

ANOTHER BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER!

The MAGNET 2^D

EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 1,172. Vol. XXXVIII. Week Ending August 2nd, 1930.



“Down with the Tyrant!”

Read the rollicking fine story of the Rebels of Greyfriars—inside.

Down with the Tyrant!



By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Rebels of the Remove!

"HALF-PAST nine!" said Bob Cherry.
The half-hour chimed out from the old clock tower of Greyfriars.

It was bed-time for the Remove. Never had the Remove, the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars, looked less disposed for bed.

The Remove passage was brightly lighted; the light was on in every study. Some of the Removites were in the studies; most of them were in the passage. All of them were wide-awake, and thinking of anything but dorm.

Across the passage, where it joined the landing above the Remove staircase, was a barricade of furniture—tables and chairs and desks, all sorts and conditions of things—stacked together from wall to wall.

On top of the barricade the Famous Five of the Remove were seated in a cheery row.

"Bed-time!" remarked Frank Nugent. "We're not going to bed, I fancy."

"Hardly!" said Harry Wharton.

"No fear!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The bedfulness," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "is not the proper caper in the present ridiculous circumstances."

There was a step on the stairs. The five juniors looked round at once to the staircase.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Loder!"

Loder of the Sixth appeared in sight. It was Loder's duty, that night, to see lights out for the Remove. It was a duty that Loder was likely to find difficult to perform, in the present extraordinary state of affairs at Greyfriars School.

Loder came up rather slowly. There was none of his usual bullying manner about Loder of the Sixth now. He was looking uneasy, and evidently reluctant to approach the rebellious Removites.

"Line up, you men!" called out Harry Wharton; and there was immediately a

Expulsions, floggings, and canings become the order of the day when Mr. Brander arrives at Greyfriars.

Then comes the wave of rebellion. And Brander looks like getting the order of the boot!

rush to the barricade by all the fellows in the passage.

A crowd of faces looked at Loder of the Sixth over the stack of furniture. Most of them were grinning.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old bean!" called out Bob Cherry cheerily. "Have you come to join us, Loder?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter. It was not really likely that a Sixth Form prefect had come to join the Remove in their rebellion against Mr. Brander, the new headmaster of Greyfriars.

Loder stepped on the landing and stopped. Several hands were raised behind the barricade, lifting missiles—all ready for Loder. The Sixth-Former eyed them very uneasily.

"Watch me get him with this boot!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Go it, Smithy!"

Harry Wharton lifted his hand. "Hold on! Give him a chance, Smithy! Perhaps Loder's come to tell us that the Beak is giving in."

"Perhaps!" grunted Smithy.

"The perhapsfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Well, let him speak, anyhow," said the captain of the Remove. "Get it off your chest, Loder! What do you want?"

"Cough it up, old bean!" said Bob encouragingly.

"It's bed-time!" said Loder. "You kids had better get off to your dorm. I've got to see lights out. Now, chuck up this nonsense and clear off to your dormitory without wasting time."

Harry Wharton stared at him.

"Is that what you've come up to say?" he exclaimed.

"That's it!" said Loder. "Now, listen to me—"

"Rats!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Go and eat coke!" said Bob Cherry

"Go home, Loder!"

"Let him have that boot, Smithy!"

Loder backed away to the edge of the landing, with a wary eye open for

missiles. He was not enjoying the task of calling the rebellious Remove to order.

"Hold on!" said Wharton. "Lots of time to get Loder with that boot, Smithy! That boot will keep! Anything more to say, Loder?"

"I'm advising you as a prefect," said Loder. "You can't keep this up! Some of you are going to be sacked—the whole lot are going to be flogged! Well, what's the good of making matters worse? My advice to you is to chuck up this foolery and go quietly to your dormitory. Mr. Brander may let you off more lightly if you give no more trouble."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You can go back to Brander and tell him that the Remove have barred him out, and that we're keeping it up," he said.

"You can't keep it up, you young ass!" said Loder.

"We'll have a jolly good try," said Bob Cherry.

"You haven't had much luck so far" said Vernon-Smith. "You're welcome to come on again as soon as you like, Loder."

"We've beaten you once, and we'll beat you again!" said Nugent. "The fact is, Loder, we're done with Brander."

"The donefulness is terrific!"

"You can take a message back to him," said Harry Wharton. "We'll chuck up this foolery, as you call it, on conditions. No more floggings, no sackings, and no more interference by Brander in the Remove at all. If Brander agrees to that—"

"You young ass!" exclaimed Loder.

"They're the conditions of peace!" said Harry. "Nothing short of that will do for the Remove."

"Hear, hear!"

"It's not much good talking to you, Wharton, as you're under sentence to be expelled," said Loder. "You and your friends leave the school in the morning—"

"I don't think!" said Bob.

"But the others," said Loder. "I'm here to speak to the others. I warn them that if they stand by fellows who are expelled, they are in danger of being expelled along with them. I warn them—"

"That will do!" interrupted Wharton. "Don't you know anything about the laws of war, Loder? You have to speak to the commander-in-chief. That's me! Talk to me or shut up!"

"I want all you fellows to understand," said Loder, unheeding, "that six Remove boys—Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Hurree Singh, and Vernon-Smith—are under sentence to be expelled. If you let them drag you into backing them up, you—"

Whiz!

"Oooooooh!" spluttered Loder, as he was suddenly interrupted by the boot hurled with unerring aim by the Bounder.

It landed on his mouth, effectually shutting off his appeal to the Removites to desert their leaders.

Loder staggered.

It was rather unfortunate for Loder that he was already as far from the barricade as he could get, and standing on the very edge of the landing.

He made a wild effort to recover his balance, but it was in vain. There was

a heavy bump as he went down the Remove staircase, followed by bump on bump as the hapless prefect rolled to the next landing.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Ow! Oh! Oooooooh!"

"Come up again, Loder!" roared the Bounder. "I've got the other boot ready."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Gerald Loder did not come up again. He gathered himself together on the lower landing and tottered away down the staircase, gasping and groaning. Loder of the Sixth had had enough; and it was clear that he was not going to see lights out for the Remove that night.

Yells and cat-calls from the Remove followed Loder of the Sixth as he disappeared. They rang in the ears of Mr. Brander, the new Head of Greyfriars, who was waiting at the bottom of the staircase to learn how Loder had fared with the rebels. And they conveyed to the tyrant of the school the unwelcome tidings that the Greyfriars rebellion was still going strong.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch Makes Terms!

"MR. QUELCH!"
Mr. Quelch, master of the Remove, was seated in his study, when the door was thrown open, without a knock, and Mr. Brander strode in.

The Remove master was sitting at his table, trying to give his attention to a heap of papers he had to mark for his Form.

But it was difficult for Mr. Quelch to give attention to routine work. It was doubtful, in fact, whether his duties as Form master could be carried on at all.

With his Form in open rebellion against the headmaster, blockaded in their passage, and defying authority. Mr. Quelch was likely, like Othello, to find his occupation gone.

He rose as the headmaster strode in, his face a little pale, and his lips set hard.

Mr. Brander was red with wrath.

Since the outbreak of the rebellion in the Remove, the new Head had been in a state of fury that almost made him dangerous to approach.

He did not, or would not, realise that it was his own tyranny that had caused the outbreak, and the threat of further tyranny that caused it to continue. Severity and cruelty had caused it; and it was only by means of severity and cruelty that Mr. Brander thought of suppressing it. If such methods failed him, he could think of no others.

"Mr. Quelch!"

"Sir!" said the Remove master coldly.

"You are aware, sir, of the state your Form is now in!" snapped Mr. Brander.

"I am aware of it, sir!"

"You are master of the Remove, sir! Your Form is entirely out of hand! I desire to know by what means you propose to bring them back to obedience."

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"That is not my business, sir," he answered icily. "The rebellion was not caused by me, and it is not my duty to deal with it."

"You are master of the Form!" hooted Mr. Brander. "I found it the most unruly Form at Greyfriars when I came here. Under your rule, and under the headmastership of Dr. Locke, the Form has been allowed to run wild."

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" interrupted Mr. Quelch warmly. "No outbreak of this kind occurred when Dr. Locke was headmaster of Greyfriars. But for the fact that Dr. Locke was injured by some unknown miscreant, and forced to give up his duty here, this outbreak never would have occurred, sir."

Mr. Brander breathed hard through his nose.

"I am not here to bandy words with you, Mr. Quelch! You are master of that rebellious Form, and I demand of you to call them to order. It is past bed-time, and they refuse to go to their dormitory. If you have any influence over the boys who should be under your control, use it."

"I have no doubt, sir, that my boys would heed me, and obey my commands," said Mr. Quelch, "but that would have to be on condition that they were left in my charge without further interference."

"I make no conditions, sir, with a member of my staff, who is liable to dismissal at my word!" snapped Mr. Brander.

"Then it is useless to prolong this interview, sir."

"Understand me, Mr. Quelch! If the Remove maintain this rebellious attitude, I shall conclude that they feel that you are in sympathy with them, and I shall require you to leave the school."

"That is as you decide, sir," said Mr. Quelch coldly.

"Then—" began Mr. Brander.

He paused. It was borne in upon his mind that he had raised a storm with which he hardly knew how to deal. It was gall and wormwood to him to realise that the juniors who defied his authority were prepared to obey their own Form master, if left to Mr. Quelch. But in the present state of affairs Mr. Brander was ready to catch at any straw.

"I am prepared to make concessions to end this disorderly state of affairs," he said, speaking with an effort. "The boys must be brought back to obedience. You see that, I presume?"

"Perfectly so."

"Then kindly go to them and use what influence you have to bring them back to their duty."

"Let us have this clear, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "You have sentenced six boys in my Form to expulsion, and the whole Form to a flogging. These sentences must be withdrawn. I have protested against them in vain. They must be withdrawn before I intervene in this matter."

Mr. Brander seemed about to choke.

"Mr. Quelch! You—you presume to dictate to your headmaster?" he stammered.

"Not at all, sir," answered Mr. Quelch icily. "During Dr. Locke's absence the Board of Governors have appointed you headmaster in his place. I have no power to dictate to you, and no desire to do so. I simply state the terms on which I will intervene in the revolt you yourself have caused."

"You leave Greyfriars, Mr. Quelch!"

Another sheet of "Sticky-back" Photographs of the English and Australian Test Match Cricketers in this Issue. Trim the photos neatly with scissors and stick them in your album.

"I am ready to do so, sir."
Mr. Brander strode to the door. But here he paused. Mr. Quelch eyed him coldly, and almost scornfully, as he turned back.

"If—if I should accede to your demands, sir," gasped Mr. Brander, "may I inquire whether you have anything more to ask?"

"I have, sir," answered Mr. Quelch. "You have instituted a new rule that the Remove boys should fag for the seniors. They feel this very deeply; it is taking away a long-established right. I suggest that this new rule be abolished."

"Is that all, sir?"
"That is all, except that if you desire me to continue my functions as Master of the Remove you must leave my Form to me, without further interference."

Mr. Brander seemed on the point of choking again.

"On no other terms, sir, will you use your authority to bring these young rascals to their senses?" he gasped.

"On no other terms, sir, should I be able to influence them," said Mr. Quelch. "It would be quite futile for me to call on them to submit to harshness and injustice. They would refuse."

"Very well, Mr. Quelch!" gasped the Head. "I agree to your conditions! At any cost, this state of affairs must end—I agree! Bring the Lower Fourth back to discipline and order and the matter closes."

Mr. Quelch's troubled face brightened.

He did not want to leave Greyfriars; and especially he did not want to leave while his Form was in a state of forcible rebellion to authority.

"I have your word on that, sir?" he exclaimed.

"You have!" snarled Mr. Brander.

"Thank you, sir!" said Mr. Quelch, in great relief. "I have no doubt that when I make this communication to the Remove they will return to their duty at once. In a very short time, sir, you may rely upon it that my Form will be in their dormitory, and this unhappy state of affairs at an end."

And Mr. Quelch quitted the study and hurried to the stairs. He passed Van Tromp of the Sixth as he left his study without a glance. But Van Tromp stared after him blankly; and turned to his uncle as the new Head came out of the Remove master's study.

"Uncle," breathed Van Tromp, "you—you—you are not going to let those young villains off—like that. I heard what you said—you can't mean to let them off—"

Mr. Brander gave him a grim smile.

He did not answer; but his look was enough for the bully of the Sixth. Van Tromp grinned.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Peace!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Blow away, Bunter!"
"I say, this is rather important, you know!" said Billy Bunter, blinking seriously through his big spectacles at the juniors sitting on the barricade. "Of course, I'm for holding out against that beast Brander! 'Britons never shall be slaves,' and I'm jolly well not going to be licked! But—"

"Bow-wow!"

"I've had some supper," went on Bunter. "Luckily, I found a cake in your study, Wharton."

"What?"

"So that's all right. But what about

sleep?" asked the Owl of the Remove. "I don't want to go to the dormitory, if you fellows prefer to stay here. But I shall have to be made comfortable, of course."

"The of coursefulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "For if the preposterous Bunter is not made comfortable, the esteemed skies will fall, and the fallfulness will be terrific."

"Oh, really, Inky! You see, you fellows have done all this in rather a hurry," said Bunter. "If I'd been in command, I should have laid plans, and so on. Now you've got us landed here for the night without any beds. Well, how's a fellow to sleep without a bed?"

2 Cricket Bats

Autographed by

THE

AUSTRALIAN
CRICKETERS

To be **WON** in a
SIMPLE NEW
COMPETITION

beginning in a fortnight's
time.

Exclusive to *THE MAGNET*

"Echo answers how!" said Bob.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter peevishly. "The fact is, I'm getting sleepy now. I must have a bed of some sort. What about some of you fellows cutting off to the dormitory, and bagging some blankets and sheets? You needn't trouble about a bedstead."

"Sure?" grinned Johnny Bull. "Sure you can do without a bedstead?"

"Well, yes, old fellow. I never was the chap to give trouble," said Bunter. "Don't bother about a bedstead. Just a mattress and a few sheets and blankets, and it will be all right. I dare say you'll manage it without Brander catching you. He may not be on the watch. But, buck up—I'm sleepy!"

"You think you can manage with a mattress, a few blankets, and some sheets?" chuckled Bob.

"Yes, old chap. I can rough it all right."

"And what about the other fellows?" asked Bob.

"Eh?"

"How are they going to manage?"

Bunter blinked at him. Apparently he had not thought about the other fellows. Bunter's consideration, as usual, was concentrated on his fat self.

"Well, never mind the other fellows," said Bunter, at length. "You can't get bedclothes here for two or three dozen fellows."

"Exactly!" agreed Bob. "And, what's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander, old fat bean. You can do like the rest."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And now shut up!" suggested Harry Wharton.

"But I say, how am I going to sleep?" demanded Bunter. "If you fellows think I can sleep without any sort of bed, you fellows are jolly well mistaken—see? If you want me to back you up in this barring-out, you've got to treat me decently. Now, which of you is cutting off to the dorm for those blankets?"

"The whichfulness is terrific!"

"Cut off yourself, old fat man," suggested Peter Todd.

"No fear! Brander might get hold of me—"

"What would that matter?"

"Why, you ass, he would give me a thundering licking if he got his paws on me!"

"Well, I don't see any objection to that. It would do you good."

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Here comes somebody!"

There was a footstep on the stairs again.

"Line up, you fellows!"

The barricade was manned immediately. A crowd of fellows looked over it at the newcomer.

"Quelchy!"

The tall, angular figure of the Remove master appeared on the landing.

"Put down that boot, Smithy," whispered Wharton. "Don't cheek Quelchy."

The Bounder grunted.

"We're up against the lot of them," he answered. "I'm not toeing the line to Quelchy, any more than to Brander."

"Chuck it, fathead! No cheek!" said Harry.

Mr. Quelch stepped across the landing to the barricade. The juniors eyed him in silence. They had no quarrel with their Form master. Indeed, they had a strong suspicion that Mr. Quelch's sympathy was very much on their side, for they were well aware that he strongly disapproved of the proceedings of the new headmaster.

Only the Bounder, habitually reckless of all authority, would have thought of "cheeking" the master of the Remove.

Still, if Quelchy had come on the Head's behalf to counsel surrender, the rebels were prepared to give him the same answer that they had given Loder, though unaccompanied by a whizzing boot.

Mr. Quelch looked at the barricade and at the faces over it, and compressed his lips. It was not a sight to please a Form master who was very keen on discipline.

"My boys," said Mr. Quelch, "I have come here in the hope of ending this—this outbreak of disorder."

"Nothing doing, sir," said the Bounder.

"Shut up, Smithy!"

"Rats!" retorted the Bounder. "No disrespect to you personally, Mr. Quelch. But we're fed-up with Brander and—"

"Silence, please!" said the Remove master severely.

"Shut up, Smithy, I tell you!" said Harry.

The Bounder snorted, and shut up. Mr. Quelch proceeded:

"I have had an interview with Mr. Brander. Your headmaster has consented to overlook the—the late insubordination in the Remove, to cancel the sentences of expulsion against certain members of the Form, also the floggings. He has consented to recall the new rule with regard to fagging by the Lower Fourth. The cause of this dispute, therefore, has now dis-

appeared, and I call upon you to return to your duty."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Great pip!"

The rebels of Greyfriars stared at Mr. Quelch, and at one another. They had hoped that the tyrant of the school might be driven to terms. But so swift a surrender as this, and so complete a surrender, amazed them.

"Then—then the Head has given in, sir?" exclaimed Bob.

"That is not the proper way to express it, Cherry. Mr. Brander has recalled his decisions, and there is no further cause of dispute. The whole matter ends here, if you return to obedience."

"Well, my hat!" said Bob.

Harry Wharton looked, as he felt, deeply relieved. Rebellion against the

know whether it's straight. I don't trust Brander."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Smithy!"

"Vernon-Smith," exclaimed Mr. Quelch, "do you venture to insinuate a doubt of your Form master's good faith?"

"No, sir; but I don't trust Brander," answered Smithy.

"Oh, chuck it, Smithy!" said Bob.

"Vernon-Smith, I repeat that Mr. Brander has given me his word on this matter. And if you venture to impugn his good faith, I shall see that you are punished for your insolence," exclaimed Mr. Quelch angrily. "How dare you?"

"Dry up, Smithy!"

"It's all right, sir."

"Well, have your own way," sneered Vernon-Smith. And he shrugged his shoulders. "But—"

"Rot!" said Harry. "We've gained

tyranny, were glad that such a desperate venture was over, and on such good terms. Squiff remarked that they were well out of it, and the other fellows agreed that they were.

Ten minutes after Mr. Quelch had brought the news of peace the passage was clear. In a very orderly manner, the Remove followed their Form master to the dormitory. It was well past their usual bed-time, and most of them were sleepy, and glad to see their beds.

Mr. Quelch watched them in, deeply pleased to see order restored.

"Loder will be here to see lights out, my boys," he said. "Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Mr. Quelch retired.

"Well, it's over," said Bob Cherry. "It was rather fun; but thank goodness we've come through like this."



Mr. Brander grasped Harry Wharton by the shoulder and laid on the cane. Whack, whack, whack, whack! "Rescue!" yelled Bob Cherry, hurling a pillow full into the tyrant's face.

headmaster was a serious enough matter.

The Remove had been driven into it by sheer tyranny. But what the outcome might be, no fellow could say.

It was good news to hear that they had won what they were fighting for. It was more than they had hoped, and more than they could have expected of so obstinate a man as Mr. Brander.

"Now——" said Mr. Quelch.

"We're satisfied, of course, sir," said Harry, at once. "I'm sure you understand that we should never have gone so far as this if we had not been forced——"

"We will not discuss that, Wharton. Let this furniture be removed, and let me see you all to your dormitory."

"Certainly, sir!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Cheese it, Smithy!"

"Fathead!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"Before we chuck it up, we want to

our point, and the whole thing ended better than any fellow could have expected. Don't make more trouble."

The Bounder, right or wrong, was unheeded. Some of the juniors were already dragging down the barricade.

The Bounder looked, and felt, discontented. Smithy's reckless nature revelled in any rebellion against authority; and probably he was disappointed at the sudden end of the revolt. The fact that the rebels had gained their point did not compensate for the loss of lawless excitement. For, on reflection, even Smithy could not believe that the Head could dream of passing his word and breaking it afterwards.

Mr. Quelch looked greatly relieved as the barricade was demolished, and the furniture dragged back into the studies. So did many of the Remove. The more thoughtful fellows, resolved as they were to stand out against

"Don't count your chickens too early," jeered the Bounder.

"Don't be an ass, Smithy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton impatiently. "We've got Quelch's word for it that it's all right."

"The rightfulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Here's Brander!"

The whole Remove spun round towards the door. In the doorway of the dormitory stood the menacing figure of the new headmaster.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Punic Faith!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. gazed in silence at the new Head.

A hush fell on the Remove dormitory.

Every heart beat a little faster.

Mr. Brander stood in the doorway, his

sharp, penetrating eyes roving over the crowd of startled juniors.

His face was set grimly.

Behind him, in the passage, could be seen his nephew, Van Tromp of the Sixth, and with Van Tromp were Loder, Carne, and Walker. All the prefects had canes under their arms. There was a cane in Mr. Brander's hand.

Harry Wharton caught his breath.

It was impossible, even at that moment, to suspect that the new Head could mean to break faith. No one but the Bounder had suspected that he was capable of such a deception; and even Smithy had only half-suspected it. Yet the cane in his hand, and the look on his face, did not promise well for the rebel Form.

He stepped into the dormitory. After him came Van Tromp, grinning. Loder, Carne, and Walker remained in the doorway. They were looking red and uncomfortable. Only too plainly their looks showed that they were on an errand they disliked—though as a rule those three prefects were not at all particular.

The tense silence was broken by Mr. Brander's strident voice.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry respectfully.

