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The MAGNET²

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ROARS OF MERRIMENT in this week's GREAT BARRING-OUT STORY.

SMASHING COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY!

ALL BUSY ON THE

THE



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wake Up!

CLANG, clang!

The rising-bell rang out over Greyfriars in the sunny summer morning.

Bob Cherry sat up and yawned.

Bob was not in bed, in the Remove dormitory, as he would have been, had matters been in a normal state at Greyfriars School.

Matters at the old school were far from being in a normal state.

Bob Cherry had slumbered on a mattress, spread on the floor of the passage outside the dormitory. Round about him were a dozen other Remove men camped in a similar way.

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was leaning on the barricade of bedsteads stacked across the passage.

He had been keeping watch.

Bob gave him a sleepy grin.

"All serene, old man?" he asked.

"All serene," answered Wharton. "I rather fancied they might have tried on something in the night. But Brander seems to be fed-up for the present."

"We'll feed him up to the chin before we've done with him!" said Bob. "This barring-out is going on till Brander throws up the sponge."

"What-ho!" yawned Johnny Bull, sitting up on his mattress.

"We'll jolly well keep it on till the old Head comes back, and the new Head has to clear out!" said Frank Nugent, as he rubbed his eyes. "No more Brander for me!"

Clang, clang, clang!

Gosling was ringing the rising-bell, just as if things were going on as usual at Greyfriars.

In other dormitories, fellows were turning out, as usual. But there was very unusual excitement. The Fourth and the Shell, the Third, and the Second, the Fifth and the Sixth, had only one topic—the rebellion of the Remove. And they were keen to learn whether the rebellion was still going on, or whether the new headmaster of Greyfriars had succeeded in getting the upper hand of the rebels.

Bob Cherry walked along the passage to the doorway of the Remove dormitory, and looked in. The rising-bell was still ringing, and most of the fellows there were turning out. But some of them were allowing the bell to ring unheeded. Skinner and Snoop were still in bed; and Billy Bunter's deep snore still echoed through the dormitory.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Turn out, you slackers."

And as the slackers did not turn out, Bob obligingly hooked the blankets off Skinner and Snoop, and rolled them out of bed.

"Look here, you silly ass!" roared Skinner. "I'll turn out when I jolly well like, see?"

"Same here!" howled Snoop.

Bob Cherry grinned cheerily, and passed on to Bunter's bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared. "Turn out, Bunter!"

Snore!

"Roll out, fatty!"

Snore!

"Do you want me to bump you out of bed, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Oh, you're awake, are you?"

"N-no, I—I'm fast asleep!" gasped Bunter. "I—I mean, I'm not going to get up. What's the good of having a barring-out if a fellow has to get up at rising-bell? Lemme alone!"

"Out you go!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "I'm going to have another hour!"

"Rising-bell, old fat man!"

"Blow the rising-bell! Aren't we having a barring-out?" demanded Billy Bunter indignantly. "Can't we do as we jolly well like? I'm jolly well going to, anyhow!"

"If you like to get up you can do as

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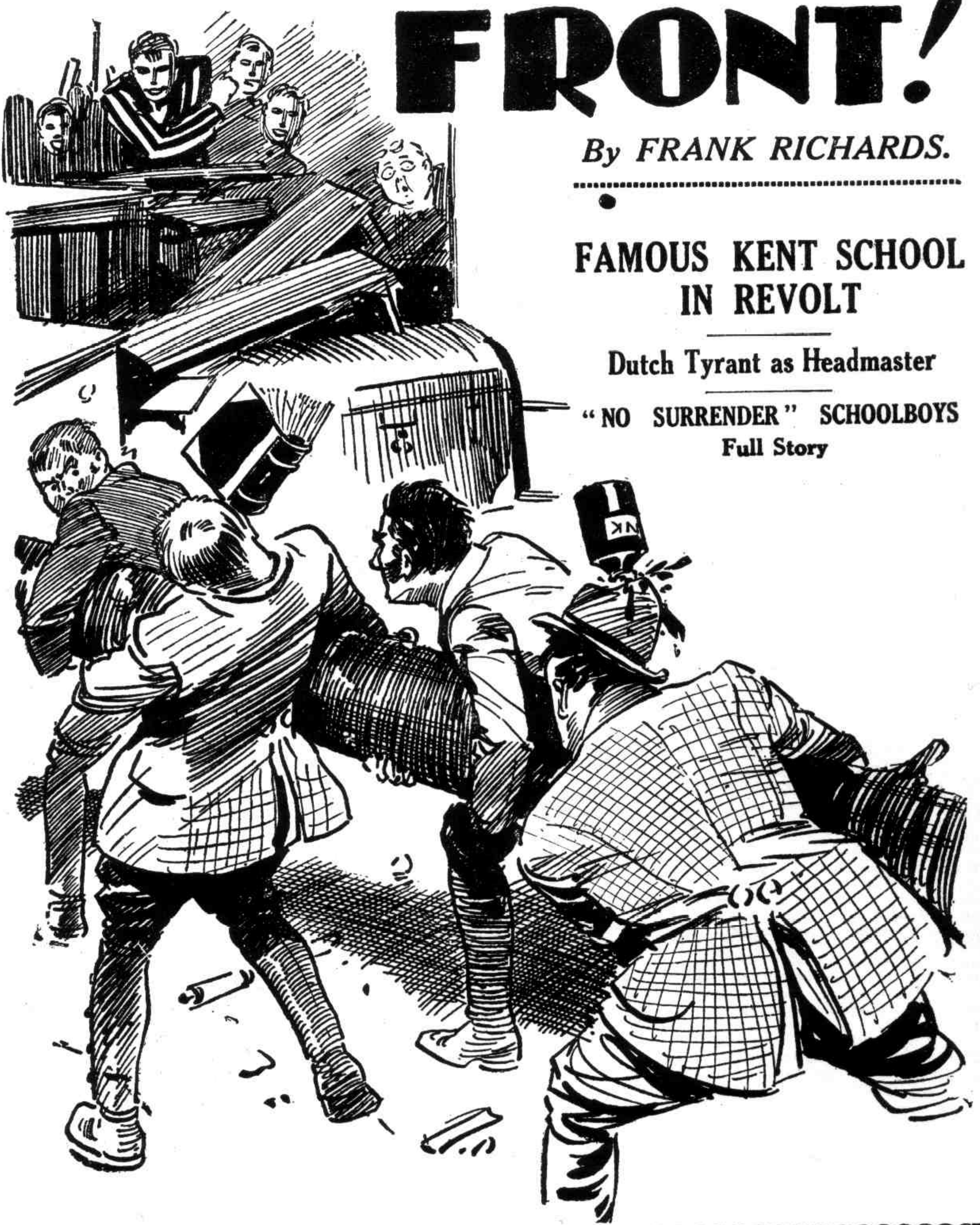
GREYFRIARS FRONT!

By *FRANK RICHARDS.*

**FAMOUS KENT SCHOOL
IN REVOLT**

Dutch Tyrant as Headmaster

**"NO SURRENDER" SCHOOLBOYS
Full Story**



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you jolly well like!" agreed Bob Cherry. "But if you want to stick in bed, you can do as I jolly well like, see? Out you go!"

"Look here, I say— Yaroooooh!" Bunter rolled out of bed in a tangle of bedclothes. He rolled and roared.

"Get a move on, old fat bean," said Bob. "A barring-out doesn't mean slacking. We're standing up against Brander for our rights—not for the privilege of slacking in bed."

"Beast!" "Besides, you'll miss brekker," said Bob. "After brekker the grub's going to be locked up again, and there won't be any more till dinner."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Of course, I'm quite ready to get up. I'm not the fellow to frowst in bed, I hope."

"If you think you're running this show, Bob Cherry—" growled Skinner.

"Cheese it, old bean!" said Bob cheerily. "We want to get brekker out of the way. There will be some more scrapping soon. Brander won't let the morning pass without improving the shining hour."

"You haven't turned Coker out!" sneered Snoop.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coker!" roared Bob. "Up you get! None of your Fifth Form slacking here!"

Coker of the Fifth sat up and glared at Bob. Potter and Greene, of the Fifth, had already turned out.

The three Fifth Form men who had thrown in their lot with the rebel Remove, had been accommodated in the dormitory. Their mattresses were on the floor, for the greater part of the bedsteads had been used in barricading the passage.

"Did you speak to me, Cherry?" demanded Coker.

"I did, old bean! Turn out!"

Coker, to do him justice, was no slacker. He had been awake, in fact, before rising-bell. He was not dozing—he was thinking. Coker had it fixed in his mind that being a Fifth Form man, he had done the rebel juniors a tremendous honour by joining forces with them; and he had no doubt—so far—that he was going to be undisputed leader of the rebellion against the tyrant of Greyfriars. And Coker was thinking out a plan of campaign, when the rising-bell rang—thinking quite hard.

Still, Bob Cherry could not be expected to guess that. Thinking was not really in Coker's line; indeed, there were many fellows at Greyfriars who doubted whether he had the necessary mental apparatus for the process. Seeing Coker still in bed, Bob naturally concluded that he was setting an example of slacking, and never dreamed that Horace Coker's powerful intellect was already at work.

Every other fellow was out of bed now. Coker remained where he was. It was absolutely impossible for Coker of the Fifth to take any notice of injunctions from a Lower Fourth fellow.

Bob did not see the impossibility. He picked up a pillow from another bed, and shied it at Coker.

"Well bowled!" ejaculated the Bounder, as the pillow flattened out over Coker's features.

There was a roar from Coker.

"You cheeky young sweep—"

"Turn out!" answered Bob. "I've got a bolster here—"

"My hat! I—I'll—"

"Better get out, you know," said Potter of the Fifth. "No good slacking. Coker, old man."

Potter, too, was unconscious that

Coker's mighty brain had been at work early.

"Don't be a fool, Potter!" said Coker.

"Well, it's setting rather a bad example to the fags, you know," remarked Greene of the Fifth.

"Don't be a dummy, Greene!"

Whiz! The bolster flew, and Coker did get out of bed. He got out quite involuntarily, for the bolster bowled him over as he sat, and landed him on the floor beside his mattress. Coker's long legs thrashed the air, and his powerful voice was heard far and wide.

"Whoop! Why, I'll smash you—I—I'll—I'll—"

Coker leaped to his feet, crimson with wrath, and made a rush at the grinning Bob. Fortunately for Bob, if not for Coker, his feet caught in the bedclothes, and he came down again with a crash, landing on his nose.

Coker gave a gurgling howl as his nose established contact with the hard, unsympathetic floor of the Remove dormitory.

"Yurrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Wow! My nose! My hat! Oooooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry strolled out of the dormitory, leaving Horace Coker to sort himself out.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Coker Begs for It!

"THIS won't do!"

It was a couple of hours later.

Breakfast was over; the key had been turned in the lock of the cupboard where the tuck was stored. Billy

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The MAGNET!

Bunter's glance followed the closing of the door and the turning of the key sorrowfully. Bunter had had breakfast enough for one—merely that, and nothing more. As he was fully able to deal with breakfast for three, if not four or five, Bunter was not feeling satisfied.

But objections were in vain. The rebels had obtained the whole supplies of the school shop, and the store was large; but there were plenty of mouths in the garrison, and the largest store of provisions could not last for ever.

The Greyfriars rebels did not mean to risk being starved out, even for the sake of so important a personage as William George Bunter. So Bunter, though not satisfied, had to do the best he could on breakfast for one!

He gazed sadly at the locked cupboard; but strong oak divided him from the objects of his affection, so Bunter could only gaze, like a fat Peri, at the gate of paradise.

Every fellow except Bunter agreed that rationing the foodstuffs was a good idea. Even Bunter agreed that it was

a good idea to ration the other fellows. But he felt that an exception ought to be made in his own favour. On that subject, however, the Owl of the Remove was in a minority of one.

Other fellows were thinking of other matters. Skinner had produced a packet of cigarettes, and lighted one, no doubt feeling that a barring-out relaxed all rules. But when Bob Cherry had crammed his packet of cigarettes down his back, Skinner decided to give up smoking.

Most of the fellows had gathered in the passage outside the dormitory. They felt it probable that Mr. Brander would be on the war-path again that morning—for it was simply impossible for the headmaster to allow matters to go on as they were a moment longer than could be helped.

The rebels were rather anxious for him to get on with it. The excitement of scrapping appealed to them more than the repose between the attacks.

Horace Coker had been looking over the defences. It was still borne in upon Coker's mind that he was leader, and that he was monarch of all he surveyed, his right there was none to dispute.

Hence his remark to the Removites gathered at the barricade, after he had surveyed the position.

"This won't do!" said Coker decidedly.

The Famous Five exchanged a smile. The Bounder sniffed. Potter and Greene sighed.

Potter and Greene, being Fifth Form men, and seniors, were not keen on such lawless proceedings as barring-outs, neither did they like being under the protection of juniors. Coker had rowed with the new Head, and fairly dragged them into it; and as they were expelled along with Coker, they were glad enough to take refuge with the rebels. Now Coker was going to row with the rebels. They could see it coming, and they sighed. They felt that even Coker really might behave himself, for once. But they had long ago given up expecting Horace Coker to behave himself.

"What won't do, Coker?" asked Harry Wharton mildly.

"This won't!" said Coker. "All your arrangements are wrong! Fatheaded, in fact. I don't blame you," added Coker kindly. "You're a set of silly fags, and you don't know any better. You haven't had the advantage of my leadership yet. I'm going to set everything right."

"My esteemed and fatheaded Coker—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Don't interrupt," said Coker. "I dislike being interrupted by fags!"

"Look here, you ass—" began Nugent.

"Shut up, Nugent!"

"If you think—" began Bob Cherry.

"He doesn't!" interrupted Vernon-Smith. "He can't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" hooted Coker. "There's no time to waste in silly cackle. Brander may go for us any minute. Now, if—"

"If you've got any suggestion to make, Coker, we'll be glad to hear it," said Harry Wharton.

"I'm not making suggestions. I'm giving orders!" explained Coker.

"Oh, my hat!"

"The whole thing's badly planned," said Coker. "If Brander had the sense of a bunny rabbit, he would have captured the position before now. You've barricaded the passage. Well, the barricade had better be on the stairs. Much easier to defend a staircase."

"But there's two staircases up to the landing yonder," said Harry. "We should have to barricade both, and defend both. That would mean dividing our forces."

"Divide and conquer!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We should do the dividing, and Brander would do the conquering. Equal division of labour."

There was a chuckle from the Removites. Coker was silent for a moment. Apparently his powerful brain had overlooked the existence of the second staircase, which would have had to be defended.

"Now, about the other end of this passage," resumed Coker, after that brief pause. "Suppose you get taken in the rear?"

"There's only a box-room at that end of the passage," said Harry, "and the door's fastened, and it's as strong as anything. We've got Bob's tool-box here, and we've screwed up that door at the end of the passage."

"Oh!" said Coker.

He paused again.

"This won't do," he resumed. "My idea is to move the barricade into the dormitory, and barricade the door. A much safer position."

"But that would cut us off from the passage—"

"That doesn't matter."

"But the bath-rooms are in the passage, and if we give up the passage, we're cut off from our water-supply."

"Oh!" said Coker once more.

The number of details that Coker's powerful brain overlooked was really surprising.

"Any more suggestions?" asked Wharton politely.

The juniors smiled. Coker frowned.

"Dry up, Potter!"

"Don't start a row here, for goodness' sake," said Greene. "It's jolly decent of these kids to take us in and keep us out of Brander's reach."

Coker stared at Greene.

"Is that how you look at it, Greene?" he ejaculated.

"Well, isn't that how it is?" demanded Greene.

"Certainly not! I've come here to take the lead, and make the thing a success. Without that, we're not likely to make much of a job of it. I'm not under the protection of these fags. They're under my protection!"

"Oh, ye gods!" said Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to protect them," said Coker.

"I'm going to see them

suppose I've made myself clear?" said Coker.

"Quite!" said Wharton, laughing.

"The clearfulness is preposterous."

"And now I'll make myself clear, in turn," said the captain of the Remove, "We've given you Fifth Form men shelter here, and you're welcome to stay as long as you like, so long as you back us up in scrapping with Brander and his lot. But we're not looking for a leader, and if we were, we shouldn't pick out the fatheadest fathead at Greyfriars."

"What?" roared Coker.



"This way, Coker!" "Yarooop!" Bob Cherry grasped one of Coker's long legs, while Johnny Bull grasped the other. Then the two Removites trailed the hefty Fifth-Former along the floor towards the dormitory.

"I've told you I'm not making suggestions, Wharton," he said. "I've come here to take command, and give orders. You can hardly expect a Fifth Form senior to do anything else."

"The expectfulness is terrific, my esteemed Coker!"

"Shut up! I want this clearly understood," said Coker. "Any minute Brander may be at us. We don't want any dispute about leadership going on with the enemy at the gates."

"We certainly don't!" agreed Wharton. "But that's all right, Coker. There isn't going to be any dispute. I'm leader."

"Don't be cheeky, Wharton!"

"Look here, Coker, you ass—" began Peter Todd.

"Silence!" rapped out Coker.

"Coker, old man—" murmured Potter, in patient remonstrance.

through. Brander is going to be beaten hollow. He's had the cheek to tell me that I'm expelled from Greyfriars. He's got to take that back. He will be glad enough to take it back before I'm done with him. Then the whole thing ends."

"Does it?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Certainly it does. As soon as I can make proper terms with Brander, and he realises that he can't bully me, order will be restored," said Coker. "I certainly shan't allow this rebellion to go on after that!"

"Oh crumbs! And what about us?" ejaculated Squiff. "Brander's promised us a flogging all round!"

"Well, a flogging all round will do you good," said Coker. "I've always been of the opinion that you fags are not thrashed enough."

"Coker, old man—" pleaded Greene.

"Shut up, Greene! Now, Wharton, I

"You'll obey orders, like the rest, Coker—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And, in the meantime, shut up!"

"Shut up?" repeated Coker dazedly.

"Yes. You talk too much."

"The too-muchfulness is terrific."

"Look here—" roared Coker.

"Order!"

"Cheese it!"

"Shut up, Coker!"

Coker breathed hard through his nose.

It was clear now, even to Coker, that his leadership in the revolt was not going to be undisputed.

"I'm sorry to have to begin by thrashing some of you," said Coker. "But if you ask for it you've only got yourselves to blame. Another word of cheek, Wharton, and you get it."

"You silly owl!"

"That does it!" said Coker; and feeling that there was no alternative, if discipline was to be maintained, Coker of the Fifth promptly grasped Wharton by the collar. "Now, you cheeky young sweep—"

The next moment something like an earthquake happened to Coker of the Fifth.

He hardly knew what had happened; but he knew that he was on the floor, which he had smitten with a mighty bump, and he realised that his head was being banged on the floor by a couple of fellows who had got hold of his ears—which were fortunately of a rather unusual size and gave a good hold.

Bang, bang, bang!

"Yaroooooop!"

"Give him some more!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang!

"Ow! Wow! Yow! Leggo! Lemme gerrup! I'll smash you! I'll pulverise you! I'll spificate you! Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang!

Coker struggled frantically.

"Ow! Wow! Help! Potter—Greene—lend a hand!" shrieked Coker.

"Go and eat coke!" answered Potter.

"You shouldn't ask for things you don't want."

"Why, I'll smash you—I'll—Yooooop!"

"Why can't you shut up, Coker?" asked Greene. "It's a jolly queer thing that you never can shut up."

"You rotter—Yooooop! Leggo—Yaroooooh!"

"Take him away!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Pitch him into the dorm, and leave him there. He can think it over, if he has anything to think with."

"This way, Coker—"

"Yarooooop!"

Bob Cherry grasped one of Coker's long legs; Johnny Bull grasped the other. They marched away, taking Coker's legs with them. Naturally, Coker followed his legs. The rest of Coker trailed along the floor after his legs.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Yaroooooh! I'll smash you! I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Horace Coker was landed in the dormitory in a breathless heap. He gasped and gurgled and spluttered when he was landed there. The chuckling juniors left him and returned to the passage, where, for a time at least, they were untroubled by Horace Coker and his claims to leadership. Coker, for the present, was not thinking of a struggle for the leadership—he was struggling for his second wind.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Sir Hilton Popper Takes a Hand!

"O H!" ejaculated Mr. Brander.

His jaw dropped.

The new Head of Greyfriars was standing at his study window gazing moodily out into the quad.

It was the sight of a tall and rather angular gentleman coming towards the House that caused the headmaster to stare in dismay.

Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court, was not always "persona grata" at Greyfriars, even in the placid time of Dr. Locke, the late headmaster.

The chairman of the Board of Governors was a most important person, and had to be treated with tact and care; and as he lived near Greyfriars

Dr. Locke had had the pleasure—or otherwise—of seeing him quite frequently. And the high frequency, so to speak, of Sir Hilton Popper, had not gladdened the heart of Dr. Locke by any means.

Often had the old Head sighed when he discerned the tall figure of Sir Hilton in the offing.

But if Dr. Locke, the former Head, had never been exactly pleased to see Sir Hilton, Mr. Brander, the present Head, had still less reason for delight.

He gazed at Sir Hilton, as if that stern old gentleman had been a Gorgon instead of a baronet.

"Oh!" he repeated.

Mr. Brander, that morning, was reflecting on the extraordinary state of the school since he had taken control.

