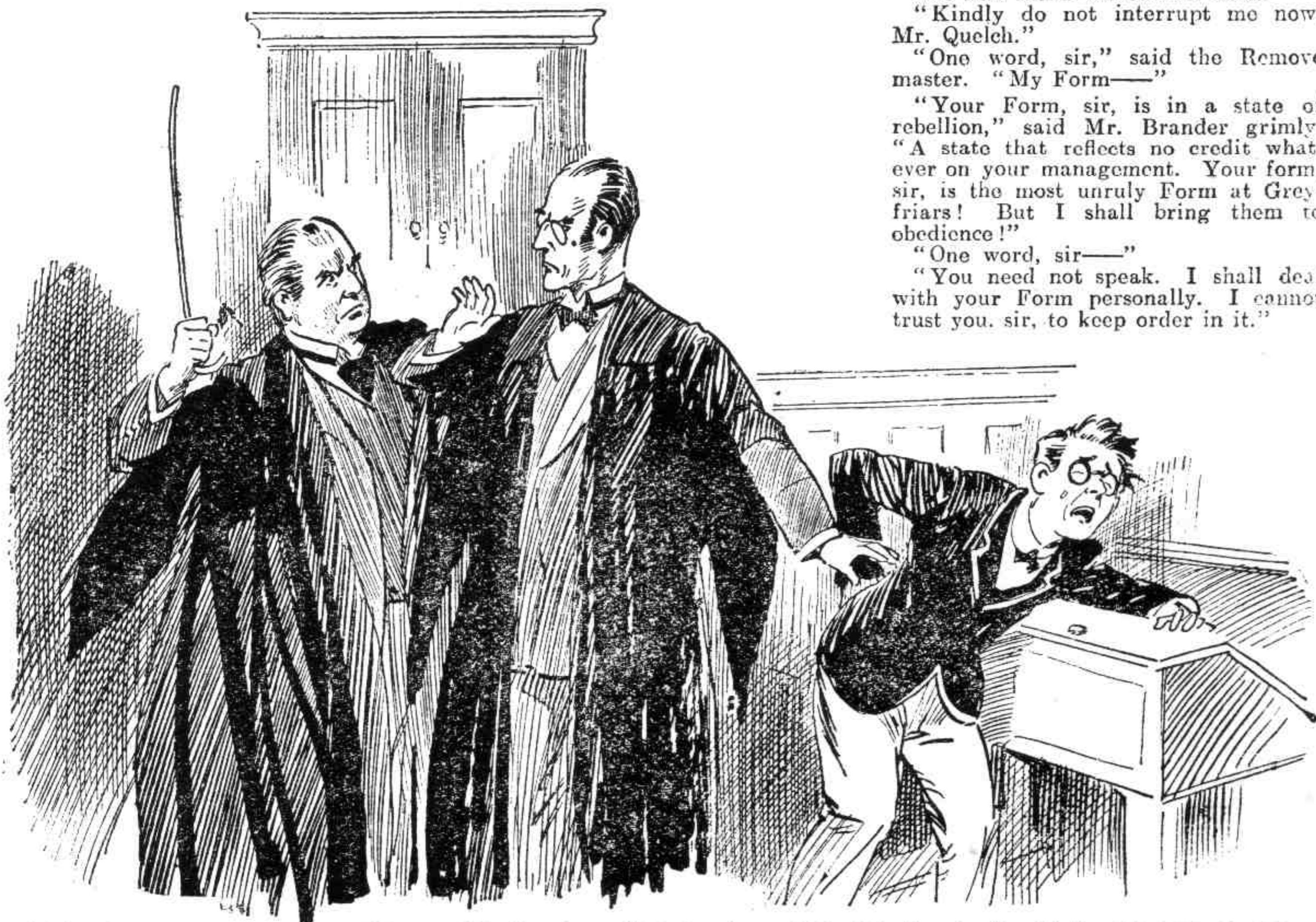
"Kindly do not interrupt me now, Mr. Quelch."

"One word, sir," said the Remove master. "My Form—"

"Your Form, sir, is in a state of rebellion," said Mr. Brander grimly. "A state that reflects no credit whatever on your management. Your form, sir, is the most unruly Form at Greyfriars! But I shall bring them to obedience!"

"One word, sir—"

"You need not speak. I shall deal with your Form personally. I cannot trust you, sir, to keep order in it."



"Do not interfere in this matter!" roared Mr. Brander. "Retire at once!" "I will not retire!" thundered Mr. Quelch, looking indignantly at the Head. "No boy in my Form shall be treated like this!"

after going so far, unless we go down on our knees to the brute," he said. "What we've got to make up our minds to is this—it's either unconditional surrender or a barring-out."