The truth was dawning on his mind now, impossible as it seemed, that a man in Mr. Brander's position could be guilty of such treachery. But his answer was respectful. If there was to be more trouble, Wharton was determined that he would give the tyrant of Greyfriars no pretext.

"You will leave the dormitory, Wharton, and with you the other boys who are under sentence of expulsion," said Mr. Brander.

Dead silence.

All the Remove knew what to expect now.

They had been tricked out of their stronghold, and now that they were at the tyrant's mercy the mask was thrown off.

"You will be confined in the punishment-room for the night," went on Mr. Brander, "and sent away from the school in the morning. Leave the dormitory at once! Loder, you will take them away."

"Yes, sir!" muttered Loder shamefacedly.

"Excuse me, sir!" stammered Walker of the Sixth, very red in the face.

Mr. Brander glanced at him coldly.

"What is it, Walker?"

"I—I understood that—that the sentence was rescinded, sir—that the boys were not to be expelled—"

"You may be silent, Walker."

"But Mr. Quelch certainly said, sir—"

"I desire to hear nothing of what Mr. Quelch may have said. Kindly be silent, Walker."

The Bounder's lip curled mockingly.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "The rotter pulled Quelch's leg to get us out of the Remove passage."

"Vernon-Smith, leave the dormitory!"

"Not if I can help it!" answered the Bounder.

Mr. Brander's eyes gleamed.

"You will be punished for this insolence, Vernon-Smith. I shall flog you before you go to the punishment-room!"

"One moment, sir," said Harry Wharton, speaking calmly, though his heart was throbbing with anger and excitement, "Mr. Quelch told us—"

"Silence, Wharton!"

"I must speak, sir! Mr. Quelch told us that if we stopped the barring-out the whole thing was washed out—"

"Enough!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

"Then you are breaking your word, sir?" asked the captain of the Remove.

The colour came into Mr. Brander's grim face.

"I will listen to no insolence from you, Wharton! Silence."

Mr. Brander glanced round at the dismayed Removites.

"Go to bed, with the exception of the six boys who are to be expelled," he said. "Your punishment will take place to-morrow."

"Oh dear!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"I guess we're double-crossed!" mumbled Fisher T. Fish.

Wharton's eyes were gleaming.

"Don't go to bed, any of you!" he called out in a loud, clear voice.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Brander.

He strode towards the captain of the Remove, his eyes gleaming and his cane uplifted.

"Wharton! Bend over that bed!"

"I will do nothing of the kind, sir," answered the captain of the Remove.

Mr. Brander set his teeth.

"You are not barricaded in the Remove passage now, Wharton," he said. "You will obey my commands, or it will be the worse for you."

"I will never obey a command of yours again, sir!" said Wharton his eyes flashing. "You have broken faith! If the governors of the school knew the kind of man you are, you would be kicked out of Greyfriars."

WELL DONE, MIDDLESBROUGH!

Said Smithy to Skinner at tea:
"Let us both go out on the spree!"

Harold Skinner consented,
But soon he repented,
For the gay dogs were caught
by a 'pre'!

This clever Greyfriars limerick, which has been submitted by L. G. Murchie, of 49, Kensington Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks, wins one of this week's useful LEATHER POCKET WALLETS.

"The kickfulness would be terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Loder! Take that boy and hold him while I cane him!" shouted Mr. Brander.

Loder advanced very reluctantly.

"If I may speak, sir," he stammered.

"You need say nothing."

"But these boys were promised, sir—"

"Hold your tongue."

Loder set his lips. He was a bully, and a blackguard in many ways; but even Loder had his limit.

"Very well, sir; but I must ask you to excuse me from taking any part in this," he said. "No doubt you know best, but—"

"If you do not carry out my directions immediately, Loder, you are no longer a prefect," said Mr. Brander.

"Very well, sir!" said Loder. "I resign!"

And with that he walked out of the dormitory, without waiting for Mr. Brander to reply.

"Bravo, Loder!" roared the Bounder. "Bravo!" shouted a dozen Removites.

It was the first time the Remove had ever cheered Loder of the Sixth.

Mr. Brander glared after the disappearing prefect. It seemed to be the Greyfriars tyrant's fate to exasperate friends as well as foes.

"Walker—" he began. "Take Wharton—"

"I resign, sir!" said Walker; and followed Loder.

"Carne!" gasped Mr. Brander.

Arthur Carne hesitated a moment. He was, perhaps, one of the least creditable members of the Sixth Form at Greyfriars. But the example of his friends, added to his disgust at Mr. Brander's methods, decided him.

"I resign, sir!" said Carne; and left the dormitory.

The new headmaster stood crimson with rage and chagrin. He was not, perhaps, wholly satisfied himself with the method he had employed to get the rebel Form into his power. But evidently he had never dreamed of his tools breaking in his hand in this way.

The Remove men had gathered together now, in a group. Billy Bunter, and Skinner, and Snoop, and Fisher T. Fish hovered behind the rest. But most of the fellows were looking determined. They had been taken by surprise; but they had had time to pull themselves together; and the departure of the prefects was encouraging. Only Mr. Brander and Van Tromp remained in the dormitory with the rebel Form.

Mr. Brander gripped his cane almost convulsively.

"Otto!" he said. "Take Wharton and hold him for a caning."

"Yes, uncle."

Otto van Tromp advanced on the juniors. He reached out to grasp the captain of the Remove.

A bolster flew, hurled by the Bounder, and caught the bully of the Sixth full in the face.

Van Tromp staggered back, with a howl.

The next moment five or six juniors were upon him, and he was rolled over and bumped on the floor.

Mr. Brander gazed at that scene as if spellbound. Even yet, the narrow mind of the tyrant of Greyfriars seemed unable to realise that resistance would, or could, be offered to him personally. Behind a barricade, the rebels had defied him; but in his actual presence it seemed impossible to him. And indeed the habitual respect for a headmaster, like the divinity that doth hedge a king, would have protected Mr. Brander, had he taken warning, and left the matter where it was.

But Mr. Brander was far from taking warning.

He gazed for a moment or two, spellbound, as Otto van Tromp rolled over, yelling. Then he rushed forward to his aid.

The cane in Mr. Brander's powerful hand lashed right and left among the juniors. The blows fell with great force, recklessly, on all sides.

"Ow! Oh, my hat! Wow!"

"Look out—"

"Yaroooh!"

The Removites backed away hastily under that savage attack. Otto van Tromp sprawled and gasped. Mr. Brander rushed after the retreating Removites.

He grasped Harry Wharton by the shoulder and laid on the cane.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Wharton roared and struggled.

"Rescue!" yelled Bob Cherry.

He grasped a pillow and rushed to his chum's aid. The pillow crashed on the side of Mr. Brander's head, and he staggered.

"Go for him!" yelled the Bounder.

"Pile in, you men!"

There was a rush from all sides.

"Stand back!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

"Stand back! Do you dare— Oh!

(Continued on page 8.)

This splendid KNIFE and Sheath



**FREE
FOR ONLY
110
COUPONS**

Every boy wants a knife and here's his chance to get one—free, gratis and for nothing. In a great variety of Nestlé's chocolate cartons and packets you'll find Free Gift Coupons. Collect them. Get your friends to help you and very soon you'll receive this splendid sheath knife complete with leather case, fastener, all ready to slip on your belt.

Always ask for Nestlé's Chocolate—the chocolate that brings you the FREE GIFTS.

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

In all Nestlé's ½ lb. blocks, 6d. square cartons and 2d. wrapped bars you will find either Gift coupons or coloured guarantee slips. These slips have coupon value: 1 Blue slip equals 2 coupons, 1 Pink slip equals 1 coupon, 3 Yellow slips equal 1 coupon.

This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State

FIVE FREE COUPONS
To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8
Please send me 5 FREE COUPONS and the Nestlé's Presentation List

Name
IN BLOCK CAPITALS
Address

1/2d. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed

DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!

(Continued from page 5.)

Ah! Oh! Hands off! I—I— Yaroooooh!"

The new headmaster went down, under a swarm of juniors. He yelled and roared and howled in the grasp of many hands.

"Kick him out!" shouted the Bounder.

"Give him socks!" roared Bob Cherry.

It seemed like an awful nightmare to Mr. Brander. He found himself rolled and hustled and dragged along the floor, his cane torn from his hand, his coat split up the back, gasping, howling, squealing, stuttering with rage.

"Outside with him!" yelled Vernon-Smith.

"Roll him out!"

Mr. Brander went rolling and spinning into the passage.

He sprawled there, breathless, gasping. The door of the dormitory slammed on him and the key turned in the lock.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Bully Goes Through it!

"**N**OW for Van Tromp!" shouted the Bounder.

"Collar him!"

"Bag him!"

Van Tromp of the Sixth staggered to his feet.

He panted for breath, glaring round him as he saw himself shut in the dormitory, alone with the incensed Removites.

The juniors surrounded him, in a shouting crowd. The headmaster had been turned out and locked out. Now the headmaster's nephew was to be dealt with in his turn.

"Collar him!" roared the Bounder.

"Hands off!" gasped Van Tromp. "I—I'll go quietly! I—I'll leave the dormitory at once! I— Let me out!"

"Kick him out!" said Nugent.

"No hurry!" said Vernon-Smith. The Bounder had picked up the Head's cane, and he was swishing it in the air. "The rotter came here to help in a flogging. Bend him over."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

"Good egg!" shouted Squiff. "Give him some of his own medicine! Bend over, Van Tromp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Van Tromp glared round at the circle of faces. Since he had been a prefect of Greyfriars Van Tromp had used the official ashplant not wisely but too well. There was not a fellow in the Remove who had not had to "bend over," not once but many times, at the order of the bully of the Sixth.

Now the time had come to pay off a long score. It was Otto van Tromp's turn to bend over.

"Bend over, Van Tromp!" yelled the Removites.

"Hands off! Stand back!" gasped the Sixth-Former.

Van Tromp made a sudden rush for the door. He was a hefty and powerful fellow, and his sudden rush broke through the crowd.

"Stop him!"

"Bag him!"

Van Tromp reached the door of the dormitory, with the whole Form howling at his heels. He had no time to turn the key. A dozen pairs of hands grasped him and dragged him back from the door.

He went down with a crash, struggling furiously. Several of the Removites

received heavy blows before the bully of the Sixth was secured. But secured he was.

In the grasp of many hands he was dragged to the nearest bed, and bent over it in an attitude for flogging.

Half a dozen fellows on one side of the bed held his wrists; half a dozen on the other took possession of his legs. Van Tromp squirmed and wriggled in vain.

The Bounder swished the headmaster's cane.

The cane came down with a terrific lash—such a lash as Van Tromp had been in the habit of inflicting on his victims. There was a fearful yell from the bully of the Sixth. It was obvious that he did not like his own medicine. A flogging was one of those things which it is more blessed to give than to receive.

"Ow! Whoop! Yoop! Stoppit! Ow!"

"Lay it on, Smithy!"

There was a loud knocking at the door. The new Head, locked out of the dormitory, beat furiously on the panels.

"Open this door!" he roared.

"Go and eat coke!"

Bang, bang, bang!

Whack, whack! rang Smithy's cane on the wriggling bully of the Sixth. The fearful yells of Otto van Tromp rang through the dormitory, and far beyond.

"Open this door!" Mr. Brander's voice was thick with rage. "Release my nephew! If you dare to lay hands on my nephew—"

Whack, whack!

"Yarooogh! Help! Ow! Ow! Oh! Ow!"

"Go it, Smithy!"

"Release my nephew!" shrieked Mr. Brander, hammering frantically on the door. "Release him at once! You hear me?"

"Run away and play, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack, whack! The Bounder laid on the cane hard and fast, and Van Tromp yelled and howled and shrieked. Outside the locked door the new Head raged and foamed. Every yell of his hapless nephew reached his ears, and goaded him to fury.

"That will do, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton at last.

"Oh, give him a few more!" said Skinner.

"He's only had a dozen!" said Vernon-Smith. "He gave me a dozen once."

"Well, now you've handed them back—"

"But a fellow's bound to pay his debts with interest," said the Bounder. "Stand clear! I'm not done yet."

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Mercy!" shrieked Van Tromp.

"Chuck it, Smithy, old man," said Lord Mauleverer. "He's been deafenin' a chap with that fearful noise."

"Well, perhaps that will do," said the Bounder, lowering the cane. "If he begs pardon on his knees, we'll let him off with that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Van Tromp rolled off the bed. He almost crouched, all the truculent insolence taken out of him by the severe caning.

Vernon-Smith flourished the cane. "Get on your knees and beg pardon!" he said. "Sharp about it, or you'll have another dozen."

"I—I won't—"

"Collar him!"

"Hold on!" gasped Van Tromp. "I'll do anything you like—ow!"

He dropped on his knees, amid yells of laughter from the Remove. His face was crimson with rage and humiliation; but he dared not resist. The cane was ready for him if he did, and Otto von Tromp did not want any more of the cane. Like most bullies, he was not of the stuff that heroes are made of.

"Now, repeat after me," said the Bounder; "we've got to have this clear! Say I'm sorry for being a beast and a bully—"

"I—I—I—" stammered Von Tromp.

"Get it out!"

"I—I'm sorry for being a beastly bully—" gasped the wretched prefect.

"And I promise to be a good boy in future, if you kind young gentlemen will let me off!" said the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Van Tromp. Terrified as the bully of the Sixth was, it seemed that the words would not come.

Whack!

"Yooooooooooooop!"

"Have another?" asked the Bounder. "I'm waiting."

"I—I—I promise to be a good boy in future, if you kind young gentlemen will let me off!" shrieked Van Tromp.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That will do!" said Harry Wharton laughing. "Turn him out."

"The Beak will hop in, if we open the door!" said Russell.

"Let him—he will be sorry if he does."

Van Tromp was hustled to the door. Nugent unlocked it and opened it. Mr. Brander, with blazing eyes, fairly hurled himself in as the door swung back.

At the same moment, Van Tromp, propelled by a dozen hands, was hurled out.

There was a terrific crash as the headmaster and the prefect met in the doorway.

"Oh, ach!" yelled Mr. Brander.

"Ow, wow!" spluttered Van Tromp. Uncle and nephew rolled in the doorway together.

"Kick them out!" yelled the Bounder.

Many feet were busy at once. The two sprawling forms rolled out, and the door was slammed again and locked. The Removites heard Van Tromp trailing away down the passage, groaning as he went. There was a furious hammering on the door.

"You young scoundrels!" Mr. Brander's voice was husky with fury. "I will bring force to deal with you—I will call in the police—"

"Call in your grandmother!" retorted the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go home, old scout!"

"Clear off while you're safe, Brander!"

"Let's go out and roll him down the stairs!" exclaimed the Bounder.

There was a sound of hastily retreating footsteps. Mr. Brander had heard the suggestion, and evidently realised that it was time to go. His footsteps died quickly away.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Fifth are not Taking Any!

"**C**OKER, old man—" said Potter of the Fifth.

"What about packing, old chap?" asked Greene.

Horace Coker of the Fifth Form glanced carelessly at his chums.

The three were in the Fifth Form games study, where most of the Fifth congregated in the evening. Most of the Fifth were there now, and they were rather glum in aspect.

The heavy hand of the new headmaster had been felt by the seniors as well as the juniors, and Mr. Brander was probably more intensely disliked in the Upper School than the Lower.

"Packing?" repeated Coker.
 "Like us to help you?" asked Potter.
 "I'm not doing any packing, you ass."

"You won't have much time in the morning," said Potter.

"Brander says you're leaving by the first train," added Greene.

Coker snorted contemptuously.
 "Brander can talk any silly rot he likes," he retorted. "I'm not leaving."

"But you're sacked, old chap," said Potter.

Another snort from Coker.
 "I've been thinking this out," he said. "You know that the Remove kids are barring out the Beak. From what I hear, he got them out of their studies by promising to let bygones be bygones, and then went for them in their dormitory. Nice sort of man—breaking his word to a mob of fags! But they chucked him out of the dorm, and they've locked him out. Those fags are setting an example to Greyfriars, Potter."

"Eh?" said Potter.

"An example that I think the Fifth ought to follow!" said Coker.

"Oh, my hat!"

"That rotter, Brander, has sacked six of the Remove, and they won't go, and their Form is standing by them," said Coker. "Well, he's sacked me, too—or thinks he has—and I want the Fifth to stand by me in the same way."

"Oh!"

"It's up to them, I suppose," said Coker warmly. "I suppose the Form aren't going to stand by and smile, while I'm expelled from Greyfriars. I expect them to stand by me—and the Fifth to bar Brander out, the same as the Remove."

"Hum!" said Potter.
 "Hem!" said Greene.

Coker looked round the games study. All the fellows were glum and thoughtful, evidently disturbed by the present troublous state of affairs at Greyfriars. But they were not taking any special note of Coker. To all appearance, they did not observe even that he was in the games study at all.

Coker might have supposed that they did not think it a matter of any very great importance whether he left Greyfriars or not. But Coker was not likely to suppose that. Coker knew how important it was.

Still, it was not to be denied that the Fifth weren't giving him any attention, though the sword of Damocles, so to speak, hung over his head. They were talking, but not of Coker.

Horace Coker rose, and mounted on his chair. This drew eyes on him. A fellow standing on a chair was bound to get some attention.

"Hallo, what's this game?" asked Price.

"Gentlemen—" said Coker.

"Oh, gad. Is it a speech?" asked Hilton.

"Yes, that's it," said Coker.

"Then don't make it, old man."

"We'll take the speech as read, if you don't mind," remarked Fitzgerald.

Coker frowned.

"Shut up, Fitz, and don't you be sheeky, Hilton, if you don't want your



"Stop him!" "Bag him!" Van Tromp had no time to turn the key in the lock. A dozen pairs of hands grasped him and dragged him back from the door.

nose punched! You dry up, Price! Gentlemen—"

"Don't jaw, old man," said Blundell, the captain of the Fifth. "We're sorry you're sacked; but you asked for it; you can't expect to grab a cane away from your headmaster, without getting it in the neck."

"Shut up, Blundell."
 "Look here—"
 "Silence!" roared Coker.

Some of the Fifth laughed. Coker never could get it in his head that he was not the most important member of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. He never could realise that he was a nobody in the Form. Fellows told him so, often enough. But it was useless to tell Coker such things.

"Gentlemen!" pursued Coker, having gained attention. "I've only a few words to address to the Form—"

"Thank goodness!" said Hilton.
 "In the present disgraceful, degrading, and detestable state of affairs in this school—"

"Oh, my hat!"
 Apparently Coker had been preparing a speech.

"In the present unprecedented circumstances," continued Coker, "it is up to the Fifth Form to play the man."

"Coker, old chap—"
 "Shut up, Potter! Gentlemen, you are aware that that crawling, sneaking, eavesdropping, cringing, pie-faced blighter, Brander, has sacked me from the school. Of course, I'm not going."

"Oh!"

"I expect the Form to stand by me, the same as the Remove are standing by Wharton!" went on Coker.

"I'm prepared to lead the Form in resistance to

tyranny, oppression, and—and so on. I think it will be admitted that I'm the man to lead—and I may as well say that I shall insist on leading."

"Oh!"

"Back me up," continued Coker, "and we'll soon bring Brander to order. He can't stand against the Fifth! We stick together, and we bring him down! Solidarity is the word! Solidarity means that you all follow my lead—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This isn't a laughing matter!" roared Coker. "This is jolly serious! If Brander has his way, I go—and Greyfriars loses me!"

Coker paused, like Brutus, but not for a reply. He desired the effect of these telling words to sink in.

The Fifth, it seemed to him, had not realised that Greyfriars would lose Coker if he went. He wanted to bring this home to them.

The realisation of such an impending loss, Coker felt, would make it clear to the Fifth that it was a time for action.

But the effect of Coker's words was not such as he expected. Some of the Fifth-Form men laughed, some of them yawned. Some continued the conversation that Coker had interrupted.

"Do you understand?" demanded Coker. "Brander says I'm to go in the

(Continued on next page.)

THE WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

2'6 DOWN The JUNO "ROYAL"

& 15 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 5'10

BROOKS SADDLE, DUNLOP CORD TYRES, RENOLD CHAIN, 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

JUNO All British. Superb Quality. Guaranteed for ever. Direct from Factory to you. Packed and Carriage Paid. Wonderful easy terms to suit you. Chromium Plated Models if desired. Write for Free Art List.



JUNO CYCLE CO. (Dept. U.2), 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

MODELS FROM **£315 CASH**

DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!

(Continued from previous page.)

morning. Are you prepared to lose me?"

"Quite!" said Hilton.

"What?" roared Coker.

"There will be quite a lot of dry eyes in the Fifth when you are gone, Coker," remarked Price.

"You cheeky rat——"

"Shut up, Coker, old man!" said Blundell. "Why don't you go and get your packing done? You——"

"I want to know," roared Coker indignantly, "whether this Form is standing by me or not!"

"Not!" said Price.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Blundell. "What can we do? You asked for the sack, and you've got it. Do you think we can kick up a shindy in the school like those cheeky fags in the Lower Fourth?"

"I should jolly well think so!" bawled Coker. "We can bar the Beak out of the Fifth, the same as they're barring him out of the Remove."

"You silly ass!"

"Cheese it!"

Coker glared round at an unsympathetic Form. Most of the Fifth were sorry for Coker! But it was absolutely certain that they had no idea whatever of entering into a revolt against the Head's authority on his account. Such wild and reckless proceedings might do for fags; but the Fifth were a senior Form, and had their dignity to consider.

"Look here——" roared Coker.

"That's enough," said Blundell. "For goodness' sake, Coker, be quiet!"

"Mean to say that you're not backing me up?" bawled Coker.

"Don't be a fathead!"

"Well, my hat! You set of measly worms——"

"Shut up, Coker!"

"Measly worms!" roared Coker. "Funks! Rotters! Crawling worms! Yah! For two pins I'd wade in and wallop the lot of you!"

"Dry up!"

