

FOUR **FREE GIFT** PHOTOS **INSIDE**

The **MAGNET** 2^D

Autographed

BY THE

Australian

TEST TEAM!

2

**DANDY
CRICKET
BATS**

**MUST
BE WON**

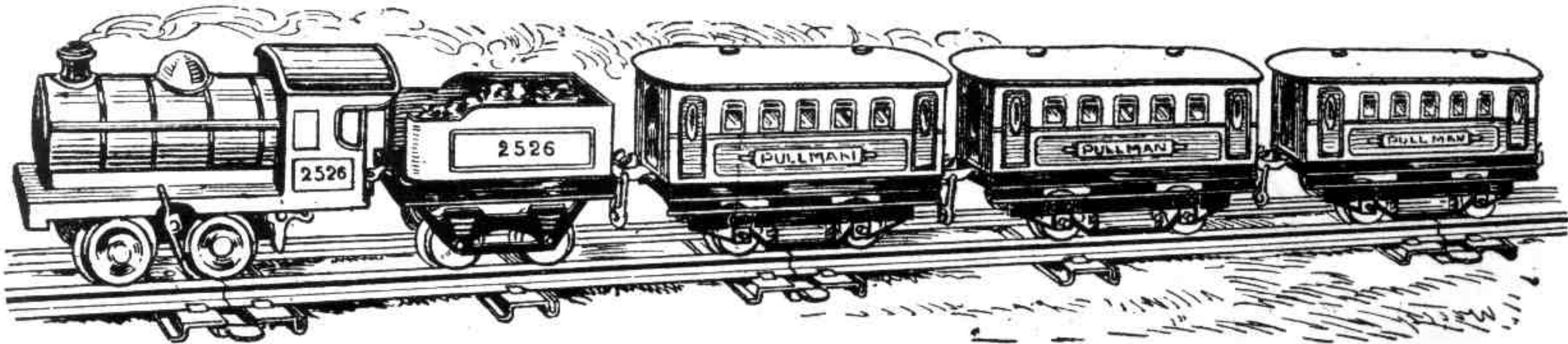
(See Page 2.)



Fascinating Competition Starts To-day!

Exclusive to MAGNET Readers.

TWO DANDY SOUVENIR BATS AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN TEST HEROES AND TWELVE "HORNBY" TRAIN SETS



HERE, boys, look at this! Something new—something BIG! You'll like this competition all the time—and you'll like it better still when you get your hands on these splendid bats we've got waiting for you. So set to, straight away—NOW! All you have to do to capture one of these grand bats or special Hornby Train Sets is to find out a few famous cricketers' names which we are going to give you in puzzle form.

The First Set of them you have here, and the answer to No. 1 is filled in as an example. You will quickly see from that how the puzzles are worked out. Each row of pictures and letters denotes a cricketer's name, and to find out what that name is, you simply take the initial letter only of the word represented by each little picture, add in the big letters where they are given you—and there is your answer!

Thus with No. 1 you have H for Horse—O—B for Bat—B—S for Signal—H—O—B—B—S. Simple, isn't it? Yes, and to make it easier still for you, we give below a list of names in which you can find the answer to every one of this week's puzzles.

Now then, find out what are the other five names in this week's set—then write them IN INK in the spaces underneath. Afterwards cut out this set and keep it until next week, when we shall give you six more of these jolly puzzles. With the Fourth and Final picture-set, we shall tell you how and where to send your entries. And finally, remember that there is

NOTHING AT ALL TO PAY.

YOU Can Find the Answers HERE.



NOTE:—This List is for use with Set-1 Puzzles only.

AMES, ASTILL, BRADMAN, CHAPMAN, DUCAT, DUCKWORTH, DULEEPSINHJI, FENDER, FREEMAN, GILLIGAN, GRIMMETT, GUNN, HALLOWS, HAMMOND, HENDREN, HILL-WOOD, HOBBS, JUPP, KILLICK, LARWOOD, LEYLAND, MACAULAY, MEAD, MERCER, O'CONNOR, OLDFIELD, RHODES, ROBINS, ROOT, RUSSELL, SANDHAM, SUTCLIFFE, TATE, TYLDESLEY, WADE, WHITE, WHYSALL, WOODFULL, WOOLLEY, WORTHINGTON.

The Two Cricket Bats, fully autographed by the Australian Team now in England (see small reproduction on cover one) will be awarded to the two competitors whose solutions to the four sets of "Cricket Scorers" are correct or most nearly correct. The twelve special Hornby Train Sets will follow in order of merit.

Any number of entries may be sent, but each entry must be complete—i.e., Sets Nos. 1—4, inclusive, of the "Cricket Scorers" puzzles, with the solutions filled in IN INK—and must be separate from any

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—MUST BE WON!

CRICKET SCORERS SET 1

		O		B		
1	H	O	B	B	S	
		B		D		N
2	B	R	A	D	M	A
		A			O	
3	L	A	R	W	O	D
		O			U	
4	W	O	O	D	F	U
		O		L		Y
5	W	O	O	L	L	E
		A		E		
6	W	A	D	E		

RULES

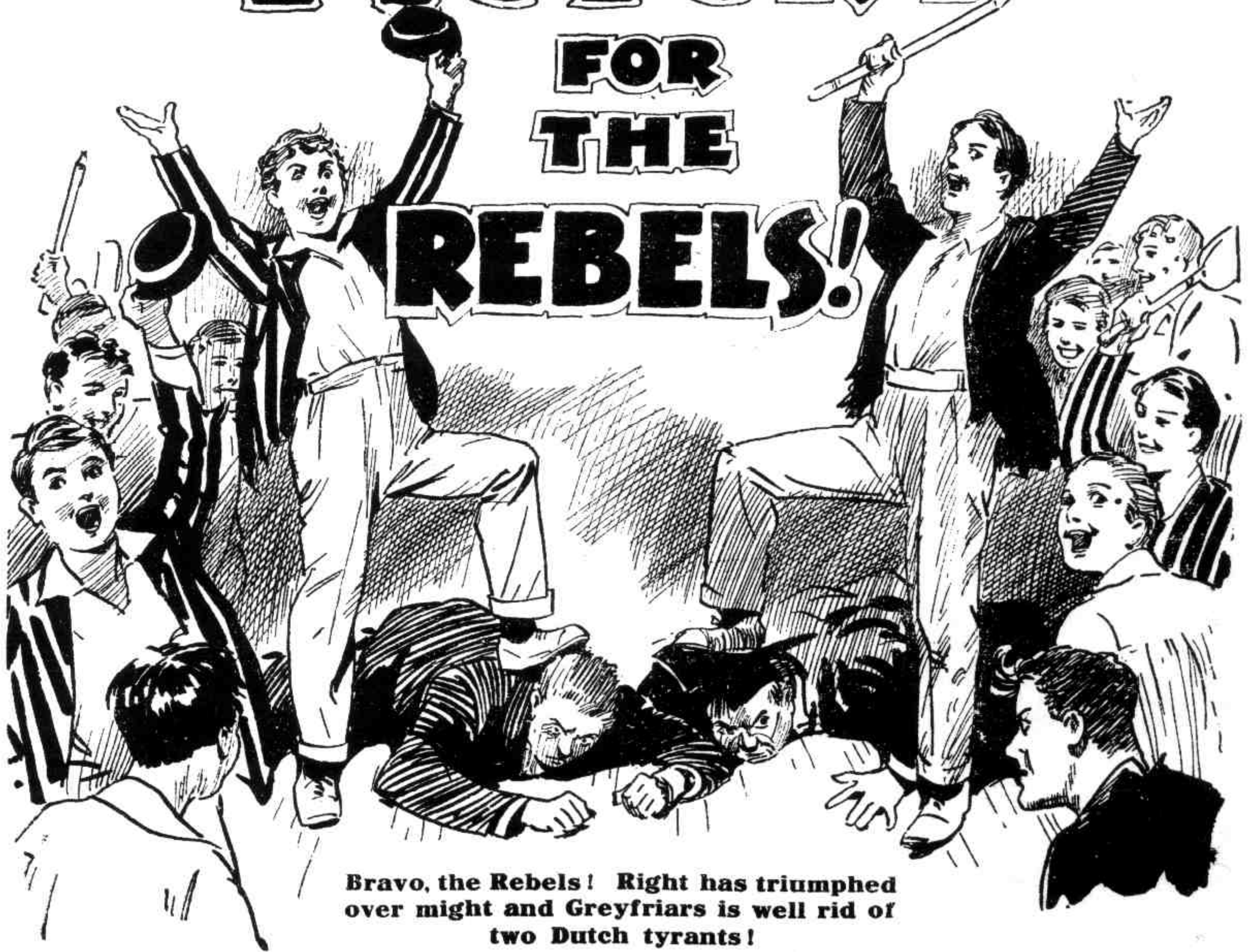
(which must be strictly adhered to).

other attempts entered. Any entries mutilated, or bearing alterations, or more than one solution in each space will be disqualified. No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, or mislaid, or delayed in the post or otherwise.

No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision will be final and legally binding, and he reserves the right to divide the value of the prizes if necessary in the event of ties.

Employees of the proprietors of MAGNET must not compete.

VICTORY FOR THE REBELS!



Bravo, the Rebels! Right has triumphed over might and Greyfriars is well rid of two Dutch tyrants!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

No Nap for Bunter!

BEAST!"
"Eh?"
"Stoppit!" howled Billy Bunter.