SPIN A YARN and ROPE IN A PENKNIFE

like G. Yandall, of 10, Balfour Street, Bengeo, Hertford, Herts, who wins a penknife with the following amusing storyette:



Lady (very much in debt to butcher): "I suppose you have a different joint for every class of customer?"

Butcher: "Yes, we have, madam; and for those who do not pay up we have the 'Cold Shoulder'!"

NOTE:

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He was seeking to devise some method of dealing with the rebellious Removites, and the three seniors who had joined them.

The rest of the school were in the Form-rooms; but Mr. Brander knew how hard the Form masters found it to keep them quiet there.

But for the fact that a constant guard was kept on the stairs, many recruits would have joined the rebels already; and Mr. Brander was in constant dread that whole Forms might follow the example of the Remove.

He felt, indeed, as if he were on a powder magazine, to which a match had already been applied.

Above all, he was anxious that the news of the revolt should not reach the ears of the governors of the school.

If Mr. Brander was satisfied with his own tyrannical methods, which had caused the revolt, he could not disguise from himself that the governors might not be satisfied with them.

He doubted whether even Sir Hilton Popper, a rather tyrannical old gentleman himself, would be satisfied.

But his keen desire to keep the affair from the knowledge of the governors availed nothing now; for here was a governor on the spot!

Sir Hilton walked towards the House, unconscious of the feelings of the man who watched him from the study window.

"Confound him!" murmured Mr. Brander.

His dismay was deep. It was true that Sir Hilton Popper had proposed him as headmaster, to take the place of Dr. Locke while that gentleman was away ill. It was true that Sir Hilton had fairly forced the selection on the Board, against all opposition, having himself a high opinion both of Mr. Brander and of his nephew, Van Tromp.

Sir Hilton's opinion was that Dr. Locke's rule had been too slack and easy-going; that more severity and sternness were required at Greyfriars. And Mr. Brander undoubtedly was the man to provide all the severity and sternness that were required. But it was possible to have too much of a good thing; and if Sir Hilton Popper judged by results, it was scarcely probable that he would regard Mr. Brander's administration as a success.

Sir Hilton disappeared from the gaze of the dismayed headmaster. Mr. Brander turned from the window, his face blackly clouded, his heart beating rather unpleasantly.

His fate trembled in the balance. He had had high hopes of making his temporary headmastership a permanency, with Sir Hilton's support on the governing board. Dr. Locke was too ill to return before the next term; and by that time the new headmaster hoped to have dug himself in, as it were, too securely to be displaced.

So it was fearfully unfortunate for a governor of the school to happen in with matters in their present state.

Mr. Brander realised that subterfuge was impossible. He had to let Sir Hilton know how matters stood, and make the best of it.

But he hoped for the best, from the baronet's tyrannical temper and overbearing nature. Also, Sir Hilton was not the man to admit that he had made a mistake. Mr. Brander was his own selection; the creature of his own hands, as it were. For that reason Sir Hilton would be slow to acknowledge that Mr. Brander had proved himself unfit for his post.

This reflection was consoling; but it was with deep uneasiness that Mr. Brander waited for the baronet to be announced.

With an effort, he calmed his apprehensions, as Trotter announced Sir Hilton Popper. The baronet strode into the study.

There was a grim frown on his brow; and a glance was enough to tell the Head that Sir Hilton knew of what was going on at Greyfriars.

But the frown, apparently, was not on Mr. Brander's account; for Sir Hilton shook hands with him quite warmly.

Mr. Brander felt a throb of relief.

"What is all this I hear, sir?" said Sir Hilton Popper, as he threw himself into a seat. "What—what?"

Mr. Brander coughed.

"You have heard—"

"That there is an outbreak of some kind in the school—rebellion, or something of the sort!" grunted Sir Hilton.

"Is it possible?"

"I regret to say—"

"Then it is true?"

"To some slight extent Sir Hilton—" murmured Mr. Brander. "A certain number of unruly juniors—"

"Young rascals!" ejaculated Sir Hilton.

Mr. Brander breathed more freely.

Really, he had had little ground for apprehension. Sir Hilton was the man to judge a case without hearing any evidence, and to judge it according to his prejudices.

"I am not wholly surprised, sir!" said Sir Hilton.

"Indeed?" faltered Mr. Brander. "I trust that that remark does not imply any doubt of my—my ability to—to—"

"Nothing of the sort, sir! I am not surprised, because I am convinced that the school fell into a state of hopeless slackness under Dr. Locke's rule. I am not surprised, because you were bound to find difficulties in your way in restoring and tightening up discipline."

Mr. Brander smiled. Obviously, he need not have been uneasy; Sir Hilton was really a man after his own heart.

"I have found difficulties—great difficulties, sir!" he replied. "One Form here, the Remove, was in a perfectly uncontrolled state; and the mildest attempt to introduce order into that Form led to rioting."

"Huh!" grunted Sir Hilton.

"Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, has especially placed every possible obstacle in my way—"

"Indeed! I should not have expected that," said Sir Hilton. "I have always had a great respect for Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Brander coughed.

"I share it fully, sir! He is an admirable master. But his personal attachment to the former Head—"

"Ah! Quite so! Very probable!" assented Sir Hilton. "He is prejudiced. I have no doubt of it. But what is the actual present state of affairs, Mr. Brander?"

"Certain boys in the Remove, and the Fifth, I was forced to expel, for persistent and outrageous insubordination and riot, including ruffianly attacks on Sixth Form prefects," said Mr. Brander. "But these boys have cunningly led their unthinking Form-fellows into supporting them against authority."

"Huh! They must be got rid of at once."

"Perfectly so, sir!" said Mr. Brander. "At the present moment, they are barricaded in the Remove dormitory—"

"Good gad! Why have you not put down this riot?"

"I—I have hesitated to take severe measures, sir—"

Mr. Brander said. "That is not what I should have expected of you, sir," said Sir Hilton. "Severe measures are needed in dealing with a matter of this kind. Half measures are useless, sir!"

He frowned portentously.

"I expect you to be severe, Mr. Brander! I expect you to restore, and to maintain, the strictest discipline! In this I shall give you my fullest support."

Mr. Brander bowed with due humility.

"The school was slack—very slack," said Sir Hilton. "Great as was my respect for Dr. Locke, the late headmaster, I never concealed my opinion that my old school has grown very slack. Greyfriars boys have sometimes trespassed on my ground, sir—particularly Remove boys—I remember some young rascals named Wharton, Cherry, Bull, Nugent, and an Indian lad—"

"They are the members of the Remove now under sentence of expulsion, Sir Hilton. The most mutinous members of a mutinous Form—"

"I am not surprised to hear it—impudent young rascals! Mr. Brander, this school must be pulled together! This, in my opinion, was so much needed, that I went to the length of advising Dr. Locke to retire. He

refused." Sir Hilton snorted, evidently remembering the Head's refusal to resign, with deep resentment. "And although I was shocked and horrified, sir, to learn of the dastardly attack that was made on Dr. Locke by some unknown ruffian, I could not help feeling that his forced retirement was a good thing for the school."

Sir Hilton rose.

"Mr. Brander, you say that some Remove boys are now barricaded in their quarters—defying authority! Take me to them! They will hardly, I think, turn a deaf ear to the chairman of the governing board. I will order them to return to their duty at once, and I have not the slightest doubt that they will obey."

Mr. Brander had a strong doubt of it.

But he did not say so. He was only too glad to find this formidable gentleman an ally on his side; and he could foresee that if the rebels defied Sir Hilton, it would make the dictatorial old gentleman implacable. Whether they obeyed, or whether they disobeyed, Mr.

Brander stood to benefit; so he very willingly conducted the baronet to the scene of action.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

No Surrender!

"H A L L O, h a l l o, h a l l o!"

"Here they come!"

"Look out!"

"Great pip! It's Popper!"

"Phew!"

The sound of footsteps on the stairs was enough to man the barricade with a crowd of Removites, eager for the fray.

A score of faces looked over the defences, and many cricket stumps and bats were flourished in the air.

If Brander was coming, the Greyfriars rebels were ready for him and for any force he might bring with him. But they looked a little subdued at the sight of Sir Hilton Popper stalking into view with the new Head.

"A jolly old governor!" said Bob Cherry.

"Who cares?" said the Bounder.

"The carefulness is not terrific."

"Governor or no governor, we're not giving in!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "But keep jolly civil, you men. If old Popper will hear our side of the case, he may see justice done."

"Too much of an old ass, I fancy," said Vernon-Smith.

"Shush!" said Harry.

Sir Hilton Popper stalked along the passage the new headmaster at his heels. His frowning brow grew darker at the sight of the barricade. His eyes flashed under his knitted, grizzled brows.

"Good-morning, sir!" ventured Wharton politely.

"The goodfulness of the esteemed morning is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Sir Hilton glared.

"Wharton! Are you the ringleader in these disgraceful proceedings?"

"I am not the ringleader in any disgraceful proceedings, sir!" answered the captain of the Remove. "I am leader in this barring-out."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" snorted Sir Hilton. "How dare you speak of a barring-out! You are an impudent young rascal."

Wharton was silent.

He was extremely unwilling to "cheek" a governor of the school; and

(Continued on next page.)

Two Dandy Cricket Bats

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he wanted, if he could, to get a fair hearing.

"Stop this rebellious nonsense at once!" said Sir Hilton. "Take these bedsteads back into the dormitory—immediately!"

"If you'll let us explain, sir——"

"There is nothing to explain! I find you in a state of resistance to your headmaster—in defiance of authority! That is enough!"

"But, sir——"

"Silence!" roared Sir Hilton. "I will listen to nothing, sir, so long as you maintain this attitude of rebellion. Submit to proper authority and I will give you a hearing."

"That isn't good enough, sir!" said Harry.

"What?" roared Sir Hilton. "What?"

"We're barring-out Brander!"

"Silence!"

"If you'll listen, sir——"

"I will listen to nothing! Remove this barricade at once! You hear me? You will not, I think, dispute the authority of a governor of the school."

"That's where you make rather a mistake, sir!" said the Bounder coolly. "Better think again!"

"What? What?" Sir Hilton glared at the Bounder. "You are Vernon-Smith, I think—I have seen you before! I trust, sir, that your headmaster will expel you for making such a remark to a governor of Greyfriars."

"Vernon-Smith is already under sentence of expulsion, Sir Hilton!" said Mr. Brander.

"Fully deserved, I have not the slightest doubt!" said the lord of Popper Court. "I shall certainly speak no word in your favour, Vernon-Smith."

"'Nobody asked you, sir, she said!'" sang the Bounder; and there was a whistle from the Removites.

Sir Hilton Popper breathed hard and deep. Like Roderic D'hu of old, dark lightnings flashed from his eye.

"Good gad!" he ejaculated. "What for my old school coming to? I can hardly believe my ears! Mr. Brander, I cannot help feeling that you have to some extent followed Dr. Locke's example of easy-going leniency to these unruly young rogues. Severity is required, sir!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"You're quite mistaken there, Sir Hilton!" said Harry. "We've barred-out Mr. Brander because he is a bully and a brute——"

"And a rotter!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"And a preposterous and esteemed beast!"

"And a rank outsider!"

"And we're not having any more to do with him!" said Harry. "We trusted his word once, and he broke it. We refuse to stop the barring-out so long as Mr. Brander is Head of Greyfriars!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Sack him, sir!" said the Bounder. "We're not going to chuck this till Brander is sacked. Sack the cad, or we shall keep it up till Dr. Locke comes back to Greyfriars."

"Yes, rather!"

Sir Hilton Popper stood almost stuttering, his face purple with rage. All the authority and prestige of a governor of the school seemed to have no effect on the rebels.

"Silence!" he roared. "Remove this barricade this instant! I am here to see order restored. Do you hear me?"

"Can't help it, sir!" said Bob. "We could hear you a mile off, I think."

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The deaf-fulness would be terrific if we could not hear your esteemed and ridiculous bellowing, honoured sahib."

"Will you obey me?" roared Sir Hilton.

"No fear!"

"Not to-day!" grinned Bob. "Call another day!"

"Good gad! You young rascals, if you do not obey my commands immediately I will tear down this barricade with my own hands, and then lay my riding-whip about you!" gasped Sir Hilton.

"Rats!" retorted the Bounder.

"What? What did you say?"

"Rats!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Pop off, Popper!"

Sir Hilton Popper, almost in a foaming state, grabbed at the barricade with both his lordly hands to tear it away.

Rap, rap, rap, rap!

There was a fearful yell from the lord of Popper Court, as cricket stumps across the barrier rapped forcibly on his august hands.

"Oh!" roared Sir Hilton. "Ow! Good gad! Ow!"

"Try again, old bean!" chuckled the Bounder.

Sir Hilton stood quivering with fury. It was scarcely possible for the over-bearing old gentleman to realise that his authority was defied. But it was—whether he could realise it or not. He stood spluttering and glaring almost ferociously at the rebels.

"Sir Hilton," exclaimed Wharton, taking advantage of the pause, "if you will listen to me—if you will let me explain——"

"I will hear nothing, sir!" shrieked Sir Hilton. "You are a young scoundrel, sir, and I will see that you are turned out of Greyfriars! I will see the whole crew of you flogged with my own eyes! I will——"

"My hat! The old bird will burst his crop if he keeps on at this rate!" said the Bounder. "Take it calmly, Popper! Beware of apoplexy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton really looked as if he were on the verge of apoplexy as he listened to the Bounder's advice. He gave an inarticulate howl and rushed at the barricade. He had a riding-whip in his hand, and he lashed across the defences with it at Herbert Vernon-Smith. The Bounder gave a yell as he caught it. The next moment his cricket bat clumped on Sir Hilton's broad chest, and the baronet staggered back and sat down in the passage.

"Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton.

He spluttered wildly.

He had been knocked down by a Remove boy! It was incredible—unbelievable! It was time for the skies to fall!

But the skies did not fall! Nothing fell, except Sir Hilton Popper himself. He sat in bewildered rage, and spluttered.

"Good gad! Upon my word! Good gad!"

"You silly old ass!" said the Bounder, rubbing his head. "Come on again, you fatheaded old frump! I want another lick at you."

Sir Hilton staggered up.

"Very well!" he gasped. "Very well! Very well, indeed! Mr. Brander, I see that these young scoundrels are quite out of hand! Measures must be taken immediately! Force must be used! I will telephone to Popper Court at once, sir! I will call my keepers here! I

will call in every available man, sir! I will see this mutiny crushed!"

He stalked away down the passage. Mr. Brander almost smiled as he followed him.

He had found the ally he needed in Sir Hilton Popper. He had found the force he needed in the irascible old gentleman's keepers. At long last Mr. Brander saw success ahead.

Bob Cherry whistled as they disappeared down the staircase.

"My hat! We're in for it now!" he said. "If that old ass really calls in a gang of keepers——"

"We're sticking it out!" said the Bounder.

"You bet!"

"There's a scrap coming," said Harry Wharton, "and it will be a big scrap! But we're not going to be beaten! Let them come!"

"Hear, hear!"

Below, in the Head's study, Sir Hilton Popper was calling up Popper Court and hooting into the telephone. Above, in the dormitory passage, the Greyfriars rebels waited and watched—well knowing that the tug-of-war was coming now, and determined on a fight to a finish.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

An Advance in Force!

"HERE they come!" murmured Temple of the Fourth.

"Give them a hiss!" said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

The bell had not yet gone for afternoon school, when Gosling opened the gates to the party from Popper Court. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth, watched them coming in.

There were six burly men, led by Joyce, the head keeper of Popper Court. Most of them were grinning, as if amused by the task they had been called on to perform at Greyfriars School.

Sir Hilton, standing in the doorway of the House, watched their arrival with grim satisfaction. He had no doubt that a force like this would soon overcome the rebels of the Remove.

The old baronet had lunched with the Head while he waited for the reinforcements to arrive. He had announced that he was not leaving the school until the rebellion was put down and order established. Some of the Greyfriars men opined that, in that case, Sir Hilton was booked for a long stay.

A buzzing crowd of fellows watched the keepers from Popper Court as they went towards the House.

Some of the fellows hissed them. The sympathy of the whole school was on the side of the rebels.

Van Tromp of the Sixth was the only fellow that looked pleased.

"Those young scoundrels will be brought to heel pretty soon now, I think," he remarked to Loder of the Sixth.

Loder grunted and turned away. Even Loder, bully as he was, seemed to be fed-up with the new headmaster and his nephew.

Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, saw the reinforcements from his study window with a troubled and worried brow. He came out of his study and joined Sir Hilton in the doorway.

Sir Hilton gave him a frown. But Mr. Quelch was not to be deterred by the frown of even so great a man as Sir Hilton Popper.

"Sir Hilton, are these men to be



"Keep on!" roared Sir Hilton Popper, as his men backed off from the attack, clasping their noses, ears, or heads, and moaning with anguish. "Are you frightened by rebellious schoolboys?"

used against the boys of my Form?" he asked quietly.

"They are!" snapped Sir Hilton. "Unless," he added sarcastically, "you have sufficient influence over the boys of your Form to recall them to a sense of duty and discipline."

"That I have already done once, sir, but I am sorry to say that the headmaster broke faith with them, and caused a new outbreak."

"I desire to hear nothing against Mr. Brander, sir!" snapped Sir Hilton. "I am assured that the present trouble would never have occurred, had he received adequate support from the staff."

"As you are a governor of the school, sir, I would point out—"

"Nonsense!"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Nonsense!" repeated Sir Hilton.

The Remove master coloured with anger.

"Very well, sir. If you do not choose to hear me—"

"I do not!"

"Then I shall consider it my duty to communicate with other members of the governing board, concerning the present disastrous state of the school!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch tartly.

"I recommend you to mind your own business, sir!" snorted Sir Hilton. "The matter is in my hands now. I am going to restore order here, by Jove! I will make those young rascals sorry for their rascality, by gad! Huh!"

"Really, sir—"

"Kindly say no more!" snapped Sir Hilton.

And Mr. Quelch retreated to his study, crimson with vexation. It was evident that the testy old baronet was completely under the influence of the new Head.

Mr. Brander joined Sir Hilton in the

doorway. The sight of the six brawny keepers was a pleasant one to his eyes.

"The matter will soon be settled now, Sir Hilton," he remarked.

"Very soon, sir," said Sir Hilton. "And a few floggings and expulsions will bring the school to a proper state of discipline."

"I have no doubt of it."

"My men will hardly need assistance in dealing with those rebellious young rascals. Still, the prefects may as well help. Please let the prefects be called, Mr. Brander. Ha! Here is one of them—Wingate!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton," said Wingate of the Sixth.

"You will assist in putting down the riot in the Remove," said Sir Hilton. "Call the other prefects."

"I am no longer a prefect, Sir Hilton," answered the Greyfriars captain. "What—what? You are head prefect—"

"Mr. Brander has given my place to his nephew, Van Tromp, sir."

"Oh, indeed!"

"I am sorry to say, Sir Hilton, that I found insubordination rife in the senior Form, as well as in the Lower School," said Mr. Brander. "All Dr. Locke's prefects were most unsatisfactory, and I have been driven to making many changes."

"No doubt—no doubt! However, prefect or not, Wingate you will give me your assistance now."

"Excuse me, Sir Hilton, but I can do nothing of the kind," answered Wingate coolly. "As I am not a prefect, I have no right to interfere."

"You will do so at my order!" boomed Sir Hilton.

"I am not at your orders, sir."

"What?" roared Sir Hilton. "You are aware that I am a governor of the school—chairman of the board, by Jove!"

"I am aware of that, sir; but I am not under your orders, and I decline to take part in this affair."

"You are under my orders, Wingate," said Mr. Brander. "And I order you to obey Sir Hilton Popper."

"Not in this matter, sir," said the Greyfriars captain. "I decline to have anything to do with it."

"Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton, as the Greyfriars captain walked away. "Good gad! This is—almost incredible! The whole school is in a state of mutiny. Here, Gwynne! You are Gwynne, I think?"

"Yes, sir," said Gwynne of the Sixth.

"You are a prefect, I believe?"

"I am, sir."

"Then you will assist—"

"I resign, sir," said Gwynne.

And he walked away after Wingate, leaving Sir Hilton spluttering.

"Good gad! What is this school coming to? Good gad! Mr. Brander, it is only too clear that it was time—high time—that a new system was put in force here. The school is in a state of riot. Dr. Locke has left a pretty state of affairs for you to deal with, upon my word!"

"It is hardly surprising, sir, as Dr. Locke persistently refused to listen to your counsel and advice—"

"Quite so—quite! That is the cause of the trouble. The late Head, Mr. Brander, was an estimable gentleman, but an obstinate man—a very obstinate man. Many times he rejected advice which I actually pressed upon him. By Jove, I very nearly lost my temper with him more than once. A very obstinate and self-opinionated man. Prejudiced, sir—prejudiced and unreasonably," snorted Sir Hilton. "But we will clear up the muddle he has left behind him. We will clear it up, sir."

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"Now that you are here, Sir Hilton, I have no doubt of it."

"Exactly—exactly! Joyce!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton," said the head-keeper.

The party from Popper Court were in the House now.

"You know why you have been sent for. A number of junior boys have defied authority, and are barricaded in a passage upstairs. You will overpower them, using any force that may be necessary. Follow me!"

Sir Hilton stalked up the staircase.

Mr. Brander walked after him, and Van Tromp of the Sixth followed. The Head's nephew was the only Greyfriars man who was willing to help. After them marched the six brawny keepers.