"You—you rotters!" gasped Coker. "You're going to kow-tow to Brander, and let him lick you, and say 'Please, sir,' and 'Oh, sir!' and 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir!' No wonder, he's riding roughshod over the Fifth, when he's got a lot of measly funks to deal with!"

"Shut up!" roared Blundell.

"Shan't!" retorted Coker. "I'll jolly well say what I like, and as long as I jolly well like. As for you, Blundell, you're a sneaking funk, and a cringing worm, and a—— Yarooooooh!"

Coker broke off suddenly as Blundell hooked away the leg of the chair he was standing on. Blundell seemed fed-up with Horace Coker's eloquence.

"Yooooop!" roared Coker, as he landed suddenly on the floor.

He was up again in a moment, and jumping at the captain of the Fifth. Blundell staggered under the hefty attack.

"Coker——" gasped Potter.

"Turn him out, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Hilton.

"Take that," Coker was roaring, "and that—and that! I'll jolly well give you the licking of your life! I'll—— Hands off, you rotters! I'm going to lick him! Hands off! Fair play's a jewel! Yarooooogh!—Leggo! Oooooop!"

Horace Coker suddenly found himself outside the games study, hardly knowing how he had got there.

The door slammed on him.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

Coker staggered his feet. He was boiling with rage. He had called on the Fifth Form to revolt, to back him up against the Head, and this was the result. He had been chucked out of the games study. Coker of the Fifth was not the fellow to be treated like that with impunity. He tore open the door, and rushed in again headlong.

"Now, you rotters!" roared Coker.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Shift him!"

Once more Coker found the odds too heavy; once more he landed outside the door. Once more the door slammed on him.

Coker picked himself up again. This time he did not charge back; he was feeling rather too breathless and bumped. He limped away to his study, gasping for breath.

Coker was under sentence of expulsion—in the morning he was to go! That should have roused his Form to the wildest excitement—it should have had the effect on them that a Fiery Cross had on the Highland clans of old. But it hadn't! It looked as if the Greyfriars Fifth would be able to bear the loss of Coker with equanimity. Evidently there was going to be no revolt

a day as had never been known before in the history of the old school.

Excitement and perturbation reigned throughout Greyfriars, from the Head to the smallest fag in the Second Form.

Even Gosling, as he rang the rising-bell, had a look of grim disapproval and dubiety on his crusty face. Gosling confided to Mr. Mimble, the gardener, that these were fine goings-hon. Mr. Mimble agreed that such goings-on would have been unimaginable in the time of the late 'Ead.

All the masters were worried.

Mr. Quelch, whose Form were in open revolt, was the most worried of all. Mr. Prout, of whose Form a member was to be turned out of the school that morning, was greatly agitated.

The prefects looked grim and glum. Grimmiest and glummiest looked Loder, Carns, and Walker, who were no longer prefects. They found comfort in the approval of all the Sixth for the step they had taken in resigning. Still, they did not like the position. Gwynne and North, and the other prefects, openly announced that they would resign on the spot, if called on to take hostile measures against the rebels of the Remove. The school seemed likely to be left without prefects at all.

Mr. Brander himself was not in a pleasant mood.

He was rather in the position of the ancient magician who called up an evil spirit, and found that he could not control him when called up.

One Form at Greyfriars was in open rebellion, and it seemed likely that the example would spread.

How to deal with the hurricane he had raised was rather a puzzle to the tyrant of Greyfriars.

He had no support to expect from the prefects, and the masters were as hostile as they could venture to be.

Not a man on the staff, not a fellow in the school, liked him or approved of his measures.

In breaking faith with the Remove rebels Mr. Brander had drawn upon himself the contempt of the whole school. To promise the rebels immunity was weakness; but to break the promise was treacherous and base, and it made it impossible for anyone to think of trusting him.

Mr. Brander paced his study that morning in a worried mood.

Somehow, he had to crush the rebellion, to break down the resistance, to punish the mutineers. For his narrow and tyrannical mind could think of no measures but those of force and severity—though it was such measures that had landed him where he now was.

The Remove Form room was empty that morning; Mr. Quelch was idle. The other fellows were in the Form-rooms, but little was being done in the way of school work. Until order was restored, everything at Greyfriars was likely to be at sixes and sevens. And the task of restoring order was one that seemed rather above Mr. Brander's weight.

The new Head had reason to feel uneasy. He had the Governing Board to consider; and if the news of the revolt in the school reached the ears of those august gentlemen, it was likely to mean trouble from that quarter.

Even Sir Hilton Popper, the chairman of the Board, who had backed him up through thick and thin, could hardly be expected to be pleased by the result of his appointment.

And as Sir Hilton lived near Greyfriars, there was always danger of his putting in an appearance at the school;

(Continued on page 12.)

Still They Come!

Another Dandy Sheet of
FREE GIFT PHOTOS
showing—

**DUCKWORTH
WOOLLEY
WALL
PONSFORD**

Free with
next week's
MAGNET.

in the Fifth. They were not going to rise as one man to rally round Coker. They were not going to rise at all. Even the prospect of being led by Coker, of following his lead and obeying his orders, failed to tempt them.

"Rotters!" gasped Coker. "Sneaks! Funks! Worms! But I'm not going! If the Fifth won't back me up, I'll back up on my own—and with only Potter and Greene to stand by me! That's what I'll jolly well do."

And Coker waited for Potter and Greene to join him in his study, to tell them what he had decided on, and what they were going to do.

He waited in vain.

Perhaps Potter and Greene had a suspicion of the programme Coker was mapping out for them. Perhaps they were not enthusiastic. At all events, they did not come to the study.

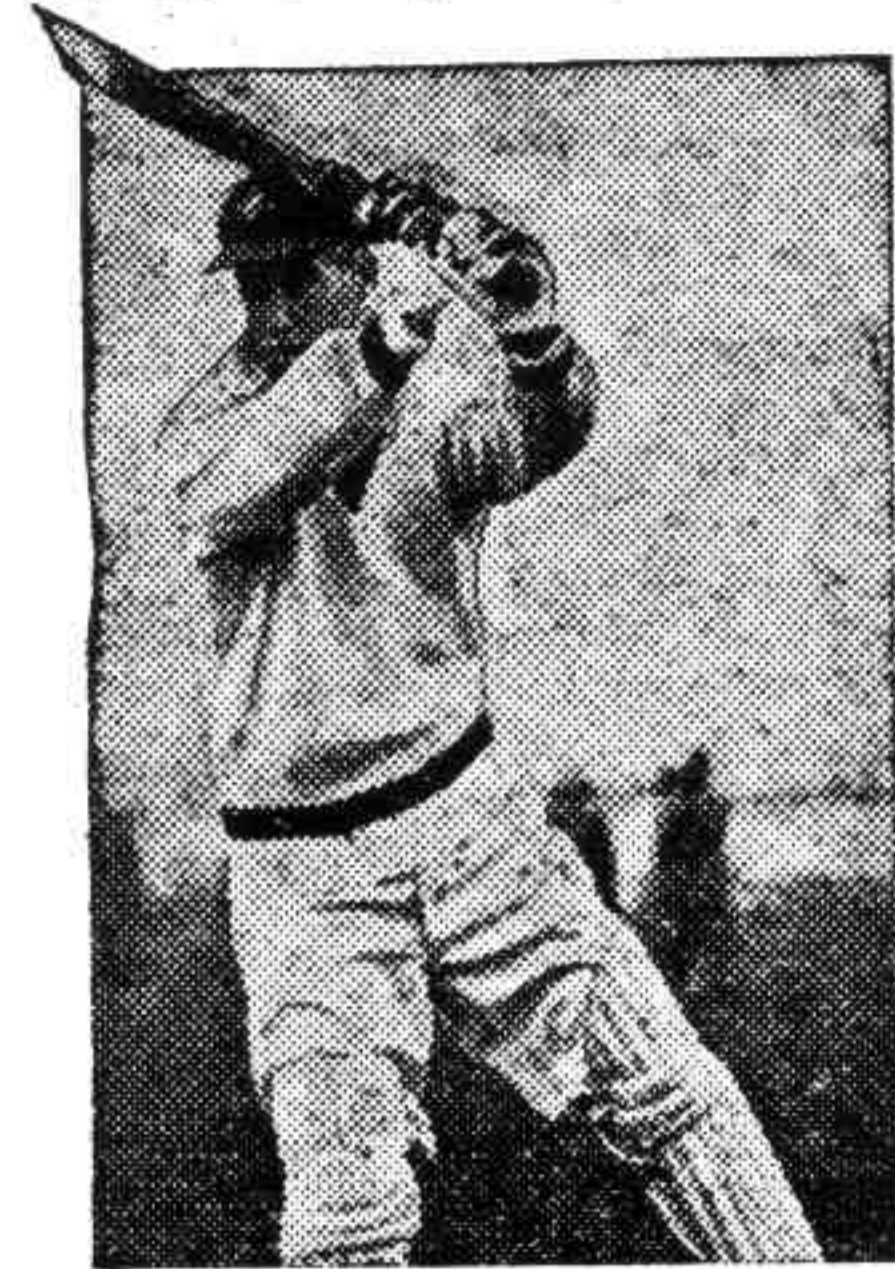
THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fight in the Fifth!

C LANG, clang, clang!
The rising-bell clanged out over Greyfriars School in the sunny July morning. Greyfriars awoke to a new day—such

Heroes of the Tests! Below our special cricket expert gives you some "nutshell biographies" of the Test Match cricketers who form the subject of this week's stunning Free Gift Photographs.

THERE has been much chatter during the past few weeks about the qualification for Test Match cricket. A lot of people will be surprised, however, to learn that the Australians brought a Scotsman with them to play against England. Yet such is the fact, and his name is Archibald Jackson. This



A. JACKSON.

"second Victor Trumper," as he has been called, was actually born near Glasgow, but went to Australia with his parents at a very early age. And almost as soon as he got there he began to show remarkable aptitude for the game of cricket, so much so that when Jackson was only fifteen years of age Arthur Mailey picked him out as a coming Test Match batsman. Archie is still one of the lads of the present combination, being only twenty years of age, and his name is down on the very short list of players who have made a century for Australia in a Test Match against England while still in his 'teens. He scored a most stylish 164 against England's best bowlers in the second Test of the 1928-9 series. Let it be admitted at once that in England thus far Jackson has been a disappointment, very seldom getting going in anything like his best style. Yet England bowlers were confident that he would prove a huge success, and his batting is based on such sure foundation, that sooner or later he is sure to make his mark in Test cricket. One thing which has told against him in this country is the fact that his health has not been very good. Baseball is his other favourite game, and at Sydney he makes a living as a sports goods salesman.

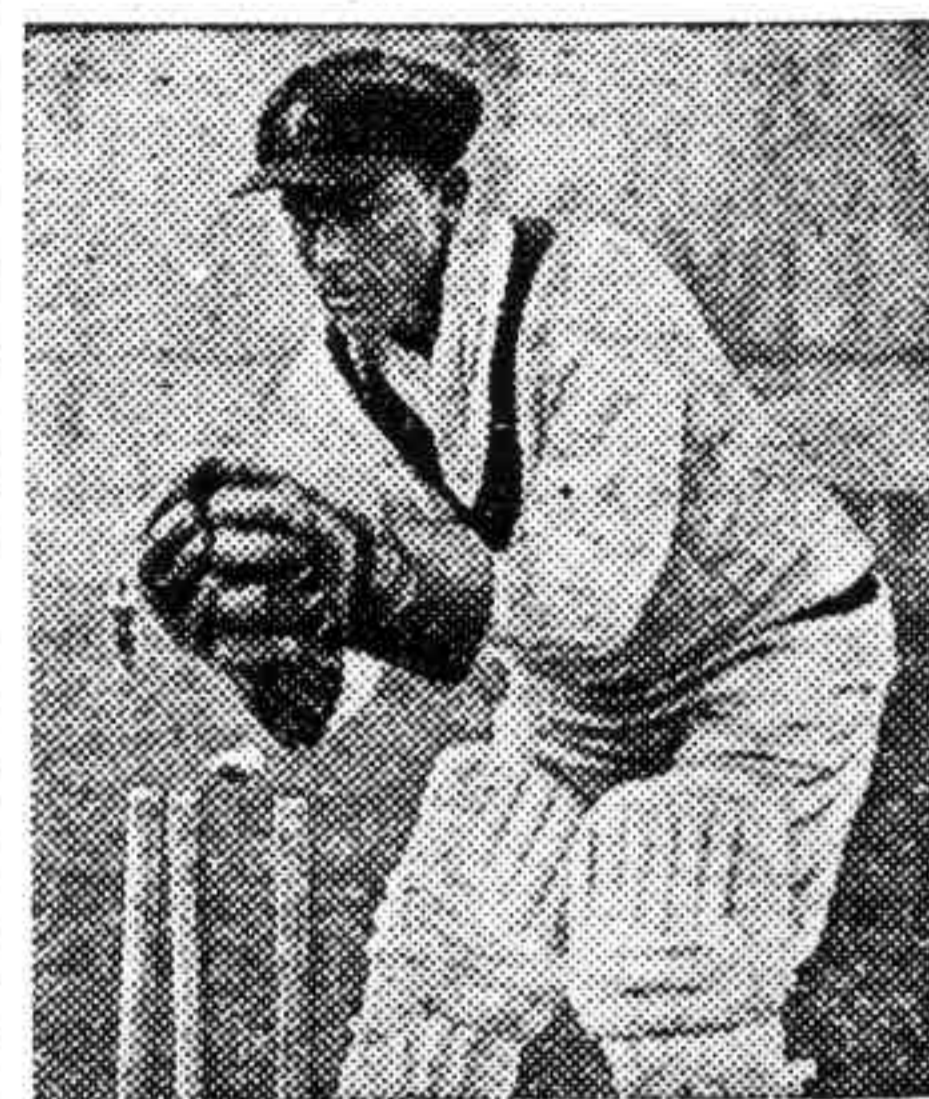
IN recent years England has not produced a more promising all-round cricketer than Robert Walter Vivian Robins, and as this player is now in the employ of Sir Julius Cahn, a great cricket enthusiast, it may be assumed that Robins will be given the opportunity to find plenty of time



R. W. V. ROBINS.

in which to play cricket. He is, of course, an amateur, and as an England man is now showing the benefits of proper coaching in his early days. He was lucky in the sense that his father, who was good enough to play for Staffordshire, gave him his first lessons, and the good work of bringing the boy up in the right way was carried on by Albert Knight, the Leicestershire player. Highgate was the school where his cricket was developed, and he made such progress in the game that he soon became the skipper of the first eleven. Seeing that for three seasons he finished at the head of both the bowling and the batting averages for the school it can certainly be suggested that he was more than a mere figurehead captain. Getting his cricket blue at Cambridge, he also proceeded to show himself worthy of that honour by scoring 53 and 101 not out in the annual match against Oxford, and in the same game he took eight wickets for 151 runs. Robins first played for England at Lord's last season against the South Africans, and although he accomplished nothing in batting he made up for this with his bowling, taking three South African wickets for 32 runs in the second innings. Played regularly for Middlesex last season, taking over 100 wickets and scoring nearly a thousand runs. Now only twenty-four years of age, and comparatively slight of build, Robins is a courageous batsman, and a good field, but bowling is his strong suit. He is a slow right-hander capable of imparting much spin to the ball, and his "googly" has already had many an Australian guessing this season. He is apt to be erratic concerning length, and consequently a bit expensive, but this is not wholly against him as it leads batsmen into a false sense of security, and when the real good one comes along they are apt to be caught napping.

THE first-choice wicketkeeper of Australia has now had quite a lot of experience of Test Matches. He first came to England—after service in France—with the Australian Imperial Forces team in 1919, and since then has been the stock wicketkeeper for the "Aussies."



W. A. OLDFIELD.

Some people call him Bertie, but his fellow-players address him by the pet name of Barney. A native of New South Wales, he is now 32 years of age, but stands to-day as among the foremost—and the quietest—of wicketkeepers in the world. It is not always easy to sum up the things done by the man behind the stumps but a few figures will show how really efficient Oldfield is in one direction, at any rate. In the first Test Match at Brisbane when the last England team went to Australia, that England team scored 521 in the first innings, and 342 in the second innings. In the whole of those two big totals there was not one bye. In the second Test of the same series he allowed just two byes in England's record innings of 636. That Bertie can also bat a bit is shown by the fact that twice in one series of Tests in Australia he was concerned in stands which put on over a hundred runs. He is in partnership with that great batsman, Charlie Macartney, in a sports goods store at Sydney, and during the Australian winter keeps fit by playing the Rugby game. Possessing very small hands for a wicketkeeper, Oldfield manages to keep them very free from bruises, which is a way of paying tribute to the manner in which he "takes" the ball. Woe to the player who lifts that back foot ever so slightly.

IN these days when really fast bowling is no longer fashionable—but as useful as ever it was—the arrival of Harold Larwood on the cricket horizon was a veritable gift from the gods so far as English cricket is concerned. It is no exaggeration to say that in recent Test Matches he

has made that bit of difference to the England side which has so often pulled us through to victory. His rise to the top of the cricket ladder reads like a fiction story. In his youth he was a miner, playing Saturday afternoon cricket for his native village of Nuncargate, in Nottinghamshire, entirely as a recreation and without thought of England caps. One day he was "spotted," quite casually, by Joe Hardstaff, the Notts professional, who took him along to the county ground and got him a place on the staff. Coached by Jim Iremonger, Larwood made such rapid progress that within a year of getting his place in the county side he played for England in a Test Match—in 1926.



H. LARWOOD.

Harold, now 25 years of age, is just about as far removed from the typical fast bowler as can possibly be imagined. Instead of being obviously big and strong he has merely the build of a boy. But he is a fast bowler—the fastest in the world for a few overs, and the wise skipper only allows him to bowl a few overs at a stretch. Starting to run twenty-five yards from the wicket, he is going at top speed when he delivers the ball, and if that ball hits the wicket—well, the stumper, standing back, has to dodge the flying piece of wood. If he could afford to give more attention to the batting side he would undoubtedly be a capable exponent of that side of the game. He loves walking, plays a bit of golf as a recreation, and doesn't mind football in the winter-time.

More to Follow! Look Out for FOUR MORE TOPPING PHOTOGRAPHS Next Saturday!

DOWN WITH THE TYRANT!

(Continued from page 10.)

in fact, the old baronet was rather given to "butting in" at Greyfriars, in season and out of season.

Mr. Brander realised that it behoved him to get the matter in hand before the governors heard that anything was amiss.

To deal with the Remove, for the moment, was impracticable. But there was Coker of the Fifth. Mr. Brander's narrow eyes glittered as he thought of Coker. Coker was under sentence of expulsion; he had been told to pack and to be ready to go.

An example, Mr. Brander thought, might strike terror to the rebels. When one fellow had been actually expelled for insubordination, and was gone from Greyfriars for good, it would be a lesson to the rest. When the rebels heard that Coker was gone, they would reflect—at least, the tyrant of Greyfriars hoped so. Evidently the next step was to make an example, and Coker was to be the victim.

Mr. Brander left his study at last.

The Sixth were with Mr. Lascelles, in their Form-room. Mr. Brander called Van Tromp out of the Sixth Form room.

His nephew joined him, looking rather dubious. Even the bully of the Sixth was beginning to doubt how matters were likely to turn out.

"I may need your assistance, Otto," said Mr. Brander. "Come with me. Do you know where Coker of the Fifth Form is?"

"I think he went to the Form-room with the rest," answered Van Tromp.

"Very well; come with me."

Mr. Brander strode away to the Fifth Form room.

Coker of the Fifth was there. He had come in with the Fifth, and Mr. Prout had said nothing to him. Coker took his place with his Form, the object of considerable curiosity on the part of the seniors. Second lesson was going on when Mr. Brander arrived. There was a hush in the Form-room when the door was thrown open and Mr. Brander appeared, with Van Tromp of the Sixth at his heels.

Coker sat tight.

Mr. Prout turned to the Head, very flushed and worried. The new Head took no notice of him. He fixed his eyes on Coker.

"Ah, you are here, Coker!" he said.

"Yes, sir!" answered Coker.

"Stand out!"

Coker stood out.

"You have packed your box, I presume?" said Mr. Brander.

"No, sir."

"Very well; you have had ample time, so it will be sent after you to your home," said the headmaster. "Now follow me! I am going to take you to the station."

Coker breathed hard.

"I'm not going, sir."

"You are expelled, Coker."

"I'm not going."

"Follow me at once!" snapped Mr. Brander, and he turned to the door.

He reached the door and glanced round. Coker of the Fifth had not taken a step. He remained where he was.

"Coker, will you follow me?" roared Mr. Brander.

"No," retorted Coker, "I won't!"

"Boy, if you refuse to leave this room and this school you will be removed by force!"

"Trot out your force!" said Coker

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

recklessly. "I shan't be removed while I can hit out, I jolly well know that!"

"Mr. Brander—" murmured Mr. Prout feebly.

"Silence, sir! I desire no intervention from you!"

"Really, sir—" gasped Prout.

"Be silent, sir! Do not interfere here!" snapped Mr. Brander.

Prout backed away to his desk, the perspiration on his plump brow. He made a gesture to imply that he washed his hands of the whole affair.

"Blundell," rapped out Mr. Brander, "you are head boy of this Form, I think!"

"Yes, sir," said Blundell.

"You will assist Van Tromp to remove Coker from this room."

Blundell breathed hard, but he did not stir. All eyes in the Form were upon him.

"Do you hear me, Blundell?"

"Yes, sir! But—"

"Then obey me at once."

"I can't, sir," said Blundell quietly.

"If you refuse obedience, Blundell, I shall expel you as well as Coker."

Blundell paled a little, but he did not move. There was a long pause. The Fifth were breathlessly silent.

"Very well," said Mr. Brander at last, "I will deal with you later, Blundell. I see that the example of rebellion is spreading. I am resolved to crush it at any cost. Coker, for the last time I order you to leave this Form-room!"