"What the thump——"

Billy Bunter sat up and glared round him through his big spectacles, with a glare of wrath.

Bunter was enjoying a nap—or had been enjoying a nap, till his balmy slumber was interrupted.

Dinner was over. When Bunter had had a good dinner he liked a nap after it. In Bunter's scheme of things eating was the seventh heaven, but sleeping was the sixth.

Since the barring-out at Greyfriars had started, and the rebels had been on rations, Bunter had felt a severe shortage of foodstuffs. At the best of times Bunter seldom had enough. Now he never had enough. So his natural resource was to take it out in sleep.

Harry Wharton & Co. were watching the sunny quadrangle from a window of the Remove dormitory. Other fellows were keeping guard at the barricade in the passage outside. Some were talking in groups; others sitting about reading; one or two giving attention to school books which they had brought into the rebels' stronghold with them. Most of them were wishing that a fresh attack would come from the enemy, and wondering when Mr. Brander would get on

with it. Bunter, happily forgetful of the food shortage and everything else in balmy slumber, snored on a mattress, till something suddenly fell on his fat little nose and awakened him.

Bunter had no doubt that some beast was larking. How else could a missile have dropped on his fat nose as he slumbered?

He glared about him, with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Beast! Was it you, Cherry?"

"Eh? Was what me, fathead?" asked Bob Cherry, turning from the window.

"Somebody chucked something at me!" roared Bunter.

"Fathead!"

"Was it you, Wharton?" howled Bunter.

"It was nobody, ass!" answered the captain of the Remove. "You've been dreaming. You've eaten too much, as usual."

"The too-muchfulness was terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Why, you rotters," gasped Bunter, "you jolly well know I've had hardly any dinner! I haven't had enough to eat since we started this barring-out. I'd jolly well chuck it up, only that beast Brander is going to flog the lot of us when he gets hold of us. Look here, was it you chucked something at me, Nugent?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

"Well, chuck it, anyhow, blow you!"

growled Bunter. "If a fellow can't have enough to eat, I think you might let him have a nap in peace."

And William George Bunter laid his bullet head on the pillow again, and closed his eyes behind his spectacles.

Tap!

Bunter emitted a howl. Scarcely had he closed his eyes when something dropped on his fat face, landing on his cheek this time.

He sat up again.

"You rotters!" roared Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter now?"

"Who's pelting me?" yelled Bunter.

"You benighted ass!" said Johnny Bull. "Nobody's pelting you; you're dreaming again! Go to sleep, and shut up!"

"Something dropped on my face!" howled Bunter. "I suppose it didn't chuck itself! Who chucked it?"

"The chuckfulness was not terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Bunter," said Hurree Singh soothingly.

"Beast!"

"Go to sleep, old fat man, and dream of something else!" suggested Bob.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter laid his head down again. He was wrathful, but he was sleepy, and his little round eyes closed once more.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked from the windows. The quadrangle was deserted. All the Forms except the Remove were

in class, with the exceptions of Coker & Co. of the Fifth, and Temple & Co. of the Fourth, who had joined up with the rebels. Plenty of other fellows would have joined up with them, there was no doubt of that, but for the guard that was kept on the staircase by Mr. Brander.

Indeed, every day that the barring-out lasted, the Form masters found it more and more difficult to keep order in the Form-rooms.

Mr. Brander had hoped much when Sir Hilton Popper, the chairman of the governors, came to his aid, and called in the assistance of half a dozen hefty keepers from Popper Court. But these reinforcements had not given the tyrant of Greyfriars the upper hand.

The rebels still held out, and were as far as ever from being brought to submission, or farther.

"I jolly well wish they'd get a move on," yawned Bob Cherry. "There's more fun in scrapping than in waiting."

"Yes, rather!" assented Wharton. "We've seen nothing of them for a long time now. I dare say they're up to something."

"Old Popper is camped in the school now, with his giddy keepers," remarked Frank Nugent. "He says he won't go till we're under Brander's thumb again."

"Then he's going to be a fixture at Greyfriars!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We're jolly well holding the fort."

"The holdfulness will be—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob. "In fact, preposterous!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My esteemed ridiculous chum!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Nabob of Bhanipur was interrupted by a sudden yell from Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove had dropped off to sleep again, but only for a moment. He started up with a startled yell.

"Ow! Beasts! Ow!"

"My only hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What the thump is the matter with the fat duffer now?"

"Dry up, you burbling bandersnatch!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Who's pelting me?" shrieked Bunter.

"You silly ass—"

"Beasts!" howled Bunter. "It dropped on my face; it's in my mouth. Groooogh! Who chucked this plaster at me?"

In sheer amazement, the Famous Five of the Remove approached the fat Owl. Plaster, evidently, had fallen on the face of the sleeping beauty. His features were powdered with it, and he was ejecting some from his mouth with more vigour than grace.

"Why, what—" ejaculated Bob.

"Ow!" exclaimed Nugent suddenly, as a chunk of plaster fell on his head. "What— Oh! Is the ceiling caving in, or what?"

"Great pip!"

The juniors stared upwards.

In the ceiling above Bunter two or three long cracks appeared in the plaster. Fragments were falling.

Bunter's startled gaze followed that of the Famous Five. He realised that nobody had been pelting him, but that the supposed missiles had been fragments falling from the cracked ceiling. He gave a yell of alarm and bounded off the mattress. Generally Bunter's movements were slow; on the present occasion they were remarkably rapid. Even Bunter could move quickly when the ceiling was caving in over him.

"Yarooogh! The roof's falling in!" roared Bunter. "Look out!"

"What the merry dickens!" gasped Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry gave a yell. "It's the giddy enemy! Look out!"

"My hat!"

There was a loud cracking, and a shower of plaster fell from above. The juniors jumped back as a large mass of it followed. An opening appeared in the ceiling, and through the opening came a pair of legs. It was an attack on the rebels' stronghold from a new quarter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Something Like a Scrap!

"LOOK out!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Line up!"

"This way!"

There was a rush to the spot from all sides. Only the guard at the barricade remained in the passage.

A crowd of Removites, and Coker & Co. of the Fifth, and Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the Fourth, gathered round the spot, where plaster still fell in chunks and a pair of legs dangled through the ceiling.

"It's Van Tromp!" shouted Coker. "Catch him when he drops!" exclaimed the Bounder.

**KEEP YOUR ALBUM
HANDY
for the NEXT FOUR
DANDY PHOTOS.**

You'll find them in
next week's

MAGNET!

Miss them, and you'll
spoil your set.

Cricket stumps ready!" roared Squiff.

Van Tromp of the Sixth hung to a ceiling joist with his hands and stared down through a powdering of plaster. He seemed unwilling to drop.

Indeed, the scene below him was not inviting. The rebels of Greyfriars, taken by surprise as they were, were prepared to deal with him.

The array of menacing faces and brandished cricket stumps did not encourage the bully of the Sixth.

"Come on, you rotter!" roared Coker. But Otto van Tromp still hung suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. His downward stare over his shoulder was very uneasy.

Another section of plaster fell and crashed on the floor with a cloud of dust. Other faces looked down from the garret above the dormitory. The eyeglass of Sir Hilton Popper gleamed there, and the narrow eyes of Mr. Brander, the new Head of Greyfriars. The juniors had glimpses of Joyce, the head-keeper of Popper Court, and the other keepers.

Wharton set his lips.

From many quarters the rebels' stronghold had been attacked time and again; and every time the attack had been driven off. But the captain of the Remove realised that this was the most serious assault of all. It was impossible to keep the enemy out if they chose to drop in; and though the odds were greatly on the side of the schoolboys,

size and weight were on the side of the enemy if it came to a hand-to-hand struggle. Half a dozen hefty game-keepers were likely to work havoc among a crowd of junior schoolboys.

This was going to be the toughest scrap that had yet fallen to the lot of the rebel Remove.

"Stand to it!" said Harry. "And hit hard! They're on us now—and we've got to beat them."

"The beatfulness will be terrific!"

"Go on, Van Tromp!" came Sir Hilton Popper's deep voice. "Go on! Why are you waiting? Kindly let go at once and drop."

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Van Tromp.

"Boys!" came Mr. Brander's threatening voice. "I warn you that further resistance is useless. You will only add to your punishment by attempting further resistance."

"Shut up, Brander!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Go and eat coke, Brander."

"Come on, Van Tromp—we're ready for you!"

"Let me get one lick at him with this bat!" bellowed Coker of the Fifth. "I only want one lick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him beans!"

Horace Coker reached up with the bat and smote the dangling legs of the hesitating Sixth-Former.

Van Tromp gave a fearful yell.

He dropped.

"Collar him!"

"Let me get a lick at him with this bat—"

"Hold on, Coker!"

"Gerraway! I'm going—"

"Ow! Oh! Keep off!" yelled Van Tromp, in dire terror. He hardly resisted as four or five juniors grasped him and dragged him away.

The long legs of Joyce, the keeper, came swinging through the opening in the ceiling. Beside them swung the legs of another keeper, hanging to another joist.

The space broken in the dormitory ceiling was now large enough for two of the enemy to come at a time. The two keepers came together, urged on by the booming voice of Sir Hilton Popper.

Cricket-stumps and bats lashed at the legs as they dangled down, and the keepers yelled. It was no time to stand on ceremony; the rebels hit, and they hit hard. Joyce and his comrade dropped into the dormitory in the midst of a rain of blows.