"My hat!"

"Good!" exclaimed the Bounder, his eyes dancing. "That's the game! Bar out the rotter! Who's for a barring-out?"

"Good egg!"

"Hurrah!"

"The goodness of the egg is terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The barfulness out is the proper caper!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But what about supper—Yarcooh!"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"We're booked now!" he said. "It's a barring-out, or nothing! We've locked the brute out—now we're going to bar him out. "If the other Forms join up, we'll turn Brander out of the school, and keep him out!"

him. Locked doors would be broken open; if threats failed, Brander was the man to take drastic action. All the fellows realised it; and they worked rapidly. Tables, chairs, desks, were dragged out of the studies and stacked across the end of the passage where it joined the landing. Cricket stumps and bats, foils, and Indian clubs, and pokers were sorted out for weapons of defence.

The great rebellion of Greyfriars had commenced.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Fearful for Fishy!

MR. BRANDER gripped the birch hard in his hand and started for the Remove Form-room. His face was set as hard as iron, and there was a ruthless glint in his narrow eyes. Ten minutes had elapsed since Walker had carried his message to the rebels of the Remove; and the new Head had no doubt that the juniors were now

"You have a birch in your hand," said Mr. Quelch. "May I ask—"

"It is my intention, sir, to flog your Form, not sparing a single member of it," said Mr. Brander. "I shall administer such a punishment as will never be forgotten at Greyfriars. Six boys will be expelled—Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Hurree Singh, Bull, and Vernon-Smith."

"Such a wholesale sentence, sir—"

"Enough!"

"I am bound to protest! Several of the boys whom you have banned are the very best boys in my Form—"

"I say, enough!" repeated Mr. Brander.

He pushed rudely past the Form-master, and strode on, with Van Tromp at his heels. The Sixth-Former gave Mr. Quelch a mocking leer as he passed that brought the colour to Mr. Quelch's indignant cheeks.

The new headmaster reached the Remove Form-room. He threw open

the door and tramped in, followed by his nephew.

Then he stared.

He had expected to find the Lower Fourth all in their places. It had not even occurred to him that his threat might have no effect.

But there was only one Remove man in the room—Fisher T. Fish. And Fishy eyed the new Head with deep apprehension.

"Fish! What does this mean? Why are you alone here?"

"I—I guess—" faltered Fisher T. Fish.

"Where are the others?"

"They—they haven't come, sir."

"They have not come?" repeated Mr. Brander.

"Nope, sir."

"Where are they?" thundered the Head.

"I guess they're in the Remove passage, sir!"

"Upon my word! So the Remove have defied my order to assemble in their Form-room?" gasped Mr. Brander at last.

"Yep! Except me!" said Fisher T. Fish eagerly.

"Very good! As you are here, Fish, I will deal with you now, and then proceed to deal with the others!"

"I—I say, sir, I—I guess—"

"Bend over your desk, Fish!"

"Oh, carry me home to die!" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

With a dismal groan he bent over the desk. Mr. Brander swished the birch in the air, and smote.

"Yoooooop!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The tyrant of Greyfriars was red with rage. One victim only was there for him to wreak it upon, and Fishy had to pay scot and lot for the whole of the rebel Form. Submission, evidently, was not the way to get off cheaply. The boldest rebel in the Remove could hardly have suffered more severely at the hands of the tyrant.

Whack, whack, whack!

Fisher T. Fish squirmed and yelled and roared. Fishy had been flogged before, for his sins; but never had he been flogged like this! Never had any Greyfriars fellow been through such an infliction.

The yells of the wretched Fishy rang through the House. The door of the Form-room opened, and Mr. Quelch looked in.

"Mr. Brander! What—"

"Do not enter here, sir!" roared Mr. Brander. "Do not seek to interfere in this matter, Mr. Quelch! Retire at once!"

Mr. Quelch glanced at the hapless junior, white as chalk, and yelling with pain. His face crimsoned with indignation.

"I will not retire, sir!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I will not allow a boy of my Form to be treated in this manner, sir!"

"What?" spluttered Mr. Brander. "Are you mad, sir? Do you dare to interpose between the headmaster of this school and a junior boy?"

"I do, sir!" exclaimed the indignant Form master. "I will not allow this, sir! So long as I am a Form master here, it is my duty to protect a boy of my Form from brutality, sir! Leave that boy alone!"