The bell rang for classes, and the Greyfriars crowd went unwillingly to the Form-rooms. But classes were merely a farce that afternoon. Every Form-room was in a buzz of excitement. All thoughts were turned on the rebel Remove, and the barring-out. Form masters, as well as Forms, listened with palpitating interest to the din that was soon proceeding from the rebel stronghold.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Battle Royal!

"LINE up!"

"Look out!"

"All hands on deck!" roared Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton & Co. were ready.

They manned the barricade, cricket-stumps in hand, and with grim determination in their faces.

While they waited for the attack the rebels had spent the time in strengthening the defences. Nearly all the bedsteads from the dormitory were stacked across the wide passage, from wall to wall, with intertwined legs, and boxes were stacked among them, nailed and screwed to floor and walls, with a liberal allowance of nails and screws from Bob Cherry's tool-box. The barricade was over seven feet high, and inside, chairs and boxes were placed for the defenders to stand upon. The rebels had the advantage of a very strong position, and they were determined to hold it to the finish.

Faces lined the barrier as the enemy advanced up the passage. Joyce and his men ceased to grin as they looked at the strong defences, and the resolute faces and brandished weapons behind. They realised that this was not, after all, a sort of picnic.

Sir Hilton Popper pointed to the barricade.

"There!" he snapped. "You see what you have to do, Joyce!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton," said the head-keeper, scratching his head rather dubiously.

"Lose no time."

"Come on, old beans!" roared Bob Cherry, brandishing a bat. "Any merchant who wants to be brained has only to say the word."

"The brainfulness will be terrific."

"That's for your nose, Popper!" shouted the Bounder, as he hurled an old football boot.

Crash!

"Ow! Oh! Good gad! Oooooogh!" Sir Hilton caught the boot with his majestic nose, and staggered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good shot, Smithy!"

"Go it!" yelled Peter Todd.

A shower of missiles whizzed at the

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advancing enemy. Mr. Brander and Van Tromp kept well to the rear; but Sir Hilton, purple with passion, faced the fire, and roared to the keepers to get on with it.

They got on with it.

With a rush, the half-dozen burly men reached the barricade, and started dragging at it to tear it away.

But nails and screws and careful wedging held it fast; and over the top cricket stumps and other weapons reached, and rapped and tapped, and there were wild yells as the enemy received the taps on their unprotected heads.

Joyce clambered desperately over.

"Come on!" he gasped.

The head-keeper sprawled recklessly across the barricade. Crack, crack, crack! rang the stumps, and Joyce yelled and roared. But he kept on gamely. After him clambered his comrades.

"Stand to it, you men!" panted Bob Cherry.

"Give them jip!"

The affray was getting desperate now. Joyce, dizzy, and bewildered with raining blows, scrambled desperately on, and rolled down on the inner side of

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the defences, knocking Coker spinning as he did so.

Instantly he was collared by six or seven Removites, rolled out of the way, and pinned down.

He struggled in vain under his numerous assailants.

The barricade was still packed with defenders. A second keeper came clambering over, to meet the hefty fist of Coker of the Fifth, which crashed full in his face. The hapless man went sprawling back, roaring.

"Come on!" howled Coker. "Come on, you rotters! Come on, Popper! Come on, Brander! Come on, Van Tromp! Come on, the lot of you!"

"Ow, ow, ow! Oh!"

"Yooooop!"

"Oh, my nose! Oh, my 'ead! Ow!"

Flesh and blood could not stand it. Five burly keepers, bewildered with raining blows, covered with bumps and bruises as with garments, staggered back from the attack, gasping and howling.

"Go on!" roared Sir Hilton Popper. "Keep on! What are you stopping for? What—what?"

"Ow! My 'ead!"

"Wow! My jaw!"

"Woooooh! My nose!"

"Are you afraid?" roared Sir Hilton. "Are you frightened by rebellious schoolboys! Good gad! Go on—keep on! Do you hear me?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Oh, my 'ead—my blinking 'ead! Ow!"

"'Elp!" came in anguished accents from the hapless Joyce. "'Elp! They're squashing me! Ow! Leggo my years! Leggo my 'air! Ow! Wow! 'Elp, 'elp!"

"Good gad! Go on—go on at once—"

"Ow! My poor 'ead!"

"Ow! My blooming nose!"

Sir Hilton fairly raved. Five of his men had backed off from the attack, clapping their noses, ears, or heads, and moaning with anguish. Cricket stumps and bats at close quarters were liable to do severe damage; and the Popper Court party had bagged enough damages to last them for a time. They gasped and groaned and moaned; and Sir Hilton Popper's frantic objurgations fell on deaf ears.

"Will you go on?" shrieked the baronet. "Will you obey my orders? Will you allow yourselves to be beaten by a parcel of schoolboys?"

"Ow, ow! Wow! Ow, ow!"

"My 'ead's fair cracked—"

"Look at my nose—ow!"

"'Elp!" moaned Joyce. "Give over, you young demons! Leggo my 'air! You're a-pulling of it out by the roots! 'Elp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton Popper almost danced with rage. The crowd of fellows manning the barricade yelled defiance. Missiles flew now that the attack had ceased—all sorts and conditions of things, well aimed.

The five keepers were tottering away, evidently fed-up; and the missiles rained on Sir Hilton and Mr. Brander and Van Tromp. The headmaster and his nephew hastily retreated out of the fire.

Sir Hilton did not seem to be thinking of retreat. He was beside himself with fury.

He brandished his riding-whip, and, throwing dignity to the winds, he rushed at the barricade to clamber over.

"Keep back, you old ass!" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Pop off, Popper!" shouted Bob.

Sir Hilton scrambled and sprawled on unheeding. Coker of the Fifth aimed a terrific drive at his crimson, enraged face; but Potter caught his arm and dragged it aside.

"You dummy—" yelled Coker. "Leggo!"

"He's a governor!" gasped Potter.

"I don't care if he's a dozen governors! I'm going to bung him in the eye!" bawled Coker.

Whack! Sir Hilton was close enough now to lash out with his riding-whip, and the unfortunate Potter got the first lick, as a reward for his intervention.

"Whooooop!" roared Potter.

Bang!

Coker's hefty fist established contact with Sir Hilton's nose. There was a spurt of crimson from the majestic proboscis of the lord of Popper Court. At the same moment a cricket stump lunged into his ribs, and a tin saucepan crashed on his head.

"Ooooooogh!" spluttered Sir Hilton.

He rolled back, and collapsed on the floor. He sat up and clasped his streaming nose.

"Ow! Oooooogh! Good gad!" he gasped, in rage and bewilderment. "By Jove! Ow! Ooooooh! Good gad!"

(Continued on page 12.)

FOUR MORE BIOGRAPHIES!

Interesting and informative tidbits about Duckworth, Woolley, Wall, and Ponsford, whose photographs are PRESENTED

FREE with this week's SPECIAL FREE GIFT ISSUE!

THE days of Frank Woolley as a Test Match player for England are inevitably nearing the end, but he should have no regrets about this, for he has indeed had a fine innings. He has a record of which any man might be proud—a unique record in that he was never once absent from an England side for fifty-two consecutive Test Matches. In all first-class cricket he has scored over a hundred hundreds, his biggest knock is 305 for England against Tasmania in 1912, and his 270 for Kent against Middlesex in



F. E. WOOLLEY.

1923 is the highest individual score ever made on behalf of the Hop county. It is not an exaggeration to say that even now he is the most graceful batsman in the game, that off drive of his which sends the ball whizzing to the boundary being just the poetry of motion. It is only when he gets going that you suspect the grace of the man, because he looks rather awkward as he walks to the wicket with a bat hopelessly small for him—apparently. He stands over six feet high. One has not finished with Woolley when his left-handed batting has been mentioned. During the twenty-six years he has been associated with Kent (he is now forty-three), his slow spinners have been a real asset to the side, and when the wicket has given him assistance he has gone through many a powerful batting side.

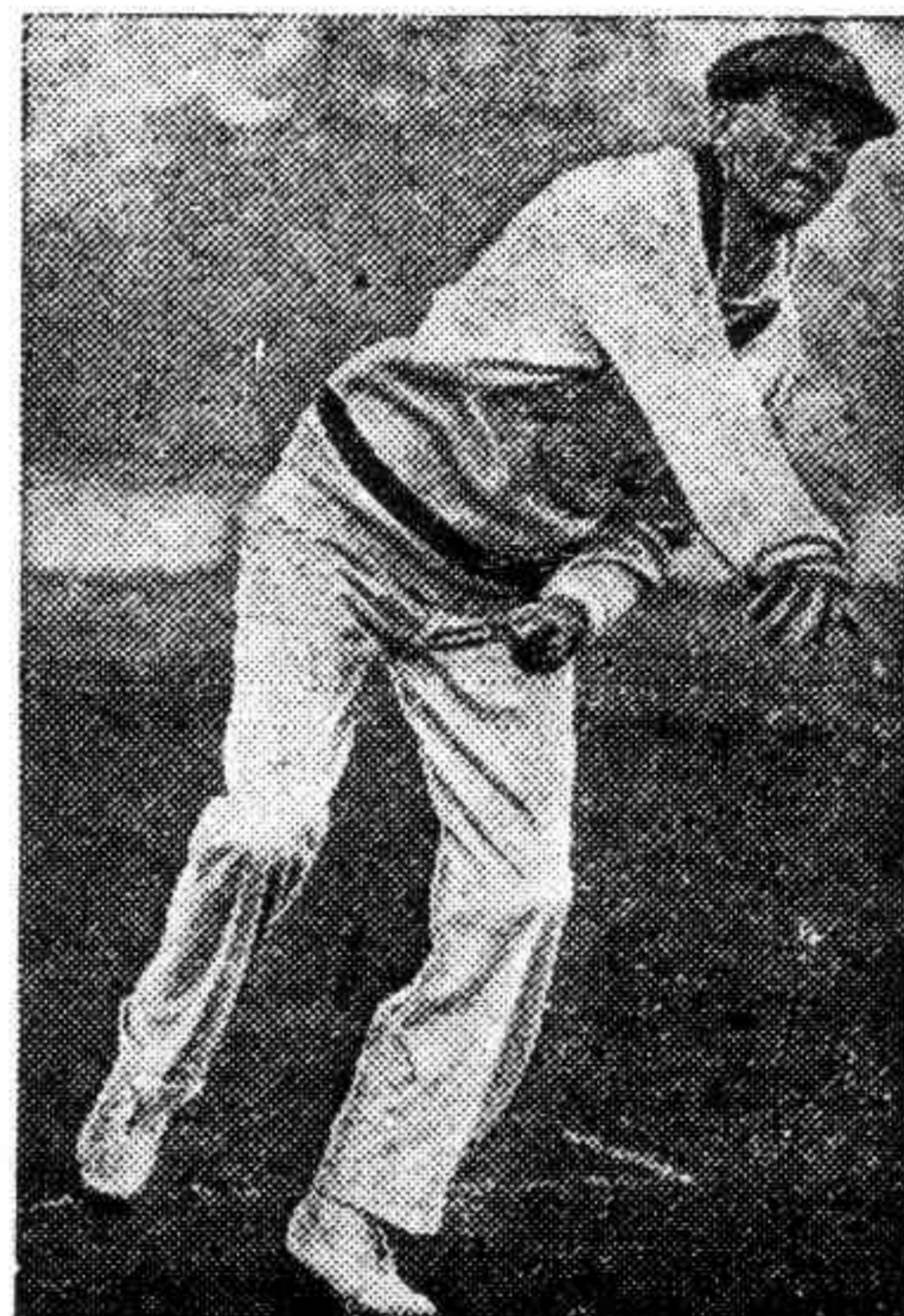
THE watchers of cricket in England have not quite such a high opinion of William Harold Ponsford as the watchers in Australia. This arises from the fact that very seldom, in this country, has he shown the wonderful form he has so often exhibited in his native land. It has only to be mentioned that twice in State matches in Australia he has passed the four hundred mark in a single innings—429 against Tasmania and 437 against Queensland. Ponsford has not been particularly lucky in his Test Match experiences.



W. H. PONSFORD.

broken during the second Test, and being unable to play any more cricket that season. His 81 in Australia's first innings at Lord's this season was his best effort thus far in Tests in this country, but it was made at the right time and was a real foundation-stone for the glorious victory which followed. Ponsford is a free-scoring batsman, not one of those who are content merely to sit on the spine, but there would seem to be some truth in the suggestion that he is seldom really at home to fast bowling at the commencement of an innings. Though not so quick on his feet as Bradman, Ponsford is a very safe out-field, usually holding everything which comes to hand. Some people find it difficult to understand how a batsman who often pats the ball so gently can accumulate such big totals. Ponsford's secret is his placing of the ball. Journalism is the profession he has taken up, and his other game is baseball. He also loves a long swim and doesn't smoke.

AMONG the new chums now in England with the Australian Test team is Thomas Wilbourn Wall, the South Australian. He fills the role of fast bowler, and while it would be an exaggeration to say that he can work up pace to the same extent as Larwood, for instance, he is extremely useful, and has the physical strength to keep on for quite long spells. Indeed, it was noticed in the first Test at Nottingham that he bowled faster and better after he had been on steadily for over half an hour than at any other time. He



T. WALL.

ought to be as fast as the fastest, because there is no bowler of the present day who takes quite such a long run up to the wicket—twenty-three yards is the measured length before he lets the ball go. Tall and well-built, he makes the utmost use of his height, and has overcome a tendency, noticeable some two or three years ago, of halting just before the actual delivery. His style is now reminiscent of Macdonald. Now twenty-six years of age, Wall was introduced, somewhat surprisingly, into the Australian team for the fifth Test Match of the last series in Australia, and by taking five wickets for 66 in England's second innings, he did much to make possible that one victory gained by Australia out of the five games. He keeps a good length, is accurate as to direction, and when the pitch gives him any help he can make the ball fly about awkwardly. Tom has no pretensions to being a batsman, and in the Australian side fills the role of last man in. At his home he is a schoolmaster, and the boys there are always assured of expert answers to any cricket questions.

AQUAINT little figure crouches behind the wicket when England are playing Test Matches against Australia. His name is George Duckworth, but though he is little he is very, very good, and a worthy successor to another great little keeper, Bert Strudwick. If he had not possessed pluck and courage out of all proportion to his frame, Duckworth would have had to be content to play a minor part in the game of cricket. The son of a man who kept wicket for Warrington, George had ideas in that direction,



G. DUCKWORTH.

but the Lancashire officials had no vacancy for him. So he went to Warwickshire to qualify for that county, and got some useful tips from "Tiger" Smith. He still hankered after playing for his own county, however, and when he answered an advertisement while with Warwickshire, he got the job. There are two things at which he is specially good—taking those "blind" deliveries on the leg side, and appealing. His "How's that?" can be heard all over the biggest cricket ground when he snatches one, or whips off the bails to stump an opponent. Has had over a hundred victims in one season with Lancashire. As a batsman—last in, usually—he has ways of his own, walking to the wicket with the bat—which looks almost as tall as he is—held off the ground in his left hand. George is a good speaker. Poultry and pigeons are his pets at home, and with his birds he has taken many prizes.

All Busy on the Greyfriars Front!

(Continued from page 10.)

The Bounder sprawled across the barricade, and reached out with a stump.

Crack!

"Yaroooh!" roared Sir Hilton.

He squirmed away just in time to escape another crack. He staggered along the passage. Out of reach, he turned and shook a fist at the yelling rebels.

"You—you young rascals!" he spluttered. "You young scoundrels, I—I—I will— Yaroooooh!"

A boot that landed on his enraged face cut short the flow of the baronet's eloquence, and he fairly bolted for the safety of the staircase.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They're running!"

"The runfulness is terrific!"

"Our win!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah for us!"

"Hurrah!"

The roar of cheering from the rebels reached every Form-room at Greyfriars, and told eager listening ears that the barring-out was still going strong.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Asks for More!

"**H**URRAH!"

"Hip-hip-hurrah!"

The victorious rebels roared themselves hoarse. Some of them had received rather rough usage in the combat; but most of the casualties had been on the side of the enemy.

The defeated party would probably have found it difficult to count the total of their bumps and bruises. And a prisoner had been left in the hands of the rebels. The only one of the enemy who had succeeded in getting across the barricade was wishing from the bottom of his heart that he had not been so successful.

The hapless Joyce lay in a breathless heap, with six or seven Removites sitting on him.

"Ow! Gerroff! 'Elp!" moaned the wretched Joyce. "Let a bloke go! Ow!"

"You're a jolly old prisoner of war!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Gerroff! I'm 'urt!" moaned Joyce. "Give over!"

"You shouldn't have butted in where you weren't wanted, old bean!"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"You can let him get up now, you fellows," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

Joyce staggered to his feet. He rubbed his head, and rubbed his nose, and rubbed his chin, and gasped for breath, and blinked at the grinning Removites. He cast a longing look at the barricade, fervently wishing himself on the other side of it.

"You bunged your elbow in my eye!" snorted Coker.

"Did I, sir?" said Joyce.

"You knocked me spinning!"

"Well, sir, I been knocked spinning myself!" said the keeper. "Look 'ere, young gents, you let a bloke go. I want to get out of this."

"I dare say you do!" growled Coker, rubbing the eye in which Joyce's elbow had been inserted as he rolled over the barricade. "But you're jolly well not going, see? You're a prisoner, and you're going to be kept out of mischief. Some of you fags get a rope, or

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something, and tie him up to something or other."

"Look 'ere!" exclaimed Joyce.

"Shut up!" said Coker. "I'm giving orders here!"

"Are you?" demanded Bob Cherry hotly.

"Yes! Shut up, Cherry!"

"Look here, Coker—" began Wharton.

"Shut up, Wharton!"

"You silly ass!" roared Wharton.

"I've told you to shut up," said Coker. One lesson, evidently, was not enough for Coker, and he still hugged the fond delusion that he was commander-in-chief. "I don't want any jaw! That fellow's going to be kept a prisoner! If you've got no rope, tear up a sheet to tie him with."

"I don't know that we want to be bothered with prisoners!" said Harry.

"You know nothing about it! Hold your tongue!"

"Do you think you can give orders here, Coker?" bawled Johnny Bull.

"I'm giving orders," answered Coker truculently, "and I say— Whooooo!"

Coker had no intention of saying that—he said it quite involuntarily, as Johnny Bull swung round a bolster, and it caught Coker on his rugged features. Coker of the Fifth sat down in the passage with a heavy bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him another!"

Johnny Bull swiped again with the bolster as Coker was scrambling to his feet. Coker caught it with the side of his head this time, and rolled over.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Still giving orders?" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Coker leaped up, red with wrath. He made one jump at Johnny Bull, and grasped him, and they waltzed in the passage.

"Collar him!" shouted Wharton.

"Mutiny!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Biff him!"

"Hands off!" roared Coker. "I'm going to thrash this cheeky young sweep! I'm going to—hooooo—hooo—hooop!"

Coker sprawled under a tide of juniors. He rolled and roared, while pillows swiped at him from all sides.

"Sit on him!" yelled Nugent.

"Here, Bunter, sit on him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Sit on him, fatty! If that doesn't settle him, nothing will."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say!" roared the struggling Coker. "I say—gooooooh! Moooooh!"

Coker's last breath escaped from him in an expiring gasp, as Billy Bunter sat on him. There was no arguing with Bunter's avoirdupois. Coker was flattened out almost like a pancake.

"Mooooooh!" came faintly and feebly from Coker of the Fifth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Gerroff! Draggimoff!" moaned Coker.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out!" roared Cherry. "The jolly old prisoner's bunking!"

"Collar him!"

There was a rush after Joyce. He had astutely taken advantage of the scuffle between the rebels and their self-constituted commander, to make a rush to escape. He was half across the barricade when the juniors rushed after him.

"I say, you fellows— Ow!" howled Bunter, as Coker made a mighty heave, and hurled him off.

Bunter sprawled on the floor, yelling.

Coker leaped up, stayed only to give the fat junior one kick, and rushed after the escaping prisoner.

Joyce was scrambling frantically over the barricade, and half a dozen juniors were poking him with cricket-stumps as he scrambled, amid a series of wild howls from the Popper Court keeper. As a matter of fact, the rebels did not want to be troubled with a prisoner, and they were rather accelerating his flight than seeking to recapture him.

But Horace Coker's intentions were different. Coker had said that the prisoner should remain a prisoner; and Coker had not learned, even yet, that he was not in command. Coker plunged at the barrier, and grasped the escaping keeper by an ankle as he scrambled away.

"I've got him!" gasped Coker.

"Ow! Leggo!" howled Joyce.

"Lend a hand here!" shouted Coker. "Get hold of his other hoof, Wharton! Do you hear, you young fool?"

"I hear!" said Harry, laughing.

"Well, do as you're told, you young fathead!"

"The hearfulness is not the obeyfulness, my esteemed and fatheaded Coker," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Leggo!" shrieked Joyce. "Ow! Stop poking me with them stumps, you young demons! I'm fair punctured! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"'Elp! Stoppit! Leggo my leg! Ow!"

The hapless Joyce struggled wildly to escape. But Coker had a grip of iron on his left ankle; and the juniors, apparently amused by Joyce's frantic wriggings and squirmings, continued to poke him with the stumps. The wild howls of the unfortunate keeper rang through Greyfriars.

"Catch his other hoof, and drag him back!" roared Coker. "Do you hear me, you silly young idiots?"

"Ow! Leggo! 'Elp!"