They landed and rolled over under the attack of the rebels; but they scrambled up again and charged.

"Go for 'em!"

"Collar them!"

"Give them jip!"

Coker of the Fifth jumped at Joyce, brandishing his bat. Coker was quite reckless, and it was, perhaps, fortunate that Joyce dodged the swipe of the bat and closed with Horace Coker.

The bat crashed on the floor as Coker closed with his enemy. Potter of the Fifth rushed to his aid on one side, Greene of the Fifth on the other. The three Fifth Form men were fully a match for Joyce, hefty as he was, and they kept him quite busy. For the first time since Coker of the Fifth had joined the rebels he came in useful.

The other keeper was hitting out hard—lashing stumps and bats had not improved his temper. Juniors tottered right and left under the driving fists of a powerful man.

But they had numbers, at least. They rallied manfully, and half a dozen fellows fastened on the keeper and dragged him down. And in spite of his fierce struggles, they kept him down.

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But by that time two more pairs of legs were dangling through the ceiling. Two more keepers dropped into the fray.

It was a wild meleé now. The fellows on guard in the passage rushed into the dormitory to lend their aid. Joyce and his companion were still held down; and Temple, Dabney, and Fry were sitting on Van Tromp and pinning him to the floor. These were out of the combat. But while the rebels swarmed on to the second pair of keepers two more dropped from the garret above, and they had four foes to contend with. And four powerful men in a bunch made it a desperate tussle for the schoolboys.

Billy Bunter was already at the farther end of the dormitory. Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish hovered on the outskirts of the battle, keeping up an appearance of joining in, but taking care to keep out of reach of the enemy. But the funks were few; all the other fellows were fighting hard and doing their best.

Harry Wharton went down under a terrific drive on the chest; but he was up again in a flash and leaping at the enemy. Bob Cherry was fighting like a paladin, with crimson streaming from his nose. Lord Mauleverer had forgotten that he was a slacker, and was piling in as energetically as any man in the Remove. The uproar was terrific. The dormitory resounded with the trampling of feet, the panting of breath, and the yells and shouts and howls of the combatants.

From the garret above, Sir Hilton Popper and Mr. Brander stared down at the struggle.

They were rather too elderly to swing themselves down as Van Tromp and the keepers had done, and join in the scrapping. And they had no doubt of the outcome. Ever since the barring-out had started at Greyfriars they had only wanted to get to close quarters with the rebels; and now their forces were at close quarters. The result was, in their opinion, inevitable.

But the desperation with which the rebels fought rather surprised and dismayed them as they watched.

"Unruly young rascals!" snorted Sir Hilton. "Young ruffians, by Jove! Joyce! Get up, Joyce!"

"Urrrrrgh!" was the only reply from the head-keeper. He was quite unable to obey that command, with Horace Coker kneeling on his chest.

"Brown—get up, Brown!" shouted Sir Hilton.

Neither could Brown get up, with the Bounder and four other fellows grasping him and keeping him down.

Each of the other four keepers were separated now, surrounded by a bunch of Remove men, and fighting furiously.

"Get up, Van Tromp!" shouted Sir Hilton.

"Yooooogh!" gurgled Van Tromp. The Sixth Form man had Cecil Reginald Temple's knee in the pit of his stomach, and Dabney and Fry were sprawling on him. Van Tromp was hors de combat.

Another keeper went down, swamped by juniors. And he strove in vain to rise. Numbers kept him down once he was on his back. And then another, upended by heavy odds, crashed over, and was pinned down and kept on the floor. Only two of the enemy remained on their feet, and they were hotly engaged.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Brander. A doubt smote him as to whether the victory over the rebels was, after all, so certain as he had supposed. He had not looked for so desperate a resistance as this.

"Good gad!" exclaimed Sir Hilton. "Are they going to let themselves be

beaten by a set of schoolboys! What—what? Joyce! I order you to get up."

"Gooooogh!"

"Brown—Tomkins—do you hear me—"

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Wow!"

"I must assist them!" panted Sir Hilton Popper. "Good gad! they are letting the boys beat them! Who could have thought it? I will help them—you had better help also, Mr. Brander! Follow me!"

Sir Hilton dropped his long legs through the opening in the garret floor, grasped a joist, and swung through the gap in the ceiling below. There was a sound of bumping in the dormitory; the last of the keepers had gone down,

dignity at that moment. Five or six juniors jumped at him, as he lashed round with the whip—receiving without heeding the stinging lashes. Peter Todd's head butted on the baronet's waistcoat, and Sir Hilton, with a gasp, sat down. He sat for only a second—the next, he was rolled over, and four or five juniors sprawled on him, pinning him down.

"Oh!" gasped Sir Hilton. "Ow! good gad! Help! Whooooop!"

"Sit on the old donkey!"

"Ow! Release me—ow! Good gad!"

"Come on, Brander." Bob Cherry brandished a stump in one hand, the other pressed to his streaming nose. "Come on!"



Horace Coker reached up with the bat and smote at the dangling legs of the hesitating Van Tromp. The Sixth-Former gave a fearful yell and dropped.

swarmed over by the juniors. Sir Hilton dropped to the floor, his riding-whip in his hand. But Mr. Brander did not follow. Perhaps he was too fat for such acrobatic performances; and perhaps he was too funky. At all events, he remained where he was, in the garret, staring down at the wild and whirling scene in the Remove dormitory.

"Now, then, you young rascals—" roared Sir Hilton Popper, as he laid about him with his riding-whip.

"Ow! Yarooooogh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Collar him!"

"Down with the old ass!"

Sir Hilton Popper was a governor of Greyfriars, chairman of the governing board. But nobody heeded his lofty

But Mr. Brander did not come on. He glared down savagely—not at the sweeping victory he had anticipated, but at the complete defeat of Sir Hilton Popper and the Popper Court contingent.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Prisoners of War!

HARRY WHARTON staggered up, dabbing his nose, and stared over the field of battle. The enemy were still resisting; but the fight was won.

Sir Hilton Popper and his men sprawled on the floor of the dormitory, every one in the grasp of four or five fellows, pinned down.

Numbers, after all, had told, against brawn and muscle. There was hardly a fellow in the Remove who had not been damaged; but they had beaten the enemy at close quarters.

Mr. Brander, in the garret above, stuttered with rage. With a little more force on his side, he must have gained the upper hand, when the rebels' defences had been so successfully breached. Had the Greyfriars prefects stood by him, the game would have been in his hands; two or three hefty Sixth Form men would have turned the tide of battle easily. Mr. Brander's own tyrannical methods had brought about his failure; for every prefect in the school had resigned; good or bad, they were all fed-up with the tyrant of Greyfriars; and not a man in the Sixth Form would help him in his contest with the rebels.

Harry Wharton dabbed a stream of crimson from his nose, and felt his jaw as if to ascertain that it was still there. But he wasted hardly a moment on his damages.

"Stick to them!" he shouted.

"You bet!"

"We've got the rotters!"

"The stickfulness is terrific!"

"Skinner—Snoop—Fishy—Bunter! You funks, lend a hand!" shouted the captain of the Remove.

And the non-combatants joined in to help keep the enemy down, now that they were down.

Harry Wharton picked up a sheet, tore it into strips, and ran to Joyce, who was still wriggling desperately under Coker & Co.

"Hold his paws together!" exclaimed Harry.

Coker chuckled breathlessly.

"Here you are!"

"Ere, let a man go!" gasped Joyce. "I'm done—"

Unheeding, Wharton bound his wrists together with a strip of the sheet. He knotted the strip very securely, and the head-keeper of Popper Court was a helpless prisoner.

Coker & Co. released him, panting. The Fifth Form men had been three to one, but the hefty keeper had given them plenty to do.

"Lend a hand with the others!" said Harry.

Coker & Co. took strips of the sheet. In a few minutes, the wrists of the five other keepers were securely tied, and they were allowed to get on their feet. They looked a rather dismal and dismayed crowd, breathless, panting, bruised and bumped.

"Will you release me?" Sir Hilton Popper was shrieking. "You young rascals! Good gad! I will have the whole Form expelled! A governor of the school—by gad! Will you release me!"

"No fear, old bean!"

"Hold his flippers," said Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do not dare to tie my hands!" raved Sir Hilton. "If you dare—good gad!"

His wrists were tied together. Then Van Tromp was secured in the same way, unresisting.

All the invaders were prisoners now. Sir Hilton Popper stood spluttering and choking with wrath. He could hardly believe that this outrage on his lofty dignity had really occurred. But it had!

His men stood silent, save for their panting and gasping. They had been severely handled, and they looked, as they felt, quite fed-up with the rebels of Greyfriars.

"Our win!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"Oh! My nose!" gasped Peter Todd.

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"Never mind your nose, old bean—we've beaten them!"

"My nose is squashed!" groaned Peter.

"Blow your nose—we've beaten them!"

"The beatfulness is terrific!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Brander's still there! Aren't you dropping in, Brander?" shouted Bob Cherry.

"That's for your nose, Brander!" yelled Vernon-Smith, as he hurled an empty tin. Mr. Brander just dodged the missile as it flew.

"Brander!" Sir Hilton Popper's voice boomed above the uproar of the victorious juniors. "Brander! Go and get help at once—you hear me? These young scoundrels—"

"Better language, old pippin!" said the Bounder, tapping the baronet playfully on the nose with the pointed end of a stump.