"Mr. Quelch!" gasped the Head. "Sir, I shall dismiss you! You shall leave Greyfriars! You—you—"

"That is as you will, sir!" retorted Mr. Quelch. "But while I remain, I will protect my boys from brutality!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,171.

Fish! Leave this Form-room, and go to your study!"

"Remain where you are, Fish!" roared Mr. Brander.

He lifted the birch again.

Mr. Quelch rustled forward, forcibly interposing between the Head and the hapless Fish. For a moment, it seemed that the enraged man would strike the Form master; but, possibly, even in his fury, some sense of propriety restrained him—assisted by the glint in Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes. He lowered his hand, and Fish, squirming away from the desk, fled from the room.

Mr. Brander spluttered with fury.

"Mr. Quelch, I will deal with you later. Otto, call the prefects—all the prefects—and follow me to the Remove studies."

And Mr. Brander strode out of the Form-room.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Barred Out!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Fishy!"

The Removites were still labouring at the barricade in the Remove passage, when Fisher T. Fish came scudding up the stairs. He charged across the landing at top speed. The barricade stopped him; but Fisher T. Fish proceeded to clamber over it in frantic haste.

"Had enough of Brander, Fishy?" grinned Bob.

"Ow! Lend a guy a hand!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "Help me over, you jay! That villain's after me! Yarooop! Help a guy over!"

A dozen willing hands were extended to help Fishy across the stack of furniture that blocked the passage from side to side.

He gasped with relief as he came tumbling down on the safe side of the barrier.

"How did you get on with the Beak?" asked Skinner.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, holy smoke! Ow! Carry me home to die! Wow! By the great horned toad!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "The pesky bushwhacker's nearly killed me! Ow! Wow! I shan't be able to sit down till next term! Yow-ow-ow!"

"You asked for it!" grinned the Bounder. "Any other fellow here feel like giving in to Brander?"

"No takers!" chuckled Bob.

Fisher T. Fish, moaning with anguish, staggered away to his study. Skinner and Snoop and other waverers looked at him. It was easy to see that Fishy had been through a record thrashing. If Mr. Brander had desired to lend vigour to the rebellion, and to strengthen the minds of the waverers, and unite the whole Remove in resistance, he could hardly have taken better measures. The fate of the hapless Fishy was a warning to the rest. The bare idea of going through such a castigation made them shiver.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!"

"Look out!"

There was a swarming to the barricade as Mr. Brander was spotted on the Remove staircase.

He came tramping up the stairs, with Otto van Tromp at his heels.

Behind them came Loder, Carne, Walker, North, Gwynne, and several other Sixth Form men—al. of them, however, looking very dubious. It was not easy for a prefect to disregard a command from the headmaster; but it

was quite clear that the seniors did not relish dealing with the rebel Form.

Mr. Brander swept across the landing. He stopped and stared, at the sight of the barricade that opposed his further progress.

"What—what—what does this mean?" ejaculated Mr. Brander. "Who has—has placed all this—this furniture here?"

The prefects exchanged significant glances. North and Gwynne quietly went back down the stairs. Several other fellows followed them. Loder and Carne and Walker remained; but they looked far from enthusiastic.

"Boys!" thundered the Head. "Take this—this furniture away at once!"

"Rats!"

"Go home!"

The barricade was six feet in height. Through the interstices of the barrier the faces of a crowd of Removites could be seen. And every face was defiant.

"Wharton! I can see you there. Wharton—"

"I'm not hiding!" answered the captain of the Remove contemptuously.

"I order you to remove this—this barricade at once!"

"I refuse!"

"The refusefulness is preposterous!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Wharton, you are expelled! You no longer belong to Greyfriars!"

"Rubbish!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ain't I expelled, too, old bean?" asked the Bounder. "Have you forgotten poor little me?"

"You are expelled, Vernon-Smith!"

"I thought so! Well, one good turn deserves another," said Vernon-Smith.

"You've sacked me—so I sack you!"

"What? What?"

"I sack you!" said the Bounder. "You're not my headmaster any longer! You're sacked!"

"Ha, ha ha!"

"Go home, Brander!"

"Go and eat coke!"

The tyrant of Greyfriars trembled with rage. He glanced round at the dubious Sixth-Formers.

"Tear down that barricade at once!" he gasped. "Follow me! Assist me! I command you!"

And Mr. Brander hurled himself at the barricade and started dragging at the tangled furniture. Van Tromp followed him at once, and Loder and Carne, more slowly. Walker slipped away and disappeared.

"Come on, old bean!" roared the Bounder, brandishing a cricket stump.

Mr. Brander came on fast enough. The barricade rocked under his furious clutching. Vernon-Smith, standing on a chair, leaned over and smote with the cricket stump.