Coker's commands being disregarded, he made a plunge after Joyce's loose leg, to grasp it himself with his free hand. At the same moment, Joyce kicked out backwards.

"Oh!" yelled Coker.

Joyce's boot landed on Coker's chin. The Fifth-Former released the ankle he had captured, and staggered back. He clasped his chin with both hands, and roared with anguish.

"Ow!" gasped Joyce. "Oh, my eye!"

He was free now, and he rolled off the barricade, and tore along the passage to the stairs.

Horace Coker did not heed him further. Horace Coker's attention was wholly concentrated on his chin, which felt as if it wasn't there. Coker clasped it in anguish and moaned.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! My chin! Wow! You young sweeps! Ow! You young rotters! Ooooooh! I—I'll thrash the lot of you!" gasped Coker. "You distinctly heard me give you orders! Ow! I'll jolly well— Ow! I'll thrash the lot of you! Wow!"

"Pillows!" shouted the Bounder.

"Keep off!" yelled Coker, as a dozen pillows swiped on him. "I'll smash you! I'll— Oh, my hat! I'll— Yarooooogh!"

Horace Coker, in his just wrath, fully intended to thrash the lot of them, as he threatened. How he was going to do it, he had not, in the excitement of the moment, considered. Instead of administering that well-deserved thrashing, Coker found himself striving in



As Joyce lent a hand with the ladder it swung round quite suddenly and caught Sir Hilton Popper a stinging crack on the back of his head!

vain to dodge the swiping pillows; and he fairly turned tail and fled into the dormitory under the vigorous attack, leaving the rebels roaring with laughter.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Going Strong!

HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Look out!"

"The cry is still 'They come'!" said Wibley.

"Let 'em come!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Bob was watching from one of the dormitory windows, when he spotted the new move of the enemy. In the sunny quadrangle, Gosling and Mimble came in sight, each carrying a long ladder on his shoulder.

They stopped under the windows of the Remove dormitory, and grunted and laid down their burdens. The sight of the ladders warned the juniors of what was intended. The attack was coming from a new quarter.

"Silly asses!" said the Bounder, with a laugh. "If they think they can get in at the windows—"

"They're going to try!" said Harry.

"Those ladders won't reach!" said Peter Todd. "The windows are fifty or sixty feet up—"

"They're going to fasten them together," said Bob.

Harry Wharton threw up the sash of the middle window, and looked down. Gosling and Mr. Mimble, the gardener, were binding the two ladders together, one to the end of the other. Sir Hilton Popper stood looking on, and with him were Mr. Brander, and Van Tromp, and Joyce, and another of the keepers. The rest of the party were apparently still in the House.

"Lose no time!" Sir Hilton's angry voice barked from below. "Lose no

time, Gosling! Make haste, Mimble! You hear me?"

"Yessir!" said Mimble, while Gosling grunted. Only the fear of the "sack" kept William Gosling from telling the baronet what he thought of these "goings-hon."

Sir Hilton looked up at the window, crowded with faces looking down. He gave the grinning faces a black and threatening frown.

The next moment he jumped farther away, as the Bounder up-ended a jug of water. Sir Hilton just escaped the falling stream.

"Good gad!" the juniors heard him gasp.

The two ladders, having been turned into one, and securely fastened together, were lifted from the ground. The combined ladder was now easily high enough to reach the dormitory windows. But it was rather a lengthy and heavy article to handle, and it swayed wildly in the grasp of Gosling and the gardener.

"Take care!" howled Sir Hilton, as the swaying ladder narrowly missed his majestic head. "Take care."

"Up with it!" gasped Gosling. "'Ere, some of you lend a 'and! This 'ere ladder's 'eavy, and wot I says, is this 'ere—"

"Assist him, Joyce! Don't stand there staring! Assist him."

Joyce was rather busily occupied in rubbing and caressing a large number of injuries, that he had received in combat with the rebels. For the moment, he seemed more interested in his bumps than in his master.

"Do you hear me, Joyce?" roared Sir Hilton. He gave the keeper a poke with the handle of his riding-whip. "Are you deaf? Are you a fool? Assist them with that ladder instantly."

"I'm 'urt—"
"Fool! Assist them at once."
Joyce lent a hand with the ladder.

He grasped it, and it swung round. Perhaps what happened next was an accident; or perhaps Joyce was in a bad temper—as indeed he had cause to be. The ladder swung round quite suddenly, and caught the lord of Popper Court on the back of his head.

"Oh! Good gad! Ow!" yelled Sir Hilton.

The next moment there was a yell from Mr. Brander, as the swinging ladder crashed across his shoulders. The headmaster stumbled forward on his knees.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the windows above.

"Joyce! Fool! Be careful!" shrieked Sir Hilton. "Gosling, if you do not take more care, you shall be discharged! Take care, imbecile."

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"
"Silence! Raise the ladder! Place it at the window! Silence."

The elongated ladder swayed up towards the Remove windows. The summit bumped on the window-sill. Harry Wharton reached out, grasped it, and pushed. But the ladder was heavy, and Gosling, Mimble, and Joyce, put their weight on it, and held it in position.

Bob Cherry waved a cricket stump to the enemy below.

"Come up!" he shouted. "Waiting for you, old beans! Better insure your necks before you start."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, then," shouted Coker. The pillowing had not driven the idea of leadership from Coker's mighty brain. "Now, then, you fags, line up at the windows—every man of you."

"Shut up, Coker—"
"Line up, I tell you!" roared Coker. "Every man to the front!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Wharton. "Haven't you sense enough to know that they'll come by the passage at the

(Continued on page 16.)

WELL PLAYED, DICKY NUGENT

"Herald" Copy Rushed to Post.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

Hats off to young Dicky Nugent! Even big brother Frank, of the Remove, must admit that young brothers have their uses. Anyway, young Dicky proved extremely useful to us, in an emergency. But for him, this issue of the "Herald" would never have gone to press.

I had collected all the "copy" and placed it in an envelope ready for posting to London. But how to post it—that was our problem. Being barred-out in the Remove dorm, we were cut off from postal communication with the outside world.

Brander's spies are everywhere. We were earnestly debating what should be done, when the merry voice of Dicky Nugent floated up to us from the Close. Full of the joy of life, Dicky was warbling away like a skylark.

An inspiration suddenly occurred to me. I leaned



out of the window.

"Dicky!"

I called. "I

want an urgent

letter posted in

Friardale.

Will you take

it? Good kid!

It's the

'Herald'

copy. Don't

let it out of

your hands

on any ac-

count. Buzz

off on your

bike!"

"What-

ho!" said

Dicky cheer-

fully. "Drop

the packet,

Wharton, old bean."

The fat envelope was thrown down to Dicky.

Unfortunately, the little manoeuvre was witnessed by Loder and Otto van Tromp, of the Sixth, and they bore down upon Dicky Nugent.

Dicky headed them off, and scuttled away to the bike-shed for his machine. As he wheeled it forth, he found his way barred by the two prefects.

"Give me that letter!" commanded Van Tromp, imperiously. "At once!"

"Nothing doing!" chuckled Dicky, jumping on his jigger. And he rode away like the wind.

Hot in pursuit went the prefects, on a hastily borrowed bike. Loder drove at the pedals and Van Tromp stood on the step.

"Stop that young rascal, Gosling!" shouted Loder, as the ancient porter came shuffling from his lodge.

Gosling planted himself fairly in Dicky Nugent's path, shouting to him to stop. On came Dicky like a young cyclone. Full-pelt into Gosling he went, and Gossy sat down in the gateway with a bump and a roar.

The bicycle careered wildly for a moment, but Dicky brought it under control and slammed the school gates shut in the faces of Loder and Otto van Tromp. Then he sped away down the lane, pedalling for dear life.

Hot in pursuit came the prefects, in due course; but it was the flying fag who reached Friardale first. The letter was duly posted, and I think you will all agree that Dicky Nugent deserved well of his country.

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Greyfriars

RECKLESS FAGS RAID ORCHARD

"NO 'FRUITLESS' QUEST"
Says WINGATE MINOR

"Eat more froot!"

A wise slogan, that; and so is the slogan about a doctor a day keeping the apple away.

The Greyfriars fags are grate beleevers in froot, but the prices they charge at the tuckshop are out of reason; that's the reason we're out of froot! Dame Mimble is asking as much as half-a-crown apeace for her cantelupe melons.

But why worry about tuckshop prices when there is a perfectly good orchard, filled with lushus and delishus froots, simply asking to be plundered?

In the usual way, we daren't venture anywhere near old Popper's orchard, bekawse he has six keepers on the prowl, besides wolfhounds and bludhounds and other beasts of pray.

But the coast was clear on this occasion, and we were quick to seeze our opportunity.

Popper himself was at Greyfriars, making war on the rebbles of the Remove. So were his six keepers; and his dogs were all chained up in their kennels. So, as I say, the ungarded orchard was simply asking to be plundered.

A whole crowd of us took part in the raid. Dicky Nugent and Gatty and Myers; Tubb and Paget; Bolsover miner and Sammy Bunter; and several more. We took with us a number of sax, and stix, and healthy schoolboy appytites.

We got into the orchard without being challenged; and it was like being in parradise! There were apple-trees and pair-trees and plum-trees, groaning beneath their burdens of ripe and joocy froot. There were meddlers—quite apart from ourselves!—and poeches and cherries. There were strawberry beds at our feet, and Sammy Bunter said he would like to go to sleep in them—but not before he had pecked at a few pecks of strawberries!

We got busy at once. Up the trees we climbed, with the agility of our ansestors; and the only fellow who remained on terror firmer was Sammy Bunter, glutting himself with strawberries.

There were several miner mishaps. Bolsover miner put his trust in a rotten branch, and it let him down badly. He came crashing down to earth, and we thought he would brake his neck; but he escaped with a few broozes. Then Nugent miner got a plum-stone stuck in his throte, and we had to turn him upside-down and shake him before he got rid of it.

We marched back to Greyfriars with waity sax slung over our sholders, and Gosling the porter was very suspishus about the contents of those sax; but we didn't enlighten his curiosity! That night, Sammy Bunter was taken awfully queer with a billious attack. When questioned about it by his Form-master, he put it down to the heat-wave; but we, who knew the trooth, ascribed it to the eat-wave!

OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK ON SCHOOL GOVERNOR

ATTACK ON REBELS HELD OFF

The esteemed and 'ludicrous Sir Hilton Popper boasted bragfully that he would end the Remove Rebellion in a brace of shakefulness.

"Leave it to me, Brander," he said. "an' I'll soon bring the young rascals to their senses, begad!"

The "young rascals" are still waiting to be revivefully brought to their senses!

Firstfully, Sir Hilton came jumpfully bounding up the stairfulness, to the barricade on the Remove landing. He carried his horsewhip—not to whip horses with, as he explained, but to beatfully chastise young monkeys.

But Sir Hilton had bitten off more than he could chewfully masticate. He had countfully reckoned his chickens before the hatchfulness, as the proverb has it.

A horsewhip is a deadly weapon, but so is a cricketful stump. And the worthy and gallant Smithy wielded the latter to such purpose that poor old Popper, instead of beatfully chastising us, was obliged to beat the retreatfulness!

Secondfully, Sir Hilton sent an urgentful summons to his keepers; and they hurried to Greyfriars and attacked our barricade in forcefulness. But did it tumble down collapsefully, like the celebrated walls of Jericho? Not a bit-fully! It resisted the attackfulness of Popper and his parasites, and they were forced to try a change of planfulness.

So, thirdfully, they joined two ladders together, and reared them up propfully against the windows of the Remove dorm. "Now," said the purple and apoplectic Popper, "we will drive 'em out like rats from their holes!"

And he sent up Otto van Tromp to do his dirty workfulness. But Otto was peltfully driven down again; so Popper, taking the bull by the hornfulness, climbed the ladder himself. We did not peltfully bombard him, for fear he should fall and breakfully dislocate his neck. But we waited till his head and shoulders appeared through the window; then we pulled down the sashfulness, and Popper was our prisoner! We blackfully painted his ludicrous and ridiculous chivvy, and threatened to cut off his eyebrows unless he retired promptly. Now, Sir Hilton's eyebrows are his pride and joyfulness, so he was only too glad to retire.

Lastfully, the disgustful and disgruntled Popper tried to batter down our barricade with the hefty trunkfulness of a tree. But the worthy Smithy again saved the situation by pelting the Popper-ites with pepper. The sneezefulness, and the panic, were terrific! And the repulsive attackers were again repulsed.

August 9th, 1930

The Herald

TOO MUCH TROTTING FOR TROTTER

PAGES FROM A PAGE'S DIARY

FAT REBEL FED-UP WITH STARVATION

MORE FOOD FOR REST OF GARRISON



One of the first lessons I learned, on my mother's knee—or possibly over my father's knee!—was to keep my hands from sticking and peeling—that is to say, picking and stealing.

"Never pinch from the pantry or loot from the larder," said my pater, "or you will bring lasting disgrace upon the 'Family Herald'—the 'Greyfriars Herald' and the MAGNET into the bargain!"

The difference between "mine" and "thine" has been drummed into me so often that I have never—well, hardly ever!—laid hands on another fellow's proper-tee! I do not covet my neighbour's tarts, nor his pies, nor his current cakes, nor anything that is his.

Then why does that beast Harry Wharton treat me so badly? Since this barring-out has been on, I have been grossly underfed. Instead of being given enough grub for six—for my appy-tite is six times as healthy as the average fellow's—I have been stinted and starved to a skandalous eggstent.

I wayed fourteen stone, before this affair started. What I way at the moment is more like fourteen pounds! I am but a shaddo of my former self.

Now, if only I could get at the grubb during the night, and make up for all I have missed in the day-time, all would be well. But that beast Wharton always says, when we turn in for the night: "Lock the food cubberd, Bob Cherry, or that fat pirate will be getting at the supplies!"

Me—a fat pirate! Me—a common thief! Me—a midnight marauder and a bergular! Why, it's adding insult to injury—piling Ossa upon Pelion, or Pelion upon Ossa—I'm never sure which.

If it wasn't for the fact that I'm so weak and faint through lack of food—I fell down in a feint only a few minnits ago!—I should make that beast Wharton eat his words.

Slowly but surely I am suckumbing to the throws of starvation. Night after night I have paid visits to the food cubberd, only to find it locked. My motive has not been to steal—of corse not!—but merely to gobble up as much grubb as possible before it begins to go bad. By so doing, I should nobly save my skoolfellows from the pangs of food poisoning. But they refuse to be saved. They are keeping the food cubberd hermedically sealed. May their blud be upon their own heads!

THE "HERALD" HITS OUT

STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-SHOULDER STUFF

OPEN LETTERS TO VARIOUS PEOPLE

To Sir Hilton Popper, Bart.

Fierce and Fiery One,—So you are on the war-path again—this time with the object of stamping out the Rebellion at Greyfriars, and restoring law and order. We wish you joy of your job!

Has it not occurred to Your Pomposity that it was you yourself who sowed the seeds of the rebellion, by persuading your fellow-governors to appoint Meyer Brander as Head of Greyfriars? You could not have made a worse choice. Why, we would rather have your worthy self as our Head—and that's saying something! We should at least keep you in order, and make you toe the line.

All your efforts to crush the rebellion have failed; all future efforts are foredoomed to failure. So our advice to you, in a nutshell, is: Pop off, Popper! We are fed-up with you and all your works!
The Editor.

To Mr. Meyer Brander, Temporary Headmaster.

My Dear Old Dutch,—Your reign as headmaster of Greyfriars has been short and stormy. I venture to prophesy it will soon be over. You have made the old school too hot to hold you, and if you have a grain of sense in your make-up—which I doubt—you will take out passports for yourself and your precious nephew, and set sail for Holland. England doesn't want you; Greyfriars doesn't want you; nobody wants you, and nobody loves you!

We do want to lose you, and we feel you ought to go! The longer you linger, the worse it will be for you!
The Editor.

To Gerald Loder, Sixth Form.

Rankest of Rank Outsiders,—You have given your support to the new Head and his nephew, not from motives of duty and loyalty, but in order to pay off old scores against your deadly enemies, the Remove. You have suffered severely at the hands of the rebels, and you will suffer some more, until you learn to leave us alone.

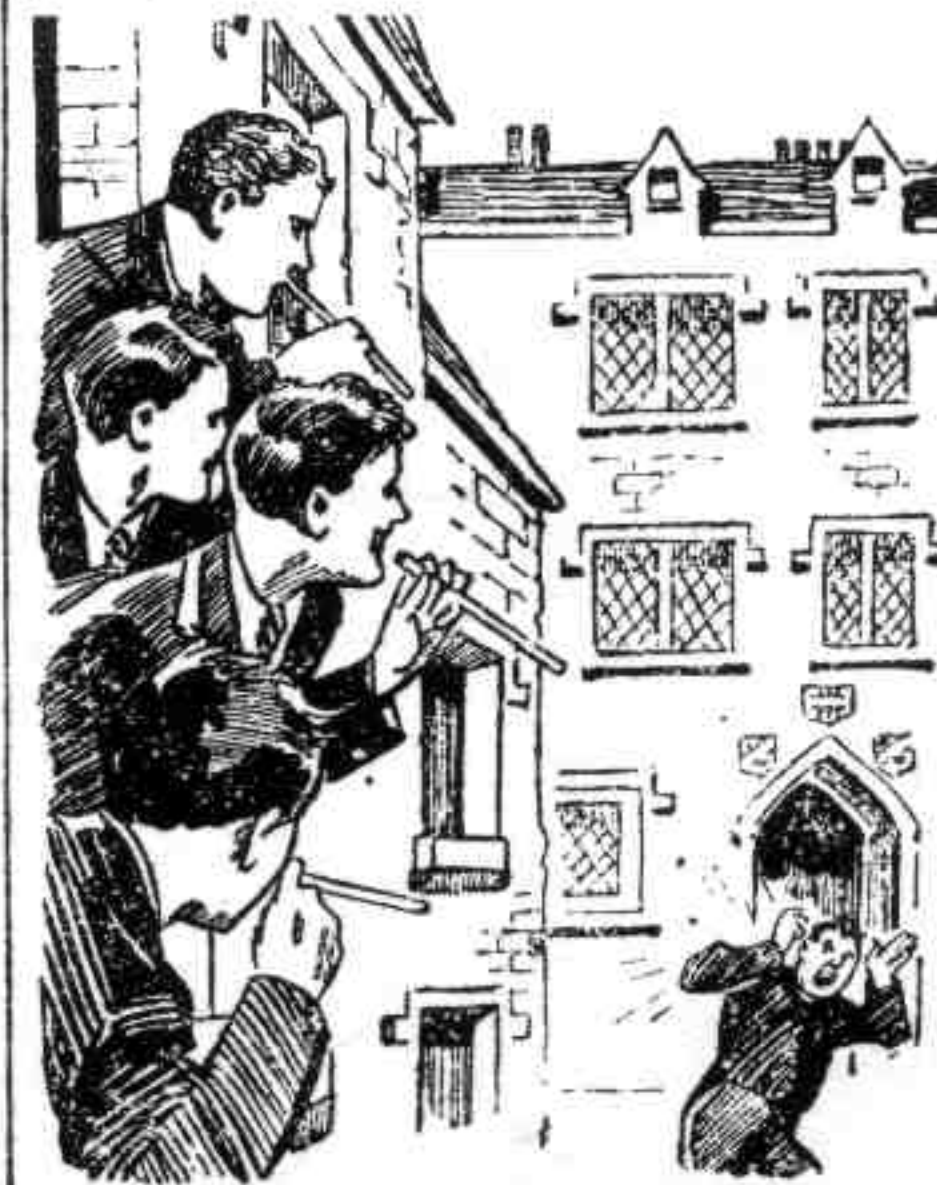
The best thing you can do, Gerald van Loder, is to pack your traps and quit Greyfriars with your Dutch pals. If you do this, nobody would be more delighted than
The Editor.

To Mr. William Gosling, Lodge-keeper.

Dear Old Stick-in-the-mud,—It has come to our knowledge that you have been talking a lot of "hot air" about the Rebellion. What a bloodthirsty old fire-eater you are, Gossy! If you had your own way, you would make war on Wharton, put a bullet through Bull, and blow Smithy to smithereens! In fact, you would have barrels of gunpowder placed
(Continued at foot of next column.)

Monday.—I always get the hump on Monday morning. It means the start of another week's hard labour—racing here, chasing there, dashing and darting everywhere! I've been busier than ever since that cove Brander came to Greyfriars. Whenever he happens to spot me—and the beast has got eyes in the back of his head!—it's "Trotter, just take a message to so-and-so with my condiments!" or "Just run down to the village and get mo so-and-so!" I've been fair run off my legs to-day.

Tuesday.—I always feel blue on Tuesdays, and to-day I felt bluer than ever! Old Brander kept me running backwards and forwards with messages to the young gents what have barricaded themselves in the Remove dormitory. Not very nice messages, neither. Most of them was calling upon the "reckless young villains" to surrender. Of course, there was nothing doing.



The Remove gents soon got fed-up at the sight of my face, and when I took the last message they opened fire at me with their pea-shooters. I'm not going near the Remove dormitory again. Brander can take his own messages!

But I expect he prefers keeping well out of gunshots or pea-shot!

Wednesday.—Kept out of Brander's way to-day, but I couldn't keep out of Gosling's. Old Gosling is too lazy to live, and he makes me do all his dirty work for him. "Trotter," says he, "the 'cad's winders ain't been cleaned since Dr. Locke left." "Pile in, then, Gossy!" says I. Gosling snorted. "Which it's beneath my dignity to clean winders," says he. "I'll sit at the foot of the steps, smokin' me pipe, an' watch you workin'." That's Gosling all over.