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Brander!" shrieked Sir Hilton. "Get help, at once—the prefects—call all the prefects to help! Call the whole of the Sixth Form! Lose no time! Do you hear me? If they refuse, expel from the school every boy who refuses to give his aid against these young scoundrels—yarooogh!" The Bounder's stump tapped again.

Mr. Brander gasped.

"Sir Hilton! I—I—"

"Sir, if you cannot restore order in this school, you are not fit to be headmaster!" roared Sir Hilton.

"Right on the wicket!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He isn't! But it was you bullied the governors into appointing him, old bean."

"Silence, you young rascal!"

"Silence, you old rascal!" retorted Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Brander! You hear me? I am in the hands of these young villains—yarooogh! Call the whole Sixth Form, and expel from the school every boy who does not help. Call the masters, and dismiss every man who does not join you in overcoming these young ruffians—yarooogh! This is no time for half-measures! You hear me?"

"Yes, Sir Hilton!" gasped the hapless headmaster.

Two or three missiles whizzed up through the opening in the ceiling; and Mr. Brander hastily withdrew.

The new Head withdrew in an utterly dismayed frame of mind. He was doubtful—extremely doubtful—of the support he would receive from the members of the staff and from the senior boys. There was not a man on the staff whom he had not antagonised; not a fellow in the upper Forms who did not dislike him intensely. Only the threat of dismissal, the threat of expulsion, might force them to back up the Head; and in the present state of the school Mr. Brander doubted very much the effect of threats.

But there was nothing else to be done. The force he had been able to bring against the rebels had failed him; they had been captured by the rebel Remove. Something had to be done, that was clear.

"Keep that lot safe!" said Harry Wharton. "We may have another scrap on our hands in a few minutes! That lot won't give us any more trouble, anyhow."

"They don't look like it!" grinned the Bounder.

"We'll make sure of them, though," said Squiff.

Two or three more sheets were torn up, and the bound keepers were tied together in a row, with Sir Hilton at

the head of it. Any attempt at resistance was soon quelled by a few raps from the cricket-stumps. Sir Hilton Popper fairly foamed, as he was tied by the arms to Joyce. But there was no help for the lord of Popper Court.

With Sir Hilton at the head, and Van Tromp at the tail, the prisoners were secured in a row—a very angry and excited row.

"Now get out of the way," said the Bounder. "You're leader, Popper—lead on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I refuse to stir a step!" roared Sir Hilton. "As for you, you young ruffian—Oh! Ow! Keep that stump away!"

"I told you to get a move on!" remarked the Bounder, as he poked the business end of a stump into Sir Hilton's ribs.

"Ow! Ooooooh! Keep off!"

"March, old bean!" said Smithy, with another lunge.

There was no help for it, and Sir Hilton gasped and marched. After him stumbled the row of prisoners. A roar of laughter accompanied them, as they wriggled along like a centipede.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Skinner—Bunter—Snoopey—Fishy—you funks can keep guard over them," said the Bounder. "You're no use in a scrap."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I guess—" began Fisher T. Fish.

"Shut up, Fishy!"

The hapless prisoners were left at the end of the dormitory, out of the way, with Skinner & Co. to watch them. The rest of the fellows gathered under the gap in the ceiling, while a watch was set on the barricade in the passage. The rebels were ready for the next attack—if it came! Meanwhile, they attended to their injuries—which were numerous enough to require a good deal of attention. Casualties had been heavy on both sides; and swollen noses, thick ears, and darkened eyes were almost as plentiful as leaves in Vallambrosa. But the rebels had won; and victory covered a multitude of casualties.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

No Help!

"NO!"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, fairly snorted out that emphatic negative.

The Greyfriars fellows were in their Form-rooms, excepting the rebel Remove. But the work in the Form-rooms was merely nominal. With rebellion raging in the school, and the uproar of a wild conflict echoing from afar, the Form masters were only too glad to keep their Forms quiet, without exacting work from them. Greyfriars fellows were having an easy time, so far as lessons went; though in the senior Forms they kept up some appearance of work.

Mr. Brander strode into the Fifth Form room in search of aid. Mr. Prout's answer was unmistakably emphatic.

"No, sir!" repeated Mr. Prout. "I, personally, certainly shall not dream of intervening in this matter. You have chosen to expel three boys of my Form—Coker, Potter, and Greene! You have refused to listen to my protests! I will have nothing to do with the matter, sir—nothing!"

"Mr. Prout, if you refuse me your aid you are dismissed from your post!"

this school!" snarled Mr. Brander, careless of the fact that the Fifth Form were hanging on his words.

Mr. Prout coloured like a turkey-cock. "Mr. Brander, I have already decided that, if you remain headmaster of Greyfriars, it will be impossible for me to continue here as Form master!" he boomed. "No gentleman, sir, could remain on your staff! I tell you so plainly, sir—I tell you to your teeth! I will leave, sir, with pleasure; having no doubt whatever that I shall be reinstated when Dr. Locke returns to Greyfriars."

"Silence, sir!" hooted Mr. Brander. He turned his back on the incensed Mr. Prout, and addressed the Fifth Form, who were glaring at him as if they could have eaten him. The Fifth "guyed" Mr. Prout a good deal themselves; but he was, after all, their Form master, and they did not like hearing Brander talk to him like this.

"My boys!" exclaimed Mr. Brander. "I appeal to you for help—by the direct order of Sir Hilton Popper, the chairman of the governing board. A junior Form is in rebellion—"

"Good luck to them!" shouted Fitzgerald.

"My boys!" Mr. Brander tried again. "I have been compelled, as you know, to dismiss the Sixth Form prefects. It is my intention to appoint prefects from this Form. Blundell, Hilton, Price, Fitzgerald, Tomlinson, Smith major—"

"Leave me out, sir," said Blundell, the captain of the Fifth.

"And me!" said Fitzgerald.

"Me, too!"

"Get out, Brander!" shouted a voice from the back of the Form.

And an outbreak of yells and catcalls followed. The Fifth Form, for the moment, seemed to forget that they were seniors, and behaved like a Form of noisy fags. The uproar was terrific.

"Boys——" shouted Mr. Brander, striving to make his voice heard.

"Rats!"

"Get out!"

"You're not wanted here, Brander."

"Turn him out, sir!"

"Blundell!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

"You are expelled——"

"Are you going to expel the whole Form, sir?" sneered Blundell. "Or are you going to expel the whole school?"

"Get out, Brander!"

"Mr. Brander," gasped the Fifth Form master, "you had better go! I really think you had better go. I have striven to keep order in my Form, in spite of the extraordinary state to which you have reduced the school. But I answer for nothing, sir, if you remain here!"

"Get out, Brander!" roared Fitzgerald; and an inkpot whizzed across the Form-room, and narrowly missed the headmaster.

"Please retire, sir—please retire!" gasped Prout.

Mr. Brander gave the Fifth a glare and backed out of the Form-room. A shout of derision followed him.

"My boys——" pleaded Prout.

The Fifth quieted down. They remembered that they were not fags, and had their dignity to consider. Order was restored as soon as Mr. Brander was gone.

The hapless headmaster paused in the passage. Ever since the rebellion had broken out he had felt that if it was not crushed the example would spread, and that other Forms would follow suit. It seemed to be coming to pass now.

He moved off to the Sixth Form room at last. Mr. Lascelles was in charge of the Sixth, taking them in mathematics. The Sixth, of course, were far too lofty to think of anything

like disorder; but they gave Mr. Brander grim looks as he came in, and Mr. Lascelles eyed him very coldly.

"Mr. Lascelles, I require your assistance," said the Head. "Sir Hilton Popper requires your assistance in overcoming——"

"I cannot intervene, sir!" said Mr. Lascelles coldly. "I do not regard it as my duty, and you must excuse me."

A threat of dismissal trembled on the headmaster's lips. But he did not want to be left without a staff at all. He turned to the Form.

"Wingate!"

"Yes, sir," said the captain of Greyfriars as respectfully as he could.

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE TO RAISE A SMILE.

Miss E. Oliffe, of 123, Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, S.W., has done the trick and wins a penknife for her trouble. Here's her effort:



Trade being far from brisk, a shoeblack was looking very glum, when a gentleman came along. "Clean yer shoes, sir?" asked the shoeblack. "No!" grunted the passer-by. "Go on, sir," persisted the shoeblack. "I'll clean 'em so as yer can see yer face in 'em." "I don't want to see my face!" said the gentleman, hurrying on. "Garn!" retorted the shoeblack. "Don't be a coward!"

NOW THEN, BOYS, DON'T LET THE GIRLS BEAT YOU!

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

"It is my intention, Wingate, to restore you to the position of head prefect of Greyfriars!" said Mr. Brander. "I may add that all the other prefects who have been dismissed are now reinstated. I have considered the matter very carefully and decided on this."

Wingate's lip curled.

"Indeed, sir," he answered.

"I require the assistance of all the Sixth Form prefects at once!" went on Mr. Brander.

"In dealing with the Remove, sir?" asked Gwynne.

"Precisely!"

"Then I decline to be reinstated, sir!" said Gwynne.

"Same here!" said North.

"I think we all say the same, sir!" said Wingate. "We decline to interfere with the Remove in any way."

Mr. Brander set his lips. He had

more than half-expected it. But the defeat roused his deepest anger.

"I warn you, Wingate, that if you refuse obedience, I shall make an example of you by expelling you from the school!" he said.