"Order away!" said Coker.

"Will you go?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I shall remove you with my own hands!" said Mr. Brander.

He advanced on Coker, who backed away, and raised his clenched fists.

"Hands off, sir!" said Coker. "I'm not going. I don't want to hit you, sir, but I'm not going, and I won't be handled!"

"Assist me, Otto."

"Yes, uncle."

Mr. Brander grasped at Coker of the Fifth, and Otto van Tromp grasped at him at the same moment. Then there was a struggle.

Mr. Prout gazed on, aghast. The Fifth stared at the scene, hardly breathing. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!

Coker, hefty fellow as he was, had no chance against the two. He struggled manfully and hit out recklessly, but he was dragged bodily to the door.

"Rescue!" roared Coker. "Back up! Potter—Greene—lend a fellow a hand! Rescue!"

Potter and Greene exchanged a glance. It went sorely against the grain to resist Coker's frantic appeal.

"Keep your places, boys!" stammered Mr. Prout. "Keep your places! Coker, I—I advise you to go quietly—to submit to your headmaster—"

Coker did not look like going quietly. He struggled and fought and roared. With a combined effort, Mr. Brander and Van Tromp got him to the door.

There Coker rallied, hitting out furiously. His heavy fist landed under Mr. Brander's fat chin, and the headmaster staggered, releasing him for a moment and yelling with pain.

"Hands off, you rotters!" roared Coker.

Mr. Brander leaped at him again. Coker went down on the floor with a crash, Van Tromp sprawling over him.

"Hold him, Otto!" panted Mr. Brander.

"I've got him!" gasped Van Tromp.

Mr. Brander snatched up the cane he had dropped in the struggle. He lashed at the sprawling Coker with savage force.

"Ow!" roared Coker. "Yarooogh! Rescue! Ooooooh!"

The blows of the cane fell wildly and recklessly. Mr. Brander had lost all self-control in his fury, and he lashed and lashed with all the strength of his arm, careless where the blows fell.

Coker struggled furiously with Van Tromp, but he could not rise, and he could not escape the savage slashes of the cane.

"I'm not standing this!" gasped Potter.

He ran out from the Form. Greene followed him.

"Mr. Brander—stop—"

"Stand back!" roared Mr. Brander.

"You're going too far—you'll do him some injury—yarooogh!" roared Potter, as the infuriated headmaster interrupted him with a slash of the cane.

"Look here—" gasped Greene.

A slash narrowly missed Greene, as he jumped back.

The blows descended on Coker again. Coker yelled and writhed. Potter, in desperation, grabbed Mr. Brander's arm and dragged it back.

"Stop it!" he panted. "You rotten brute, stop it."

Greene snatched at the cane, and tore it from the headmaster's hand. The die was cast now for Coker's chums.

Potter collared Van Tromp, and dragged him off Coker. Horace struggled to his feet, crimson and breathless.

He leaped straight at Van Tromp, hitting out with right and left. Mr. Brander rushed to intervene, and Potter put out a foot for him so stumble over. The headmaster rolled on the floor of the Fifth Form room.

"Oh!" gasped Van Tromp. "Keep off! Ow! Oh! Yow-wow!" He backed to the door, and fairly fled before Coker's vigorous attack.

Mr. Brander staggered up.

He stuttered with rage, as he glared at Coker and Co. For a moment he seemed about to leap at them again; and the three Fifth-Formers drew together, eyeing him savagely and defiantly. Mr. Brander thought better of it.

"You—you—you three boys are expelled!" he panted. "I—I am going now to my study to telephone for constables to remove you from the school!"

And with that threat, the new Head of Greyfriars staggered out of the Fifth Form room, leaving wild excitement behind him.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Hungry Rebels!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say," wailed Bunter.

"What about brekker?"

"Cheese it!"

"I'm hungry—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Beast!"

"That's all very well," said Skinner.

"But I'm jolly hungry, too."

"Same here!" said Snoop.

"I guess I'm as hollow as a pesky drum!" said Fisher T. Fish. "If you guys are leaders, you want to fix us up for grub somehow. I'll tell a man, I'm jest as hollow as a dog-goned drum."

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You can go down if you like," he answered. "Nothing's stopping you."

"That beast Brander's lying in wait, like a beastly tiger in the beastly

Loaded up with tuck, the Removites marched triumphantly along the dormitory passage. "My eye!" ejaculated Gosling, as they passed him. "Nice going's hon. Wot I say is this 'ere—"



jungle!" waited Bunter. "He will take it out of any fellow that he gets hold of."

"Stay where you are, then."
 "But I'm hungry!" howled Bunter.
 "My hat! We shall have to think of something," said Vernon-Smith. "I'm famished myself. We've got nothing here to eat—unless we eat Bunter. Bunter would last the whole Form a week, if we came to that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Why, you beast—" howled Bunter.
 "They say an army marches on its stomach!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We can't live on air, old beans. What are we going to do?"

"We're not going to give in!" said the Bounder.
 "That's settled. But—"

The rebels of the Remove were in a difficult position.

The barring-out had been transferred from the Remove passage to the dormitory. That was all the difference that Mr. Brander had made by his Punic faith.

Several bedsteads had been dragged out of the dormitory to blockade the passage; and for some time, the juniors—excepting Bunter—had forgotten breakfast, in the expectation of an attack. But no attack had been made; and the morning was wearing on, and the question of provender was growing serious.

Among the slackers of the Form, who were only kept in a state of rebellion by the fear of what would follow surrender, there was deep grumbling. Loudest of all was the dolorous complaint of William George Bunter. Bunter had a healthy appetite—a remarkably healthy appetite—an appetite, in fact, that might have excited the envy of a cormorant or an ostrich. Missing breakfast, or any other meal, was not merely a hardship to Bunter—

it was anguish. Brekker had been missed—and there was a prospect of missing dinner! As Shakespeare has expressed it, on horror's head, horrors accumulate! Billy Bunter mourned, and could not be comforted.

"The jolly old enemy don't seem to be coming!" remarked Bob Cherry. "It's not going to be an attack—looks like a blockade! If Brander thinks he is going to starve us out—"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter.
 "Shut up, you groaning gourmand." Groan!

"Kick him, somebody."
 "Yaroo!"

"That's all very well, as I said before," growled Skinner. "But—"

"As you said it before, don't say it again!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, if this is the way you fellows are going to lead—" said Harold Skinner, sulkily.
 "Kick him!"

"Ow! Keep off, you rotter! Wow!" roared Skinner, and he retired from the spot; as hungry as ever, but with something else to think about for a time.

"Now, what's going to be done?" asked Bob. "We've got to do something—I'm hungry myself, though I'm not going to do a song and a dance about it. Anybody got any ideas?"

"The starveliness would be extremely disagreeable," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The enemy aren't coming," said Wharton. "I think one of us might cut down and scout. Brander ought to be in the Sixth Form room now, with the Sixth. We may find the coast clear. Might get a chance of cutting across to the tuckshop and getting some supplies."

"I'll go!" said Bob at once.

"Well, be careful, then, and cut back if they spot you. Any man who falls

into Brander's claws now will get the time of his life."

"I'll be jolly careful!" promised Bob. And he clambered over the bedsteads in the passage, and moved quietly to the stairs. There was no one in sight, so far.

His comrades watched him over the barricade, until he disappeared down the stairs.

Bob tiptoed down, alert and watchful. He was only too well aware of what was likely to happen to a victim who fell into Mr. Brander's hands. It was easy to imagine the state of the tyrant's feelings by this time.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob, suddenly.

On the lower landing was a chair; and on the chair was seated William Gosling, the Greyfriars porter. Gosling was smoking his pipe as he sat there—evidently on the watch. He blinked at Bob Cherry.

"Ho!" said Gosling, with a crusty grin on his crusty features. "Wot do you want, Master Cherry?"

"Grub, old bean," said Bob. "Has Brander put you there to keep sentry-go, old scout?"

"I'm 'ere to keep watch," said Gosling. "You young raskils ain't to be allowed to mix with the other young raskils. 'Arf the school would be up 'ere in break if they wasn't stopped."

"What's Brander up to, Gosling?" asked Bob.

Gosling grunted.
 "Kicking up a shindy with some young raskils in the Fifth Form," he answered. "Nice goings hon, I don't think. This would never have happened in Dr. Locke's time. Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Well, look here, old bean, I'm going down," said Bob. "Keep it dark, there's a good old centenarian."

"You can go down if you like," said Gosling. "But you can't come up again. 'Eads orders."

"Gosling, old fellow—"

"Don't you come soft sawder with

HEADMASTER THROWN INTO FOUNTAIN

First Victory for Remove Army

"WE SHALL WIN!"

If Mr. Meyer Brander had his way, there would be no GREYFRIARS HERALD this week. There would be no Editor, for I should be sacked from Greyfriars. There would be no staff, for the other members of the Famous Five, and Smithy, our Sports Editor, would also be sacked from Greyfriars.

Fortunately, Mr. Meyer Brander has not got his way!

Nominally, we are expelled; but, actually, we are still going strong, and the Great Rebellion is in full swing.

We are barricaded in the Remove dormitory, with a store of provisions that should last us a jolly long time. Even if there were forty Billy Bunters in the Remove—perish the thought!—we should not soon be starved out.

Thanks chiefly to the wealth and generosity of Lord Mauleverer and Smithy, we have been able to buy up the entire stock at the school tuckshop. Mr. Brander tried to stop us, with very painful results—for Mr. Brander! We gave that gentleman what is known as "a rough house." He was punched and pommelled, and ragged and seragged, and finally thrown into the school fountain.

As to the rebellion, I am confident we shall win through, and emerge from the struggle victorious, happy, and glorious. But there must be no bickering.

I claim that I am fully qualified to lead the rebellion, and I can count on the loyal support of the majority of the rebels. But a few disgruntled ones seem to think that I ought to take a back seat, and hand over the reins to them.

But there will be no change of leadership. I expect every fellow to rally round, and give me his whole-hearted support in the struggle before us.—(ED.)



Greyfriars

EIGHT MEALS A DAY FOR REBELS "ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH"

BILLY BUNTER'S VIEWS

The first thing to do when you bar yourself out is to bolt yourself in. For this purruss you must find a sootable stronghold. An ideal place is the school tuckshop, bekwase you can keep yourselves constantly fortyfied—with tuck!

I pointed this out to Harry Wharton, the commander-in-chief of the Remove rebbles; but he skoffed at my advice, and chose the Remove dormitory. If we all starve to deth within a week, I shall go up to Wharton afterwards and say, "I told you so! This is what comes of not being guided by the wise counsel of an old campainer!"

There are three things of vital importance in a barring-out. The first is grubb; the second is grubb; and the third is grubb! You should lay in as much as possible, bekwase you don't know how long the barring-out mite last.

I once heard of a barring-out where the rebbles' soul supplies consisted of a tin of biskits and a cupple of bars of chocklitt. Poor beggers! Within an hour they were peckish; within a day they were ravvenus; within two days they were actually waisting away to skellingtons; and finally became so "fed-up" that they were forced to surrender.

You should choose a careful and trust-worthy fellow—somebody like me!

to take charge of your food supplies. Don't let some greedy glutton like Wharton or Bob Cherry look after the tuck, or they will be so busy feeding their faces that there will be no feed to face!

Do not interjuice too many meals a day. Seven or eight should be ample. A brace of brekkers, a pear of lunches, twin teas, and duplicate suppers, should be suffishent to wet all appytites.

Of corse, the fellow in charge of the tuck should be aloud to have snacks between meals, and a nibble at night when he wakes up feeling peckish.

You must not forget to have plenty of lickwid refreshment. Sollids are no good without lickwids, and lickwids are useles without sollids. Jinjer-pop is the best thirst-quencher known to science; and you should have as many crates as you can accommodate. But be careful not to do as I once did. I converted the crates of jinjer-pop into a spare bed, and some of the bottles eggsploled suddenly in the middle of the night. I shot into the air as if I had been blown up by dinermite.

There are other matters to be considered when you have a barring-out, but these are miner matters. Grubb is everything, as the grate Napoleon realised when he said, "An army marches on its stumack." So look after the grubb, and the rest will take care of itself!

FIRE HOSE PLAYED ON SCHOOL PORTER

"DRAT THEM BOYS!"

INTERVIEW WITH HALF-DROWNED MAN

In order to interview William Gosling, the sour and surly school porter, I had the thrilling experience of being lowered by a rope of sheets from one of the windows of the Remove dorm.

You see, our barring-out was in progress, and we didn't wish to disturb the barricade which had been fixed up outside.

I chose a quiet moment for the adventure. It was just after Meyer Brander, and the staff of school servants, had launched a determined attack on our stronghold, only to be repulsed with heavy casualties.

Gosling had been a member of the attacking party, and as I scuttled across the Close to his lodge, I didn't expect to find him in a very amiable mood.

Sounds of snorting and snarling, and grunting and gasping, came to my ears as I tapped on the door. It was thrown open violently, and a strange apparition stood before me—a

drenched and dripping figure, whose sodden garments bulged out in front of him like a balloon.

"Why, Gossy!" I ejaculated, pretending not to know the reason for Gosling's deplorable state. "You appear somewhat damp! Have you fallen into the fountain? Or did you go for a dip in the Sark and forget to take your togs off?"

Gosling danced in the doorway with explosive rage. He reminded me of a waltzing walrus. And as he danced, the water streamed off him, forming a puddle at his feet.

"You—you—" he spluttered. "You're one o' them rebellious young rips from the Remove dormitory! Wot are you doin' 'ere, you young rascal? 'Ave you surrendered?"

"Not at all," I said cheerily. "I've taken advantage of a quiet moment to come and have

a little pow-wow with you. Won't you ask me in, and produce ginger-pop and cake for the occasion?"

"No!" roared Gosling. "I won't! Wot I says is this 'ere—was it you wot turned that fire 'ose on me, an' soaked me to the skin, as ever was?"

"Not guilty!" I grinned. "Smithy's the gallant fireman who 'put you out,' so to speak."

"Ho!" shouted Gosling. "Jes' wait till I meet Master Vernon-Smith. I'll learn 'im!"

"What will you 'learn' him, Gossy—how to speak King's English?"

"I'll learn 'im to swamp me with water, the owdacious young rip! Look at me, I'm 'arf-drowned! My roomatics are crooked, as it is, an' this soakin' will make 'em wuss. I shall be in bed to-morrow, with an 'igh temperament!"

"With a high temper, you mean!" I chuckled. "Poor old Gossy! Now, I want to ask you your views on school rebellions. Are you a warm-hearted supporter of them or a cold-blooded opponent?"

Gosling's reply was to make a sudden grab at my collar.

"Gotcher!" he gasped triumphantly. "An' now I'm goin' to 'and you over to the Ead!"

But Gosling was unlucky. With a wrench and a wriggle I broke free, leaving my collar in Gosling's hands, and Gosling himself throwing a fit on his doorstep!



Greyfriars Herald

August 2nd, 1930

INDOOR CRICKET AT GREYFRIARS

120 for 4 dec.

THE "REST" REST EASY

"Greyfriars Herald Correspondent."

I was afraid I should have no Cricket Column to write this week, owing to the Great Rebellion at Greyfriars.

But the cheery rebels of the Remove had no intention of being deprived of their sport. "Cricket as usual!" is our slogan.

It was Peter Todd's novel idea to play a match—Remove Eleven v. the Rest—in the dorm., where we are holding the fort against Meyer Brander and his allies.

* * *

Fortunately, we had a couple of bats among our belongings—also an unburstable rubber ball. The fireplace served as the wicket at one end, and Lord Mauleverer's trouser-press made a topping wicket at the other.

Harry Wharton captained the Remove Eleven, of course, and "The Rest"—not without a fierce squabble—agreed to be skippered by Micky Desmond.

The spectators, having helped to move the mattresses out of the way, perched themselves on the window-sills, and prepared to witness a thrilling encounter.

* * *

Wharton won the toss, and decided to bat first. Run-getting was no easy matter, owing to the confined space. And Micky Desmond and Morgan bowled jolly well. But the fielding was fearfully slack. Lord Mauleverer lay dozing on his bed instead of chasing the ball; and Billy Bunter, his huge bulk concealed behind a tuck-hamper, was stuffing jam-tarts into his capacious interior. The bowlers had to do their own fielding, more or less, and they became very hot and bothered. Runs came readily after this, and the Remove Eleven eventually "declared," at 120 for 4 wickets.

* * *

"The Rest" made a sorry show. Exactly how they fared—see STOP PRESS NEWS.

* * *

STOP PRESS NEWS.

How "The Rest" fared against the Remove Cricket XI.

M. Desmond	leg-before-fireplace	..	15
D. Morgan	b. Cherry	..	8
R. Kipps	leg-before-trouser-press	..	4
D. Ogilvy	not out	..	10
F. T. Fish	hustled out	..	0
H. Skinner	bustled out	..	0
W. G. Bunter	absent, feeding	..	0
Wun Lung	caughtee Toddeo	..	0
N. Dupont	obstructing the field	..	0
A. Todd	bowled into fireplace	..	0
H. Mauleverer	caught napping	..	0
Total	37

this regrettable revolt. I wash my hands of the affair forthwith.

OTTO VAN TROMP: I should lure the Remove rebels from their dormitory by a bogus fire alarm in the middle of the night. If they thought the school was on fire, they would soon rush to save their precious skins; and they would rush right into a trap, for authority, armed with ashplants, would be awaiting them. I should expel the ringleaders and flog the others till their yells for mercy could be heard in Friardale!

"HALLO—IS THAT THE POLICE-STATION?"
"NO, IT'S THE VICAR OF COURTFIELD!"

Our Wonderful Telephone Service

Mr. Meyer Brander, the headmaster of Greyfriars, was in a royal rage. He stamped into his study, breathing threats and slaughter, and fairly hurled himself at the telephone.

"Give me the Courtfield police-station," he roared.

"Number, please!" cooed a soft voice.

"Never mind the number, miss! Surely you are aware of it? I have no time—Yaroooop!"

Mr. Brander broke off with a yelp of anguish, as an ear-splitting buzz almost deafened him. Having recovered, he waited in a fever of impatience for an answer to his call. It came at last.

"Hallo!" boomed a deep voice.

"Are you the officer in charge?" hooted the Head.

"I am!"

"Then will you proceed to Greyfriars without a moment's delay? There has been a most serious outbreak—"

"Very good, sir. The brigade shall be called out at once. You may expect the fire-engine within twenty minutes."

"The—the fire-engine!" gasped Mr Brander.

"Of course! You say there has been a serious outbreak—"

"I don't mean an outbreak of fire!" roared the Head. "I refer to an outbreak of rebellion on the part of the Remove Form. They have set my authority at defiance, and have barricaded themselves in their dormitory. I wish them ejected by force!"

"Pardon me, sir, but that is a matter for the police!"

"Precisely! And you informed me you were the officer in charge?"

"Yes, sir—the officer in charge of the Courtfield Fire Station!"

"Help!" gasped Mr. Brander. "That wretched girl—that incompetent hussy—has given me the wrong number!"

"Has she really?" cooed the feminine voice of the incompetent hussy. "Hold on a moment, sir, and I'll soon put matters right."

"Br-r-r-r!" snarled Mr. Brander.

He held on for a moment—for many moments, in fact. At last, however, a sleepy voice hailed Mr. Brander.

"Yes! What is it?"

"Come at once to Greyfriars!" bel-lowed the Head. "There has been a serious outbreak—"

"Tell me the nature of the epidemic, and I will send a doctor immediately!"

"There—there is no epidemic!" spluttered the Head. "There is an outbreak of lawlessness, and I want the police inspector at once!"

"Then why ring up the Courtfield Hospital for him?"

And the speaker rang off.

"That incompetent hussy again!" snarled the Head. And after he had been put through, in turn, to Chunkley's Stores, the Vicar of Courtfield, a book-maker, the Working Men's Club, and everyone and everywhere but the police station, Mr. Brander hurled the telephone from him in deep disgust, and gave it up.

DYNAMITE FOR GREYFRIARS REBELS

How To Restore Peace—By Famous Personages

MR. QUELCH WASHES HIS HANDS OF WHOLE AFFAIR



DICKY NUGENT: I would go to the rebels and say: "Look hear, this has gone far enuff!" If they larfed at me and told me to go to Jerryco, i

would parley with them, and say, "Look hear, if you prommis to stop this nonsense and behave like good little boys, i will let you off all the sackings and floggings i prommist you, and we will carry on with the skool rooteen as if nothing had happened." If the rebbles had any sense they would say, that's awfully decent of Doctor Dicky Nugent. Let's axcept his terms." If they had no sense, and hooted and hist me, and put out their tungs, i should have to think out drastick mezzures of dealing with them. but what

those drastick mezzures would be i can't think!

P.-C. TOZER: "If the 'Ead gave me a free 'and, I would soon bring the young raps-callions of the Remove to their senses. Instead of wastin' words pleadin' with them, I should starve them out like rats, or smoke them out like wopses, or blow them out with a charge of dynamite. But the 'Ead won't 'ear of these methods. 'E says they 'ain't yewman. But wot's the use of bein' kind an' gentle when you are dealin' with a lawless set of scallywags wot ought to 'ave been drowned at birth, an' then sent to penal servitude for life!"

MR. QUELCH: I could end the rebellion to-morrow, by a reasoned appeal to my pupils, if only the Head would agree to meet their demands for justice and fair play. Since he refuses to do this, he must take the responsibility for, and the consequences of,



(Continued from page 13.)

me, Master Cherry," said Gosling. "It won't wash! I got my dooty to do."

"Where are the Sixth?" asked Bob.

"Which they're in their Form-room with Mr. Lascelles," said Gosling. "All the Forms are in class, except you young raskils."

"Has Brander sent for anybody?" asked Bob.