"Ooooooooooh!"

"One for his nob!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brander staggered back. Desperate as matters had grown now he had not supposed that the rebels would venture to handle him personally. Now he discovered that that was a mistake. He rubbed his head dazedly.

Van Tromp, sprawling over the barricade, was seized by half a dozen hands. A cricket stump cracked on his shoulders, an Indian club jammed into his ribs, five or six fists crashed on his furious face. He roared and struggled, and his legs slipped down among the furniture and held him fast.

"Come on!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Loder, jumping back from a poker wielded in a reckless hand. "Yarooogh!"

(Continued on page 28.)

THE FLYING SPY!

The German version :

"You are Guido von Sturm, pledged to the service of the Fatherland!"

The English version :

"You are no German; you are Guy Tempest, a Britisher, fighting against your own countryman!"

An Awkward Situation.

WHEN next Dr. Zolhoff opened his eyes it was to find himself seated, securely bound and gagged, in his own arm-chair. With his back to the fireless grate and a faint smile on his lips, Von Sturm was standing gazing down at him.

"So you have somewhat recovered, Herr Doktor?" said the boy pleasantly. "I deplore the necessity of having had to treat you so, but unfortunately it is very necessary. I refer, of course, to your bonds. You will be, I'm afraid, extremely stiff and sore come morning."

Zolhoff glared balefully, his gag stopping all that he would have liked to say.

"I am leaving you now," continued Von Sturm, and a hard note had crept into his voice; "but before I go I wish you thoroughly to understand the position. You played as vile a trick on me as one man could well play on another. But your cleverness has recoiled on your own head. In future I fight for my own country—for England!"

He paused. Then, tense and vibrant, came the words:

"And I warn you, Zolhoff, that it is no little part I shall play in the smashing of you and the Secret Service organisation of which you are chief. And that organisation is the very mainspring of the great war machine of Germany!"

A bead of perspiration broke out on Zolhoff's brow. Frantically he writhed in his bonds. His face was purplish, and he looked a man on the very verge of a fit.

"By dawn," resumed Von Sturm, moving towards the door, "I will be with my own countrymen behind the British lines. I bid you good-night, Herr Doktor, and may I suggest that you temper your inward vilifications of me with the thought that it is you yourself who, by placing me in the German Air Force, have allowed me to become probably the most dangerous enemy Germany has to-day. For be sure that the information I possess will be utilised to the full!"

With that he stepped quietly out of the room, closing and locking the door behind him. Slipping the key into the pocket of his tunic, he made his way to the kitchen, where a pale-faced Anton was waiting fearfully.

"You have not quarrelled, sir?" burst out the old man. "I thought I heard the doctor's voice raised in anger."

"I'm afraid we have quarrelled, Anton!" laughed Von Sturm, laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "I leave to-night, and he did not wish me to go. There, that is all there was to it."

"Ah, yes!" said Anton, relieved. "He would not wish you to leave again so soon when you had just returned home. That is very natural. But must



Guy learns the truth from his guardian, Dr. Zolhoff, head of the German Secret Service.

you go, sir? Have you not obtained leave? And how did you escape from the clutches of the Englanders, sir? Were you not wounded?"

"Why, Anton," cut in the boy, laughing, "here is a host of questions. Yes, I must go at once. But soon you will learn the whole story. There is one thing, however."

"Yes, sir?"

"The Herr Doktor is very busy to-night. He has much to think of, and he is not to be disturbed. You understand? No matter who calls, the Herr Doktor cannot see them. His thoughts run deep and along strange channels to-night, Anton. He must be alone. In fact, the library door is locked!"

"I understand, sir," replied the old servant. "None shall see him!"

"Then farewell, Anton!"

Von Sturm held out his hand. "These are unhappy times, and it well may be that we will never see each other again. But you were always a good and kindly friend to me and I will ask you this before I go."

"Yes, sir?" quavered the old man, and his eyes were moist.

"No matter what is said of me," went

on Von Sturm, his voice strangely wistful, "always remember that I serve my country. Those four words, Anton. I serve my country. You will remember them?"

"Yes, sir; but I do not understand—"

"Understanding will come, old friend," interposed Von Sturm gently. "And now—good-bye!"

He gripped the old servant's hand in a brief, firm clasp, then turned away and quitted the kitchen.

With cool, unhurried step, he passed along the hallway, scarce glancing at the library door. There was, he knew, not a moment to lose if he was to get out of Germany safely, for the instant Dr. Zolhoff's plight was discovered urgent orders to apprehend Guido von Sturm—not yet could the boy think of himself as Guy Tempest—would be flashed to every unit, aerodrome, and anti-aircraft battery throughout Germany.