Thursday.—More errands; more window-cleaning; more boot-blacking; more slavery for the boy-of-all-work, yet slavery was supposed to have been done away with donkeys' years ago! I shall ask the House Dame for a rise to-morrow, and if she takes no notice I'll give her notice!

Friday.—Duly applied for my rise, and the House Dame referred me to Mr. Brander. Some hopes of getting any satisfaction from that quarter! Still, I trotted along to Brander's study and made my request. "Are you trying to take a rise out of me?" demanded Brander. "Yessir!" says I. "An extry half-crown a week will be as welcome as the flowers in May!" But it's easier to get blood out of a stone than a rise out of a Brander. Instead of a rise, he's given me the "Order of the Boot." Such is life!

(Continued from previous column.)

beneath the Remove dorm, and blow us all to kingdom come!

"Wot I says is this 'ere"—stick to your own job, Gossy, and don't meddle with matters that don't concern you, or you will be the one to suffer. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the Gosling!
The Editor.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,173.

All Busy on the Greyfriars Front!

(Continued from page 13.)

same time? Where do you think the other four of them are, fathead?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Coker. Coker hadn't thought of that. "I—I shouldn't wonder if they attack both sides at once, come to think of it—"

"Smithy, you take command in the passage," said Harry. "They're sure to try to rush the barricade, while we're busy at the window here. Half a dozen fellows will be enough here—take the rest and keep guard."

"What-ho!" said the Bounder.

Harry Wharton and half a dozen juniors remained at the window. The rest thronged the passage, with the Bounder, to defend the barricade. And the sound of trampling footsteps, and defiant shouts, soon showed that one party of the enemy were advancing in that quarter.

"Smithy'll put paid to that lot," said Bob Cherry. "I fancy they won't be jolly keen, with old Popper's eye off them. And this lot don't seem awfully keen, either."

"The keenfulness is not terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

In fact, there seemed a conspicuous absence of keenness to mount the ladder, now that it was placed in position.

"Joyce! You will ascend the ladder, and force an entrance in at the window," rapped out Sir Hilton.

Joyce looked at the ladder, looked at the faces in the window, and looked at his employer. He did not speak; and did not stir.

"Do you hear me, Joyce? You will go up first—Brown, you will follow Joyce! Lose no time."

Brown, the other keeper, looked as dubious as Joyce.

"You are wasting time, Joyce!"

"I'm 'urt," said Joyce. "I got my 'ead cracked already, and my nose—"

"Confound your nose!" boomed Sir Hilton. "Go up at once! Are you afraid? Are you a coward?"

"I got only one neck, sir!" growled Joyce. "If them young varmint push a man off the ladder, wot about it?"

"They will not dare! Go up at once."

"I ain't so blinking sure about that, sir," said Joyce. "I got a pain in my leg, and a pain in my arm, and I ain't sure I can 'old on to that ladder! Brown here will go first—"

"Brown won't, Mr. Joyce," said the owner of that name, promptly. "'Ow many necks do you think I've got?"

"Good gad! Am I to be disobeyed?" roared Sir Hilton Popper. "Here, Van Tromp—you are a prefect of Greyfriars—this is your duty; and you are young and active! Set these men an example! Mount the ladder."

Otto van Tromp backed away hurriedly.

"I—I—I—" he stammered.

"Go up at once! You hear me? Go!" roared Sir Hilton.

Van Tromp gave the ladder a glance of dismay; and then cast an appealing look at his uncle. But he had no help from Mr. Brander. Mr. Brander's position depended entirely on Sir Hilton Popper; and Sir Hilton's slightest wish was law to him. Without Sir Hilton's support, Mr. Brander had no hope either of crushing the rebellion, or of continuing as headmaster of Greyfriars. He signed to his nephew to obey.

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"Is the boy a coward?" boomed Sir Hilton. "Mr. Brander, if your nephew is a coward, he should not be a prefect of Greyfriars. I am surprised, sir, at your making a prefect of a fellow who is afraid to deal with rebellious juniors."

"Mount the ladder at once, Otto!" snapped the Head.

There was no help for the hapless bully of the Sixth. He had been made head prefect of Greyfriars; and he had to have the game as well as the name, so to speak. He approached the ladder in a very gingerly way.

"Hold it tight, Gosling," he gasped. "I'm 'olding it, ain't I?" grunted Gosling.

"Take care not to let go of it, Mimble, or—"

"I'm taking care, ain't I?" grunted the gardener.

Van Tromp put his foot on the first rung. He looked up at the juniors at the window, and Bob flourished his cricket stump.

"Come on, Van Tromp!" he shouted. "Ready for you, old bean. Pick out the place where you want to drop."

Van Tromp shivered. He placed a foot on the second rung; but the more he looked at the task before him, the less he seemed to like it.

"Are you going?" demanded Sir Hilton Popper.

"Yes!" gasped Van Tromp. "I—I'm going! B-b-but—"

"Go, then!"

"Yes—but—ow!" gasped Van Tromp, as the old baronet gave him a vigorous poke in the ribs with the butt of the riding-whip. "Wow!"

"You are wasting time, sir!" roared Sir Hilton. "By gad, if you do not go up at once, I will lay my riding-whip about you."

"Oh dear!"

"Go up at once, Otto!" gasped Mr. Brander.

Van Tromp took his courage in both hands, as it were, and went up the ladder. He went up slowly; and the higher he went, the more slowly he proceeded. He was on the sixth rung, when a pillow whizzed down the ladder from the window, and smote him in the face.

Van Tromp slithered down the ladder, and sat on the earth.

"Clumsy fool!" hooted Sir Hilton. "Get up! Go on! Lose no time. Good gad, how long are you going to sit there spluttering? What? What?"

"Otto—" urged Mr. Brander.

"I—I've sprained my ankle," gasped Van Tromp. "I—I can't go up the ladder again! I—I've got a sprain—"

"Bah! Stand aside!" snorted Sir Hilton. "It is not a sprain that is troubling you, but the white feather! Stand aside."

Van Tromp stood aside gladly enough. "Gosling!" hooted Sir Hilton.

The Greyfriars porter gave him a glare.

"I ain't going up that there ladder, sir!" snorted Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, sir; I ain't going up that there ladder, and don't you think it!"

"I will discharge you—"

"Discharge and be blowed!" howled the goaded Gosling. "Think I'm going to do acrobatic tricks on a blooming ladder at my time of life! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Silence! Stand aside! Mimble—"

"I got the rheumatiz, sir!" said Mr. Mimble. "I'd go and willing, but what with the rheumatiz—"

"Bah! Nonsense! I will go myself! Joyce, follow me! Brown, follow! All of you follow me!" roared Sir Hilton.

And the exasperated lord of Popper Court strode to the ladder, grasped it firmly, and started to ascend.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Black, but not Comely!

OH, my hat! Here comes Popper!"

"The Popperfulness is terrific!"

"Go back, you old donkey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton, his face crimson with wrath, his teeth set with determination, clambered up the long ladder. Sir Hilton might be an old donkey—undoubtedly he was—but he had the courage of a lion. With an utterly reckless disregard for danger, the baronet pressed on.

A boot whizzed down, and clumped on his head. A jug of water was emptied over him. A cricket ball dropped on his nose. Sir Hilton heeded not. Only by a snort of fury did he take any cognizance of those incidents. With teeth set and glinting eyes he clambered on and up; and the juniors at the window watched his progress, rather dismayed. At twenty feet from the ground Sir Hilton would certainly have broken his neck had he fallen from the ladder; and so the rain of missiles ceased. Sir Hilton's neck was not, perhaps, of great value, but the Greyfriars rebels did not want to see him break it.

"The old ass!" said Bob.

"Go back, you fathead!" shouted Nugent.

Snort! Sir Hilton came on.

"He's jolly well not coming in, whether he breaks his silly neck or not!" growled Johnny Bull.

"No fear!"

Behind Sir Hilton, on the ladder, encouraged by his example, appeared Joyce, followed by Brown. Harry Wharton frowned.

Sir Hilton was really taking the rebels at an unfair advantage, since they could not knock him off the ladder without danger to life and limb, which was not to be thought of.

He clambered steadily up. He puffed and gasped as he came. Sir Hilton had plenty of courage, and heaps of determination; but he was, as a matter of fact, past the time of life for performing stunts on a high ladder. If he was not short of pluck, he was short of breath. But he came steadily on, and approached nearer and nearer to the window where the Famous Five waited for him.

Harry Wharton's face broke into a grin. He touched the sash above his head, and winked at his comrades.

"We can't let the old ass break his silly neck," he said. "Let him get his napper in—"

"And then—" grinned Bob.

"Then the jolly old portcullis falls!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Up came Sir Hilton, breathing wrath. He was at a dizzy height from the ground now, and those below watched him anxiously, especially Mr. Brander. The new Head would have been utterly dismayed had Sir Hilton fallen from that height; not so much on account of the baronet's neck, as on account of the results for himself. For certainly such a catastrophe would have brought the whole Board of Governors hot-foot to Greyfriars, and precipitated the inquiry which Mr. Brander was anxious to avoid; and Sir Hilton would certainly have been unable to give him any further support.

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Regardless of danger the lord of Popper Court clambered on, and reached the window.

He glared at the Removites, his very moustache bristling with wrath.

The dormitory echoed with sounds from the passage, where Vernon-Smith and his followers were holding the barricade against a hot attack. Sir Hilton heard the uproar, and grinned savagely. The barricade would not hold out long when Sir Hilton was once behind the defenders, wielding his riding-whip.

"Stand back, you young scoundrels!" panted Sir Hilton, as he grasped the window-ledge to drag himself in.

"You silly old ass!" hooted Johnny Bull. "If it wasn't for risking your silly neck, I'd biff you in your silly eye!"

"Rascal! Stand back!"

Sir Hilton plunged in.

Head and shoulders and arms came in at the window, and Sir Hilton's waistcoat rested on the sill. Another few seconds and he would have plunged headlong in among the juniors. But those few seconds were not granted him. Harry Wharton had hold of the sash, and he brought it down with a sudden jerk.

Sir Hilton gave a spasmodic gasp as the sash shut down across his back, pinning him to the window-frame.

"Oooooogh!"

He struggled wildly. But the sash was broad and heavy, and it was not to be raised by a gentleman pinned face down under it.

"Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton.

He reached out and grabbed furiously at the juniors. Bob Cherry caught his right wrist, Nugent his left. All the baronet's fierce efforts could not drag them loose again.

"Release me!" shrieked Sir Hilton, his crimson face streaming with perspiration. "Young scoundrels! Ruffians! Release me!"

"Keep cool, old bean!" advised Bob.

"You—you—you—" Sir Hilton Popper was anything but cool. "I—I—I— Scoundrel! Release me!"

"Bow-wow!"

"The releasefulness is not the proper caper, my esteemed and idiotic Sir Hilton."

"By gad! I—I—" spluttered Sir Hilton.

He wriggled frantically in the trap in which he was caught. Outside the window his long legs thrashed wildly.

Joyce, following him up, was fortunate to be rather a good distance in the rear. Sir Hilton's thrashing legs would certainly have damaged him had he been within reach.

"Oh, my eye!" gasped Joyce.

He stared past the baronet at the window. It was impossible to pass Sir Hilton on the ladder: he blocked the way for his followers. Unless the baronet got in, nobody could hope to get in. And Sir Hilton, evidently, was not getting in. Half of him was in, but the other half was hopelessly shut out by the gripping sash in the small of his back.

"My eye!" repeated Joyce blankly.

And he stayed where he was. Advance was impossible; and Sir Hilton's squirming legs were dangerous at close quarters.

The hapless baronet squirmed and wriggled and roared. With a little foresight Sir Hilton might really have foreseen something of this sort. He had fairly put his head in the trap now, and was in the position of an assailant of an ancient castle who was caught by a falling portcullis.

"Will you release me?" he shrieked.

"You shall be expelled—thrashed—flogged! Release me at once—"

"What an inducement!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"You—you lawless young scoundrels! You dare to lay your hands on a governor of the school!" raved Sir Hilton.

"The darefulness is preposterous, honoured fathead."

"Villains—rascals—scoundrels—" Sir Hilton Popper choked.

"Hold his fins," said Harry Wharton. "The old scout will do some damage if he gets his fins loose. Take it calmly, old bean. You asked for this, you know."

"Scoundrel! I—"

"Will you go quietly, word of honour, if we let you loose?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"No!" roared Sir Hilton. "I will not go! I will thrash you—flog you! I—I—I will—"

"Then you can jolly well stick there till you get cool, old bean."

Vernon-Smith came into the dormitory. The uproar in the passage had died away. The barricade had been well held by the rebels, and the attack had been driven off.

"How's things?" asked the Bounder, as he came in. "Why—what— Ha, ha, ha!" He yelled with laughter at the sight of the trapped baronet in the window.

Sir Hilton raved. The perspiration dripped from his crimson face, and he was almost foaming at the mouth. He wrenched again and again to free his hands, but he wrenched in vain.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder. "Keep him there! We'll decorate his chivvy before we let him go. Wait a minute for me!"

"Hold on, Smithy—"

"Rats! I've got some blacking here—"

"Oh, my hat! But—"

"Rats, I tell you! He's going to have it!" exclaimed the Bounder. "He's looking black already—I'll make him look blacker."

Sir Hilton Popper glared wildly, as Smithy came up with a tin of liquid blacking in one hand, and a brush in the other.

"Do not dare—" gasped Sir Hilton. "I warn you—young rascal, do not dare—gooooog—groogh—" Sir Hilton spluttered, as the brush, wet with blacking, dipped into his mouth.

"Better keep your mouth shut, old bean!" advised the Bounder.

"Uuuuggggh!"

"Smithy, old man—" gasped Wharton.

"My dear man, he wants a lesson, and I'm going to give him one," said the Bounder coolly. "After this, perhaps he won't poke his silly old napper in where it isn't wanted."

"Oh! Oooooogh! Gug-gug! Woooooh!" came in gurgling accents from Sir Hilton Popper, as Smithy painted his face with blacking—laying it on liberally.

The baronet opened his mouth to roar with rage, but another dip from the blacking brush caused him to close it again in a hurry. After that, he kept it jammed shut.

(Continued on next page.)

**GREYFRIARS
CORRESPONDENTS.**

No 5.

GEORGE WINGATE.

Our clever Greyfriars Rhymester is in tip-top fettle this week. He's selected the popular George Wingate here-with as his target.



DEAR PATER,—I'm sorry to vex you
By not having written before;
But when problems in plenty
perplex you,

And worries and troubles galore,
Such things as the writing of letters
Are apt to be swept from your mind;
It's rather rough luck on your betters,
But not a spare moment you find!

The woes of a skipper are many,
His pleasures are fleeting and few;
Some say that he shouldn't have any—
No wonder a skipper feels blue!
There is never an end to his labours,
Yet he has to look happy and grin;
Or else it is said by his neighbours:
"Old Wingate's as gloomy as sin!"

I'm Head of the School, as you know, sir.
(Some flatterers call me the brain);
My cares, pressing closer and closer,
Have threatened to drive me insane!
I've just signed a dozen late passes
For youngsters to go on the spree;
They can do as they like after classes,
But a skipper can never be free!

I'm "the Chair" of the Cricket Committee,
A chair on two legs that are tired!
And sometimes I think it a pity
Some other chap cannot be hired.
For I have to arrange all the matches,
And also to skipper the side;
And when an opposing team scratches
I then have to chase far and wide.

No wonder my patience is failing!
Old Twigg has contracted a chill,
And sent me a note: "I am ailing,
So please take my class, if you will!"
Such news is enough to dishearten
And make a chap's cup overflow;
For teaching in Twigg's kindergarten
is never a picnic, you know!

However, it's no use repining;
The world may be gloomy to-night,
But to-morrow the sun will be shining,
And everything merry and bright!
With Rookwood a match we're contesting,
And after the game comes a gorge;
I'll forget all the cares now infesting
The mind of—Your loving son, GEORGE.

Smithy painted cheerfully, while the juniors howled with laughter. The aspect of the baronet's face became quite startling. It was crimson with rage to begin with; but the crimson disappeared under a coating of thick black. In a couple of minutes Sir Hilton Popper was changed into a coloured gentleman. The Bounder splashed on the blacking with a reckless hand. Face and neck and ears were blacked; and the hapless baronet looked like an infuriated native of Central Africa by the time Smithy had finished.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Behold, he is black but comely!" chuckled the Bounder.

"The blackfulness is great, but the comeliness is not terrific!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Now what about shaving his eyebrows?" asked the Bounder. "I've got a pair of scissors—"

The juniors shrieked. From Sir Hilton Popper came a roar of fury, like unto the voice of the Bull of Bashan in his most excited moments.

"Villain! If you dare— Wretch! Scoundrel! Help!"

"No!" gasped Wharton. "No! Draw a line somewhere! Hands off, Smithy! Chuck it, you ass! For goodness' sake, chuck it!"

"Think what he would look like with his eyebrows shaved!" urged the Bounder, evidently unwilling to give up the idea.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A crowd of fellows were watching the scene now, all roaring with laughter.

"Great snakes! I guess he would be a sight for sore eyes!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "Have 'em off, Smithy."

"Go it!" chortled half a dozen fellows.

"No, no!" exclaimed Wharton. "Hands off, Smithy! Enough's as good as a feast. Sir Hilton, will you clear off quietly if we let you go?"

"No!" roared Sir Hilton. "I—I will thrash you! I—I will— Woooh!" the blacking brush dabbed in his mouth again.

"Now, look here, old bean," said Bob Cherry. "We can't keep you here permanently to ornament the landscape. We can't chuck you down the ladder. You've got to back out like a good boy. See? If you don't give your word to go quietly, we'll have your eyebrows off."

"That's fair!" agreed Wharton. "Get the scissors ready, Smithy! If the old bean wants a shave, he can have it."

"You do not dare—" shrieked Sir Hilton.

"Don't bank on that!" grinned the Bounder. "Here goes for your jolly old eyebrows. You won't look much uglier, old bean—you haven't very far to go in that direction. You'll only look a bit quaint."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep off!" shrieked Sir Hilton, as the scissors approached. "I—I will go! I—I will go at once! Release me—I will go! Good gad— Scoundrel, keep those scissors away! Release me and I will—will retire—"

"Honour bright?" asked Wharton.

"I—I promise! Keep that young scoundrel off! Good gad! Keep him off!" raved Sir Hilton, quite thrilled with horror at the bare idea of losing his grizzled eyebrows.

"It's a go, then," said the captain of the Remove. "Hands off, Smithy. Let him go, you men."

Wharton pushed up the sash, and the baronet was released. The juniors stood ready to collar him again, if he forgot to keep his word. But Sir Hilton

had had enough. He had had, in fact more than enough. He backed promptly out of the window and lowered himself down the ladder. And the rebels, staring down from the window at his black and furious face, howled with merriment.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Alarming!

"**H**A, ha, ha!"

"Isn't he a bute?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton Popper, gasping with fury, lowered himself down the ladder. Joyce and the other keeper retreated before him, and reached the ground. Step by step Sir Hilton descended, till he stepped off on the solid earth.

All eyes were fixed on him.

Mr. Brander gazed at his black face in horror. Gosling stared at him, and burst into a rusty chuckle. Mr. Mumble gasped, trying in vain to turn a laugh into a cough. Van Tromp chortled, involuntarily. The two keepers turned their faces away to hide their grins. Sir Hilton's aspect was really remarkable, and it was not easy to gaze upon him without smiling. Even Mr. Brander,

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horrified as he was, felt his face twitching.

Sir Hilton glared round him. He could see the signs of merriment; and they added to his towering wrath. There was nothing, so far as Sir Hilton Popper could see, to laugh at. He was unable to see his own face.

"Good—good heavens!" stuttered Mr. Brander. "What—what—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Van Tromp. He really could not help it, as Sir Hilton's face dawned on him.

"Oh, my eye!" murmured Gosling. "Oh, my 'at! Wot I says is this 'ere— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared Sir Hilton. "Is this a laughing matter? I have been assaulted—I have been treated with the grossest disrespect! I—I have been blacked with—ah!—blacking! I—I— Van Tromp, what are you laughing at?"

"I—I—I wasn't laughing!" gasped Van Tromp. "Not—not at all, sir! N-nothing of the—the kind—oh, crikey!"

Smack!

Van Tromp yelled, not with laughter, as the enraged baronet boxed his ear. He staggered away from that wrathful smite.

"Sir Hilton—" stammered Mr. Brander.

The baronet turned on him, so suddenly that Mr. Brander jumped back

in alarm. He was really afraid, for a moment, that Sir Hilton was going to box his ears, too. Sir Hilton's look was quite alarming.

"This is not a laughing matter, sir!" bawled Sir Hilton.

"No, no! Certainly not! Oh dear!" gasped Mr. Brander.

"Joyce! You are laughing—"

"Oh, no, sir!" stuttered Joyce. "I—I ain't laughing, sir! Ha, ha, ha! I—I got a cough, sir! Oh crumbs!" Joyce jumped away in alarm.

"Sir Hilton! Perhaps—perhaps—a—a wash—" stuttered Mr. Brander.

"Huh!"