"I 'eard him say he was going to telephone for the police, to take Mr. Coker away. Mr. Coker's expelled, and he won't go."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob.

"Mr. Brander says, says he, that if any of you young raskils come down, I was to nab you, and take you to 'im," went on Gosling. "But I ain't paid for scrapping with young raskils, I ain't! You go back quiet, Master Cherry!"

Bob Cherry grinned; and after a moment's thought he ascended the stairs again, and returned to the dormitory passage.

"Well?" asked a dozen voices.

Bob related what he had discovered. There were serious faces among the rebels at the mention of the police.

The Bounder laughed.

"I don't suppose the bobbies would chip in, if Brander asks them," he said. "Anyhow, it won't make any difference; we'll give them toco if they do."

"They're not here yet, anyhow," said Bob; "and look here, you men. It seems to me that the coast's clear, and that if we go down in force, we're all right. The prefects don't seem to be backing up Brander, except that tick Van Tromp; and the other fellows won't interfere. If Brander tackles us we can handle him. What about it?"

"Good!" said Harry Wharton. "We'll go to the studies first, and get hold of some cricket stumps and things. It stands to reason that Brander will get backing from somewhere; he can't let things go on like this. But we've got time."

"The makefulness of the esteemed hay during the shinefulness of the ridiculous sun," suggested Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Exactly!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm not going down—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

No time was lost. Harry Wharton picked out a dozen fellows; the rest remaining to guard the barricade in the dormitory passage. The picked party was composed of the Famous Five, the Bounder, Squiff, Tom Brown, Mark Linley, Lord Mauleverer, Bolsover major, and Ogilvy. They left the rebels' stronghold, and descended the stairs; and Gosling blinked at them.

"Here we are, Gossy, old bean!" said Bob cheerily. "Are you going to take us to the Head, as per order?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling eyed them. Certainly he was not disposed to attempt to take a dozen

sturdy fellows in hand. He had risen from his chair at sight of them; now he sat down again.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—" he began.

But the juniors did not wait to hear what Gosling had to say. They passed on, and descended the lower stairs. They scudded to the Remove passage, meeting no one on their way. In a few minutes they were armed with bats and stumps; and thus equipped, they descended to the ground floor and marched boldly out of the House.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Wet!

"UNCLE!"

Mr. Brander turned irritably to his nephew as Van Tromp spoke.

He was pacing his study; and Van Tromp stood at the window, staring glumly into the sunny quadrangle.

Mr. Brander had telephoned to Police-constable Tozer, at Friardale; and Mr. Tozer had promised to start for the school immediately.

The Head hoped—though perhaps he doubted—that the sight of Mr. Tozer's official uniform would have a terrifying effect on the rebels.

In the meantime, he had no doubt that the Remove mutineers would be already coming to their senses. They had barricaded themselves in the dormitory passage; and for the present he had no force to deal with them; but hunger was his ally.

They had had no breakfast; and it seemed probable to Mr. Brander that before dinner-time the back of the revolt would be broken. Hungry fellows would come stealing down in search of provender; or probably the whole Form would realise that the game was up, and surrender.

Matters were bad enough; but it seemed to the tyrant of Greyfriars that, after all, he had only to wait; the winning cards were in his hand.

These reflections were interrupted by Otto van Tromp as he turned from the window with a startled face.

"Uncle—"

"What is it?" snapped Mr. Brander.

"They're going out!"

"Eh—who?"

"The Remove."

"What?"

Mr. Brander made a jump to the window.

He stared blankly at the sight of a dozen Remove fellows marching out of the House across the quadrangle.

His eyes glittered.

"I fancy they're heading for the tuck-shop, uncle," said Van Tromp.

Mr. Brander smiled grimly.

"I have no doubt of it," he said. "I

LOOK OUT

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

"Magnet."

have forbidden Mrs. Mible to serve any Remove boy who should succeed in getting to the school shop. I will deal with these young scoundrels now. Come with me, Otto!"

Mr. Brander picked up his stoutest cane and left the study.

Otto van Tromp followed him; but he did not follow him far. Van Tromp was feeling severely the effects of his struggle with Coker of the Fifth. He was in no mood for a struggle with a mob of juniors.

Discretion is said to be the better part of valour; and Van Tromp felt that it was time for discretion. He stopped at a window to watch his worthy uncle's progress. If the terror of the Head's presence and the Head's cane subdued the rebels, Van Tromp was ready to give his support to his uncle's authority. But he had very strong doubts about that; and he sagely resolved to keep off the scene till he knew how the cat was going to jump, as it were.

Mr. Brander, nothing doubting, strode out into the quad, cane in hand.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not losing time. What measures the tyrant of the school would take they could not guess; but it was certain that he would seek force from somewhere to deal with the mutiny.

According to Gosling, he had called in the aid of the police; and if constables were on their way to Greyfriars the rebels had no time to lose. They hurried across to the corner of the quad, behind the elms, where the school shop stood; and they had almost reached it when Mr. Brander came hurrying on their track.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, looking back. "Here comes the jolly old Beak!"

"Let him come!" said the Bounder.

The juniors trotted on, and reached the tuck-shop. Mrs. Mible's shop was not open till break; and it was not yet time for morning break. Bob Cherry hammered on the door.

Mr. Brander, putting on speed, came up with a rush.

The Removites faced round. Wharton had picked the foraying party with care, and every fellow was determined.

"So you are here!" gasped Mr. Brander, a little breathless from his rush across the quad.

"Here we are, old bean," said the Bounder.

"All alive and kicking, old scout!" said Squiff.

"The alivefulness is great, and the kickfulness is terrific, my esteemed and disgusting Brander," said Hurree Singh.

"Go into your Form-room at once!" said Mr. Brander.

"Dear old bean!" said Bob Cherry. "He fancies that he can give us orders! It takes a long time to educate a fat-head, doesn't it, you men?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The six boys who are expelled will go to my study for the present," said Mr. Brander. "The rest will go to the Remove-room."

"Rats!" said the Bounder.

"Cheese it, old top!" said Squiff.

"Run away and play!" said Johnny Bull.

"Go and eat coke!" roared Bolsover major.

A lash of the cane was Mr. Brander's answer to Bolsover. Then the cane lashed right and left among the Removites.

There was a yell on all sides, and for a moment the juniors scattered before the infuriated man and the lashing cane.

But it was only for a moment. Then they rallied, and closed in on the tyrant of Greyfriars on all sides.

"Down with him!" roared Bob Cherry.

Mr. Brander went over with a crash, the juniors swarming over him. His cane was torn away, and laid across his own shoulders by a reckless hand.

Whack, whack, whack!
"Ah! You rascals—you young villains! Oh! Ah! Ow!" spluttered Mr. Brander. "Ow! Oh! Yooooop!"
"Duck him in the fountain!" yelled the Bounder.

"Good egg!"
"Roll him along!"
Van Tromp, watching from a distant window, remained where he was. His doubts had been well founded.

Yelling and raving, Mr. Brander found himself hustled and hustled along by the crowd of Removites towards the fountain.

He struggled wildly.
But his frantic resistance did not avail. He was dragged to the fountain grasped by a dozen pairs of hands, and rolled into the water.

Mr. Quelch, looking from his study window, gazed at the scene in horror. Van Tromp gazed at it in terror. Many other eyes were on the scene, from the windows of studies and Form-rooms.

Drenched and dripping, Mr. Brander scrambled out of the water, gasping, panting, spluttering, beside himself with fury. He glared at the Removites like a tiger.

"Duck him again!" shouted the Bounder.
"Collar him!"

There was a rush, and Mr. Brander fairly took to his heels, and ran for the shelter of the House. Yells of derision followed him.

"Chuck it," said Wharton. "Chuck it, you fellows! We've got no time to waste—let's get to the tuck."

"Come on!" said Bob.
And the rebels hurried to the tuckshop, where they hammered on the door with a din that was heard all over the school.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Preparing for a Siege!

"**Y**OUNG gentlemen—dear me— young gentlemen!" gasped Mrs. Mimble.

The door of the school shop opened; it was in danger of breaking in, under the vigorous attack from outside. Mrs. Mimble stood in the doorway, in horror and dismay.

"Young gentlemen—" she spluttered.

"All serene, ma'am," said Bob Cherry. "Ain't you glad to see so many customers, and all hungry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"But—but I cannot serve you!" spluttered Mrs. Mimble. "Mr. Brander has given strict orders—"

"Blow Mr. Brander!"
"Brander's a back number now!"

"Let us in, old dear!" said Bob. "Never mind Brander—Brander doesn't count. Come on, you men."

Mrs. Mimble was gently, but firmly, persuaded to give way, and the Removites swarmed into the tuckshop.

"But—but really, young gentlemen, I—" said Mrs. Mimble, as she retreated behind her counter. "Really, I—"

"Are you going to serve us, or shall we serve ourselves, old lady?" roared Bolsover major.

"Shut up, Bolsover!"

"Yaas, shut up, dear man," said Lord Mauleverer. "Where are your manners? Mrs. Mimble, ma'am, we're rather pressed for time. You needn't trouble to serve us, we're goin' to take your whole stock off your hands. Just work out what it comes to, ma'am, while we pack the stuff."

"But—but—" spluttered Mrs. Mimble, in bewilderment.

"It's all right, ma'am," said Harry Wharton soothingly. "We want the whole lot—we're going to stand a siege. It's a barring-out, you see. You must lend us some bags and baskets to carry the prog. We'll pay for everything—don't you worry. But we want the lot."

"Yes, rather!"
"Get on with it!" exclaimed the Bounder. And he seized a large basket and began to stack canned goods into it without losing a moment.

"Oh dear!" gasped the bewildered dame. "Oh dear! Of—of course, if you young gentlemen insist, I—I cannot help it—"

"Of course you can't," said Nugent. "Just you work out what we owe you, while we pack up the stuff."


Mrs. Mimble decided that that was the wisest course. Certainly it was no use refusing to serve the rebels of Greyfriars, for they were already serving themselves. Bags and baskets and boxes were annexed on all sides, and everything that the shop contained of an eatable or drinkable nature, was rapidly packed up for transport.

Mrs. Mimble, with a stump of pencil and a sheet of wrapping-paper, made rapid and bewildered calculations. Correct calculations, in such exciting circumstances, were impossible, so the good dame put everything into round figures. The round figures were very round indeed, but the Greyfriars rebels were not in a mood for bargaining. Provisions had to be laid down for a siege, and resources were pooled to pay the bill. Lord Mauleverer and Herbert Vernon-Smith were well provided with that necessary article—cash, and the other fellows contributed all they had.

By the time the shop was denuded of its stock, packed up in every receptacle that the Removites could find, Mrs.

(Continued on next page.)

SPURPROOF TENTS



Lightweight proofed material. Complete with three-piece jointed poles, pegs, guy lines, and valise. Weight 4½ lbs. Size 8 ft. 6 ins. x 4 ft. 6 ins. x 3 ft. 6 ins. With 6 in. wall Accommodates three boys. Special extra lightweight. Egyptian Cotton. Weight 3½ lbs. 19/6.

Send for beautiful illustrated Camping List, post free.
GEO. GROSE & CO., 8, NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.4.

THE REAL OPPORTUNITY!

AUSTRALIA, CANADA, and NEW ZEALAND. Hundreds of BOYS (ages 14-19) WANTED. "THE STEPPING STONE TO MANHOOD" describes the Salvation Army's Scheme for training Boys on Army Farms and placing them with farmers overseas. Ask for Free Copy. OUTFITS provided. Parties of Boys PERSONALLY CONDUCTED overseas. COMMONSENSE AFTERCARE. Ordinary and reduced Bookings to the British Dominions; passages booked to U.S.A. and all parts of the world by all lines. Write or call: **THE SALVATION ARMY, 3, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.4.**

BE TALL!

Your Height increased in 14 days, or money back! 3-5 inches rapidly gained, also health and new energy. Amazing Complete Course costs only 5/-. or 1/6d. STAMP brings Free Book, Testimonials, and Guarantee in plain sealed envelope. Write NOW to: **STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.**

FREE! 1,000 Hinges to applicants for approval sheets.—**S. V. WINNEY (Dept. A), 11, BRAMERTON STREET, S.W.3.**

GROW TALLER! ADD INCHES to your height. Details free.—**JEDISON, 39, BOND STREET, BLACKPOOL.**

FREE PASSAGES TO ONTARIO, CANADA, for approved boy farm learners, age 15 to 19. Apply:—**ONTARIO GOVERNMENT, 346, STRAND, LONDON.**

STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT FREE:—100 DIFFERENT Foreign Stamps, Perforation Gauge, Duplicate Book. Send 2d. (abroad 4d.). Request Approvals.—**P. Co., 7, The Pavement, Crouch End, London, N.8.**

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON. W.C.1.**

XMAS CLUBS
Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods
SPARE TIME AGENTS WANTED.
Excellent Commission. Art Catalogue and Particulars FREE.
SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., Burton Road, LEEDS

DON'T BE BULLIED

Send Two Penny Stamps for some **SPLENDID LESSONS** in **JUJITSU** and Handsome Photo Plate of Jap Champions. The Wonderful Japanese Self-Defence without weapons. Take care of yourself under ALL circumstances; fear no man. You can have **MONSTER** Illustrated Portion for P.O. 3/9. **SEND NOW** to "YAWARA" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex. Practical Tuition London School Daily.

OUTFIT & "BOY KING" PKT. FREE!!
Album, 25 Bohemian, pocket case, etc. 2d. post for approvals.
LISBURN & TOWNSEND (U.S.), LIVERPOOL.

BLUSHING.—FREE to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment, and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to—**Mr. A. TEMPLE (Specialist), Palace House, 128, Shaftesbury Avenue (2nd Floor), London, W.1.** (Established over 20 years.)

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.**

£2,000 WORTH OF GOOD, CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL AND FILMS. 12 x 10 Enlargements, any photo or film, 8d. Samples Catalogue Free.—**HACKETT'S, July Road, LIVERPOOL.**

HEIGHT INCREASED. Complete course 5/-. Clients gain 1 to 5 ins. Particulars, testimonials free.—**P. A. CLIVE, Harrocks, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.**

BLUSHING, SHYNESS.—For FREE particulars simple home cure write **Mr. HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row (Box 167), LONDON, W.C.1.**

300 STAMPS FOR 6d. (Abroad 1/-), including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—**W. A. WHITE, Engine Lane, LYB, Stourbridge.**

(Continued from previous page.)

Mimble had made out her bill—in extremely round figures. It was a large bill—not to say an enormous one! At any other time it would have made the juniors open their eyes wide. But there were more important matters to think of now. Banknotes from Lord Maulevercrer and the Bounder, currency notes and silver from the other fellows made up the sum, and Mrs. Mimble smiled sweetly. From a business point of view, a barring-out at Greyfriars was not a bad thing for the school shop.

"Ready, you fellows?"

"I think we've got the lot!" grinned Bob Cherry, staggering under a case of canned beef. "Come on!"

"March!"

The Removites marched out of the tuckshop. Every fellow was loaded with very nearly as much as he could carry.

They lost no time in getting back to the House.

Five or six more of the Remove had come down to meet them as they came in, and the door, which had been shut by Mr. Brander when he fled into the House, was wide open again.

The Removites marched in triumphantly.

"My eye!" ejaculated Gosling, as they passed him on his landing. "My eye! Nice goings hon! Wot I say is this 'ere—"

The Removites marched on to the dormitory passage. Billy Bunter eyed them eagerly over the barricade of bedsteads.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Lend a hand, fatty!" roared Bob.

"Yes, rather, old chap! I say, I'll take care of that cake, Ogilvy! Hand over that cake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter grabbed the cake, and proceeded at once to take excellent care of it. The fat voice of William George Bunter was heard no more for quite a considerable time. Bunter's jaws were otherwise engaged.

"We're fixed all right now!" chuckled the Bounder, when the provisions had been conveyed into the dormitory. "Why we've got enough stuff here to last for weeks!"

"I guess this is good ham!" said Fisher T. Fish, with his mouth full. "I'll say this is good ham, you guys."

Pop, pop, pop! went the corks of ginger-beer bottles. The Remove had missed breakfast, and they were undoubtedly hungry. They were making up for lost time now. It was rather like a picnic, in the dormitory and the passage adjoining.

"Pass the ham, you fellows."

"Shove the biscuits this way!"

"Give a man a chance at that cake!"

"Who says ginger-pop?"

"I say, you fellows, gimme that bunch of bananas—"

"This barring-out is going to be rather a lark, you men," said Bob Cherry. "Brander can keep it up as long as he likes."

"I say, you fellows, we'll never give in," said Billy Bunter, with his mouth full. "Britons shall never be slaves! So long as there's plenty of grub—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're certainly not giving in, grub or no grub," said Harry Wharton. "And we're not making terms with Brander, either. We can't trust him."

"No fear!" said Nugent. "But—"

"If we keep it up, the governors will be bound to interfere," said the captain of the Remove. "I fancy they'd sit up and take notice if they knew what Brander was doing here. And they're

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

bound to know before long. Old Popper may come butting in any day."

"And we've got friends at court, on the Governing Board!" said Bob Cherry. "My pater doesn't like Brander any more than we do. And your uncle, Wharton—"

"My uncle's abroad," said Harry. "But Major Cherry will chip in, as soon as he hears what's going on. You remember he came down here when there was a rumour that the Head might resign and Brander get his place. And—"

"And Dr. Locke never resigned—but he was knocked on the napper by some villain—just in time for Brander to step into his shoes!" said the Bounder, with a significant look.

The Famous Five exchanged quick glances. That mysterious attack on Dr. Locke, which had caused the good old Head to leave Greyfriars, had never been explained; no clue had been discovered to the miscreant. But the dark suspicion had been in the minds of Harry Wharton & Co. that Van Tromp of the Sixth had had something to do with it. They had said nothing of that suspicion; and it was news to them that the same idea had occurred to the Bounder.

"What do you mean, Smithy?" asked Harry.

"I mean that if they want to find the rotter who banged Dr. Locke on the head with a cudgel in his garden, they needn't look farther than the Sixth

.....
 : KEEP YOUR ALBUM :
 : HANDY FOR FOUR :
 : MORE STUNNING :
 : PHOTOS!! :
 : They'll be in next week's :
 : MAGNET. :

Form of Greyfriars!" said Smithy coolly.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Squiff.

"You mean Van Tromp?" exclaimed Skinner, staring at the Bounder.

"I mean Van Tromp!" answered Vernon-Smith, with a nod. "It happened too conveniently for the new Head, for Brander to have had nothing to do with it."

"Oh crumbs!" said Peter Todd. "But—but—"

"We know the kind of man Brander is now—a cruel brute," said Vernon-Smith. "Just the rotter for such a scheme! I believe he planted his nephew at Greyfriars, with the whole thing cut and dried, to make room for him to come here as Head."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say, you fellows," yelled Bunter excitedly, "you remember what I told you, when I heard Van Tromp and his uncle talking in the train—the old josser said that if the Head didn't resign, there were other ways—"

"And Brander found the other way!" said the Bounder. "It can't be proved, of course; but I'm jolly certain—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes somebody!"

"Look out!"

There was a rush to the barricade, and it was lined immediately by Removites, cricket stumps in hand, ready for the fray. What met their eyes as they looked over the barricade towards the stairs, will be told in the next chapter.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Knows What to Do!

HORACE COKER looked from his study window. Potter and Greene, of the Fifth, gazed at one another with deep and dismal dolour. Other Greyfriars men were out in the quad, in morning break; mostly gathered in groups, discussing the revolt of the Remove, the sacking of three Fifth Form men, the ducking of the new headmaster, and other exciting incidents of late occurrence. Coker & Co. had gone to their study—two of them, at least, in a mood of deep pessimism. Coker might defy the Head, and defy the sack, like Ajax of old defying the lightning; but Potter and Greene felt like fellows who had taken the "knock."

The Fifth Form seethed with indignation—some fellows had advised Potter and Greene not to go; or at least to get their people to appeal to the governors. Potter and Greene would have been glad not to go; but it did not seem feasible to remain. A senior form was not likely to break out in revolt like the Remove, to save them; and though Mr. Brander personally could not eject them, there was plenty of force he could call upon. The prefects stood away from him now—but there was other aid for the tyrant; indeed, every moment, Potter and Greene were expecting to hear the heavy official tread of P.-c. Tozer, of Friardale. Potter and Greene felt that it would be more dignified to depart peaceably, than with a policeman's hand on a fellow's shoulder. But they did not want to depart; and almost they regretted the generous impulse that had led them to chip in between Coker and the tyrant of Greyfriars, in the Fifth Form-room.

Dismally, with long faces, Potter and Greene were putting their things together in the study, ready to pack. Coker looked from the window, occasionally rubbing the damages he had received in the struggle with Van Tromp and Brander. Coker, evidently, still did not intend to go; but his comrades failed to see how it could be helped.

"Oh dear!" sighed Potter.

"Oh dear!" echoed Greene.

Coker looked round.

"What are you fellows 'oh-dearing' about?" he asked.

"Think we want to be bunked?" asked Potter tartly.

"Don't be an ass, Potter! You're not going to be bunked," said Coker. "I'm staying—and you're staying!"

"We've got to go, fathead!" mumbled Greene.

"Don't be a chump, Greene."

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Greene.

"Hasn't Brander sent for a bobby to turn us out? Think we can duck a bobby in the fountain, like those fags did Brander?"

"I shouldn't mind ducking a bobby in the fountain, Greene."

"You fellows needn't pack your things," said Coker coolly. "You're not going. You've got it in the neck for standing by me, like good pals; and I'm seeing you through. The Fifth ought to rise as one man, and stick to us, and bar out Brander, but—they won't!"

"They won't—and it wouldn't be any good if they did!" snapped Potter.

"But the Remove kids are barring him out, and that's where we come in," said Coker. "I'm prepared to knock the Friardale bobby into the middle of next week, if necessary; still, I can't handle a whole crowd of bobbies, if Brander gets a lot of them here."