The Greyfriars captain shrugged his shoulders.

"My father will have something to say about that, sir, especially as he is a member of the governing board," he answered coolly.

"Wingate! How dare you? You shall leave Greyfriars this very day!" thundered the Head.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir," answered Wingate quietly, "and I think my friends will stand by me."

"Yes, rather!" roared Gwynne.

"Hear, hear!"

"Sack the lot of us, sir!" hooted Gwynne. "We're all standing by Wingate. Sack the whole Sixth!"

Mr. Brander stood trembling with passion. His rage overcame his prudence, and he strode towards Wingate and aimed a blow at him with his cane. Wingate, with a gleam in his eyes, grasped his arm and turned the blow aside.

"I think you're forgetting yourself, sir!" he said contemptuously.

The headmaster, almost beside himself, struggled to release his arm. Wingate, his jaw set very square, tightened his grasp, and by sheer force led the headmaster to the door. The Sixth stared on breathlessly. Mr. Lascelles, elaborately unconscious of what was passing, gazed from the window into the quadrangle.

"Wingate, you—you——" spluttered Mr. Brander.

He resisted fiercely; but the captain of Greyfriars led him to the door all the same and pushed him outside.

"I think you'd better go, sir!" said Wingate politely.

And he released Mr. Brander's arm and shut the door on him.

The new headmaster of Greyfriars stood quivering with fury. He was tempted to rush back into the room, lashing out right and left with the cane. But discretion was the better part of valour. The Sixth, mindful of their dignity as top Form, were trying to keep order—but Mr. Brander knew that if he rushed in he would be thrown out. He wisely decided not to let it come to that; and, choking down his rage, he strode away in search of help in other quarters.

Mr. Lascelles turned from the Form-room window.

"We will resume!" he said, apparently still unconscious that anything had been happening.

"Certainly sir!" said Wingate.

And the Sixth Form resumed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Major Cherry Looks In!

MR. QUELCH knitted his brows. His gimlet eyes glinted at Mr. Brander as the new Head of Greyfriars presented himself in his study.

For some time now the Remove master had had no communication with the Head. Since his Form had been in revolt and barred in their quarters Mr. Quelch's occupation had been gone. He remained at Greyfriars in a very uncertain frame of mind. His dislike of the new headmaster was intense; but he was unwilling to leave the old school, where he had served so long and so

well. He hoped for better times; but it was growing clear that better times could not return till the old Head came back, and Dr. Locke could not return before the new term at the earliest. He was still suffering from the effects of the mysterious attack that had been made on him by some unknown hand.

But Mr. Quelch found one comfort, at least, in the present disturbing state of affairs. He was well aware that Mr. Brander hoped to turn his temporary headmastership into a permanency; but with Greyfriars in a state of seething rebellion that was not likely to happen. Sir Hilton Popper had carried his point with the board in obtaining the appointment of Mr. Brander; but even Sir Hilton could hardly think that the new Head's rule was a success—and the rest of the governors were quite certain to be dissatisfied.

So there was good hope of getting rid of Mr. Brander in the long run; and in that hope Henry Samuel Quelch stayed on at Greyfriars and devoted his time to his celebrated "History," as teaching was a thing of the past.

He carefully avoided the Head; but he could not avoid him now as Mr. Brander came striding into his study.

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, his manner outwardly respectful; but the knitting of his brows, the glinting of his gimlet eyes, showed what he was feeling. He had listened to the uproar from the Remove quarters, and he knew that a desperate affray was going on; and, strict disciplinarian as he was, his sympathy was with the juniors, who were resisting tyranny. He had even thought of intervening; but how could he intervene when the matter was in the hands of the headmaster and the chairman of the governors? He could not; but he listened with growing perturbation and wrath. And he derived a sour satisfaction from the knowledge that the assailants of the rebel Form had been defeated.

"Mr. Quelch! Possibly you are aware, by this time, that the young rascals of your Form have defeated the attempt to reduce them to order—" began Mr. Brander.

"I guessed as much, sir."

"They have had the insolence not only to resist, but to make prisoners of the keepers whom Sir Hilton called in to our aid."

"Indeed."

"And of Sir Hilton Popper himself!" added Mr. Brander.

Mr. Quelch smiled faintly.

"Indeed!" he repeated.

"Sir Hilton instructs me to call on all the staff for assistance. I have spoken to Capper, Twigg and Wiggins. Your aid also will be required."

Mr. Quelch bristled like an angry cat. "My aid will not be given!" he snapped.

"Do you uphold this lawless rebellion, sir?" bawled Mr. Brander.

"We need not discuss that, sir! You are aware that I disapprove entirely of all your doings with my Form, and that I regard them as having been driven into resistance."

"Understand me, Mr. Quelch! Unless you afford me what assistance is in your power in this crisis you are dismissed from Greyfriars."

"I have no doubt that I shall return with Dr. Locke," answered the Remove master.

Mr. Brander's eyes glittered.

"Do not be so sure that Dr. Locke will return!" he snapped. "It is very probable that he will retire permanently. Many members of the governing

board are of opinion that the time has come for his retirement."

"The present state of Greyfriars, sir, will undeceive them, I think!" retorted Mr. Quelch. "I imagine that the whole board will be glad to see Dr. Locke here again and the school restored to order."

"Order will be restored very soon, sir," said Mr. Brander. "Except for Sir Hilton Popper, who supports me entirely, the governors will not intervene in this matter."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "for one member of the board—Major Cherry—will be here to-day."

Mr. Brander jumped.

"Major Cherry! Here! How? Why? How can you know anything, sir, of the intentions of a governor of the school?"

"I have felt it my duty to acquaint Major Cherry with what is going on in the school," replied Mr. Quelch calmly, "and the major will, as I have said, be here to-day—indeed, I expect him every moment."

Mr. Brander breathed hard. He made a step towards the Remove master, with his fists clenched as if he would strike him in his rage. Mr. Quelch stiffened up, his eyes glinting. Fortunately, the headmaster restrained himself.

"You—you have dared—you have dared to meddle in matters that do not concern you!" gasped Mr. Brander.

"The matter concerns me very closely, sir, as it is my Form that has been driven into revolt by sheer tyranny and incapacity."

"Silence, sir!" roared Mr. Brander. "You are dismissed! You will leave the school! I order you to go!"

"You are, perhaps, unacquainted with the laws of the Foundation you have so grossly mismanaged since you have taken control, sir," answered Mr. Quelch. "It is certainly in your power to dismiss me; but according to the Statutes a Form Master of ten years' standing has an appeal to the governing board if dismissed from his post. That appeal I shall certainly make."

"I do not believe you, sir!" snorted Mr. Brander.

"You have only to read the Statutes," said Mr. Quelch contemptuously. "You will find it in Article 33."

"At all events, sir, your appeal will be made elsewhere, and not from this school!" roared Mr. Brander. "You leave to-day."

Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"I shall not leave to-day," he replied. "According to the Statutes—"

"Confound the Statutes!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

"You may speak as contemptuously as you please, sir, of the Statutes of the school of which you are headmaster. Nevertheless, they have full legal force. According to the Statutes—"

"Silence, sir!"

"According to the Statutes," repeated Mr. Quelch, with the utmost calmness, "a Form master of ten years' standing has an appeal to the board, and may remain at the school until his appeal is heard and decided. All the headmaster can do is to suspend him from his duties. That has already occurred in my case, as I have now no Form. If you doubt my statement, sir, and are ignorant of the Statutes with which you certainly ought to be thoroughly acquainted, I am willing to refer the matter to Major Cherry when he arrives—"

"Confound Major Cherry!"

"Thank you, sir!" said a grim and rather gruff voice in the doorway. "I am much obliged to you, sir. By gad, sir, very much indeed!"

Mr. Brander spun round.

He stared at the stocky figure and bronzed face of Bob Cherry's father. The major advanced into the study.

"Mr. Quelch, I am glad to see you," he said, taking no further notice of the startled and dismayed headmaster. "I am sorry I could not come before. I was away. I had joined Colonel Wharton abroad. Colonel Wharton will be back before long, and will give us his assistance here."

He shook hands warmly with the Remove master.

"Sir—Major Cherry—" stammered Mr. Brander.

He realised that the old soldier had arrived at an unfortunate moment for him.

The major gave him a look. Mr. Brander almost shrank under that look. The major really looked as if he was going to rap out an order to a sergeant to march him off to the "clink."

"Sir," rapped the major, "I desire to have nothing to say to you! I heard your remark as I arrived in this study, sir! It was enough for me!"

"I—I—I apologise—"

"Save your apologies, sir. I have nothing to say to you. Mr. Quelch, is the rebellion in this school still going on?"

"I am sorry to say, yes," answered Mr. Quelch. "The Remove are in rebellion, as I explained in my letter, and the other Forms are on the verge of it. Unless the matter is taken in hand, I fear that all Greyfriars will soon be in a state of anarchy."

"Major Cherry—" gasped Mr. Brander.

"Kindly do not address me, sir."

"You are a governor of the school. You will lend your aid, your authority, in quelling this outbreak."

"That is my object in coming here, sir. But I decline to have any dealings with you. I understand that you have expelled my son, and that he refuses to go. You have expelled Colonel Wharton's nephew. Yet their Form master, a man I have known twenty years, sir, and whom I trust, tells me that my son and my old comrade's nephew, are the best boys in his Form—that they are a credit to the school. My son has rightly refused to submit to your tyranny, sir—that expulsion will be recalled. Not by you, sir. I refuse to have any dealings with you."