His Kabeltau scout was—if his orders had been obeyed—standing waiting for him out on the tarmac of the military aerodrome on the outskirts of the city

where he had landed. Her tank would be full and everything ready for a quick take-off.

But it would be necessary to land at least once before he reached the line in order to replenish his fuel. And therein would lie his greatest danger, for if Zolhoff happened to be discovered before he landed, then Von Sturm would be at once arrested.

Still, it was a risk he must be prepared to take. Granted ordinary luck, Dr. Zolhoff would not be found before morning.

So, donning his field-grey hat, and with military cloak wrapped close around him, Von Sturm opened the door and stepped out into the night.

As he did so, a long, grey car came purring up the avenue and slid to a halt in front of the massive portico of the front door. From the tonneau descended the burly form of the Oberste von Jager, of the Intelligence Bureau.

It was too late for Von Sturm to have avoided a meeting, even if he had wished it. But he did not wish it, for he was curious to learn what had brought Colonel von Jager here.

"Good-evening, Herr Oberste!" he greeted, with snap salute.

"Why, you, Herr Hauptmann?" gasped the colonel. "Donner und blatter, but I thought you were amongst the missing!"

"Not yet, Herr Oberste!"

"Nein, so I see!" grunted the other. "But you crashed behind the enemy lines, yes? It will be an interesting story, I do not doubt. You young fellows get up to some devilish tricks nowadays. I will hear all about it from your guardian. I must see him at once, without delay. I carry important dispatches."

"The Herr Doktor is seeing no one to-night, Herr Oberste!" cut in Von Sturm.

"But I carry dispatches for his immediate attention!" snapped the colonel.

"I am sorry, Herr Oberste! He is not to be disturbed!"

"But that is impossible!" cried the colonel testily. "These dispatches are of the most urgent importance. I must see him at once. I insist upon seeing him!"

And with that he pushed past Von Sturm and strode into the house.

The Dispatches!

VON STURM did not hesitate a moment as to his course of action. Turning, he followed Colonel von Jager into the spacious and dimly illumined hallway of the house.

"Herr Oberste," he said coldly, "are you not being very rash?"

The colonel stared at him.

"You are pleased to mean?" he rapped.

"I mean," replied the boy, "that I have warned you Dr. Zolhoff is not to be disturbed. If you persist in seeing him, then you do so at your own risk."

The colonel flushed. At his own risk! Unpleasant words there to hear from a mere stripling—even if that stripling did happen to be Germany's most brilliant War ace, and one who, incidentally, claimed as guardian the powerful Dr. Zolhoff.

But however unpleasant the

boy's words might be, there was wisdom in them. And Colonel von Jager, pompous fool though he undoubtedly was, knew it. Better men than he had been broken before to-day by Zolhoff.

"I have no wish to intrude upon the privacy of the Herr Doktor," he began stiffly. "But I repeat, the dispatches I carry are of the most urgent importance, and are for his immediate and personal attention—"

"Then if you will be good enough to wait in here," cut in Von Sturm, throwing open the door of a plainly furnished drawing-room, "I myself will inform him of your presence."

The colonel bowed frigidly. A little more respect in the tone of this young captain would not, he thought, be out of place.

But there! What could one expect but a certain insolence from the famous and much be-decorated Guido von Sturm, who had received the Iron Cross from the august hands of the All-Highest himself at a special and private investiture?

So, contenting himself with a very cold, "I thank you, Herr Hauptmann!" Colonel von Jager passed into the drawing-room.

Closing the door on this unwelcome visitor, Von Sturm made his way towards the library. Somehow or other he'd got to head the stubborn old fool off. For if Von Jager discovered, or had grounds to suspect for one moment, the plight of Dr. Zolhoff, then only a miracle would get the boy out of Germany alive.

Outside the library door Von Sturm paused, listening. In the distant kitchen he could hear the aged Anton moving about in the course of his menial duties. Apart from that, nothing broke the stillness of the house save the slow and ponderous tick-tock of a clock upon the stairs.

Withdrawing the key of the library from his pocket, Von Sturm slipped it into the lock. There came a faint click, the door swung open, and next instant he had stepped across the threshold into the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Zolhoff, seated gagged and bound in the chair where Von Sturm had left him, turned a livid face and blazing eyes towards the boy.

"It was no intention of mine to return," Von Sturm informed him grimly. "But Von Jager is demanding an audience with you. I told him that you could not see him, but the fool would not take 'No!' from me."