Sir Hilton Popper turned and strode away. Mr. Brander stared after him; Van Tromp rubbed his ear, and scowled. Gosling and Mumble and the two keepers burst into an irresistible chuckle as soon as the majestic back was turned.

The baronet strode away to the door of the House. It was not, in Sir Hilton's opinion, a laughing matter; but everyone else seemed to think that it was, and he was anxious to get out of sight, and to get rid of his new complexion.

It was really unfortunate for Sir Hilton that afternoon school had now ended, and the Greyfriars fellows had come out of the Form-rooms. As he strode to the doorway of the House, Sir Hilton Popper had to run the gauntlet of a mob of fellows, all of whom stared at him in amazement. His face was crimson under the blacking, as he strode furiously through the staring crowds.

"Who—what—what the dickens!" exclaimed Blundell of the Fifth.

"Where did that nigger come from?" ejaculated Temple.

"'Tain't a nigger—it's old Popper!" yelled Dabney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton strode in at the doorway, snorting with rage. Howls of laughter followed him into the house.

"Why—what—who—" Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, met him in full career, and jumped almost clear of the floor in his astonishment and alarm.

"Here! What? What? Who are you? Stop!"

Sir Hilton glared at him.

"Stop! Who are you?" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "You cannot enter here! Go away at once! Bless my soul—"

"You old fool!" roared Sir Hilton.

"What? How dare you! You—you— Whoever you are, you cannot come in here! You must go away at once!"

The Fifth Form master did not recognise Sir Hilton Popper in his new complexion. He was startled and alarmed by the sight of a black man stalking furiously into the House.

But Sir Hilton was in no mood to explain. He shoved the Fifth Form master roughly aside, and strode past him.

Mr. Prout staggered against the wall, gasping.

"Stop!" he stuttered. "Go away! Mr. Quelch—Capper—Wiggins—Twigg, help! Come here at once! Wingate—Gwynne! Goodness gracious—"

"What is the matter?" Mr. Quelch came hastily on the spot. "What is the matter, Prout?"

"A—a black man—a savage black man—has just rushed into the House—a—a ferocious negro!" stuttered Mr. Prout. "A—a most dreadful-looking man! A—a black savage—"

"Impossible!"

"He pushed past me! He has run upstairs! Bless my soul! We shall all be murdered—"

"A black man?" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins, in amazement.

"Yes—yes. A savage-looking black negro. His eyes were rolling dreadfully. A—a black cannibal!" gasped Mr. Prout. "We—we must seize him! We—we must pursue him and arrest him! Murder may be done! Goodness gracious!"

"But who—how——" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I saw him from a distance!" exclaimed Mr. Capper, coming up breathlessly. "As Prout says, a burly, brutal-looking negro——"

"Here is Mr. Brander," said the Remove master, as the headmaster came striding in. "Mr. Brander——"

"Mr. Brander, there is a dreadful negro in the House——"

"A murderous-looking black man has——"

"Nonsense!" snarled Mr. Brander.

"I saw him!" gasped Capper. "A ferocious black person——"

"He pushed me over!" boomed Prout. "I stopped him, and he pushed me over violently. He sprang at me like a tiger——"

"Nonsense!" hooted Mr. Brander. "It is Sir Hilton Popper! Please do not talk nonsense!"

"Sir Hilton Popper!" stammered Mr. Prout. "Impossible! I tell you that he was a fierce and ferocious-looking negro—he was perfectly black——"

"Absolutely black!" said Mr. Capper. "Black as the ace of spades! He is now somewhere in the House——"

"Silence! Nonsense! It is Sir Hilton Popper!" snarled Mr. Brander. "His face was blacked, that is all. It is Sir Hilton Popper!"

Mr. Brander strode on, leaving the masters staring at one another. From the quadrangle came a hurricane of laughter.

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout. "Is—is it possible? For what reason, gentlemen, could Sir Hilton Popper, a governor of the school, be guilty of this extraordinary freak? Is he insane?"

"I should imagine so," said Mr. Capper, in amazement. "If Sir Hilton Popper is actually parading Greyfriars disguised as a negro, he must be perfectly demented—quite out of his senses."

"The poor fellow should be placed under restraint," said Mr. Twigg.

"He must be mad!" said Mr. Prout. "I have had a narrow escape—I feel that I have had a terribly narrow escape! Bless my soul! He might have strangled me! He might have—Bless my soul!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the quad in a roar.

"Mr. Brander does not seem to think him insane," said Mr. Quelch. "I can't understand this! Such ordinary proceedings on the part of a gentleman of Sir Hilton Popper's years!"

"Most unbecoming in a governor of the school!" said Mr. Prout. "What will the boys think? Bless my soul! What will the whole school think?"

What the whole school thought was told by the yells of laughter that came

from the quad. All Greyfriars seemed to be doubled-up with merriment.

Meanwhile, Sir Hilton Popper was busy in the bath-room. Hot water and soap were what he wanted, and he needed plenty of them. He rubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed and rubbed, and slowly a crimson face emerged from under the black complexion.

Doubts as to Sir Hilton's sanity were dispelled when it was learnt how he had acquired that remarkable complexion. Mr. Prout's alarm changed to merriment when he learned the true story. Even the members of the staff did not agree with Sir Hilton that it was not a laughing matter. There was laughter from end to end of Greyfriars.

When Sir Hilton, newly swept and garnished, presented himself in the

"Huh!"

"No doubt, sir, you would prefer to—return to Pepper Court, and—and leave the matter in my hands——"

"Nothing of the sort, sir!" hooted Sir Hilton.

"As you please, of course, Sir Hilton. I am, of course, only too glad, too honoured, by your assistance——"

Sir Hilton brought down his fist on the Head's table with a crash that made it dance, and brought a spurt of ink from the inkpot.

"Mr. Brander! This state of affairs must be ended at once!" he roared.

"Certainly, sir! Certainly! If you can see your way——"

"The school should never have been allowed to fall into such a state——"

"Quite so, sir! The result of the former headmaster's incapacity——"

"That is all very well, sir! But I am bound to remark that there was nothing of this kind in Dr. Locke's time! It is very singular sir—very singular indeed—that this outrageous disorder should follow Dr. Locke's retirement! I must say that it is very singular indeed!"

Mr. Brander breathed hard.

One word of opposition or argument would have been enough for the exasperated Sir Hilton. He was, perhaps unconsciously, seeking a pretext for visiting his wrath on the headmaster he had himself selected. It was dawning upon even Sir Hilton's obstinate mind that it was, in fact, very singular that this outbreak should have followed Dr. Locke's retirement.

But Mr. Brander was not the man to argue with his patron. He had gained Sir Hilton's support in the first place by flattery and fawning, and he was prepared to retain it by the same methods.

"I am entirely in your hands, Sir Hilton," murmured the new headmaster. "I have endeavoured to carry out your wishes—your instructions—I may say, your commands. That will always be my endeavour."

"Quite so, sir—quite so; but——"

"Please do not doubt my loyalty—my eagerness to receive your instructions and carry them out!"

"Very good, Mr. Brander—very good!" said Sir Hilton, somewhat placated. "But, as I was saying, this revolt

must be crushed at once—an example must be made of the young scoundrels. I shall remain here till that has been effected. Good gad! What is all that uproar?" Sir Hilton strode to the window, and stared out into the quad. "What are all those boys laughing at, Mr. Brander?"

This was a difficult question for Mr. Brander to answer.

Sir Hilton threw open the window, and the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth-Form floated in.

"Did you see the old bean? Black as the ace of spades! They jammed him in the dormitory window and blacked his silly old chivvy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Prout thought he was a nigger!"

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Van Tromp was half-way up the ladder when a pillow whizzed from the window above, smote him in the face, and sent him toppling backwards!

Head's study, Mr. Brander eyed him very uneasily. He had been glad to receive Sir Hilton's assistance in dealing with the rebels; but that assistance had not, so far, stood him in good stead. And he was dreading the result of this awful experience on the baronet's temper.

Somehow or other he had to keep on the right side of Sir Hilton, and he was prepared to eat any amount of humble pie for that purpose; but the irascible old gentleman was now in a mood to snap at friend and foe alike. Mr. Brander wished heartily that Sir Hilton was safe at home at Popper Court.

"I—I can only express my—my deep sorrow, and—and regret," he stammered. "Such impudence—such insolence—to a governor of the school——"

gurgled Fry of the Fourth. "He thought he was a mad nigger—" "Oh, rather!" chortled Dabney. "Ha, ha, ha! Old Popper—a mad nigger! Ha, ha!" "Mr. Brander," hissed Sir Hilton, "do you permit boys to discuss a governor of the school in such terms as these? I repeat, sir, do you permit it?"

"Certainly not!" stammered Mr. Brander. "I—I will—" He broke off. Keen as he was on unsparing punishments, deserved or undeserved, Mr. Brander desired to avoid provoking trouble in the other Forms, while the Remove were still rebellious and unsubdued. Matters at Greyfriars were in a very touchy state, and a slight provocation might cause a crowd of fellows to join the rebels, and turn a difficult task into an impossible one.

But it was useless to explain that to Sir Hilton Popper. He was not the man to listen to the voice of reason.

"You will punish those insolent young rascals!" said Sir Hilton. "Good gad! Is a governor of the school to be insulted in his own hearing? Call those three boys in at once and flog them, sir!"

"Certainly, sir—certainly!" Mr. Brander approached the window. "Temple! Dabney! Fry!"

The three Fourth-Formers jumped. They stared round at the window, at the angry face of Sir Hilton, and the uneasy countenance of Mr. Brander.

"Oh, yes, sir!" stammered Temple. "Come to my study, Temple, and bring Fry and Dabney with you."

"Wh-a-at for, sir?" "Do not dare to question your headmaster!" roared Sir Hilton. "Come to this study at once!"

"Oh crumbs!" Sir Hilton slammed down the window. Temple, Dabney & Co. exchanged a dismayed look, and they moved off. Sir Hilton snorted.

"You will flog them, sir, in my presence. A flogging will teach them proper respect for authority. It will have a good effect on the school. I shall see you flog them, sir, immediately they reach this study."

"Certainly, Sir Hilton—certainly!" Mr. Brander selected a birch; but he was feeling doubtful whether he was going to use it. And his doubts were justified, for Temple, Dabney, and Fry did not arrive in the study. Sir Hilton, fuming with wrath, waited for them to come; but he waited in vain. Cecil Reginald Temple and his friends had sought safer quarters.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Sir Hilton Means Business!

TAP, tap!

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

"Look out!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were at tea in the Remove dormitory. It was rather like a picnic, the fellows sitting about anywhere, some in the dormitory, some in the passage outside, some on the barricade. Foodstuffs, strictly rationed, had been handed out from the store in the big cupboard, to an accompaniment of grumbling from William George Bunter.

Bunter rather liked a barring-out, for it meant cessation of classes, and no work for Bunter. But he did not like it, because it meant rationing of the tuck. Bunter would have preferred to scoff the good things right and left,

and trust to fortune for the morrow and the day after. But Bunter was not allowed to scoff recklessly, hence his discontent. He had finished his own tea very rapidly, and now he sat and watched the other fellows with a hungry eye. And then came the sudden tapping at the window, outside which the long ladder was still reared against the sill.

A dozen faces turned to the window at once. The window was shut and carefully fastened now, and there was no ingress without breaking the glass. Bob Cherry was the first to grab a cricket-stump and rush towards the window, as a head and shoulders appeared there at the top of the ladder.

But the stump was not needed. It was not an enemy this time. It was the aristocratic face of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form that was pressed to the pane.

"My hat, it's Temple!" exclaimed Bob.

"A jolly old recruit!" said the Bounder. "Let him in!"

Bob threw up the sash. Temple of the Fourth was at the top of the ladder, and behind him were Dabney and Fry. They looked anxious.

"Let us in, you fellows!" said Temple hurriedly. "If they catch us on this ladder—"

"You've come to join us?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, rather! Brander's told us to go to his study. You know what that means. We're not takin' any."

"Roll in, old beans!" Temple of the Fourth plunged in at the window, and helping hands assisted him to land. Dabney followed him, and then Fry.

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Bunter, "what about grub? If they haven't brought any grub with them we—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" "Shan't!" hooted Bunter. "Look here, there's more than enough for the grub now. You're keeping me short of grub already."

"Kick him!" "Ow! Ow! Keep off, Bull, you beast!" roared Bunter.

"Anything more to say, fatty?" asked Johnny Bull, poisoning his foot for another kick.

"Ow! No! Wow!" "Jolly glad to see you Fourth Form men!" said Harry Wharton. "The more the merrier."

"They're keeping a guard on the staircase," said Temple. "A lot of fellows would have been here before now, but for that. We were jolly glad to see that ladder there. Brander will be hunting for us soon. He's expecting us in his study."

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! There's Van Tromp!"

The bully of the Sixth passed in view below, looking about him.

"Looking for us," said Fry, with a chuckle.

Van Tromp paused by the ladder and glanced up. Cecil Reginald Temple waved a hand to him from the window.

"Here we are, old bean!" he shouted. "You can come up here after us if you like."

"Do come!" called out Bob Cherry.

Van Tromp scowled up at the juniors. A condensed milk tin—empty—whirled down, and the bully of the Sixth dodged just in time. He departed hastily, followed by a yell from the window.

A few minutes later he returned with

Gosling and Mr. Mimble. They proceeded to drag the ladder away from the window-sill. Evidently the enemy had given up hope of entering the Remove quarters that way.

Harry Wharton closed the window, and the juniors went back to their interrupted tea. Bob Cherry glanced round him.

"Where's my cake?" he asked. "Hallo! Where's my bun?" asked Nugent.

"Where's my saveloy?" inquired Squiff.

"Where's my ginger-pop?" asked Tom Brown.

"I say, you fellows, it's no good looking at me!" said Bunter hurriedly. "I don't know where they are. I hope you fellows don't think I'd bag your tuck while you weren't looking?"

"Why, you fat villain—"

"Oh, really Wharton—"

"Scrag him!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Where's my cream puff?" roared Bolsover major.

"Somewhere in Bunter," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I haven't—I—I wouldn't—Keep off, you beasts! I say, I was jolly hungry! You're keeping me short of grub. It's your own fault. Besides, I never touched them. I say—Whooooop!"

Billy Bunter fled for his life.

"This way, you men!" called out the Bounder suddenly.

Vernon-Smith was on guard in the passage.

There was a rush from the dormitory at once. Vernon-Smith was standing on the barricade, staring along the passage towards the landing. From that direction came a sound of heavy bumping and dragging on the stairs.

"What's up?" exclaimed Bob.

"Blessed if I know!" answered Smithy. "They seem to be dragging something upstairs—something jolly heavy, to judge by the row they're making."

The juniors watched eagerly. Sir Hilton Popper came in sight from the stairs. He was followed by Joyce and the other keepers. And they were half-carrying, half-dragging a gigantic log—the sawn trunk of a tree. They panted as they landed it at the top of the stairs.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "It's a jolly old battering-ram!"

"Phew!"

"Oh, gad!" said Temple of the Fourth. "This looks like business. They'll smash everythin' to smithereens with that log."

Harry Wharton's face became grave. It was a gigantic log, not less than ten feet in length, and so heavy that the six keepers had their hands full in handling it. The barricade in the passage was stout and strong, but it was not likely to stand against such an assault. Sir Hilton Popper had evidently set his ancient wits to work, with some result this time.

"Take it up!" rapped out Sir Hilton. "Do not waste time, Joyce! We are not here to waste time! Take it up!"

The keepers were breathing hard, after their exertions in getting the tree-trunk up the stairs. But Sir Hilton gave them no time to rest. He was anxious to see the rebels' barricade smashed to smithereens.

"Go it!" said Joyce, and he spat on his hands, and grasped the huge log. His comrades followed his example, and it was lifted from the floor.

The six men held the log, three on each side, and bore it along the passage. Sir Hilton stalked after them, his eyes glittering.

"That does it," said Coker of the Fifth. "I told you fags that this barricade was no good, and you ought to have barricaded the dormitory door."

"Oh, dry up, Coker!"

"You silly ass!" said Bob. "How long do you think the dormitory door would stand against that blessed log?"

"They've got us," said Skinner; "I—I say, they've got us! The—the game's up now."

"Shut up, Skinner, you funk."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"But I say, they've got us now," gasped Bunter. "I—I want all you fellows to bear witness that I had nothing to do with it—I—I want you all to own up that I never had a hand in anything—yaroooooooh!"

"We've got to stop them," said Smithy between his teeth. "Chuck everything you can lay hands on."

"Go it!" shouted Bob.

Missiles rained across the barricade at the panting six, who were carrying the improvised battering-ram. Every-

thing that came to hand for use as a missile, went whizzing at the enemy.

There was a chorus of howls from the keepers. They had an irresistible weapon in their hands; but they were exposed to the fire from the rebels—and the fire was hot and heavy. Boots, and books, and empty tins, and pillows, and fragments of chairs and boxes, all sorts of things rained on them. Joyce gave a fearful howl as a tin saucepan crashed on his head, and Brown staggered under a whirling chair-leg. Both of them let go—and the weight of the log was too much for the other four.

With a terrific crash, it dropped on the floor, the concussion almost making the walls shake. With one accord, Joyce and Co. scuttled back to the landing at the end of the passage, to escape the fusillade: and Sir Hilton Popper was left standing by the fallen log, spluttering with wrath.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Hot Stuff!

"THAT'S done it!" gasped the Bounder.

"Hurrah!"

"Give old Popper a few!"

Whiz, whiz, whiz!

Sir Hilton Popper seemed heedless of the missiles that flew, though they were well-aimed, and crashed on him right and left. He brandished his riding-whip, and roared to the keepers. Joyce and Co., at a safe distance, had stopped, panting and caressing their damages.

For some minutes Sir Hilton's furious voice fell on deaf ears. Joyce and Co. were evidently unwilling to face the fire again.

But Sir Hilton succeeded in stirring them to action at last. Slowly, gingerly, they advanced along the passage, and bent over the fallen log, grasped it, and raised it from the floor. The baronet lent his aid; and seven pairs of hands supported the battering-ram and rushed it along the passage.

Missiles rained on them, but this time they kept desperately on, coming at the barrier with a rush.

Crash!

The huge log, coming at full career, struck the barricade with a terrific concussion.

Strong as it was, the barricade crumpled under the shock. Bedsteads and boxes were smashed right and left, and the log came almost through. Over

(Continued on next page.)

"Come into the Office, Boys!"

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address; The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

I RECKON that by this time your collection of sticky-back photos of the Test Match cricketers is beginning to look something like. You'll have twenty of them stuck in your album by the time you are reading this little chat of mine. You've eight more to collect before your album will be complete, and you'll get four of them next week—that is, of course, if you've been wise enough to give your newsagent an order to deliver the MAGNET to you every week.

If some of you have missed any of our previous issues, you can still get back numbers by writing to our Back Number Department, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, enclosing the cost of the issues required plus the postage.

So much for our free gifts. Now about our wonderful new competition beginning next week. Would you like a cricket bat autographed by the Australian Test Match cricketers, or, say, a Hornby train set? Well, you'll have the chance to win one of these topping prizes in a new and interesting competition exclusive to MAGNET readers—full particulars of which will appear in next week's bumper issue.

To-day my thoughts are turning towards holidays, because, like you, I shall be enjoying August Bank Holiday while you are reading these lines. Bank Holiday this year falls on the anniversary of the declaration of the War in 1914. But, thank goodness, we shall have a peaceful holiday this year.

Talking about holidays, three of my south country readers tell me that they have planned what I consider is

A REALLY IDEAL HOLIDAY.

They are cycling to Dover, and then crossing to Ostend. Once in Belgium they are going to cycle around the country, and return to England after spending a long week-end. An elder brother of one of them is going with them, and they have asked my advice regarding the prob-

able cost of such a holiday. A week-end ticket from Dover to Ostend and return will cost them about 16s. second class, and the cost of taking a bicycle over is 3s. 10d. each way.

Once in Belgium they will find things quite cheap, especially if they cycle off the beaten track, and put up for the night at the small cafes in the little villages. Most Belgians speak English, so there will be no difficulty about language. They should certainly spend a little time in Ostend, and also visit Zeebrugge and Bruges. Furthermore, if they should wish to cross the frontier into Holland, they will be able to do so without any difficulty if they explain to the frontier officials that they are returning later in the day.

For any boy who has not been abroad before, such a trip will be full of interest. Last time I was over in Ostend I stayed at the same hotel as a party of British boys, who were thoroughly delighted with their trip. I am sure that these chums of mine will be pleased to know that they can buy the MAGNET in Belgium! But if they take my tip, they'll take their copy with them. It will help to while away the rather tedious boat journey across the Channel!

HARRY CHARTERIS, of Leamington, asks me to tell him which is

THE LARGEST AEROPLANE in the world? This distinction belongs to the German Dornier flying-boat, Do X. This tremendous plane can carry no fewer than 159 passengers, together with a crew of 10. Fully loaded, she weighs 52 tons, and she can rise from the water in 50 seconds, and fly at a speed of 150 miles an hour. Although she is a German vessel, the engines are British-designed. She has twelve 525 horse-power Bristol-Jupiter engines, and holds the record for passenger-carrying in any kind of aircraft.