"Major Cherry—"

"Enough, sir!" roared the major.

Mr. Brander almost tottered from the study. It was borne in upon his mind that his reign at Greyfriars was nearing its end.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Major Makes Discoveries!

"HALLO! Hallo! Hallo! It's the pater!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The Removites had waited in vain for a renewal of the attack. Sir Hilton Popper had waited in vain for help and rescue. Mr. Brander, evidently, had been unable to gather forces to renew the contest. The prisoners were still tied up in the dormitory. Sir Hilton, by this time, in a state of foaming fury; but his fury had no effect on the cheery rebels.

The Remove were in great spirits, in spite of the damages they had received in the affray. And the alarm of footsteps on the stairs brought a rush of fellows to the barricade in the passage.

But cricket stumps and bats were lowered at the sight of Major Cherry and Mr. Quelch advancing from the

stairs. The Bounder dropped a cricket ball that had been intended as a missile. "Your pater, Bob!" said Harry Wharton; and he whistled. "Pater, or no pater, it makes no difference," said Vernon-Smith. "We're not giving in to Cherry's pater." "No fear!" growled Bolsover major. "Cherry's pater can go and eat coke!" "Shut up, Bolsover!" "Look here——" "Dry up!" said Harry Wharton hastily.

Some of the rebels looked defiant, and some uneasy, as the major came up the passage with Mr. Quelch. He stopped at the barricade and surveyed it, and the garrison behind it, grimly. "By Jove!" said the major. "A pretty state of affairs! A very pretty state of affairs, indeed! Are you there, Bob?"

as four or five fellows hustled the indignant Coker away. "Go ahead, sir!" "Well, what have you to say for yourself, and for the other young rascals?" asked Major Cherry. "Lots!" answered Harry. "The lotfulness is terrific, honoured sahib," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Go aheadfully, my esteemed and absurd chum!" "You see, sir," explained Wharton, "we've barred out Brander. He's a rotter, a cad, a rank outsider, and— and so on. He's sacked half a dozen men in the Remove, and not one of them means to go. He's sacked three men in the Fifth. And we're taking care of them——" "You young ass!" came Coker's booming voice from behind. "Taking care of us, by Jove! I like that!"

"That isn't all, sir," went on Harry Wharton. "We've got a jolly clear idea that Mr. Brander got here by foul play." The major started. "Foul play! What do you mean, Wharton?" He eyed the captain of the Remove very keenly. "We've thought it over, and talked it over, a lot, sir," said Harry, "and that's what we believe. You know, sir, that there was a rumour that Dr. Locke would resign, and Mr. Brander would come in his place." "I am aware of that—I came down to see Dr. Locke about it. But——" "Well, sir, he didn't resign—and a few days afterwards, he was knocked on the head in his garden, and the fellow that did it was never found."



"Get out, Brander!" roared Fitzgerald, and an inkpot whizzed across the Form-room and narrowly missed the headmaster.

"Yes, father," said Bob meekly. "Hero I am." "What do you mean by this?" "H'm!" "However, I am taking up this matter, not as your father, but as a governor of the school," said Major Cherry. "Good!" said Bob. "I'm jolly glad to hear that, dad!" "Eh—why?" "Because I'm bound to do what my father tells me. But I can tell a governor of the school to go and eat coke!" explained Bob. "Ha, ha, ha!" "You young rascal!" said the major. "I had better speak to Wharton. You are the leader in this, I suppose, Wharton?" "Not at all, sir," interposed Coker of the Fifth. "You can speak to me as leader, sir." There was a roar. "Shut up, Coker!" "Keep your silly head shut, you ass!" "Look here——" roared Coker. "Dry up!" "Yes, I'm leader, sir," said Harry,

"Brander promised to let bygones be bygones, and broke his word," went on the captain of the Remove. "After that, we can't trust him. So we're barring him out, and we're keeping it up so long as he stays at Greyfriars. We're fed-up with him as Head." "We don't acknowledge him as headmaster, sir," said the Bounder. "We're done with Brander." "The donefulness is preposterous." "Brander's got to go, sir," said Frank Nugent. "And I believe the governors would want him to go, if they knew how he had carried on here. You can ask any of the men in the other Forms, or the masters. They'll all tell you the same thing." "I have discussed the matter with your Form master," said Major Cherry. "I have a very clear idea how matters stand here. I never believed that Mr. Brander was a suitable headmaster for Greyfriars, and I think so now, less than ever. I tell you that plainly. I tell you that I shall use all my influence to secure his dismissal." "Hear, hear!" "But——" said the major.

"Good gad! Wharton! Do you mean to imply——" "That attack on the Head, sir, knocked him out, and forced him to leave the school, and Mr. Brander came in his place. We've put two and two together." "Wharton!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It's not merely suspicion, sir," said Harry. "We've got something to go on." The major's face was grim and stern. "Wharton, if you are making such a terrible accusation wildly——" "I am not, sir! Bunter told us something, before it happened, that let in a lot of light on the matter—afterwards. We believe that that rotter Van Tromp was sent to Greyfriars to open the way for his uncle to come here as headmaster." "Good heavens!" "Bunter—come here, Bunter——" "I say, you fellows——" "Roll up, fatty." Billy Bunter rolled up to the barricade, and blinked across it at the major, through his big spectacles. The

Owl of the Remove was feeling important now.

"Tell me what you know about this, Bunter!" said Major Cherry, sternly.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Bunter. "You see, it was the day that beast Van Tromp came to the school. I was hiding under the seat in the railway carriage—"

"What?" ejaculated the major.

"I—I wasn't bilking the railway company, sir!" gasped Bunter, in a great hurry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind that," said the major. "Go on."

"Well, they got into the carriage—"

"Who did?"

"Van Tromp, and that fat old jossler—"

"Who?"

"I mean old Brander, sir, though I didn't know he was Brander then, only Van Tromp's uncle. The old jossler, sir, said that the governors were a lot of fools, or something like that; and that the only one he was afraid of was Major Cherry."

"Oh!" ejaculated the major.

"So he kept away from Greyfriars that day, sir, because you were coming here; thinking you might smell a rat if you saw him, and knew that his nephew was coming to the school. And he said that the Beak—"

"Do you mean the Head?"

"Oh! Yes—Dr. Locke, you know—he said that if the Beak didn't resign, there were other ways."

"Other ways?" repeated the major.

"Yes—and when the Beak was knocked on the head, I jolly well guessed that that was the other way!" grinned Bunter.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Is that all, Bunter?"

"No, sir! I had a lot of trouble at the station, owing to the ticket-collector wanting to see my ticket, and I—"

"Pooh! Nonsense! That will do."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"An eavesdropper's evidence is of very little value," said Major Cherry. "You need say no more, Bunter! Wharton, I understand that the headmaster's nephew, Van Tromp, is in your hands."

"He's a prisoner in the dormitory, sir."

"Bring him here."

"Fetch him along, you chaps," said Harry. "Unhook him, and leave the others where they are."

Two or three Removites ran along to the dormitory, and they returned in a few minutes, leading the scowling Van Tromp with them. His hands were still tied; but at a word from the major, he was untied, and allowed to clamber across the barricade. Then he would have departed but the major laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"A word with you," he said. "You are Van Tromp?"

"Yes," muttered the bully of the Sixth, sullenly.

"The new headmaster's nephew?"

"Yes."

"You came to the school a short time before your uncle was appointed temporary headmaster, owing to Dr. Locke's injury."

"Yes."

"Did your uncle discuss this matter with you, in a railway carriage, on the day you came to Greyfriars?"

Van Tromp started violently. So far, he had no knowledge, and not the slightest suspicion, of what William

George Bunter had learned on that occasion.

"Answer me!" rapped the major.

"No!" stammered Van Tromp.

"N-no! Certainly not!"

"Did Mr. Brander, on that occasion, say that if Dr. Locke would not resign, there were other ways?"

Van Tromp stared at him, in amazement and terror.

"I—I—no!" he gasped. "I—I don't understand! My—my uncle was—was not with me the day I came to Greyfriars."

"Oh, my hat!" roared Bob Cherry. "Why, a whole lot of us saw him with you that day at Courtfield!"

"I—I—I mean—"

"Tell the truth, sir!" hooted the major. "Now, Van Tromp, answer me this! Was it your hand that struck down Dr. Locke?"

Van Tromp staggered back against the wall of the passage, his face white as a sheet. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. He could only gaze at the major in terror. His secret, which he had deemed locked deep in his own breast, was known! His knees knocked together, as he staggered against the wall, and his jaw dropped.

His look was as eloquent as words could have been. The major's brow grew black as midnight.

"You young scoundrel!" he roared.

"I—I—I—" Van Tromp's voice was a husky whisper. "I—I—there's no proof—you can't prove—"

"Good heavens!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

"I—I deny it—" gasped Van Tromp, finding his voice. "If—if anyone says he saw me—I mean—if—if anyone says—it's a lie—I deny it—"

"You young scoundrel!" exclaimed the major, and he grasped Van Tromp by the shoulder, and jerked him away from the wall.

The bully of the Sixth was swung round in the angry old gentleman's grasp. Then the major's boot smote him, and Van Tromp went spinning along the passage towards the stairs.

"Well kicked, sir!" roared the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Van Tromp sprawled in the passage. The next moment, he picked himself up and fled for the staircase and vanished.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Go It!