Zolhoff mouthed dumbly, writhing frantically in his bonds. Maddening indeed it must have been for him to know that help and rescue, in the person of Von Jager, were there in the adjoining room. How near—and yet how far!

If only it was possible to cry out, to attract Von Jager's attention in some manner! Desperately Zolhoff fought to rid himself of his gag and to loosen his bonds.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Brought down in British territory while balloon "straffing," Guido von Sturm, a brilliant flying ace is told to his utter consternation and dismay that he is Guy Tempest—an Englishman, son of Colonel Tempest. Determined to find out the real truth about his parentage, the young airman begs seven days' parole to visit Dr. Zolhoff his guardian, with whom he has lived since infancy. The British authorities give their consent. Dr. Zolhoff, who is Chief of the German Secret Service, is forced to admit the truth, namely that the boy is English: that he was kidnapped out of revenge and brought up as a German. The boy sends Dr. Zolhoff crashing to the floor, to lie a limp and huddled heap. (Now read on.)

"You will appreciate," went on Von Sturm, ignoring the man's frantic contortions, "how impossible it is for us to have Von Jager in here. I think, however, that we would be extremely foolish were we to refrain from examining the dispatches which he has brought."

A strangled, choking gasp came from Zolhoff, and he paused in his almost maniacal struggles to glare murderously at the boy. The dispatches which Von Jager was carrying were intended for no eyes but those of Zolhoff. It might well mean irretrievable disaster to Germany and her cause if Von Sturm, her avowed enemy, was permitted to see them.

But Zolhoff was helpless. There was nothing he could do, situated as he was, to prevent this terrible calamity.

"Consequently," continued Von Sturm, "I will now return to Von Jager for a few moments. I shall not be long, Herr Doktor."

With that, followed by Zolhoff's furious glare, he quitted the room, taking the precaution of closing and locking the door behind him.

In the drawing-room he found Von Jager waiting impatiently.

"Dr. Zolhoff's apologies, Herr Oberste," he said, with a bow, "and he regrets that under no circumstances can he see you until nine-thirty to-morrow morning. Your dispatches, however, he will examine, and will discuss their contents with you in the morning. You will give them to me, please!"

Calmly, and with a superb confidence, he held out his hand. Wholly unsuspecting, the colonel handed over a bulky envelope heavily sealed with the imprint of the German Imperial Eagle. Not for an instant did it enter his head to refuse.

"I will attend the Herr Doktor at nine-thirty to-morrow morning," he said stiffly. "I bid you good-night, Herr Hauptmann!"

Drawing himself erect, he bowed and turned to go.

"One moment!" said Von Sturm.

The colonel paused.

"Yes?" he said questioningly.

"In a few minutes I shall be leaving for the military aerodrome," went on Von Sturm. "Might I trespass upon your kindness to ask you to drop me there in your car?"

It was a simple enough request and one which the colonel could not with good grace refuse.

"I shall be delighted, Herr Hauptmann," he said, a trifle curtly. "I will wait for you in the car."

With that he gave a stiff inclination of his head and walked out of the room. Von Sturm followed him, and, waiting until the front door had closed upon him, retraced his steps to the library.

Again he took the precaution of locking the library door when once in the room. Then, turning to Zolhoff, he said:

"The dispatches, Herr Doktor!"

And with the words he broke the heavy seal on the bulky envelope and withdrew the contents. Rapidly he glanced through the neatly typed sheets, naming them for the benefit of the bound and gagged Zolhoff.

"Report of man, No. 15, serving as private soldier with the British 111th Brigade near Messines—full details as to strength of brigade,

including the number of non-commissioned officers."

Then again:

"Report from man, No. 33, serving as gunner with the British 186th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, in the Arras sector—full details as to strength of the 41st Division. Good work that, Herr Doktor."

And further:

"Report of man, No. 87, employed as a waiter in the Hotel Etoile in Paris. General report as to economic conditions in the French capital, giving details of the rationing laws and observations on the morale of the French civilian population. Do you think he will report that they are tiring, those French, Herr Doktor? But no, I do not think they have forgotten the Franco-Prussian War. The Fatherland was very hard on France then, was she not?"

Thus, Von Sturm, keeping up a rapid running commentary as he went quickly through the dispatches. Then suddenly he paused with sharp intake of breath, staring at the paper he had now commenced to examine.

Zolhoff, watching him with blazing eyes, saw the sudden tensing of the boy. Donner und blatter! What had this British dog got hold of now?