Here is a letter from an adventure-seeking chum. He wants to go abroad

to seek his fortune, but he doesn't want to go to Canada or Australia. He wants to get farther off the beaten track; in fact,

HE WANTS TO GO TO KENYA,

or some other of our East African dependencies, and he has written to me to ask how to go about it. Kenya, which has been a Crown Colony only since 1920, has vast potentialities, and its industries include forestry, agriculture, ostrich farming and dairy work. My chum should write to H.M. East African Dependencies, Trade and Information Office, Royal Mail Building, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, where all information concerning East Africa will be supplied.

Just one more query. B. G., of Dorchester, wants to know where the name "Apache" came from? It was originally the name of a group of North American Indian tribes, who were enemies of the Navajoes. The name was taken by a gang of Paris hooligans, and nowadays all Parisian criminals are known as "Apaches."

Ready for next week's list of features? Right!

"VICTORY FOR THE REBELS!"

By Frank Richards,

is another "super-production" of this first-rate boys' writer. It's as full of good stuff as an egg is of nourishment, and when you've finished it you'll agree that it's as good as any story he has ever written—and no one can give higher praise than that!

There are thrills of just the right kind in our vivid War serial, "The Flying Spy," which will be continued, and which is sure to make you wish that the instalment was twice as long!

Then comes another "Greyfriars Herald" supplement detailing the current events at the school. On top of all this you'll find a winning joke and limerick, a poem by our special rhymester, and a gossip page of queries and replies by your Editor.

And—need I mention it?—to crown everything, there'll be

FOUR MORE FREE STICKY-BACK PHOTOS,

together with nutshell biographies of the cricketers shown thereon. So jump to it, chums, and order next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT NUMBER at once!

YOUR EDITOR.

the defences the rebels reached out, and cricket stumps lashed at the enemy. In hot haste, Joyce and Co. dragged the log away.

As they retreated with their formidable weapon, a great gap was left in the barricade, and the whole structure rocked. And it was clear that one or two more shocks would send it tottering into fragments.

At a distance, Joyce and Co. rested, to recover their breath for another charge with the battering-ram.

Sir Hilton's eyes were glittering. He had no doubt of success now. Another charge, or a couple more charges, and the barricade would be a thing of the past; and then he and his men would be among the juniors—and the barring-out would be over.

"Do not waste time!" bawled Sir Hilton. "Joyce, you are wasting time! Get on with it, Joyce."

"Ow!" gasped Joyce. "This 'ere log is 'eavy, Sir Hilton. Let a man get his breath! Ow!"

"Nonsense! Exert yourself! Get to it at once."

The six burly men grasped the trunk again. They prepared for another rush up the passage.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Bob Cherry. "We're for it! Fight to the finish when the jolly old barricade goes! We'll beat them yet."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Smithy! Where are you going, Smithy?"

Vernon-Smith did not answer. He had jumped away from the barricade, and was running to the dormitory doorway farther back. He disappeared into the dormitory without replying.

"That's one funk gone!" roared Bolsover major. "Stand it, you fellows, stick it out."

"Rot! Smithy's not funking!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "But—Smithy! Back up, you ass, we want every man here now."

"Here they come!" gasped Nugent.

"Chuck something—anything—"

But ammunition was running short. A few missiles whizzed over the barrier; but Joyce and Co. came on undeterred, and the great log rushed at the barricade again.

Vernon-Smith emerged from the dormitory. He had a large paper packet in his hand. He came speeding back to the barricade.

"Stand back, you fellows," he gasped.

"What—"

"Stand back, I tell you."

Crash!

The battering-ram struck the barricade for the second time, and the whole structure groaned and tottered. At the same moment, the Bounder jumped on a chair, and flung the paper packet in his hand, into the midst of the enemy.

For the moment his comrades did not understand; and they stared blankly. The next moment they understood.

A white powder filled the air like a cloud among the enemy. Joyce and Co. burst into a terrific snorting and gasping.

"Pepper!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The pepperfulness is terrific!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Coker. "Atchoo-choo-chooooooh—" The other fellows stood back at the Bounder's word, but Coker of the Fifth was not the fellow to stand back when he was told. So he got almost as much of the pepper as Joyce and Co.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,173.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bob Cherry "Oh, my only summer bonnet."

"Good old Smithy!"

"Atchoo-choo-choooooh!" came from Joyce and Co. "Oooooh! Woooooh! Gug-gug-gug! Atchooooooh!"

A hurricane of sneezing awoke every echo of the passage. Sir Hilton Popper staggered against the wall, sneezing in great blasts like a foghorn.

"Atchoooh—choooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Grooogh! Atchooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Joyce and Co. staggered away, gasping, spluttering, sneezing, coughing, tears streaming from their eyes. This time the voice of Sir Hilton was not heard urging them on. Sir Hilton was staggering after them, blowing terrific blasts upon his majestic nose.

"Atchooh-chook-ook—ooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the rebels.

"Hot stuff!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker of the Fifth was sneezing wildly. All the rest of the garrison roared with laughter. Sneezing, snorting, sniffing, gurgling, the enemy beat a rapid retreat, thinking of nothing but of getting away from the pepper. Down the stairs went Joyce and Co. in utter rout, and after them staggered

YOU SEND A WINNING GREYFRIARS LIMERICK—

WE SEND A HANDSOME POCKET WALLET!

Old Quelch is hot stuff with his cané,
And causes Removites great pain;

Although he's severe,
He does not appear
To be a bad sort in the main!

The above winning effort was sent in by: Stanley Bichard, "Rosecot," Baubigny Road, St. Sampson's, Guernsey, C.I.

Sir Hilton Popper, still sounding like a foghorn.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bob, wiping his eyes. "Oh, Christopher Columbus! Smithy, old man, you're a jewel—a giddy jewel."

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"You—groogh—silly young—ooooch—ass!" gasped Coker. "You—groogh—look at me—ooooch! Atchoooh—chooh—choooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've a jolly good—ooh—mind to—atchoooh—atchoooh—to thrash you—ooooch—oh dear—atchoooooh—"

"They're gone!" said the Bounder, unheeding the hapless Coker. "Now let's cut out and get hold of that log. We can jamb it across the passage and stick it too tight for them to use again."

"Wait till the pepper clears off a bit," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Tie your hanky over your face, fat-head. They may come back again—and I've used up all the pepper."

A dozen fellows, with their handkerchiefs tied carefully over their noses, scrambled over. The abandoned log was heaved up and placed across the passage, close to the barricade. As it was ten feet long, and the passage was only nine feet wide, it was easy to jam it between the walls at a slight slant, so tightly that it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to get it away again.

Then the juniors clambered back, and set to work repairing the damage to

the barricade. The log jammed across the passage in front of the defences added to the strength of the barrier, a result which Sir Hilton Popper certainly had not anticipated.

Once more the rebels were ready for the enemy. But the enemy did not come. Downstairs Joyce & Co. were still coughing and sneezing dismally, and Sir Hilton Popper, with his eyes and nose streaming, dizzy with sneezing, was in no state to plan further assaults. His wrath was greater than ever, but the lord of Popper Court had to let the sun go down on his wrath.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Trouble in the Dark!

BILLY BUNTER lifted his head from his pillow.

All was dark and silent in the Remove dormitory.

The hour was late.

Outside in the passage, a candle glimmered, where some of the juniors were on watch at the barricade. Faintly the glimmer came in at the open doorway. Save for that faint glimmer, and the dim starlight at the windows, the room was dark.

Bunter jammed his spectacles on his fat little nose and blinked round him.

On all sides was the sound of steady breathing.

A dozen fellows were camped in the passage, but the rest of the garrison were in the dormitory, fast asleep.

Bunter's little round eyes glimmered behind his big spectacles.

Slowly and cautiously he drew himself from his bed.

Bunter was the only fellow awake in the room. That was remarkable enough at that late hour, Bunter being, as a rule, the soundest sleeper at Greyfriars. But circumstances alter cases. Bunter was hungry. At supper, Bunter, as usual, had been given only enough for one. And at every meal since the barring-out had started, Bunter had had only enough for one. Day after day of a food shortage like that made Bunter desperate.

Rations were all very well for the other fellows, but they were no use to Bunter. Bunter wanted a square meal. Now he was going to get one.

The food supplies were locked up in the big cupboard at the end of the dormitory. But the lock was not a difficult one. In the daytime, certainly, any attempt on that lock would have been interrupted, and followed by condign punishment. Hence Bunter's present surreptitious proceedings. He had borrowed a chisel from Bob Cherry's tool-chest. With that implement he had no doubt that he could force open the lock of the cupboard. Then the supplies—still ample—would be at Bunter's mercy. After he had had his square meal, it was certain that the supplies would not be ample.

Bunter had a conscience. He would have been really shocked had any other fellow sought to raid the food supplies in this way.

But his own case was different. Exactly how it was different Bunter did not trouble to work out. But he was satisfied that his present proceedings were justified. If the beasts thought they were going to keep him short of grub, the beasts were jolly well mistaken.

Bunter stood by his bed and listened for a minute or two. Save for the breathing of the sleepers, and a faint murmur of voices from the fellows on guard in the passage, all was silent and still.



The steps under Van Tromp lurched as he struggled and kicked. "Ow! Help! Led de by dose!" he gurgled. "Ow! Oh! Led do!" "Give him beans!" cried the rebels.

The fat junior grinned. Taking care to make no sound, he stole away along the dormitory. His bare feet were noiseless, and he hardly breathed as he crept along.

But the Remove dormitory was not in its normal, orderly state. Most of the bedsteads were stacked up in the passage. Mattresses were spread on the floor, anywhere that a fellow fancied. In the dimness, it was rather difficult for Bunter to pick his way without accident. Careful and cautious as he was, the Owl of the Remove suddenly found himself tripping over a pair of long legs, and before he could save himself he came down with a bump.

"Oooooh!" came the startled voice of Coker of the Fifth.

Coker started out of slumber spluttering. It was enough to startle any fellow for a heavy weight to drop suddenly across his legs while he was wrapped in heavy slumber.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "What—who—" gasped Coker. Bunter rolled off hurriedly and picked himself up. Coker sat up on his mattress and stared round him in the darkness.

"Who's that?" he bawled. "Hallo, what's the row?" came Potter's sleepy voice from a mattress near at hand. "That you, Coker?"

"Yes, it's me," snorted Coker. "Who's larking about in the dark?"

"Eh!" "Somebody just biffed me!" grunted Coker. "Somebody banged me across the legs and woke me up. Who was it?"

"Dreaming, old chap!" murmured Greene drowsily.

"Don't be an idiot, Greene!" "Shut up that row," said Bob Cherry,

who was on a mattress near Coker.

"Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"Don't be cheeky, Cherry!"

"Well, shut up, ass; it's my turn to keep watch, and I want to get some sleep! Dry up."

"Was it you larking, you young sweep?"

"Oh, don't be an ass," yawned Bob. "Nobody's larking! You've been dreaming."

"Yes, shut up, Coker," came several voices.

Horace Coker snorted angrily. His long legs had a feeling as if a ton weight had dropped on them, and Coker knew that it wasn't a dream.

"Well, if there's any more larking, I'll jolly well turn out and lick you," growled Coker. "Waking a fellow up—"

"Quiet, ass!"

Coker snorted, and settled down again.

Billy Bunter had not stirred. He was crouching in the darkness, only three feet from the irritated Horace, not daring to move. The voices of the awakened sleepers were all round Bunter, and he dared not move for fear of detection. He hardly breathed as he waited for the fellows to settle down. But all was quiet at last, and the Owl of the Remove got a move on.

He stepped cautiously on his way, more cautiously than ever. But caution was really not much use when a short-sighted fellow had to grope his way in darkness among scattered beds. Bunter caught his foot in a mattress and stumbled forward. He threw out his hands to save himself, and they smacked loudly on the upturned face of the fellow on the mattress. There was a sudden roar.

"Whooo! Hallo, hallo, hallo! What—"

Bunter scrambled back in hot haste. He felt the wind of Bob Cherry's fist as it lashed by him in the dark. It must have missed Bunter, and he crouched away, and was still and silent again. Bob Cherry sat up.

"Coker, you thundering idiot—"

"Eh! Who's that? What—"

"You benighted dummy!" roared Bob. "What do you mean by smacking a fellow's face?"

"Who smacked your face, you young idiot?"

"You did, you howling chump!"

"I didn't, you cheeky imp—"

"Then who did?" demanded Bob, glaring round in the gloom. "Somebody suddenly leaned over and smacked my face—"

"You're dreaming," said Peter Todd.

"Do you think I could dream a smack on the face, fathead?"

"Well, you thought I dreamed somebody biffing me across my legs," chuckled Coker, "so perhaps you've dreamed that smack on the face."

"Look here, is somebody larking?" demanded Bob. "If some silly chump is playing practical jokes, I'll jolly well mop up the dorm with him."

"Oh, go to sleep!" yawned Vernon-Smith. "You're keeping us all awake."

"It's somebody larking," growled Bob. "I'll jolly well—"

"I said it was somebody larking," growled Coker, "and my belief is that it's you, Cherry!"

"You silly idiot, do you think I should smack my own face for a lark?" snorted Bob.

"Well, I believe you biffed me across the legs—"

"Oh, go and eat coke."

"Well, no more of your larks," said Coker. "You Remove kids never can behave yourselves. My own fault, I suppose, for having anything to do with a mob of cheeky fags!"

"Dry up, Coker," came several voices.

Horace Coker grunted and was quiet once more.

Billy Bunter waited till all was silent and still, and then he moved on again—hungrier than ever. He was at a safe distance from the sleepers now, and in no danger of treading on any of them as he crept towards the cupboard.

Noiseless with his bare feet, suppressing his breathing, the Owl of the Remove crept on. He stopped suddenly and listened. In the silence a soft and faintly-murmuring sound came to his ears, like the gnawing of a rat behind the wainscot. Bunter blinked round in surprise.

"What the dickens——" he muttered.

He listened intently, startled and uneasy.

There were no rats to gnaw the woodwork in the Remove dormitory. But the faint sound was remarkably like it. Or it might have been the sound of a well-oiled saw, working cautiously.

Bunter listened for a full minute, greatly puzzled, and then gave it up. Whatever the sound was, it was a matter of little interest, compared with getting to the food cupboard, and reveling in a square meal for the first time for an age—as it seemed to the hungry Owl of the Remove.

Bunter crept on.

Then, suddenly, the silence of the Remove dormitory was broken by a terrific yell that awoke every echo and aroused every fellow in the garrison.

"Yaroooooooooh!"

Billy Bunter leaped clear of the floor as he yelled.

"Whoop! Ooop! Yooooop! Ow! Ow!" roared Bunter, and he danced on one foot and clasped the other with both hands, in anguish.

There was a pain in Bunter's foot—a severe pain. Something—it was quite unimaginable what—but something fearfully sharp—had suddenly run into Bunter's podgy sole from below—from a solid floor! Bunter felt as if he had trodden on a long, sharp tack; but it was not that; for the sharp point, whatever it was, had suddenly risen from the floor and jabbed into his feet! It was enough to startle any fellow!

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" roared Bunter, hopping frantically. "Wooooh! Oh dear! My foot! Ow! Oh crikey! Ow!"

"What the thump——" roared Bob Cherry.

"What's that row?"

"It's Bunter——"

"What's the matter, you benighted Owl?"

"Ow! I'm stabbed!"

"What?" yelled a dozen voices.

"Stabbed—punctured—ow! Wow! My foot—whoop! Ow! Somebody's stabbed me through the floor! Ow!"

"You potty porpoise!" roared Bob Cherry.

"What were you doing out of bed?" demanded Smithy. "What have you got that chisel in your paw for?"

"Ow! I wasn't going after the grub!" howled Bunter. "Ow! I'm injured—I'm lamed—I'm killed! Ow!"

"After the grub, you fat villain! Scrag him!"

"Ow! I wasn't! I never thought of it! Ow! I say, you fellows, I'm fearfully injured! Ow!"

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

The indignant juniors grasped Bunter on all sides. It was evident that he was on a grub raid; and they could guess, too, who it was that had disturbed the sleepers a short time ago. And they were not likely to heed his extraordinary statement that he had been stabbed through the floor! That statement was altogether too extraordinary.

"Bump the fat villain!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Ow!" yelled Bob, suddenly releasing Bunter and hopping on one foot.

"Oh, my hat! Yaroooooh!"

"What on earth——"

"Ow! Something ran into my foot—something sharp!"

"I say, you fellows, I told you so!"

"Whoop!" yelled Smithy suddenly, and he hopped in the air. "What the thump! Has some idiot been chucking tacks about the floor?"

"What the merry deuce——" exclaimed Wharton.

Lighted candles were lowered to the floor, and the juniors stared round the polished planks, forgetting Bunter in their wonder and amazement. Billy Bunter's statement, extraordinary as it was, was evidently well-founded. There was a sudden shout from Wharton, and he pointed to a bright steel point that gleamed in the candle-light.

"Look!"

"Great pip!"

The steel point emerged from the solid floor. It was turning round and round, and as the juniors hushed in amazement they heard a low sound of dull grinding—the sound that Bunter had heard and passed unheeded.

For some moments astonishment held them dumb. Under their amazed eyes the sharp steel turned in the wood, rising higher and higher, though almost imperceptibly, with every turn.

"My only hat!" gasped Bob, at last.

"It's a bit—somebody's working a brace-and-bit underneath."

"That's it!" breathed Wharton.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

The steel bit, worked by the brace in unseen hands below, turned and turned, eating a way up through the solid floor-plank. The rebels understood now. It was an attack—and it was coming from the studies below the dormitory. In a room below somebody was mounted on a pair of steps; the ceiling had been breached and the dormitory floor above was being pierced. As they gazed, the steel bit went sharply down, and there was a small circular hole left, about an inch in diameter.

Wharton made his comrades a sign to be silent. The juniors watched with breathless interest. Through the circular hole left by the brace and bit a thin steel saw was inserted.

It started eating away the plank.

The saw was well-oiled, wielded by a careful hand, and made little noise. Had the fellows been asleep, certainly that faint sound would not have disturbed them.

Softly, but swiftly, the sharp saw ate through the floor-board. In the silence a muttering voice was heard from below.

"You are a long time, Joyce! You are a very long time!"

It was the irritable voice of Sir Hilton Popper.

"It's 'ard work, sir!" the juniors could clearly hear the keeper's whispering reply. "This 'ere ain't easy, sir! I got to be careful or I'll wake up them young rips!"

The juniors grinned at that remark.

"Lose no time, Joyce! Lose no time!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton!"

The saw slid on. The floor-planks were more than an inch thick, old and hard. It was no easy task, even for a keen saw and a sinewy arm. But there was no doubt that the enterprise would have been a success had not the rebels been put on their guard.

Now that they examined the floor, the juniors could see another round hole at a little distance along the same plank, with a saw-cut running from it. The floor-board was already cut across in one place; Joyce had evidently been at work some time.

Now he was working on the second cut; and as soon as that was completed all he had to do was to push up the section of board between the two saw-cuts and leave an open orifice in the floor.

The opening would be narrow, but wide enough for a man to squeeze through from below.

"My only hat!" whispered Harry. "If we hadn't got on to this——"

"Plenty of time to stop them!" whispered Bob.

Wharton shook his head.

"No fear! Keep quiet, you men—and let them get on with it! They can only come up one at a time—and we're ready——"

There was a subdued chuckle. The candles were blown out; and the rebels waited in darkness and silence, round the faint glimmer from the holes in the floor, and listened to the gnawing of the saw in the industrious hand of Joyce. The Bouncer crept silently away and returned with a jug of water. The other fellows grasped cricket stumps or pillows. They waited tensely. It would have been easy to stop the attack at that point; but that was not the idea. The enemy were to have a lesson which might discourage them from similar attempts in the future.

There was a grunt audible from Joyce, expressive of relief and satisfaction. His task was ended; the saw had eaten its way across the plank. It was withdrawn.

"Joyce! Are you finished?"

The juniors heard the deep voice of the baronet, cautiously subdued.

"Yessir! Only got to lift the board now."

"Good! Van Tromp, you will go first—you are the slimmest. If the young scoundrels awake you will keep them off while my men follow you. But do not give the alarm if you can help it. This time the young rascals must be overpowered. Mr. Brander, perhaps you would like to go second?"

"I think I am a little too stout!"

"Perhaps so! I will follow your nephew! Remove the board, Joyce, and descend."

There was a creak as the section of floor-board was forced up. Being now cut through at both ends, it yielded to Joyce's pressure from below without difficulty, and the keeper up-ended it, and drew it away through the opening. An orifice three feet long and nearly a foot wide was left in the floor; and the light from the study below glimmered up into the dark dormitory. The juniors, keeping back out of sight, had a glimpse of Joyce descending the pair of steps with the section of plank in his hands, and of Sir Hilton and Mr. Brander, and Van Tromp of the Sixth, and of the rest of the Popper Court keepers.

Wharton put his finger to his lips.

(Continued on page 28.)

THE FLYING SPY!

By **GEO. E. ROCHESTER.**

(INTRODUCTION ON NEXT PAGE.)

"The order of the court is that you, Guido von Sturm, be stripped of all honours and decorations—and, furthermore, that you be shot at dawn to-morrow. . . ."

GENERAL RASCHEN.

The Riddle!

VON STURM'S gaze travelled slowly round the room before finally coming to rest on the civilian-clad Dr. Zolhoff.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was the same hint of amusement in his quiet tones, "although the court has not yet considered its verdict, I know full well that I stand here a doomed man. It is not my intention to add one word to the defence which has already been made on my behalf. Rather do I wish to propound you a riddle, the solving of which may or may not be beyond the brains of your Intelligence Service."