MAJOR CHERRY breathed hard, his grizzled moustache bristling, as he glared after the fleeing Van Tromp. There was no doubt in his mind—startling as the accusation was, Van Tromp had only too plainly betrayed his guilt. Proof, in a legal sense, there might be none; but there was certainty. It was by foul play—the blackest of foul play—that the kind old Head had been removed from Greyfriars, to make room for the new headmaster. If the major had doubted before what side he would take in the struggle that was going on at the school, his doubts would have been banished now. He turned to the rebels again, his bronzed face grim.

"Mr. Quelch tells me that you have Sir Hilton Popper here?" he said. "You are restraining his liberty—"

"Just a few!" grinned the Bounder.

"We bagged the lot of them when they butted in, sir!" said Johnny Bull.

"They're prisoners of war."

"Sir Hilton is a governor of the school," said the major, severely. "He must be released at once."

"Oh!" said several of the rebels, and they looked at one another rather dubiously.

"He's our prisoner, sir!" said the Bounder. "If we let him loose he will begin on us again. I don't see letting him loose."

"No fear!" bellowed Bolsover major.

"Cheese it," interrupted Wharton. "Major Cherry is here to see fair play; and we're bound to do as he wishes."

"The boundfulness is terrific."

"I wish to speak to him, too!" said the major. "I am not asking you boys to surrender, or to leave your position here, until matters are arranged—I hope to be able to arrange them. But I cannot countenance any restraint placed upon a member of the board. Bring Sir Hilton here at once!"

There was doubt and hesitation among some of the rebels. The Bounder was for resisting the major's demand; it was the Bounder's way to oppose anything in the shape of authority. Bolsover major and two or three other fellows took the same side. But the Famous Five had their way, supported by the great majority.

"Fetch him along!" said Harry Wharton; and some of the fellows went into the dormitory, and the prisoners were brought out into the passage.

Major Cherry stared at them blankly over the barricade; Mr. Quelch blinked at them. The line of prisoners, tied together, with the foaming baronet in the lead, stumbled along the passage, amid grins and chuckles from the rebels. Sir Hilton Popper was white with rage.

"Upon my word!" gasped Major Cherry.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Sir—Major Cherry—if you have any influence over these young ruffians, intervene here!" bawled Sir Hilton. "You see what they have done—you see—"

"Release him!" said the major.

"Let the old fossil go," grunted the Bounder. "But take care of the rest—we're not letting them get loose."

Sir Hilton Popper was released. His first proceeding was to box the ears right and left of him—to an accompaniment of loud and indignant yells from the juniors.

"You old ass!" roared Squiff.

"Collar him again!"

"Tie him up!"

"Bump him!"

"Sir Hilton!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Calm yourself, I beg—"

"Young rascals!" roared Sir Hilton.

"Here, hands off—yaroooooh—hands off, I tell you—young villains—Whoooooop!"

The baronet was unceremoniously collared on all sides. The rebels had not freed him to let him box their ears.

"Kick him out!" shouted Nugent.

Sir Hilton, in the grasp of many hands, was pitched at the barricade. He staggered against it, spluttering.

"Now get out!" shouted Wharton.

"Lam him with the stumps till he clears, you fellows."

"Yes, rather."

"The lamfulness will be terrific."

"Order!" shouted the major. "Stand back! Sir Hilton, get over to this side—for goodness' sake, calm yourself—"

(Continued on page 12.)

WHO'S WHO and WHAT'S WHAT !

Herewith our Cricket Expert gives you some facts and figures about the Test Match heroes whose photos are PRESENTED FREE with this issue.

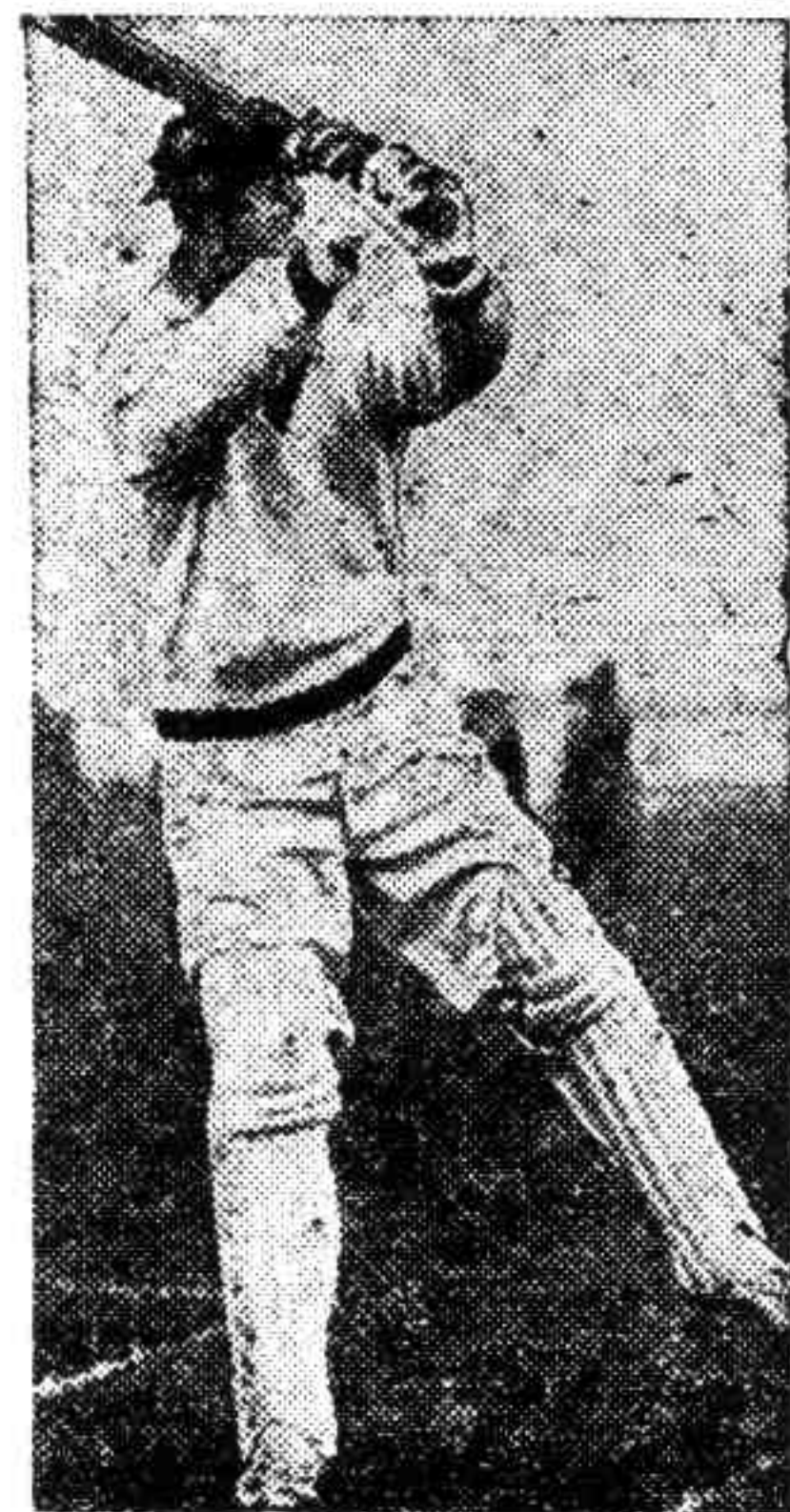
THE name of Tyldesley has been for a long time past associated with Lancashire cricket, but the family from which Dick comes is not related in any way to that which gave the county J. T. and Ernest Tyldesley. Dick comes from Westhoughton, which is near to Bolton, and it was with the club of his native town that he first learnt the game, being taught by his father, who was, like the son who followed him, a cunning leg-break bowler.



R. TYLDESLEY.

Looking at Tyldesley in "civvies" you would never suspect that he is a cricketer at all. He looks much more like a farmer, being huge of bulk, and ruddy of countenance. But though he must weigh about seventeen stone, Dick Tyldesley can stick it right through the hottest day, and there are many men of much slighter build who are not nearly so agile in the fielding department. His variation of lighting the ball enables him to get wickets with his slow ones even when the pitch is as hard as iron, and since the war he has secured, on behalf of his county, a grand total of over one thousand victims. On a sticky pitch he is practically unplayable, and perhaps his greatest bowling feat was accomplished for Lancashire against Yorkshire in 1924. Yorkshire were left with 57 runs to get for victory in their second innings. Dick Tyldesley took six wickets for eighteen runs, and Yorkshire's total fell 24 short of the required number. Now 32 years of age, Tyldesley went to Australia in 1924, but only played in one Test Match. Cricket is still to him a "boy's game," and he plays it in that spirit. See him go in to bat and either knock sixes or threaten to do so, and you must laugh.

VERY good judges of the game in Australia are confident that E. L. a'Beckett will play a prominent part in Test Matches for many years to come. "The most promising all-rounder we have found for a long time," is the way one well-known player summed him up. And the word all-rounder is justified so far as a'Beckett is concerned. This means that he can not only bowl well and bat in first-class



E. L. A'BECKETT.

style, but is also a superb fielder in practically any position. He made his first appearance for Australia in the third Test of the last series down under, and though he did not greatly impress either with bat or ball he made two catches, which are still talked about by those who saw them, to get rid of Hendren and Hammond. Indeed, those two catches did much to keep him in the side, for the following game. He is a medium-paced bowler, with a fine natural action, and if his batting style has not the same elegance—he has an awkward crouching stand—he rises to his full height when there is a stroke to be made, and can hit the ball very hard. As he is now only 23 years of age, there is plenty of time for him to develop. A nephew of the late Sir Thomas a'Beckett, a judge of the Victorian Supreme Court, he is studying law himself, and was so keen to pass an examination last winter that he went for it, and missed a chance of playing in a trial match. England may see a lot of him presently, as it is expected that he will take up residence at Oxford to complete his studies.