Zolhoff was not long kept in his agony of suspense and apprehension. For slowly Von Sturm read out the typewritten words which headed the sheet of paper he was holding:

"Complete list of German Secret Service Agents at present resident in the British lines."

The effect of these words on Zolhoff was terrible. His face became of a sudden strangely mottled and his eyes appeared literally to bulge. Then, in a mad paroxysm of fury, he struggled and writhed with berserk passion in his bonds.

Nothing—nothing throughout the whole length and breadth of Germany needed to be kept more secret than that paper. If it fell into British hands then the whole of the German Secret Service organisation in Britain would be blotted out within the course of a few hours.

It would be a disaster from which Germany could never recover—the careful, painstaking work of years would be destroyed at one stroke.

Fascinated, and knowing full well the awful crushing blow to Germany the falling of this paper into British hands would mean, Von Sturm read on. The list was complete to the minutest detail. It gave the names of each German spy, his number on the record of the German Intelligence Bureau, his address in the British town in which he was located, and the employment he was following in order to mask his real activities.

Nothing could be more concise—more informative—more damning.

Suddenly Von Sturm looked up.

"I will keep this, Herr Doktor!" he said harshly. "It must prove a weapon which will give almost mortal thrust to Germany and serve to smash, once and for all, the great war machine which she forged!"

Folding the paper he slipped it into his tunic pocket.

"For the second and last time, Dr. Zolhoff," he went on, "I bid you farewell. I return now to my own countrymen and to the service of my own country. And when you think of this night's work remember that it has come about solely through your own vile treachery to me!"

Instinctively, for the old inbred training died hard, this English boy drew himself stiffly erect, bowed curtly, then, turning on his heel, strode towards the door.

Five minutes later, in the car of the unsuspecting Von Jager, he was being whirled through the night towards the aerodrome where his Kabeltau scout was waiting in readiness for a quick take-off.

And in his library, behind locked

amounted to hero-worship for this brilliant young war ace. And already he was going over in his mind as to how he would tell his brother officers in the mess of how he had walked with and talked with the famous Von Sturm. Donner, but he would make them sick with envy.

Poor Grimmhedbagh. Little he thought then that before many days had passed it would be in the stern atmosphere of a military court, where a man was standing on trial for his life, that he would be telling the details of how he had walked with and talked with Von Sturm.

But he did not dream that that was to come as proudly he walked by the side of Von Sturm to the latter's scout. A sergeant-mechanic was standing by the machine, and he came rigid to the salute as Von Sturm loomed up in front of him in the darkness and said:

"Is she ready for the air, sergeant?"

"Yes, Herr Hauptmann," replied the man. "The fuel tank is full and she is giving her revs."

"Very good!" nodded Von Sturm. "I will switch on if you will swing the propeller."

He turned to the Unter-offizier and held out his hand.

"Good - bye, Grimmhedbagh," he said.

Clumsily Grimmhedbagh took the proffered hand.

"Good-bye, Herr Hauptmann," he replied nervously, "and good luck." Then greatly daring: "Is—is it the line that you return to?"

Von Sturm laughed.

"Yes, the line, Grimmhedbagh," he answered.

Then turning away, he swung himself up into the snug cockpit of the scout. He switched on, and, as the sergeant-mechanic swung the single-bladed propeller, the engine burst into life with a deafening roar.

Von Sturm ran the engine up on brief test to full revolutions. Then in response to the signal of his gloved hand, the chocks were whipped away from in front of the tired wheels of the undercarriage. Out on the aerodrome the taking-off lights glowed through the darkness, and, bumping and swaying, the little scout went taxi-ing out towards them.

To the ears of the watching Grimmhedbagh there came the deep, full-throated roar of the engine as, swinging into the wind, Von Sturm gave the machine open throttle and swept forward, to soar up into the night sky in a steep upward climb.

At two hundred feet the boy banked and circled the aerodrome. Then, pressing on the rudder-bar, he swung the scout until the flickering compass needle steadied at south-west. He should reach the line at the hour of dawn if nothing went amiss. But he would have to land somewhere before then to replenish his fuel.

As he roared on through the night he turned over in his mind the best place to make his landing. If Zolhoff happened to be discovered before the landing was made, then the chances were that he, Von Sturm, would be arrested

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The sinister Dr. Zolhoff, the brains of the German Secret Service.

door, sat Dr. Zolhoff, his head lolling limply on his chest. At the corners of his cruel, thin-lipped mouth were tiny flecks of foam. He was quite unconscious, for outraged nature had taken her toll and his frenzied struggles had brought on a faint which was three parts fit.