Cricket stumps and bats, pokers and shovels reached over and through the barrier at P.c. Tozer. "Come on, Tozer!" shrieked the excited juniors. "Ow—ow—ow!" gasped the arm of the law.



"Not really?" asked Potter, with sarcasm.

"No. Two or three, perhaps," said Coker, unconscious of the sarcasm. "But half a dozen would be too many for me."

"Go hon!"

"So we're going to throw in our lot with the Remove kids!" said Coker. "That's what I've been thinking out."

"Oh, great pip!"

"I don't deny that it's rather infra dig to join up with a lot of fags," said Coker. "It is—and I admit it! But what's a fellow to do? I've offered to lead the Fifth against Brander—and they refuse. Well, I'm going to lead the Remove. See?"

"Oh dear!" said Greene.

"They're cheeky kids," said Coker. "But they've got pluck! They've got heaps of pluck; and a lot of them are very useful in a scrap. They'll be glad to get a Fifth Form man to lead them, of course."

"Think so!" ejaculated Potter.

"Well, it stands to reason," said Coker. "I've settled that—of course, I shall have to take command, if I join them. That's understood. It's a come-down to associate with fags at all; and I could not condescend to do so, except as leader. That's all right—they'll be jolly glad to get a leader like me. You fellows know what my leadership is like—I'm not bragging of it, but there are some fellows who are born to command, you know, and I happen to be one of them."

"Ye gods!" said Potter.

"Well, that's settled," said Coker. "Better come along—may as well be in a safe place before the bobby butts in. I'd rather not have to hit a policeman. It's rather bad form, if it can be helped."

"But—but—" stuttered Potter and Greene together.

"Don't jaw," said Coker. "I've

decided what's going to be done; and all you fellows have to do, is to back me up."

"But—but what's the good?" exclaimed Potter. "Those fags will have to give in—you can't bar out a headmaster these days. Brander will get help from somewhere and put them down; and they'll be sacked and flogged—it's bound to come to that in the long run."

"Without my leadership, very likely," assented Coker. "But with a born commander in the lead, we shall beat Brander."

"But—but how can we beat Brander?" demanded Greene. "He's Head and he can sack any man he likes. He's a rotten brute, and a bully, and a disgrace to his profession; but that makes no difference—he's Head!"

"We shall beat him all right," said Coker confidently. "Wait till the governors get to know what's going on here—they'll put paid to Brander fast enough. We've got to kick up such a fearful shindy, that the governors will be bound to take the matter in hand. They'll see us righted."

Potter and Greene exchanged glances. Coker, undoubtedly, was a fathead; indeed, he was the last word in fatheads. But for once, something like common sense seemed to be coming from Horace Coker. There was a possibility, at least, that he was right; while, on the other hand, submission to expulsion was the only alternative. And if it was coming to that, it might as well come later as sooner.

"My hat!" said Potter. "We might try it on! It's possible that Brander will be forced to draw in his horns—"

"Not possible—certain!" corrected Coker. "I'm going to make him, you see."

"Let's!" said Greene. "Anything is better than being sent home—and so long as those cheeky fags hold out, we can hold out with them."

"No need to discuss it—it's settled," said Coker. "I've told you what we're going to do—so let's get on with it. Hallo, what's up now?" There was a sound of excited voices from the quadrangle, and Horace Coker turned to the window again. "My hat! Tozer's turned up!"

Potter and Greene jumped to the window.

A plump, majestic form, in uniform and helmet, was visible in the quad, advancing from the gates, surrounded by a buzzing crowd of Greyfriars men. It was Police-constable Tozer from Friardale.

Potter drew a deep breath.

"Come on," he said; "if we're going to join the fags, we've no time to lose. Run for it!"

Coker sniffed.

"I'm not going to run for it," he answered. "I shall walk! You fellows will walk, too. Fifth Form men can't scud from a bobby like fags."

"Look here, Coker—"

"Don't talk so much," said Coker. "As we're going to camp in the Remove dorm, we shall have to take some things. We shall want—"

"Look here—" bawled Greene.

"Don't jaw, Greene. We shall want— Hang it! Where are you fellows going?" shouted Coker.

Potter and Greene did not stay to explain where they were going. They went! Coker might like the prospect of a tussle with the law of the land, as personified by Mr. Tozer; but Potter and Greene did not.

"Come back!" roared Coker.

Potter and Greene disappeared.

Coker gave a snort of contempt. He was not going to run, even from a representative of law and order; not if Coker knew it. With lofty calmness, Coker proceeded to collect the things he considered that he would need for camping in the Remove dormitory.

Potter and Greene scuttled out of the Fifth Form passage. Having decided to cast in their lot with the rebel Remove, they wanted to lose no time in getting into the shelter of the rebel stronghold. That was only prudent.

But there was a lion in the path, so to speak. As they came racing towards the staircase that led to the dormitories they came full tilt upon Mr. Brander. They stopped in dismay.

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Brander grimly.

"We—we—" stammered Potter.

"Have you packed?"

"N-n-no!"

"Very well; you will have no time to do so now," said Mr. Brander. "A police-constable has arrived to remove you from the school. You have the choice of leaving quietly, and immediately, or of being taken away in charge of a constable. I recommend you to go quietly."

Potter and Greene exchanged a glance.

"This way, Mr. Tozer!" called out the new headmaster. A helmeted head appeared on the lower staircase.

"Yessir!" puffed Mr. Tozer.

The Friardale constable was plump; and he was negotiating the stairs at a very moderate pace.

"Come on, Greene!" muttered Potter, between his teeth.

They were desperate now. With a sudden rush, they crashed into Mr. Brander and sent him staggering. The next moment they were speeding up the stairs to the dormitory.

There was a yell of wrath from the new Head. He staggered against the wall for a moment, and then, guessing the intention of the two seniors, he dashed after them. With blazing eyes, he tore up the stairs on the track of Potter and Greene.

"Put it on!" gasped Potter.

"Stop!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Hook it!" panted Greene.

With a cane gripped in his hand, and fury in his face, the new headmaster rushed into the dormitory passage after them; and Potter and Greene, exerting themselves to the utmost, flew for the Remove barricade.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Majesty of the Law!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"It's Potter—"

"And Greene—"

"This way, you men!"

shouted Harry Wharton encouragingly.

The barricade of bedsteads was crammed with Removites. The sight of Potter and Greene racing up the passage, with Mr. Brander foaming on their track, apprised the rebels of the state of affairs.

Evidently the two seniors were seeking safety; and the rebels were more than willing to welcome new recruits to the rebellion.

They shouted encouragement to the fugitives.

"This way, Potter—"

"Put it on, Greene—"

"Buck up!"

Potter and Greene came panting on. Greene, in his wild haste, stumbled and fell. Potter rushed on, and then stopped and turned back.

"Buck up, for goodness' sake!" he gasped.

But it was too late.

As Greene scrambled up Mr. Brander arrived at full tilt. He grasped Greene and whirled him back.

"Ow!" yelled Greene. "Help!"

Potter rushed to his aid. The die was

cast now, for the two expelled seniors, and it was no time to stand on ceremony. Potter grasped the headmaster and dragged him off Greene.

But Mr. Brander returned grasp for grasp; and he had both the Fifth-Formers by the collar. At the end of the passage a puffing figure in uniform appeared.

"Quick!" shouted Mr. Brander.

"This way, constable! Quick!"

"Yessir!" gasped the Friardale constable.

He came heavily up the passage.

Potter and Greene struggled wildly in the grasp of the headmaster. They felt like mariners wrecked in sight of port.

But Mr. Brander, fat as he was, was a powerful and muscular man. He held on grimly to their collars, in spite of their struggles.

"Rescue!" bawled Bob Cherry.

He scrambled recklessly over the barricade, rolled on the floor, picked

SPANKING PENKNIVES FOR JOKES!



Little Boy: "Mummy, why are you putting stuff on your lips?"

Mother: "Because they are cracked, dear."

Little Boy: "Is that why daddy puts stuff on his head every morning?"

For sending in the above rib-tickler M. Aldroyd, 2016, Fifth Avenue E., Vancouver, B.C., Canada, has been awarded one of this week's useful penknives.

NOTE: All jokes and limericks should be sent to c/o MAGNET, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

himself up, and rushed to help the struggling seniors.

"Come on!" shouted Harry Wharton.

He was after Bob in a twinkling, and five or six fellows scrambled after him. They were only in time.

Mr. Tozer had almost reached the spot, when the Removites arrived with a rush, and Mr. Brander went down under the rush. Potter and Greene tore themselves loose, panting.

"Hook it!" panted Wharton.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Greene.

Mr. Brander, scrambling furiously up, grabbed hold of Potter as he fled. Vernon-Smith promptly planted a boot in his ribs, and Mr. Brander howled and let go. Potter ran up the passage with Greene, and after them ran the juniors. Mr. Tozer arrived on the spot and stared down at the headmaster, gasping and spluttering on the floor.

"My word!" said Mr. Tozer. "My word!"

"Ugh! Oooogh!" gasped Mr. Brander. "Take them—seize them—

Gooooogh—woooooogh—arrest them—Oooooogh—"

"My word!"

The headmaster scrambled up breathlessly.

"Follow them!" he shrieked. "Seize them! Why are you standing there like a fool? Follow them at once!"

"Yessir! My word!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

It was not much use for the plump Mr. Tozer to follow the juniors. They were already scrambling back in safety over the barricade. As Mr. Tozer tramped up the passage with an elephantine tread, the last of the rebels dropped into safety. And the barricade was crammed with defiant faces and brandished cricket-stumps as the constable reached it.

"Come on, Tozer!" yelled the Bounder.

"This way for a cracked napper!" shouted Bob Cherry, flourishing a stump. "Just a little nearer—I can't reach you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tozer halted. He gazed at the stacked bedsteads and at the array of defenders behind. Mr. Brander came up, gasping. Potter and Greene were safe behind the barricade with the Removites.

"You fool!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Wot?" ejaculated Mr. Tozer.

"Why did you not seize them?"

"Look 'ere—"

"Get on with the seizing, Tozer!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We're all ready to be seized—if you can do the seizing."

"Waiting for you, old fat man!" chortled Johnny Bull.

"The seizurefulness will not be terrific, my podgy and preposterous Tozer!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Mr. Brander gasped with rage. He had taken it for granted that the sight of an official uniform would have a disheartening, if not terrifying, effect on the Greyfriars rebels. But they did not look disheartened or terrified. They seemed to be anticipating an attack from Mr. Tozer with glee.

"Look 'ere, you young gents!" said Mr. Tozer, assuming his most majestic manner. "This 'ere won't do! Your 'eadmaster has sent for me to put a stop to all this! You chuck it, see?"

"Go home, Tozer!"

"Where did you get that face?"

"Do you call it a face?"

Mr. Tozer crimsoned with wrath. His face was not, perhaps, his fortune; but he did not like these personal allusions to it. And he felt that the majesty of the law was being outraged in his portly person.

"Proceed, constable!" ordered Mr. Brander. "Remove that barricade! I authorise you to use any force that may be required."

"Yessir!" said Mr. Tozer slowly.

"These young scoundrels will hardly venture to resist an officer of the law! Proceed!" hooted Mr. Brander.

Mr. Tozer proceeded—but slowly. He was not at all sure that the young scoundrels would not venture to resist. The young scoundrels, in fact, looked as if they were going to resist vigorously.

Still, Mr. Tozer was there to do his best, and he had the pluck for which the British police force is famous. He advanced steadily, though slowly, on the barrier of bedsteads, and laid his official hand on it to begin dragging it away. The next moment the official lips opened to emit a yell of anguish, as the official hand was sharply rapped by a cricket stump.

"Yarooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have another, Tozer?"

"Ow! Wow!" Mr. Tozer sucked his damaged hand frantically. "Ow! Woooh! You young rips! You're breaking the law! Ow!"

"Breaking the paw, you mean," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Constable, what are you waiting for?" raved Mr. Brander. "You are wasting time! Take—"

"Ow! My 'and's fair crippled!" howled Mr. Tozer. "I've got a bang on that bloomin' 'and, sir! Ow!"

"You are wasting time! Use your truncheon! I authorise you—"

"That's all very well, sir—"

"Proceed!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Now, look 'ere, young gents," said Mr. Tozer. "You 'ear what your 'eadmaster says, says he. If I 'ave to use my truncheon, somebody will get 'urt! I got to put this down! Look out if you resist the law!"

And Mr. Tozer, in a very impressive way, drew his truncheon, and advanced once more to the assault. He brandished the truncheon with his right hand, and grasped the leg of an up-ended bedstead with his left, and dragged.

But even the official truncheon did not inspire the terror it should have inspired. Cricket stumps and bats, pokers and shovels, all sort of weapons, reached over and through the barrier at Mr. Tozer. A bat clumped on his helmet, flattening it on his head; a stump lunged in his ribs, a poker crashed on the truncheon, a mop landed in his face. Mr. Tozer was prepared to face cat-burglars and motor-bandits like a man and a Briton, but he was not prepared for this. He staggered away, roaring.

"Come on, Tozer!" shrieked the excited juniors.

"Come on, Brander!" yelled Bob. "What are you leaving it all to Tozer for? Come on, you funk!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" gasped Mr. Tozer, setting his helmet straight. "Ow! Oh! My word! Ooooooooooh!"

"Proceed!" howled Mr. Brander. "You are wasting time, constable! You are here to do your duty! Proceed!"

Mr. Tozer, goaded, turned on him.

"Ow's a man to 'andle that mob?" he demanded. "Think my blinking 'ead's made of iron? Think my blooming ribs are made of wood, like blooming barrel-staves? Ow! I'm winded, I am! I'm 'urt! I'm off!"

Mr. Tozer turned and tramped away. Apparently he had had enough of the rebels of Greyfriars.

"Constable!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

Mr. Tozer did not heed. He tramped on, and disappeared. A roar of laughter from the Remove followed him.

"Your turn now, Brander!" shouted the Bounder. "Come on!"

But Mr. Brander did not come on. He tramped away after the Friardale constable, foaming with rage. Half a dozen missiles from the rebels followed him as he went, and Mr. Brander accelerated, and disappeared promptly.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Exit Coker!

"O H, my hat!" ejaculated Horace Coker.

Coker was not the fellow to hurry. Coker feared no foe, in shining armour or otherwise. Still, in the present circumstances, it really behoved Coker to think a little less of his own lofty personal dignity, and a little more of getting a move on.

"Ah! You are here!" said Mr. Brander.

The headmaster stood in the doorway of Coker's study in the Fifth. Coker was just starting. But he was starting a little too late.

Mr. Brander's gleaming eyes fairly gloated on Coker. One victim, at least, was in his power; one defiant rebel of whom he could make an example.

Coker eyed him warily.

"I'm here!" he said. "Want anything?"

"Tozer!" called out Mr. Brander.

"Yessir!" puffed Mr. Tozer. He arrived in the doorway of the study behind the headmaster. He was red and-gasping from his experiences with the Remove, but he was still ready at the call of duty.

"This—this is one of the boys I have expelled," said Mr. Brander. "He refuses to leave the school. He has resisted violently. Remove him!"

"Yessir." Coker grabbed up an Indian club, and stood on the defensive.

"Keep your distance, Tozer!" he said. "I don't want to knock your silly brains out, you know. But—hands off!"

"Now, sir," said Mr. Tozer pacifically. "You 'ear what your 'eadmaster says, says he—"

"Take him by the collar, Tozer, and remove him from the House!" snapped Mr. Brander.

"Yessir!"

Coker brandished the club.

"Hands off, you old fool—"

"Wot?" ejaculated Mr. Tozer. The Removites had already referred disrespectfully to Mr. Tozer's features. Now Coker was actually disrespectful in reference to his intellect. Respect for the majesty of the law seemed sadly wanting at Greyfriars.

"Keep off, you fathead!" said Coker.

"Seize him!" roared Mr. Brander.

"Now, look 'ere, Master Coker, if you don't lay down that there club, I shall 'ave to use my truncheon!" argued Mr. Tozer.

"Go and eat coke!"

"I warn you—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Coker.

Mr. Tozer drew his truncheon. Certainly he was not thinking of knocking a schoolboy on the head with it. Mr. Tozer was very doubtful whether the law would uphold him in such drastic action. But he had his own official head to care for, and the club Coker was brandishing looked very dangerous.

He advanced cautiously on Coker. Mr. Brander, gripping a cane, advanced on Coker from the other side. The great Horace was taken between two fires. It was only too clear that he had delayed too long in seeking safety.

But Coker, of course, was not the man to give in. Surrender was not a word in Horace Coker's vocabulary.

Crash!

The truncheon met the Indian club

(Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 4.

This week our clever Greyfriars rhymester selects Harry Wharton, the junior captain of the school, as his "victim."

I MEANT to have written, dear uncle, A long time ago, understand; But I've a most painful carbuncle Adorning the palm my hand! I fancy it comes from a caning (Old Quelch has a powerful wrist!). So I hope you will not be complaining You cannot decipher my fist!

I got into rather hot water— Immersed in it up to the brim! And was led like a lamb to the slaughter By Loder, the lanky and grim. I haven't the space to tell truly The facts of the jape that I planned; But Quelchy saw justice done duly By giving me six on each hand!

I hope you won't lecture and scold me, And say I deserved to be stung; For, uncle, you often have told me That *you* were a Tartar when young! They called you "the Scamp of the Second" When you were a frolicsome fag; A reckless young rip you were reckoned, Prime mover in every gay "rag."

The cricket is going quite gaily (I'm top of the average list);



We swim in the River Sark daily— A pleasure we cannot resist. I'd just love to live on the Lido, Where people are bathing all day; Through the waves, like a human torpedo, You'd see me go scudding away! As soon as I'd finished this scribble I hoped a fine banquet to make; But a mouse has been having a nibble, Consuming a large currant cake! A mouse of proportions gigantic, With spectacles perched on its nose; Such piracy makes me feel frantic— I'm looking for Bunter—here goes! My chums send their cheeriest greetings, We trust that you feel fit and fine; And may there be many gay meetings In store for us both, nunky mine! And now for that pirate so portly! He'll give me the slip if I tarry; Au revoir! and please write to me shortly— Your ever affectionate HARRY.

with a terrific concussion, and both weapons whirled out of the hands that held them. Mr. Tozer jumped at Coker and grasped him. The next moment Mr. Brander's grasp was on him also.

Coker struggled frantically.

"Give over, you young rip!" gasped Mr. Tozer. "You 'ear me! Give over!"

"Overpower him!" panted Mr. Brander.

"You rotters!" yelled Coker. "Two to one! Do you call that cricket? Leggo, Tozer, you old ass! Leggo, Brander, you rotter! Ow!"

"Take him away!" gasped Mr. Brander.

"You come alonger me!" puffed Mr. Tozer.

Coker, resisting wildly, was dragged out of the study. He was hefty, and he was determined, but he was not hefty enough to deal with Mr. Brander and Mr. Tozer together. Out he went, and then he clung to the doorpost, held on, and kicked.

"Otto!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

Van Tromp came running up.

"Otto, help me! Seize him!"

"What-ho!" said Van Tromp. With three to one, Otto van Tromp was quite ready to take a hand.

He fixed his grip on the back of Coker's collar, almost choking the hapless Horace.

"Kim on!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

With a dead-lift effort Coker was torn away from his grasp on the doorpost. He went whirling and struggling down the Fifth Form passage.

Break was over now, and the Greyfriars fellows were in the Form-rooms. The quadrangle was deserted when Coker and his escort arrived there, still struggling. But the yells of Horace Coker rang all over Greyfriars, and in the Fifth Form room the seniors looked at one another dubiously.

"Gosling!" shouted Mr. Brander.

"Oh, my eye!" said Gosling.

The porter came obediently to lend a hand. It was needed, for Horace Coker's struggles were quite frantic now.

With four pairs of hands on him, Coker of the Fifth was rushed down to the gates. He resisted every step on the way, but he had no chance.

"Fling him out!" gasped Mr. Brander.

Bump!

Coker of the Fifth landed in the road outside the gateway.

He rolled there, gasping for breath, streaming with perspiration, wildly dishevelled. He sat up and blinked dizzily at the four figures in the gateway. Mr. Brander raised a commanding hand.

"Go!" he said.

"Ow!" gasped Coker. "Wow!"

"Depart immediately!"

"Groooogh!"

"You are expelled," said Mr. Brander. "If you are found within the precincts of this school again you will be given into custody as a trespasser!"

"Oooooogh!"

"Gosling!"

"Yessir! Wot I says is this 'ere——"

"Lock the gates!"

"Oh, yessir!"

Coker of the Fifth staggered to his feet. Coker was game, and he was not going to be locked out of the school if he could help it. He made a staggering rush back to the gateway.

Clang!

The iron gates clanged shut in his face, and Gosling turned the ponderous key. He grinned at Coker through the bars.

"You'd better 'ook it, Mr. Coker!" he said.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

"You old idiot!"

"Wot I says is this ere——"

"Let me in, you old fool!" gasped Coker.

"You will keep the gates locked, Gosling," said Mr. Brander.

"Yessir."

And Gosling tramped back to his lodge with the keys.

Coker held on to the bars of the gate, gasping for breath and glaring in at the tyrant of Greyfriars.

"Do you think you've got rid of me, Brander?" he spluttered. "You old rogue——"

"Silence!"

"You old fathead! I'm not going!"

Mr. Brander turned and walked away, followed by Van Tromp and Mr. Tozer. Coker remained staring in through the bars of the gate.

"I'm not going!" he roared. "Gosling! Come and let me in, Gosling, you silly old ass! Do you hear, you benighted fathead?"

Gosling heard, but he heeded not. Coker shook the gates furiously, and roared again. But Gosling declined to be drawn from his lodge.

"My hat," gasped Coker—"my only hat! They—they've got me outside! But if they think I'm going, they're jolly well mistaken! I'll show 'em! I'll jolly well show the whole lot of 'em!"