Impatiently General Raschen turned to Zolhoff.

"Let him continue," murmured Zolhoff, anticipating the protest on Raschen's lips.

"Dr. Zolhoff has said," went on Von Sturm, "that it has been proved conclusively in this court that I had the much-wanted paper in my possession when I boarded my machine to fly westwards to the British lines. I admit it. I had the paper in my possession."

A rustle of excitement ran round the room, and Zolhoff leaned forward in his chair, a look of eager interest in his deep-set eyes.

"But where Dr. Zolhoff is wrong," continued the boy, "is in concluding that I either destroyed the paper during my flight to Erfurt, or landed somewhere and hid it. I repeat, I did neither. I did not land anywhere between Berlin and Erfurt, nor did I tear the paper up, nor did I throw it overboard. That paper is still in existence, and will be delivered into British hands whether I live or die!"

His face livid with sudden fury, Zolhoff launched himself to his feet, crashing clenched fist to the table in front of him.

"Then where is the paper, you miserable traitor!" he thundered. "Where is it?"

Von Sturm shrugged his shoulders. "That," he answered pleasantly, "is the riddle I propound, Herr Doktor. May you spend many an entertaining hour in the solving of it."

Shaking as though with the ague, Zolhoff glared at the boy with blazing eyes. Then, with an obvious effort, he got himself somewhat under control.

"Guido von Sturm," he said, his harsh voice quivering with suppressed passion, "before you are taken from here whilst the court considers its verdict, I ask you, for the last time, where is that paper?"

"And I," returned Von Sturm coolly, "ask you, Herr Doktor, to find out!"

Savagely Dr. Zolhoff wheeled on General Raschen.

"We have heard enough!" he



Guy's fist caught the aide-de-camp a smashing blow on the jaw!

snarled. "Let the court consider its verdict."

General Raschen nodded ponderously. Turning to Von Sturm's escort, he said sternly:

"Remove the prisoner!"

Sentenced!

VON STURM was conducted from the room by his guards, and marched along a stone corridor to a small room sparsely furnished with a table and one chair.

And here he waited whilst the court debated. They did not keep him long, for less than fifteen minutes had elapsed when his escort received the order to bring him back into the room where the court was sitting.

"Guido von Sturm," said General Raschen harshly, "you have been found guilty by this court on all the charges brought against you. Namely, you have been found guilty of deserting your

duty whilst on active service, and of endeavouring to join the enemy. And, further, you have been found guilty of endeavouring to convey to the enemy information such as would seriously jeopardise and endanger the success of our espionage service in Britain."

He paused a moment, then resumed:

"We have heard the defence made on your behalf, and have given it our most earnest consideration. Claiming to be of English birth, you have stated, through the officer who defended you, that your duty lies in the service of England. That defence we cannot accept. Your oath of loyalty was given to Germany—"

"Through the trickery of Dr. Zolhoff," cut in Von Sturm calmly. "It was an oath which would never have been given had I known the truth."

"Silence!" blazed General Raschen. "I repeat, we have heard your defence;

but cannot accept it. Yet, during the course of this trial, had you once expressed regret and a sincere contrition for these treacherous acts of yours, and offered reparation by delivering up the paper which you stole from the library of Dr. Zolhoff, it might well have been that you would not have found this court disinclined towards clemency and mercy. For we cannot be unmindful of the great services you have rendered the Fatherland in the air on the Western Front."

With slow, deliberate movement, he squared his shoulders.

"Guido von Sturm," he went on, his voice harsh and vibrant in the deathly stillness of the crowded room, "it is the order of this court that you be removed from your rank and dismissed with ignominy from service in the Imperial Forces of Germany. Also, that you forfeit and be stripped of all honours and decorations conferred upon you by Our Gracious Emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm II, or by his specially appointed representatives, and that you be shot at dawn to-morrow in the barrack square!"

General Raschen paused and stood a moment bowed of head. Then straightening up, he said brusquely:

"The court is dismissed!"

The Death Cell!

ALONE that night in the death cell of the grim Graustrasse barracks, Guido von Sturm sat writing busily. And the epistle he penned was to his one-time friend, Brachenfeld, now a major of Bavarian infantry.

"Nor do I complain," he wrote, "of the fairness of my trial, nor of the fairness of the verdict. For had I been acquitted on the charge of being a traitor—and on that charge I should have been acquitted—I had still earned the death penalty by my having appropriated a certain paper from the library of Dr. Zolhoff, and by my having utilised my rank and uniform to assist me in reaching the British lines.

"Doubtless you will feel tempted to judge me harshly, but I ask you never to forget, my dear Brachenfeld, that I am English born. My father and my fellow-countrymen are fighting out yonder towards the West, and I should have violated every instinct of canon and creed had I continued to fight against them once I had learned the truth of my birth.

"And now I must write farewell. I am not afraid to die, nor am I wholly unappreciative of this grim jest of Fate—that death should come to seek me out here in the barrack square of the Graustrasse when he has so often ridden the skies with me on the Western Front. Had he but claimed me then, what trouble might have been avoided."

Sudden voices in the corridor outside the door of his cell and the grating of a key in the lock caused Von Sturm to turn his head inquiringly. And as he sat, pen poised in hand, the heavy iron door swung open and Colonel Laufer, Commandante of the barracks, entered the cell, accompanied by an escort of two armed guards.

Pushing back his chair, Von Sturm rose to his feet. His heels came together with a click, and he bowed. Colonel Laufer inclined his head stiffly.

"Have you all you require?" he asked. "Everything, I thank you," replied Von Sturm.

Colonel Laufer's eyes rested on the boy, a certain pity in their depths. He was a kindly man at heart, and to him there was a world of tragedy in this end to which the brilliant Von Sturm had come.

"My aide-de-camp," he said, "will attend you at midnight to take possession of any letters you may have written. He will see to their safe delivery after, of course, the necessary censoring of them."

Again Von Sturm bowed.

"I thank you, Herr Oberst," he said. "Is there anything," went on the colonel, "to which you would like me to give my personal attention?"

Von Sturm hesitated. Then from his tunic pocket he drew a small leather case.

"Herr Oberst," he said quietly, "there is one matter to which indeed I would like you to give your personal attention. In spite of the denials of Dr. Zolhoff at my trial, I know that Colonel Tempest of the British Air Force, is my father. Might I ask that you see that this, my most treasured possession, is delivered to Colonel Tempest through the offices of the Swiss or Danish ambassadors?"

He snapped open the case. And there, black against its background of red plush, lay the Iron Cross which Von Sturm had received, from the hands of the German Emperor, for valour in the air.

Slowly Colonel Laufer extended his hand and took the case. Almost reverently he gazed at that small black metal cross, the highest award Germany could make to a soldier in the field. Then raising his eyes to Von Sturm, he said:

"It will be necessary for me to receive official permission from the German High Command before I can comply with your request—"

"And such permission shall be most emphatically refused," cut in a harsh voice from the doorway.

Colonel Laufer wheeled, then drew himself rigidly erect. For standing in the half-open doorway of the cell was the sombre figure of Dr. Zolhoff.

"You show the prisoner a consideration of which he is not worthy, Herr Oberst," went on Zolhoff icily, stepping forward into the cell. "Give that bauble to me!"

He took the small case containing the Iron Cross from the hand of Colonel Laufer, and slipped it into his pocket.

"It is typical of the insolence of this traitor," he went on angrily, "that he should make such a request to you. Kindly withdraw. I wish to speak with him alone."

"Very good, Herr Doktor," replied the colonel, with a snap salute, albeit a dull flush of resentment at Zolhoff's tone had mounted to his face.

Turning, he rapped out an order to

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Brought down in British territory, 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. Granted seven days' parole by the British authorities, the young airman visits Dr. Zolhoff, his guardian. The latter, 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. Overpowering the doctor, Guy makes good his escape with a paper, the property of the German Intelligence Bureau, containing information of the most vital importance. Owing to shortage of petrol, Guy is forced to alight at Erfurt aerodrome where he is arrested and taken before General Raschen, president of the German Military Court. Refusing to disclose the whereabouts of the important paper, the young airman makes a request to address the court.

(Now Read On.)

the guards and followed them from the cell.

Waiting until the cell door had closed on the commandante, Zolhoff turned to Von Sturm.

"Well," he demanded, and very apparent was the sneer in his voice, "and how do you find the thought of death?"

"Interesting," murmured Von Sturm. "Interesting, Herr Doktor."

"Pah!" blazed Zolhoff. "Stop these mock heroics. They do not hoodwink me."

"No?" drawled Von Sturm questioningly. "But then you are so difficult to hoodwink, are you not, Herr Doktor?"

The words flicked Zolhoff on the raw, and passion flamed in his deep-set eyes.

"By thunder, Von Sturm—" he began hoarsely, then checked himself with an effort. "I have come here to-night," he said, striving to keep his quivering voice under control, "to make a proposition to you. At this eleventh hour it is possible for you to save your life."

He gestured as though to stem any comment Von Sturm might be about to make.

"Do not misunderstand me," he went on rapidly. "I can offer you nothing save a reprieve from death. I cannot offer you your liberty. The alternative to death is life imprisonment in a German fortress."

"And how," inquired Von Sturm pleasantly, "is the alternative to be earned, Herr Doktor?"

"By divulging to me the whereabouts of the paper you stole," rapped Zolhoff.

Von Sturm shook his head.

"Really," he said gently, "you are either a splendid optimist, Herr Doktor, or else a singularly stubborn fool. I have said I will not tell you, and I mean it. Wait! One clue I will give you—"

He broke off and, turning to the table, picked up his pen. Rapidly, on a piece of notepaper, he scribbled five words in English. Then, turning, he handed what he had written to Zolhoff.

"If you can read that as it should be read," he said, "you will find the paper you seek."

Zolhoff lowered his gaze to the scribbled words and read as follows:

"I see—the missing paper!"

Furiously he crumpled the piece of notepaper in his hand and hurled it to the floor.

"Are you mad?" he blazed. "How dare you indulge in idiocy such as this with me?"

"It is not idiocy, Herr Doktor," replied Von Sturm, retrieving the crumpled piece of notepaper and handing it again to Zolhoff. "Call it the jest of a dying man, if you wish, but I tell you that in those five words which I have written lies the master key to the problem as to where I have hidden the paper I took from you."

"But why this mystery, curse you?" raved Zolhoff. "Why trouble to give me a clue at all?"

"I can only repeat," replied Von Sturm, "that you must look upon it as the jest of a dying man. Do you think the brains of your Intelligence Service can read those words aright, Herr Doktor? If they can, then the paper is yours for the asking. It does not lie far away."

For a long moment Zolhoff

stared at him. Then slowly, deliberately, he straightened out the crumpled piece of notepaper and read the words again.

"You swear on your dying oath that there is a clue in these words you have penned?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I swear it on my dying oath!" replied Von Sturm calmly.

Zolhoff nodded, and slipped the paper into his pocket.

"I believe you, Von Sturm," he said. "Yours was always a strange sense of humour—ingrained, I suppose, in your English blood. But rest assured that we will find the clue which lies in the words, and when we do——"

"The paper will be yours," took up Von Sturm, "and you and your fellow Prussians will sleep more sound of nights."

With an angry exclamation Zolhoff turned away. But at the door he paused and turned again.

"Guido von Sturm," he said vibrantly, "I shall never see you in this life again. I should not be human were I to say that I am unaffected by your passing. But the only sorrow that I can feel is that in your glorious hour of fame you deliberately took the path which has brought you to a shameful death."

"Yet the path I took was the path of honour," said Von Sturm quietly.

"The path of a suicidal fool, you mean!" rapped Zolhoff angrily, and with that he strode from the cell.

Midnight!

ALONE once again, and with the cell door locked upon him, Von Sturm reseated himself and picked up his pen in order to finish off the letter which he had been writing to Brachenfeld.

There were one or two other letters it was necessary for him to write. And at midnight Colonel Laufer's aide-de-camp was coming to collect them.

Von Sturm suddenly tensed, a strange glint in his eyes. He knew that aide-de-camp; had seen him at the trial.

Pushing back his chair, the boy rose excitedly to his feet and commenced to pace the floor of the cell.

"Merciful Providence!" he breathed. "It's a chance!"

He glanced at his wrist-watch. It wanted but twenty minutes to midnight.

And during those twenty minutes Von Sturm continued to pace the floor of his cell, his face grim and set, but a gleam of hope dawning in his eyes. Only once did he pause in his pacing, and that was to listen intently to the heavy tread of the sentry on duty outside in the corridor.

He heard the man's steps pass the door, and die away along the corridor. Then came a faint stamp as the man turned, and his tread grew louder and heavier again as he retraced his steps and repassed the door of the cell.

Prompt on the stroke of midnight a key turned in the lock, the iron door swung open, and the sentry stood aside to usher the commandante's aide-de-camp into the cell.

A youthful and elegant individual this aide-de-camp, erect as a ramrod, very stiff, and very formal.

Waiting until the sentry had with-

drawn, closing the cell door behind him, he advanced towards Von Sturm, who was standing by the table.

"I am instructed," he said coldly, "to take possession of any letters which you may care to hand to me."

"Yes," said Von Sturm.

Turning, he picked up from the table the letter he had written to Brachenfeld.

"Only one?" inquired the aide-de-camp with raised eyebrows, extending his hand to take the letter. Then he added with a very perceptible sneer: "But, naturally, a traitor cannot have many friends."

"No, not many," agreed Von Sturm evenly. "But you are the best one I've got."

And with the words his left hand shot out to fasten with a vice-like grip



GUY TEMPEST,
the hero of this epic war story.

on the wrist of the aide-de-camp. Simultaneously, his clenched right hand whipped savagely upwards, taking the fellow full on the point.

There was every atom of the boy's strength behind that terrible, smashing blow; strength born of the desperate plight he was in. With a grunt the aide-de-camp staggered back, saved from crashing heavily to the floor by the boy's grip upon his wrist. But he did go down, sagging limply on to his knees, and thence face-foremost to the floor, knocked out to the wide.

Stooping, Von Sturm retrieved the fellow's field-grey hat from where it had fallen, and clapped it on his own head. He next possessed himself of sword and sword-belt and field-grey cloak. Working with feverish haste he buckled the belt about his waist and donned the cloak, buttoning it closely around his throat. Then, stepping softly to the door, he listened.

The tramp of the sentry was approaching along the corridor. Already the man would be wondering what was detaining the aide-de-camp.

Crouched by the door, with hand clenched on sword-hilt, and eyes on the

limp figure on the floor, now beginning to stir, Von Sturm waited with bated breath.

Closer and closer came the heavy tread of the sentry. He reached the door, and then stopped.

Softly, and with deadly intent, Von Sturm unsheathed his sword.

A Bid for Freedom!

TENSE, and with a cold, grim expectancy, Von Sturm waited, drawn sword in his hand. But the sentry on the other side of the door showed not the slightest sign of moving on.

Every instant was precious now if Von Sturm was to stand any chance whatsoever of escaping. He decided to act.

Stepping aside, he called harshly:

"Schildwache!"

In response to the summons the sentry pushed open the door of the cell and stepped across the threshold. And, simultaneously, as his eyes took in the stirring figure of the aide-de-camp on the floor, the cell door was kicked savagely shut behind him, and the gleaming point of Von Sturm's sword was at his throat.

"Move a muscle," grated the boy, "and you die!"

The sentry stood as though transfixed, mouth agape, and eyes seemingly literally to protrude.

"Drop your rifle!"

Obediently the man obeyed that harsh command, allowing his rifle to fall with a clatter from nerveless hands. There was no thought of resistance in him, for in the steely eyes of the boy confronting him he read a deadly and merciless determination.

"Now stand over there!"

Fearfully the sentry shuffled backwards towards the table, followed by that awful pressing point of steel which, for all he knew, might at any instant writhe forward through his windpipe.

Suddenly Von Sturm ceased to follow. Leaping backwards towards the door, he groped behind him with his hand, and swung it open. Next instant he had gone, clanging shut the door.

With a hoarse ejaculation, which was half oath and half inarticulate cry, the sentry sprang towards the door. But before he could reach it, a key grated outside in the lock, and there came the screech of a bolt shot home.

Von Sturm, outside in the corridor, paused only long enough to sheath his sword, and slip the key of the cell into his belt.

"It'll take twenty minutes to force that door when the alarm is raised," he soliloquised grimly, as he set off along the corridor. "And it'll have to be forced before it can be known definitely that I've escaped."

Escaped!

Von Sturm's heart beat quickly. He was not out of the wood yet by a long way, but a cool head and a nerve of steel might see him through.

(One false step and all hope of escape will be lost for Guido von Sturm! He will never get another chance! Boys, whatever you do, don't fail to read the next exciting instalment of this vivid War serial which will appear in next Saturday's MAGNET, together with another FOUR FREE STICKY-BACK PHOTOS for your ALBUM.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,173.

All Busy on the Greyfriars Front!

(Continued from page 24.)

There was a breathless silence in the Remove dormitory.

A creak was heard below, as Van Tromp of the Sixth ascended the steps. He stood on top of the steps, passing through the breach in the study ceiling; and his arms and head and shoulders came squeezing through the opening in the dormitory floor. And the next moment the silence was broken by a startled and terrified yell from Otto van Tromp, as he was grasped on all sides by the waiting rebels, and held fast.

"Got him!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not A Success!

"GOT him!"

"Bag him!"

"We've got him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Van Tromp yelled with sheer terror as the grasp of at least a dozen hands fastened upon him; and the apparently sleeping dormitory became suddenly alive with yelling juniors.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Ooooooh!" he stuttered, struggling frantically.

But Van Tromp had no chance. Harry Wharton had gripped the back of his collar; Hurree Singh had both hands twined in his hair; Bob had his right wrist, and Nugent his left. Coker of the Fifth took possession of his nose with a grip that made Van Tromp splutter with agony.

"What—what—?" Sir Hilton's voice boomed below. "What—what—?"

"Oggh! Led do by dose!" gurgled Van Tromp. "Ow! They're awake—they've got me—my nose—by dose—ow! Oh! Led do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton Popper was half-way up the steps, behind Van Tromp. But with the bully of the Sixth standing on the top, he could get no farther. Mr. Brander, at the foot of the steps, glared up in surprise and rage. Joyce & Co. stared up, standing round Mr. Brander. Not a sound had been heard to tell that

the rebels were on their guard, till the wild yelling of Van Tromp told that he was in their hands.

Sir Hilton Popper almost bellowed with wrath. He had laid this scheme with great care and strategy—only to fail once more. He glared up and roared.

"Go on! Force your way up, Van Tromp! Do you hear me? Use force! Go on—get on at once! Good gad! Will you get on?"

"Ow! Help! My nose!" wailed Van Tromp. "Leggo! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Van Tromp struggled frantically. His nose, in Coker's grip, seemed to be in an iron vice; his hair, well held by Hurree Singh, felt as if it were being torn out by the roots. Temple of the Fourth had grabbed one of his ears; Potter of the Fifth grabbed the other. They did not, perhaps, mean to pull Van Tromp's ears off; but it felt as if they did. Dabney of the Fourth was lunging into his ribs with a stump. Fry was getting in swipes with a pillow. Other fellows were giving him attention, so far as space allowed. It was no wonder that Otto van Tromp yelled and struggled like a maniac.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him beans!"

The steps under Van Tromp lurched as he struggled and kicked. Over they went with a crash in the study below, and there was a bull-like roar from Sir Hilton Popper as he sat down beside them.

Van Tromp hung in the opening, without any visible means of support. Only the grasp of the Removites kept him from falling into the room below.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Brander. He stood below the kicking legs of his nephew and glared up in rage and alarm. "You young rascals! Release my nephew—you young scoundrels—"

"Let him go!" breathed Wharton. "There's something for him to fall on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The hold on Van Tromp was suddenly released. He shot downwards and disappeared.

Crash! Mr. Brander received his nephew too suddenly to be able to dodge. Uncle and nephew went rolling on the study floor together, yelling.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Bob Cherry. The opening in the dormitory floor was crowded with faces now, staring down into the study. "Ha, ha, ha! Any more coming up?"

Sir Hilton Popper picked himself up. He turned a furious, crimson face up at the grinning rebels, and shook a furious fist.

"You young rascals! You—you—you—oooooooooch!"

It was at that moment that the Bounder up-ended his jug of water. The stream shot down on the crimson up-turned face of Sir Hilton, and drowned his utterance quite suddenly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the rebels.

"Groooh! Gug-gug-gug! Oooooh!"

Sir Hilton Popper staggered away, spluttering. There was a terrific crash and smash as the Bounder hurled the jug, and it landed within a foot of the baronet. It had not been intended to hit him; but Sir Hilton was not aware of that. He jumped wildly away and backed hurriedly out of the study; and Joyce & Co. followed him fast, and Mr. Brander and Van Tromp squirmed after them. Two or three empty tins and a cake of soap followed them from above, and they yelled and vanished. The enemy were in full retreat, and the Removites yelled with triumph.

"Our win!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The winfulness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fancy they won't come that way again in a hurry!" chortled the Bounder.

"Not likely! Ha, ha, ha!"

A box was dragged over the opening and nailed down securely to the floor. There was no ingress now if the enemy returned.

But they were not likely to return.

Once more the enemy had failed; once more the rebels had triumphed; and when morning dawned on Greyfriars School the barring-out was going as strong as ever. And whatever the next move of the enemy might be, the rebels of Greyfriars were ready for it.

THE END.

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