Arriving at the aerodrome, the car was met by the Routine Officer, the Unter-offizier Grimmhedbagh, who himself opened the door of the car for Von Sturm to alight.

"Is my machine ready, Grimmhedbagh?" inquired the boy.

"Ja, Herr Hauptmann," assented the Unter-offizier. "It is out on the tarmac as you commanded."

He accompanied Von Sturm to the hangars and stood by whilst the boy struggled into his flying kit. Grimmhedbagh had an admiration which

the moment he stepped out of his machine. For orders to apprehend him would be flashed throughout Germany the instant Zolhoff was found.

But that was a risk the boy was bound to take. There was, he recollected, a small training squadron established at Erfurt, about fifty kilometres south-west of Leipzig. He would land there, have his tank re-filled, and take off again at once. His next landing would be behind the British lines at Le Courban.

So, having made his decision, he settled himself more comfortably in his seat. And as he roared on through the night at a height of four thousand feet, he glanced idly at the watch on the dimly lit dashboard in front of him.

The hour was eleven-thirty.

Eleven-thirty!

In the house of Dr. Zolhoff, situate in the Gartenstrasse, the manservant, Anton, was preparing for bed. It was his nightly custom, before retiring, to make a round of the house, seeing to the bolts of doors and the catches of windows.

And to night he did not depart from his usual practice. Had he done so, then it is extremely unlikely that Zolhoff would have been discovered before morning. But with Anton's stepping from his kitchen, the game took a sudden turn in favour of Zolhoff.

For as the elderly man-servant passed along the hallway to see to the fastenings of the front door, he heard the telephone bell trilling shrilly in the library. It was still ringing sharply and insistently as he re-passed the door a few minutes later, having seen to the fastenings of the front door and the front ground floor windows.

Anton paused. The library was fitted with french windows which opened out

on to a pleasant garden, and it was possible that the doctor had stepped out for a breath of cool, night air.

If that was the case, then it was his, Anton's, duty to answer the telephone. Discreetly he knocked at the library door. There came no answer save the continuous, insistent ber-r-r of the telephone. Quietly Anton tried the handle of the door, and then for the first time he felt a sense of uneasiness. For the door was locked.

"Herr Doktor!" he called, and sharply.

Nothing answered save a deathly silence. The telephone had ceased to ring. But the next moment it started again, harsh and urgent.

"Herr Doktor!" cried Anton, now thoroughly alarmed. "Herr Doktor—are you there?"

He knocked on the panels with bony knuckles, but no one answered. He was a trusted and valued servant, and on his bunch of keys hanging in the kitchen was one which fitted this sanctum of the doctor. Turning from the door, he sped, with shambling gait, in quest of it.

Returning, he inserted the key in the lock with shaking fingers, obsessed with a fear of he knew not what. Next instant the door swung open, and he blundered into the lighted library to come to an abrupt halt, staring with horrified eyes at the limp, bound and gagged figure of Dr. Zolhoff lolling in the armchair.

(Germany's situation is indeed a desperate one, for if Guy Tempest can reach the British lines he's got information enough to bring about the downfall of the Fatherland. Will this brave young airman succeed? Boys, you're on a real thrilling instalment next week. Don't miss it through failing to order next Saturday's BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER well in advance!)

THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!

(Continued from page 24.)

"Oh crumbs!" howled Carne, as a whizzing boot caught him under the chin. "Ow! Great pip! Wow!"

"Go it!" roared Harry Wharton.

Missiles rained over the barricade. Loder and Carne fairly turned tail and ran. Van Tromp, entangled in the furniture, yelled and shrieked and raved as blows showered on him from all sides. He struggled frantically to escape, and tore himself free at last covered with bumps as with a garment, and jumped for safety. A cushion caught him on the back of his head as he ran, and he bolted down the stairs after Loder and Carne.

Mr. Brander stood stuttering with rage.

Whiz, whiz, whiz! A boot caught him in the eye, a teacup cracked on his nose, a Latin dictionary banged under his fat chin. He tottered away, hardly able to believe that this was not all some fearful dream. Yells and catcalls and whirling missiles followed him down the stairs.

"Come back and have some more!" roared Bob Cherry.

But Mr. Brander did not come back.

"We win the first round!" chuckled the Bounder.

"Hurrah!"

The rebels of Greyfriars had won the first round—there was no doubt about that. And they were ready for the second round when it came.

The Remove were in rebellion, and—as yet—unsubdued! The great barring-out at Greyfriars had begun!

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the next rattling fine yarn in this great series, entitled: "DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!" You'll enjoy every chapter of it!)

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