Coker left the gates at last. There was no admittance there. But he did not depart, as Mr. Brander supposed he naturally would, now that he was forcibly ejected from the school. Departure was not in Horace Coker's thoughts; he had stated that he was not going to be expelled from Greyfriars—and Horace Coker was a man of his word.

Coker tramped along the road, still gasping for breath, and turned into the lane that bordered the old Cloisters. Coker knew the spot in the ancient wall where it was possible to climb, sometimes used by reckless fellows in breaking bounds. Coker only stopped long enough to recover his breath, then he clambered over the wall.

"I'll show 'em!" breathed Coker indignantly. "I'll jolly well show 'em!"

He dropped on the inner side of the wall.

Mr. Brander, satisfied that he was rid of Coker, at least, had returned to the House. He had no doubt that the forcible expulsion of one rebel would have a salutary effect on the rest. Coker was gone—he was done with Coker!

But Coker was not gone! Mr. Brander was very far from having done with Coker.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hard Pressed!

"SOMETHING'S up," said Bob Cherry.

"Keep your eyes open, you fellows!"

"What-ho!"

Harry Wharton & Co. watched the passage, across the barricade. The passage was empty, and nobody could be seen on the landing at the end. But sounds came from the stairs.

"What on earth are they up to?" asked Frank Nugent, as the juniors listened eagerly to the sounds from the distance.

"Goodness knows," said Harry. "Sounds as if they're dragging something up the stairs."

"Whatever it is we'll put paid to it," said the Bounder.

"Hear, hear!"

"Here they come!" exclaimed Squiff.

The enemy appeared in sight at last on the distant landing. Mr. Brander appeared first, with Van Tromp of the Sixth. Following him came Gosling—not looking very enthusiastic. Trotter, the page, and a couple of menservants came in view, looking still less enthusiastic than Gosling. Then came Mr. Mimble, the gardener, who was dragging something after him, and panting with the effort. The under-gardener followed, helping him drag.

"What the thump——" ejaculated Todd.

"Oh, my hat! It's the hose——"

"The garden hose——"

"Phew!"

The faces of the fellows at the barricade grew serious.

They were behind a strong defence. More and more bedsteads, and boxes, and other things had been stacked up and wedged together, and they had no doubt of being able to defend their stronghold against a rush, unless the odds were very heavy indeed. But the barricade, though strong and stout, was not solid. There were many interstices in it, and through every opening the water would come streaming when the hose was turned on.

"Gentlemen, chaps and fellows," said Bob Cherry, "it's going to be wet."

"The wetfulness is going to be terrific."

"What's the odds?" said the Bounder. "Wet or dry, we're going to stick it out!"

The juniors watched anxiously.

The hose was long and heavy in proportion to its length. It wriggled up the staircase like a huge snake. Mr. Mimble stood on the landing, breathing hard, with the nozzle in his hand. The under-gardener heaved up a coil of the hose, and it circled round Mr. Mimble.

"You have affixed the other end Mimble?" asked Mr. Brander.

"Yessir!"

"And turned on the water?"

"Yessir!"

"Very well! Follow me!"

"Yessir!"

Mr. Brander strode up the passage. There was a black and bitter expression on his face. Grim looks met him from the rebels.

"Remove this barricade at once!" he rapped out. "Otherwise, the water will be turned on you! I give you one minute!"

"That's more than enough," answered Harry Wharton coolly. "Remove yourself, Brander, or I'll shy this apple at you! I give you one minute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brander gritted his teeth.

"Turn the water on the young rascals, Mimble!" he rapped out.

"Yessir!" Mr. Mimble blinked apologetically at the juniors. "I'm sorry, you gents! Orders is orders!"

"Silence, Mimble! Turn on the water!" hooted Mr. Brander.

Whiz! Whiz! Smash! An apple smote Mr. Brander on the nose, an orange caught him in the eye. He staggered and roared.

"Go it!" roared the Bounder.

And he hurled a pillow, which crashed on the staggering headmaster, and sent him spinning. There was a crash as Mr. Brander landed on the floor.

Swissssh! came from the hose, as Mimble turned it on at the nozzle. A jet of water shot over the barricade, and dropped like rain on the Removites behind. Some of them dodged into the dormitory out of the shower. But most of the Form stood fast at the barricade.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.
 "It's wet!"
 Swish! Slooosh! Splash!
 Mr. Brander staggered up.
 "Lower it, you fool!" he shouted.
 "Here, give it to me!"

Probably he guessed that Mr. Mimble was seeking to let the rebels off lightly. He snatched the hose from the gardener's hand, lowered it, and sent a stream of water shooting through the barricade.

In a moment all the juniors behind it were drenched to the skin.

The force of the water, so close at hand, was great, and Mr. Brander played it mercilessly on them, hitting face after face with the rushing stream, and sending the juniors reeling.

The passage was soon streaming with water. Walls and ceiling dripped and ran with it. Water formed in pools on the floor, and flowed along the passage. The juniors gasped and spluttered and choked.

"Stick to it!" gasped the Bounder. Stick—Gorrrrgh!"

A stream of water caught him in the mouth, and effectually cut off his utterance.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob.

"Ow! Oooooogh!"

"Oh crikey!"

The driving force of the stream fairly drove the defenders back from the barricade. More of them, drenched and dripping, dodged into the dormitory to escape. Others were sprawling, others gouging water from their eyes. All were soaked to the skin, streaming with water. There was no

Whiz!

Mr. Brander flinched as the bat flew. And it was as well for him that he did, for it would certainly have given him a very unpleasant knock. He jumped wildly out of the way, and the bat flew past him, and landed on Gosling's leg, and there was a wild howl from Gosling. In his haste Mr. Brander dropped the hose, and it lay wriggling on the floor, pouring out water in a flood. He grabbed after it the next moment, but in that moment Vernon-Smith came scrambling recklessly over the barricade.

"Back up!" yelled the Bounder.

"Come on!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five scrambled after Smithy. Three or four more fellows scrambled after them. The Bounder reached Mr. Brander just as the headmaster grasped the fallen hose. He grabbed at it, and tore it away from Mr. Brander's hand.

The next instant Mr. Brander's grasp would have been on Smithy; but in that instant he shoved the nozzle of the hose fairly into the headmaster's face. There was a gurgling gasp from Mr. Brander as he spun back-

stream caught him in the back of the neck. Van Tromp yelled as he leaped down the stairs.

Mr. Brander staggered up. He got the full force of the water playing on him mercilessly. With a face that was almost demoniac, the tyrant of Greyfriars turned and bolted. Water clothed him like a garment as he fled.

"Come on!" panted the Bounder.

He rushed in pursuit, dragging the hose after him. From the head of the stairs he turned the stream on the draggled enemy on the landing below. With wild howls they fled down the lower staircase. Mr. Brander's maddened voice was heard yelling to somebody to turn off the water downstairs. Leaning over the banisters, the Bounder played the hose on the fleeing enemy till the last of them vanished.



Coker landed in the road outside the gateway and rolled there gasping for breath. Mr. Brander raised a commanding hand. "Go!" he ordered. "Depart immediately!"

doubt that the tyrant of Greyfriars had found an effectual weapon.

"Otto! Drag away those things!" rapped out Mr. Brander. "Mimble! Trotter! All of you, drag those bedsteads away! Lose no time!"

"Back up, you men!" shouted Wharton.

"Back up!" roared Bob Cherry.

With a grim, ruthless face, Mr. Brander played the hose on them, and drove them back. Van Tromp grabbed at the barricade, and began to drag at it. He was backed up by the others, without enthusiasm, but more or less effectively, under Mr. Brander's savage eye.

Under their attack the barricade began to rock. The Bounder was sprawling on the floor, up-ended by a jet that had caught him under the chin. He scrambled up, and made a desperate rush for the barricade, with a cricket bat in his hand.

wards, choked, and blinded by the stream.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry. "Go for 'em!"

"Back up!" bawled Johnny Bull.

The enemy were round Smithy; but the rush of the Removites drove them back. And then the hose, in Vernon-Smith's grasp, was turned on the assailants. Water swept along the passage, but in the reverse direction. In a twinkling the whole party were drenched, and Gosling and Trotter made a bolt for the stairs. In another twinkling the rest of the party were scudding after them, only anxious to get out of the streaming water.

"Otto!" gasped Mr. Brander. "Otto!" He sprawled in water and spluttered: "Otto, help me! Oooch!"

But Otto van Tromp was running after the rest. Vernon-Smith turned the hose on him as he ran, and the



There was a gurgling sound from the hose, and the water ceased. The lower end was fixed to a bath-room tap on the next floor below; and somebody had turned it off at last.

"Let's get back!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hold on a minute!" said the Bounder. He opened his pocket-knife and slashed at the hose. "They're not going to use this again."

"Good egg!"

In a moment, six or seven pocket-knives were at work. The hose was slashed to pieces right and left. Fragments of it rolled down the stairs. Then the juniors—drenched, dripping, but triumphant—hurried back into the dormitory passage and clambered over the barricade.

"Our win!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We're wet—but we win!"

"The wetfulness is terrific, but the

wifulness is preposterous!" gasped Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Ow! I'm wet!" said Nugent. "Lucky we've got a change of clothes handy! I'm going to change."

"The changefulness is the proper caper!" agreed Hurree Singh. "I am soakfully drenched to my ludicrous skin!"

Some of the rebels remained on guard, while the others changed; and then changed in their turn. But there was no renewal of the attack. The enemy, for the present, seemed to have had enough. The tyrant of Greyfriars had failed once more; and if he was planning another move against the rebels he was evidently not ready to get on with it.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Only Coker!

NIGHT fell on Greyfriars School. The summer sun went down on a school that was throbbing with excitement from end to end.

In every study, in every passage, fellows in groups discussed the barring-out; and there were few who did not wish well to the rebels.

And whoever might be doubtful, whoever might be dismayed, there was no doubt or dismay in the Remove.

Nothing succeeds like success; and victory had encouraged and exhilarated the rebels. Even Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish were feeling bucked.

"We're all right!" Bob Cherry declared confidently. "They can't get at us—and we've lots of grub, so we can hold out as long as we jolly well like. We're going to beat Brander hollow."

"Hear, hear!" chorused the rebels. "And we—Hullo, hallo, hallo! What the thump!" ejaculated Bob suddenly, as the electric light vanished and the dormitory was left in darkness.

"What the dickens—"

"I say, you fellows!"

"Brander!" exclaimed Smithy. "The brute's cut off the light at the main."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"The awful rotter!"

"I say, you fellows, have you got any candles? You ought to have thought of getting some candles!"

"Did you think of it, fathead?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Never mind!" said Wharton. "We don't want a light for going to bed, or for keeping guard in the passage. And we've got a few candle-ends in the dorm."

"I say, you fellows, I can't go to bed in the dark!"

"Kick him!"

"Yarooooh!" roared Potter of the Fifth.

"Hullo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter with you, Potter?"

"Ow! Some silly ass kicked me!"

"Oh! I thought it was Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! You silly young ass! Ow!"

"All Brander's fault for leaving us in the dark," said Bob. "Put it down to Brander, old bean!"

"Ow! You chump! Ow!"

"Where's Bunter? Come here, Bunter—I haven't kicked you yet!"

"Beast!" Billy Bunter's voice replied from a safe distance. "Yah!"

"Well, we're in the dark," said Bob. "Who cares?"

"The carefulness is not terrific."

"It's past bed-time, anyhow," said Harry. "Better turn in! Half a dozen fellows will be enough to keep watch in the passage, in case they come for us in the night. We must take it

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

in turns to watch. You Fifth-Form men can turn in if you like."

"Oh, we'll take our turn!" said Greene. "I wish poor old Coker was here! It was his idea to join you chaps."

"Why didn't he come up with you two?" asked Wharton.

"Hadn't sense enough!" said Potter. "No good expecting poor old Coker to have any sense. I saw them yanking him away, from the passage window—I hope he had a nice journey home. Pity he's such an idiot!"

The hour was growing late; and, the light being cut off, nobody wanted to sit up in the dark. So the guard was set in the passage, and the rest of the rebels turned in.

Greyfriars was still and silent. The rest of the school, apparently, had already gone to bed. The Famous Five and Potter of the Fifth kept the first watch. From the dormitory came the deep and resonant snore of William George Bunter, awaking the echoes of the night.

The summer starlight gleamed in at the high passage window, dimly revealing the half-dozen fellows who were keeping watch.

Harry Wharton, leaning on the barricade, was trying to keep his eyes open when a sudden sound from the window, only a couple of yards away, startled him, and in an instant he was on the alert.

One side of the casement had been

NOTE!

**Next week's issue of the
MAGNET will be on sale
FRIDAY, August 1st.**

left open, to let in the fresh air. The window was sixty feet from the ground, and there were projecting buildings and slanting roofs below it, which seemed to bar off attack from that quarter. But Wharton, as he heard that sudden sound, remembered that there was a thick iron rainpipe beside the window, running to a gutter on a lower roof. Certainly Mr. Brander could not have made such a climb, and Wharton could hardly believe that Van Tromp would have the nerve. But the brushing, rustling sound, and a gasping breath, told plainly that a climber was there.

"My hat!" breathed Wharton.

A head and shoulders darkened the starlight in the open window.

Wharton stared at them blankly.

Head and shoulders came in, and two arms, followed by a clambering body. There was a grunt that told of exertion.

The clambering figure rolled in.

As it landed on the floor of the passage, Harry Wharton leaped at it, shouting to his comrades.

"Back up, you fellows!"

"Hullo, hallo, hallo! What—"

"Lend a hand here!" yelled Wharton.

"Oooooo!" came in a gurgling splutter from the unknown newcomer, as Wharton's sudden jump sent him sprawling on the floor, with the captain of the Remove sprawling over him.

"Woooooooh!"

"What the thump!" gasped Potter.

"Collar him!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Sit on his head!"

"Squash him!"

"Groooooogh! Ow! Wow! Gerroff! Hooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd lighted a candle-end.

"You may as well give in, fathead!" gasped Wharton. "We've got you! Hold him, you fellows! He's wriggling like an eel! Show a light here, Toddy!"

"Here you are!"

"Now, then, you rotter, you're a jolly old prisoner!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Hold him while I bang his head on the floor, you chaps—that will soothe him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang!

"Yarooogh! Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! You young sweeps—leggo! I'll smash you! I'll spificate you! I'll—"

"Great pip!"

"Coker!"

"Coker of the Fifth!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Coker!" said Potter and Greene dazedly. "Oh crikey!"

Coker of the Fifth was released, and he staggered to his feet. He glared round wrathfully at the grinning Removites.

"I've a jolly good mind to wade in and mop up the lot of you!" he roared.

"Here I've been hanging about the school for hours and hours, waiting for a chance to get in and join you, and this is the way you treat a fellow! I've a jolly good mind to thrash the lot of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly glad to see you, old man," said Potter soothingly. "I thought you'd been sacked—"

"Don't be an ass, Potter!"

"I thought you'd gone home," said Greene.

"Don't be a fool, Greene!"

"Well, here you are, and you're welcome," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We won't let Brander turn you out, Coker."

"Don't be a cheeky idiot, Wharton!"

"Look here—" began Bob.

"Don't jaw, Cherry!"

"My esteemed and idiotic Coker—"

"Shut up!" said Coker. "Now, look here, you kids! I've come to join you, and to take command, and make a success of this business. I don't want any jaw, or any cheek, or any criticism, or any insubordination. Now I'm here, I want you to understand clearly that you've got to toe the line."

"Why, you cheeky ass—" began Bob.

"Shut up, Cherry! I don't want to begin by licking any of you," said Coker. "But it's got to be clearly understood that I'm leader here, and that I don't allow any argument. Now, if there's any grub going, I'll have some supper—I'm hungry! You needn't speak, Wharton—just hand out some grub and shut up!"

Horace Coker was provided with supper. While he ate it, he told Potter and Greene his plans for carrying on the war against the tyrant of Greyfriars, as undisputed leader of the rebellion. Potter and Greene winked at one another but said nothing.

But it was fairly certain that the Removites would have something to say, when Horace Coker started to assume command. Coker of the Fifth was the only fellow who had no doubt that he was going to be leader of the barring-out at Greyfriars.

THE END.

(Be sure you read the next yarn in this exciting barring-out series. It's entitled: "ALL BUSY ON THE GREYFRIARS FRONT?" and it is full of startling situations. And don't forget—there are Four More Free Photos next week, boys.)

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(INTRODUCTION ON NEXT PAGE.)

"I have tried to make a German of Guy Tempest; but I have failed, and he has turned against us. The traitor must be apprehended . . . dead or alive!"—Dr. Zolhoff, Chief of the German Secret Service.

The Alarm!

RECOVERING himself, Anton ran forward, and raising Zolhoff's head tore at the fastenings of the gag. As he loosened it Zolhoff's eyes flickered open.

"Herr Doktor," quavered the old man, working feverishly at the bonds, "you have been attacked—I did not know—I heard nothing—"

"Get me some brandy!" cut in Zolhoff croakingly, as the bonds fell away about his arms. "No—wait—answer that telephone first."

With shaking hands Anton picked up the telephone on the writing table.

"It is General Raschen of the Intelligence Bureau—speaking from the Wilhelmstrasse," he said, turning his head towards Zolhoff.

"Then tell him to come here at once—without a moment's delay," rasped the doctor. "Here—give me the phone!"

Rising weakly to his feet he tottered to the table and snatched the receiver out of Anton's hand.

"That you, Raschen?" he said harshly. "Dr. Zolhoff speaking. Take this W.H. call and have it put through to every station within our frontiers. The Hauptmann Guido von Sturm is to be arrested the moment his whereabouts are discovered. If he resists arrest then he is to be shot. If he is taken alive or dead, he is to be searched without delay. He has in his possession a paper which on no account must fall into enemy hands!"

A pause, whilst Anton, ashen of face, stood plucking at his lips with trembling fingers. What orders were these he was hearing? The Herr Hauptmann von Sturm to be arrested! It was incredible—fantastic. Had Dr. Zolhoff taken leave of his senses—

"A traitor?" Zolhoff was speaking again to Raschen at the other end of the line, and his voice was a snarl. "Yes, a cursed traitor. We've got to get him, I tell you. If he succeeds in crossing the line, Germany can haul down her flag. Yes—the situation is as desperate as that. Order Krage, the stupid fool, to report to the bureau immediately. Put your best men on to this job, then come to me here at the Gartenstrasse, at once. Use your fastest car. And remember—this is a W.H. call. Von Sturm must be apprehended at all costs!"

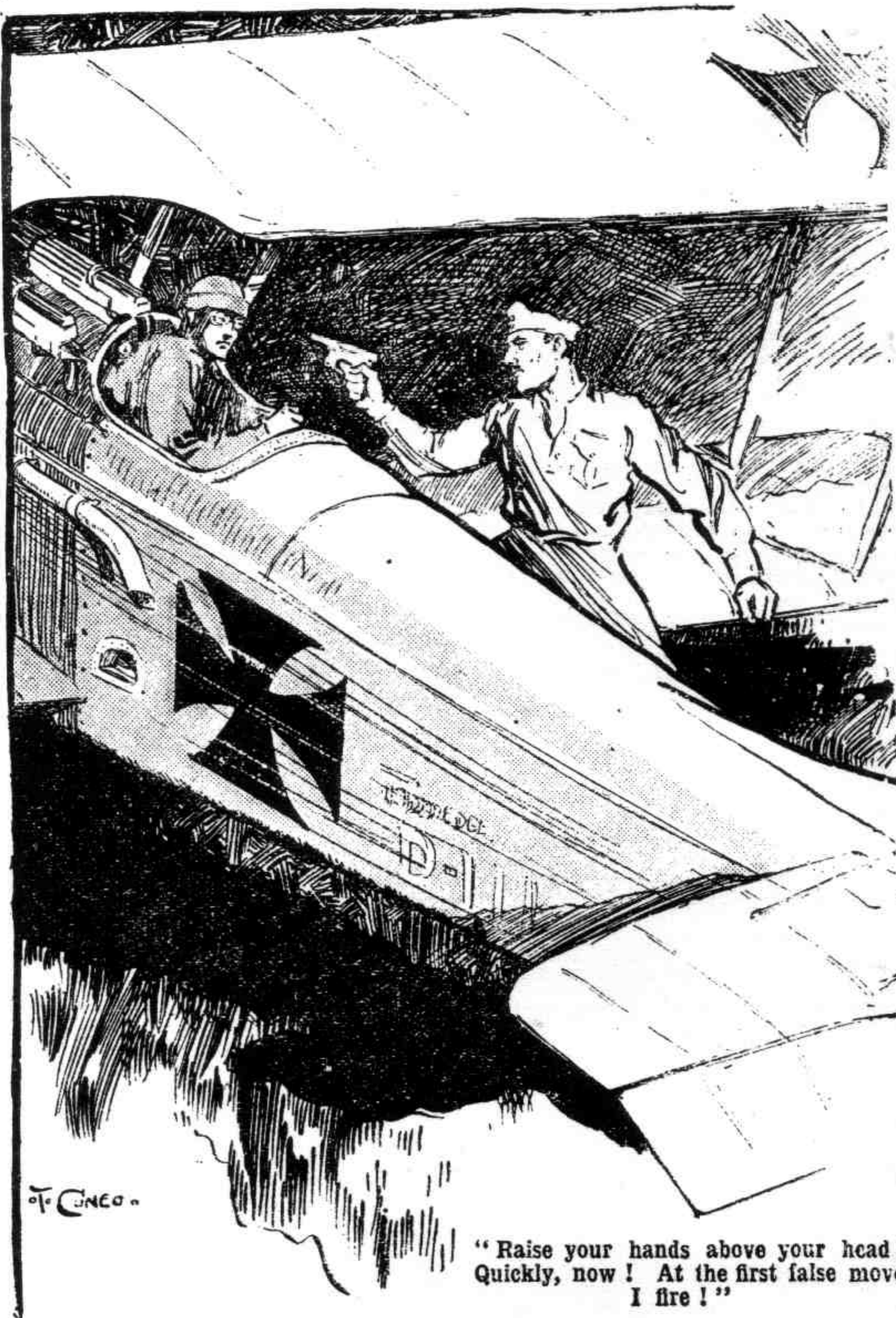
A W.H. call!

That meant that every wireless and telephone station throughout Germany would stand by to take and send out the urgent message ordering the arrest of the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm, and the shooting of him dead if he resisted arrest.

Replacing the receiver, Zolhoff turned to Anton.

"There is a viper to have nourished in one's bosom," he said with venomous fury. "I tried to make a German out of that British dog; but I have failed, and he has turned against us. But when we get him—"

He broke off, the long tapering fingers



"Raise your hands above your head! Quickly, now! At the first false move I fire!"

of his hands clenching slowly with horrible menacing gesture.

"But, Herr Doktor," whispered Anton hoarsely. "British, did you say—you mean the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm?"

Zolhoff gave vent to a short, rasping laugh.

"Yes, British, you fool!" he snarled. "You never knew he was British when I brought him here eighteen years ago. But he was. Tempest is his name—Guy Tempest, and I stole him to avenge myself on his father, the man who balked me and had me thrown into a cursed English prison!"

He broke off, passing a shaking hand across his brow.

"Get me some brandy," he muttered, "and show General Raschen in here the instant he arrives!"

On Erfurt Aerodrome!

MIDNIGHT of that fateful night saw the Commandante Paltz in command of the German School of Flying Instruction at Erfurt, abed in his quarters and snoring lustily. So lustily, in fact, that the duty officer, the elegant Lieutenant Alberich, could scarce suppress a grimace of disgust as he bent down and shook the stout pyjama-clad form.

"Herr Commandante!" he said
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,172.

sharply. "Herr Commandante—a W.H. call for your attention—from the Wilhelmstrasse!"

"Uh-huh!" grunted Pultz, waking and gaping blankly up at the lieutenant. "What's that? What's the matter? What do you say?"

"A W.H. call, sir, from the Wilhelmstrasse," repeated the duty officer. "For your immediate attention, sir!"

He thrust forward a grey-coloured slip of paper. Reluctantly Pultz took it. He hated being disturbed in this manner.

"What's this?" he grunted, gaping at the paper. "A what call, did you say?"

"A W.H. call, sir!" repeated Alberich impatiently. "It is for your immediate and most urgent attention!"

"Then why in thunder didn't you say so before?" roared Pultz, now thoroughly awake. "Blitzern und blut! You stand there silent like some great dumb fool, although I keep asking you what you want and then you hand me this. Himmel and tollheit! Have I not enough responsibilities already without being burdened by officers who are idiots and half-wits? Get me my glass, blister you! How in fury do you think I'm to read this without my glass? There it is—there on the dressing-table!"

Crossing to the dressing-table, the lieutenant returned with the commandante's monocle. Snatching it, Pultz jammed it into his eye and read the message which, relayed by telephone from Leipzig, had just been received:

By Telephone.

To

*The Commandante Pultz,
No. 7, School of Flying Instruction,
Erfurt.*

You are hereby instructed to keep the closest watch for the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm. Should he land on your aerodrome, you will place him instantly under arrest. In the event of his resisting arrest or attempting to escape, you will shoot to kill. If Von Sturm is apprehended by you, you will immediately inform the Intelligence Bureau to that effect, and will hold him prisoner pending instructions. Further, you are ordered to have him searched without delay, and all papers found on him are to be confiscated and returned immediately under special seal to the Intelligence Bureau.

Raschen,

German Intelligence Bureau.

Later.—It has been ascertained that Guido von Sturm is making towards the line in a Kabeltau scout.

A gasp came from Commandante Pultz as he finished reading, and the eyes which he raised to Alberich seemed to be literally protruding with astonishment.

"What—what do you make of that?" he stuttered. "What do you think he's been doing?"

"I cannot say, sir!" answered the lieutenant stiffly.

Pultz glowered at him.

"No," he exploded furiously, "I don't suppose you can! You're like the rest of the stupid blockheads here—leave me to do all the thinking. A discipline course with the cursed infantry would

smarten some of you up. Go on, get out! I want to dress. I'll attend to this affair myself. Get out, curse you!"

The Lieutenant Alberich got out, rigid of back and flushed of face.

Scarce had he gone than Pultz had bundled out of bed and was at the door bellowing for his batman.

There was a great deal of the buffoon about Pultz. His job as officer commanding the No. 7 School of Flying Instruction was practically a sinecure, and had been obtained for him by influence in the right quarter. It was his efficient adjutant and his grim-faced instructors who did the work for which Pultz took all the credit and the praise.

Of course, if blame or reprimand happened to be handed out instead of praise, then that was a different matter. Pultz was never responsible then. Certainly not. It was the stupid pigs under him who were at fault—the stupid pigs who day in and day out patiently bore his bullying, bounce, and bragging and went quietly on with their job, turning out fighting pilots who would take the places of those who had died, and were dying, above the battle smoke of the Western Front.

Erfurt lay well behind the danger zone, and for that Pultz was profoundly thankful. He hadn't the slightest desire to be bombed every day and every night like some of his colleagues whose aerodromes, poor fools, were situated near the line. But in spite of a lively sense of gratitude for his immunity from the schweinhund Englanders' bombs, Pultz had a distinct grievance.

At Erfurt he had no chance of distinguishing himself in a spectacular manner. No chance of showing the German High Command what a really fine fellow he was. One day passed very like another at Erfurt. Pupils would come as fledglings and go as pilots. Then perhaps there would come a day when news would filter through that so-and-so had been killed out yonder towards the west where lay the fighting front.

Then Pultz would remember him, or try to remember him, and if he had been a good pupil, he would shake his head mournfully and say it was a very sad; and if he had been a bad pupil Pultz would nod his head knowingly and say that he had been expecting it.

But all that wasn't very exciting, and Pultz was longing for a chance to do something really startling.

And that chance might be coming within the next hour!

Blatter und blitzern! Suppose for one moment that Von Sturm—the so-badly-wanted Von Sturm—did happen to land at Erfurt? He'd never get away again. No, that he would not. He, the Commandante Pultz, would see to that.

Aided by his batman, he got himself into his clothes, and, struggling into his long field-grey overcoat, with its thick fur collar, he hastily made his way

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 and that he was kidnapped as an infant. Guy overpowers the doctor and then makes good his escape with a paper, the property of the German Intelligence Bureau, containing information of the most vital importance. A few hours later, Zolhoff is found by Anton, his manservant, bound and gagged in his library.

(Now read on.)

through the darkness to the squadron office, where the adjutant was seated with the Lieutenant Alberich.

"What measures have you taken to effect the arrest of the Hauptmann von Sturm should he land here?" demanded Pultz.

"I have doubled the guards, Herr Commandante," replied the adjutant, who had risen and was stiffly at attention. "The tarmac is being patrolled and I have given orders that the mechanics on night duty are to be armed in case the Hauptmann von Sturm should endeavour to evade arrest in the event of his landing here."

There was little more the adjutant could have done. Pultz realised that and felt at once disappointed. He would have welcomed an opportunity of finding a fault somewhere so that he could have pounced upon it and made the adjutant look a fool.

"Have you seen to it that the mechanics are armed?" he snapped.

"I have, sir!" answered Alberich.

Pultz wheeled on him.

"Silence, you!" he barked. "How dare you speak when I am addressing—"

He broke off, switching his gaze to the adjutant who had stepped quickly to the open window of the room. And in that moment of silence, Pultz suddenly tensed.

For plainly to his ears, borne on the still night air, came the deepening drone of a powerful aero engine gaining rapidly in volume.

The adjutant turned sharply from the window.

"That machine is heading this way, Herr Commandante!" he said, crisply.

"Blut und blein!" breathed Pultz, fervently. "If it is only he—"

"He has fired a Verey light, sir," cried Alberich, by the window. "He appears to be trying to pick up the aerodrome!"

Pultz rushed to the window. From an altitude of two thousand feet in the night sky, and half a mile or more away, a green magnesium cartridge was falling, flaring earthwards from the approaching machine.

Pultz whirled on the adjutant.

"Do you recognise that engine?" he roared. "It's a Kabeltau. Out on to the aerodrome, you fool, and have the 'All Clear' landing signal fired and the landing lights switched on. Hurry, curse you!"

A few moments later, from the tarmac which fronted the hangars, a red Verey light soared up into the night, and out on the aerodrome the lights of the landing L glowed golden through the darkness.

The machine roared low over the hangar roofs. Then suddenly the thunder of its engine died away and like some great silver moth it came gliding down to earth in the illumination of the landing lights.

A burst of the throttle brought it surging round and taxiing in towards the shadowy hangars.

In the cockpit, Von Sturm was seated, with features grim and set. He knew full well the risk he was taking, but it was a risk he was absolutely forced to take. He had to have petrol.

And as he surged forward towards the tarmac he felt a sense of relief. For

with the exception of two mechanics running towards him, the place appeared deserted. If the alarm had been raised then surely there would have been more signs of activity than this.

Throttling down, he brought the machine to a quivering halt with propeller ticking over. As he did so, the foremost mechanic swung himself up to the lower starboard plane and leaned forward against the cockpit.

"Erfurt aerodrome, sir," he said, and his voice was the voice of the adjutant had Von Sturm but known it. "Is there anything you require?"

"Yes, I wish to refuel at once——" began the boy.

Then the words trailed away. For without the slightest warning he found himself staring into the menacing muzzle of a squat automatic which had appeared as though by magic in the hand of the dungaree-clad adjutant.

"Take your hands from the controls!" grated the adjutant. "Raise them above your head. Quickly now! At the first false move I fire!"

For a brief moment the boy hesitated. But resistance was hopeless with that gun inches only from his face. Slowly his gloved hands crept above his head.

The Trial!

NOT a sound disturbed the hushed expectant stillness as General Raschen, president of the German military court, rose slowly to his feet to address the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm, who stood before the court on trial for his life.

For three long days in the Graustrasse barracks of Berlin, in a room plainly furnished with chairs and blanket-covered tables, the trial had dragged its weary length. And now, as the setting sun was shining across the barrack square, softening the dreary gauntness of those grey and gloomy buildings, the closing stages had been reached.

"Guido von Sturm," said General Raschen, his voice ringing out harshly in the deathly silence, "you stand before this court charged with gross treachery to your country in that you were apprehended whilst making towards the enemy lines with the avowed intention of offering your services to the British Army in the field."

He paused, his stern, cold gaze on the boyish prisoner who, rigidly erect between his escort, faced him across the room.

"Further," he went on, "you have had in your possession a certain paper of the most confidential nature. That paper—the property of the German Intelligence Bureau, contains information of the most vital importance to our enemies. It was your avowed intention to hand that paper over to the British."

Again he paused, and when next he spoke a quiver of anger had crept into his voice.

"The fact that the paper was not found upon you at the time of your arrest might have been held as a point in your favour had you not had the almost incredible audacity to inform this court that the paper has not been destroyed, but is still in existence, and that in the event of your ever regaining your liberty you will do your utmost to deliver it into British hands."

A murmur ran round the room, but was instantly quelled by the cold, searching glance of General Raschen.

"Guido von Sturm," he said grat-

ingly, turning again to the prisoner, "before the court considers its verdict I call upon you to make what reparation lies in your power. I call upon you to inform this court where the paper, which you took from the library of Dr. Zolhoff, is to be found."

The firm lips of Von Sturm curved into a faint smile.

"I am sorry, Herr General," he said, "but I must refuse."

The hands of General Raschen clenched spasmodically, and his eyes blazed.

"This defiance will cost you dear——" he began menacingly.

"No dearer, I imagine," cut in Von Sturm calmly, "than the shooting-party you already have in store for me."

Dr. Zolhoff, seated by the side of General Raschen, touched the latter on the arm.

"Call Colonel von Jager again," he said quietly.

Colonel von Jager, seated at a blanket-covered and paper-strewn table across the room, pushed back his chair and rose at the request of the president.

"Colonel von Jager," said Zolhoff, his deep-set eyes fixed intently on the man who faced him, "have you anything to add to the evidence you have already given?"

"No, nothing," replied Von Jager.

"You still adhere to what you have sworn on oath," pressed Zolhoff—"that from the moment the prisoner left my house on the night in question, with the stolen paper in his possession, he was never for an instant out of either your sight or your company until you and he were met by the Unter-Offizier Grimmhedbagh, at the military aerodrome on the outskirts of the city?"

"I swear that, Herr Doktor!"

"And during the time he was in your company," continued Zolhoff, "the prisoner made no attempt to either hide or destroy any paper?"

"No attempt whatsoever, Herr Doktor," replied Von Jager earnestly. "I swear it!"

Zolhoff nodded.

"You and the prisoner travelled to the aerodrome by car that night," he went on.

"Yes."

"And since then the car, including its cushions and upholstery, has been thoroughly and painstakingly searched for the missing paper, but without success?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Then, we are safe in assuming," said Zolhoff, "that the prisoner still had the paper in his possession when he left you and walked in the direction of the hangars with Grimmhedbagh?"

"Yes, quite safe, Herr Doktor!"

"Very good!" said Zolhoff quietly. "That is all, thank you!"

Colonel von Jager bowed stiffly and reseated himself. Zolhoff turned to General Raschen.

"Call Unter-Offizier Grimmhedbagh," he said.

The youthful Grimmhedbagh, seated near Colonel von Jager, rose to his feet. Very strained and worried he looked, too, for this terrible affair had violently uprooted his faith in human nature. Always he had so admired the young and brilliant Hauptmann Guido von Sturm.

"Unter-offizier Grimmhedbagh," Zolhoff addressed him sharply, "it has been proved conclusively, and to the entire satisfaction of this court, that during the time the prisoner was in your company the night he left the military

aerodrome in his endeavour to reach the enemy lines, he had in his possession the paper which he had stolen from my library. You have already given evidence on oath to the effect that whilst in your company the prisoner made no effort to either hide or destroy any such paper. Do you still adhere to that evidence?"

"I do, sir," gulped Grimmhedbagh.

"And you insist that from the moment he stepped out of the car of Colonel Jager," pressed Zolhoff, "till the moment he mounted to the cockpit of his machine, prisoner was never for an instant out of either your sight or your company?"

"I insist that he was never for an instant out of my sight or my company, sir," answered Grimmhedbagh earnestly.

"Then you agree that he must still have had the paper in his possession when he took the air?" questioned Zolhoff.

"Yes, sir, I do."

Zolhoff nodded.

"Thank you!" he said. "That is all!"

With a sigh of relief Grimmhedbagh resumed his seat.

"Call Hauptmann Feld," said Zolhoff, turning to the president of the court.

At the request of General Raschen, the Hauptmann Feld, adjutant of Erfurt Aerodrome, rose to his feet.

"Hauptmann Feld," said Zolhoff, his eyes on the stern-visaged face of the adjutant, "it was you who arrested the prisoner the moment he landed at Erfurt Aerodrome on the night in question?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"You found no sign of the paper?"

"No, sir; the paper was not in his possession," answered the adjutant firmly.

"Following further instructions from headquarters," went on Zolhoff, "you had the machine thoroughly searched for the missing paper, but without finding the slightest trace of it?"

"Yes, sir; that is correct," replied the adjutant. "The machine was dismantled, piece by piece. The paper was not aboard it."

Zolhoff was silent for a moment.

"It amounts then to this," he said harshly. "The prisoner had the paper in his possession when he left Berlin. It was not in his possession when he landed at Erfurt aerodrome. It is evident, therefore, that he either destroyed it during the course of the flight or landed somewhere and hid it——"

"I did neither!" cut in the cool, amused voice of Guido von Sturm. "May I address the court, Herr doktor?"

"It is I to whom such a request should be made!" growled General Raschen angrily.

Van Sturm bowed.

"A thousand pardons if I have offended, Herr general," he drawled. "Have I then your permission to address the court?"

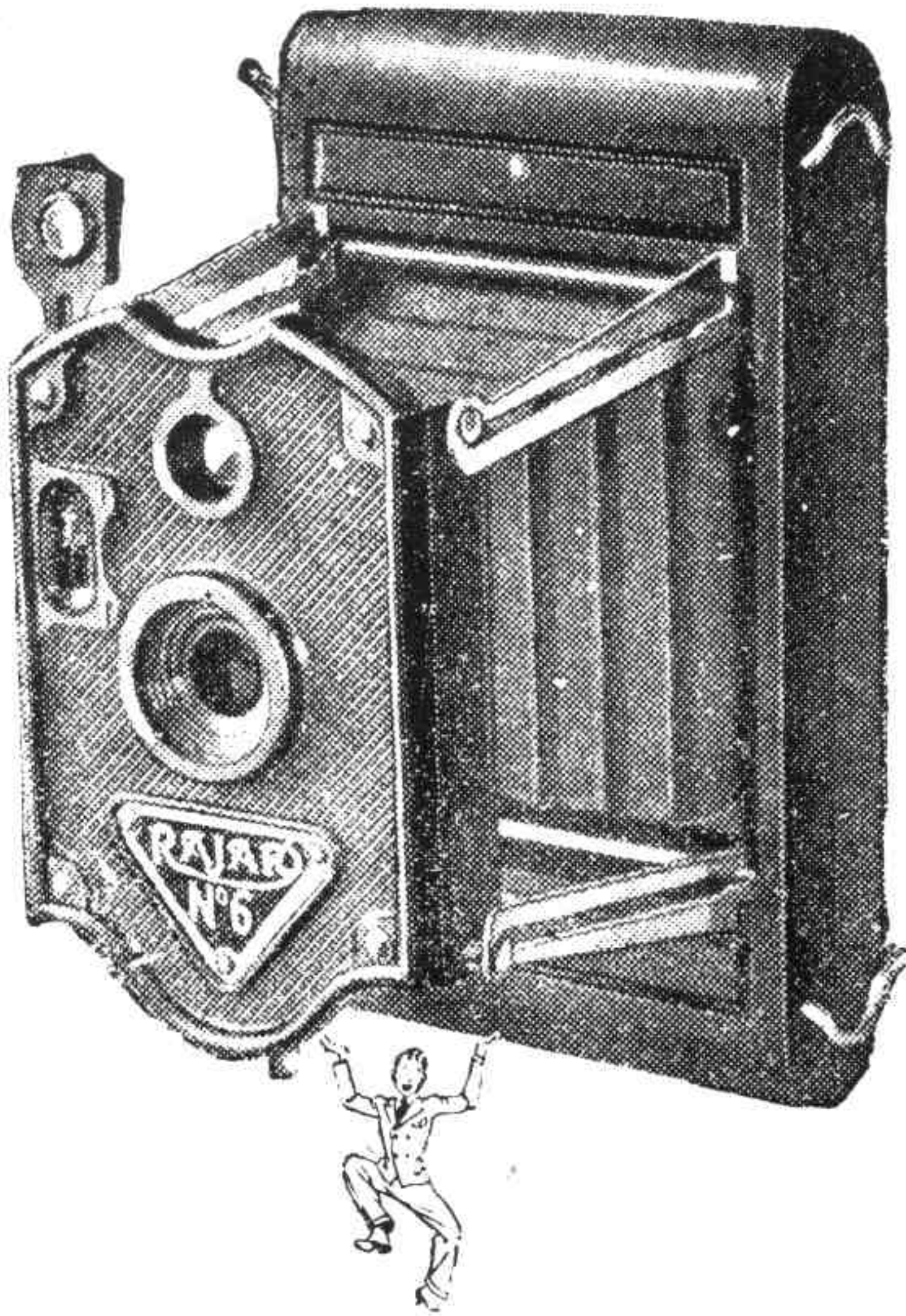
General Raschen turned questioningly to Dr. Zolhoff. The latter nodded.

"You may address the court," said General Raschen, turning again to Von Sturm.

"I thank you," replied the boy, with a courteous inclination of his head.

(Although he stands in a German court on trial for his life, young Guy Tempest is not unduly perturbed, as you will learn when you read next week's trenchant instalment of this vivid War serial. Order next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER early, boys.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1.172.



2000

COUPONS—ONLY

Boys! Begin *now* to collect B.D.V. Coupons for this wonderful folding camera. Rajar . . . British made. Worth 2 guineas. Fine Meniscus lens. Daylight loading. Simple to understand. Takes perfect snaps 3½" x 2½". Get it—FREE—this summer.

B.D.V.

—“as good as the best non-coupon cigarettes”

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. Plain or Cork Tips.

Coupons also in every packet of B.D.V. Tobacco. 11d. per oz.

GREAT GIFT BOOK. 100 pages. Over 375 fine gifts. And 5 free coupons. Write for your copy—*to-day*—from Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., Dept. M., 112, Commercial Street, London, E.1. (Coupons also should be sent to this address. Register them—as a safeguard against loss in post.)



. . . bat like
BRADMAN

. . . bowl like
GRIMMETT

1 Two marvellous booklets written by C. V. Grimmett—one telling how *you* can be a master run-maker like Bradman, the other how you can be a wizard wicket-taker like Grimmett.

also **THUMB
CINEMA**

2 . . . A “Thumb cinema” showing, in slow motion, either Bradman making the ball whizz to the boundary or Grimmett delivering one of his “unplayables.” (Say which you want—Grimmett or Bradman.)

Get these great
AUTOGRAPHS

3 . . . The personal ink-autographed photo of your favourite Australian cricketer. (Specify which you want.) You will receive this autograph by return, plus two booklets describing Grimmett’s bowling and Bradman’s batting. *And*, one Thumb cinema showing *two* of Bradman’s strokes or *two* of Grimmett’s bowling actions. State which of these Thumb cinemas you require—Bradman’s or Grimmett’s.

ALL FOR

40

COUPONS