THERE are very few amateur cricketers who are so popular among all classes of players as John Cornish White, known to all his host of friends as Jack. He captains the Somerset side, and it has been suggested more than once recently that he is the Somerset side. Certainly in the bowling line he has borne the brunt of the burden for his county for many years. He first played as long ago as 1909, and is actually the only bowler who has taken one hundred wickets or over in every first-class season since the war. Jack White is a slow-medium left hander who can spin the ball a bit, but his real virtues are accuracy of length, accompanied by a deceptive flight. A fine bowler to keep down the runs, as well as to get wickets, as was demonstrated when he went to Australia with the last England side. In one Test Match—the fourth—he bowled no fewer than one hundred and twenty-four overs, thirty-seven of which were maidens, and he bagged thirteen victims. Jack White was vice-captain of that side in Australia, and this summer is on the England team selection committee. One recent incident illustrates the type of cricketer he is. He went with his team to play in Yorkshire, but on arrival there he found that he was suddenly wanted to play for England again. However, as the county had no substitute available, White fielded throughout the Yorkshire innings before leaving the ground. He has made centuries with the bat, being sound in defence, and possessing what has become known as the "slogumber" drive. It is a swipe to leg which often brings him four, and the word Slogumber comes from the place where White is a farmer in a big way.



J. C. WHITE.

ONE of the surprise selections for the Australian team was Percival Mitchell Hornibrook, for this player had not really established a big reputation in Australia as a bowler. However, it was felt that he was the sort of trundler who might be specially suited to English wickets, and though he cannot be said to have fully realised the highest expectations he has done some very steady and valuable work for the side. The worth of a bowler cannot

always be judged by the number of wickets he takes. There are men who have to go on and keep the runs down, getting an occasional wicket, while the star bowlers take their well-earned rest. Hornibrook has acted in that capacity for Australia and done his job well. He is a left-hander very much like Jack White, both in action and in effect. They are mostly leg breaks which he bowls, and though apparently slow through the air, he often gets a nip out of the pitch which makes them come through quite quickly, and the straight one may get out an unwary batsman leg before wicket. First played for Australia against England in the fifth match of the last series down under, taking three wickets, but he had a very successful time later in a tour in New Zealand and also in State matches for Queensland.



P. M. HORNIBROOK.

Percy, who is very popular with his colleagues, got into first-class cricket at the age of twenty. He certainly ought to know how to get batsmen out, for he is a dentist by profession.

BEAR THIS IN MIND ! Next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET will contain another sheet of Sticky-back Photos for your Album. See that you get them !

VICTORY FOR THE REBELS!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Calm myself, sir!" roared Sir Hilton. "I am calm, sir—I am perfectly calm! I will chastise those young scoundrels—whooooop!"

A pillow swiped on Sir Hilton's features, and cut short his utterance. A stump jabbed in his ribs, and he gurgled. A bat tapped on his head, not gently. The lord of Popper Court turned on the rebels like a goaded bull. But stumps and bats poked and lunged at him ruthlessly: and he turned again, and clambered wildly over the barricade to safety.

"Hop it, Popper!" shouted the Bounder, helping the baronet with a lunge in his back.

"Yaroo!"

"Hook it, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad! Oh, good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton, as his long legs slipped into interstices of the barricade. "Oh, good gad! Ow!"

He scrambled wildly to escape. Stumps lunged at him over the barrier; a squirt, loaded with ink, was discharged into the back of his neck. Sir Hilton roared and spluttered, and scrambled, and at last detached himself, and plunged down on the safe side of the barricade. He staggered out of reach of the flourishing stumps, leaned on the wall, and gasped.

"Now, sir—!" said the major.

"Order those young villains to release my men, since they will not listen to me," panted Sir Hilton.

"Certainly, if you will dismiss them from the school at once," said the major. "They are not wanted here."

"I will do nothing of the kind, sir!" roared Sir Hilton Popper. "They are needed here to reduce those rebellious young rascals to order, sir."

"You can scarcely expect the boys to release them for that purpose, I imagine!" said the major dryly.

"No jolly fear!" chuckled Bob.

"Are you countenancing and supporting this rebellion, sir?" bawled Sir Hilton Popper. "Are you in sympathy with this riot, sir?"

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said the major. "I am here, Sir Hilton, to see order restored if possible. Let Mr. Brander leave the school; send your men away, and I can answer for it that these boys will return to their duty, and submit to the just authority of their Form master."

"Certainly, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "That's all we want, sir! Mr. Quelch knows that we are not rebelling against him."

Sir Hilton spluttered, purple with wrath.

"Let Mr. Brander leave!" he bawled. "What? What? Submit to the dictation of a mob of rebellious Lower boys! Are you mad, sir?"

"I think you must be, sir, to have caused the appointment of a man like Brander, to such a school as Greyfriars!" hooted the major, his own temper growing warm.

"You are impertinent, sir!" roared Sir Hilton.

"You are an ass, sir!" retorted the major.

"What? What?" gasped Sir Hilton. "You a member of the board, use such language to the chairman of the board? You—you—"

"I have the best of reasons to suspect, sir, that Mr. Brander made his way here by foul play—that he was a

party to the attack on the late headmaster, and that his nephew was the instrument of that villainy."

"Nonsense!" bawled Sir Hilton.

"I repeat—"

"Rubbish, sir, utter rubbish! So long as I have any influence on the board, Mr. Brander stays! I support him whole-heartedly—I approve of every measure he has taken! I will assist him, sir, to reduce these rebellious young rascals to order. I—I—"

"If Mr. Brander goes—"

"Mr. Brander shall not go, sir! He shall not go, and I defy you—I defy you, sir, to undermine his position here."

Major Cherry's face was crimson, and his eyes were sparkling. He had a hot temper, and he found it difficult to keep it in control. But he made an effort.

"Then let Mr. Brander remain, but not as headmaster—let him await the decision of the governors on that point!" he said. "In the meantime, the school can carry on under the Form masters. A meeting of the board can be called immediately—"

"I will not call it, sir! There is no occasion for a meeting of the board!" roared Sir Hilton.

"Then I, sir, shall make it my business to get the governors together at the earliest possible moment!" snapped the major.

"You will mind your own business, sir! As chairman of the board, I decline to tolerate any meddling from a foolish, old, half-pay officer—"

"What? What?"

"A foolish, old, half-pay officer!" boomed Sir Hilton. "Go back to your club, sir, and play bridge with other superannuated cannon-fodder, sir!"

"Good gad!" gasped the major. "Superannuated cannon-fodder! Good gad! You impertinent ass—"

"You are of no use here, sir!" roared Sir Hilton. "Go back to your club and play bridge with other doddering military relics, sir! That is what you are fit for, sir—that and nothing else. Here you will not be allowed to meddle and muddle, sir."

"You—you insolent knave, sir!" roared the major, as red as a turkey-cock, and almost gobbling, in his wrath.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton.

The rebels gazed on spellbound, at this amazing scene between two elderly gentlemen, both of them governors of the school. It really looked as if the baronet and the major would come to blows.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen—!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Sir Hilton Popper—"

"Major Cherry—"

"You insolent ass—"

"You impertinent jackanapes—"

"If you were not an old man, sir, I would take you by the collar—"

"I am very little older than you, sir, and I have a great mind to kick you out of this building, sir!"

"By gad!" roared the major. "Proceed, sir—proceed! Begin, sir, begin! I shall be glad—"

"Gentlemen!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

The Remove master thrust himself between the two enraged old gentlemen. They glared at one another. From behind the barricade came a joyful squeak.

"I say, you fellows, they're going to scrap! He, he, he!"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"He, he, he! Fancy the two old donkeys scrapping!" chortled Bunter.

Perhaps that remark from the Owl of

the Remove helped the two angry gentlemen to self-control. Perhaps they realised that they were affording a startling entertainment to a mob of Lower boys. Fists that were already brandished on either side of the intervening Remove master were suddenly lowered.

"I say, go it!" shouted the Bounder. "You could lick him, major."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Smithy!"

"Two to one on the major!" yelled Smithy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sir Hilton Popper, let—let this cease!" gasped Major Cherry. "This is—is most unseemly. Will you agree—"

"I will agree to nothing, sir!" hooted Sir Hilton. "Nothing but the complete re-establishment of the authority of the headmaster of this school."

"Then I, sir, shall call the governors together at the earliest possible moment, and I have not the slightest doubt that your Mr. Brander will be dismissed with contumely, sir!"

"You will do as you please, sir, if you are incapable of minding your own business!"

"You impertinent—"

"You insolent—"

"Gentlemen!"

"I say, you fellows, they're beginning again!"

Major Cherry turned and strode away. Mr. Quelch followed him. They went down the stairs, and Sir Hilton was left alone. He groped for his eye-glass, jammed it in his eye, and glared ferociously at the rebels.

"You young rascals—"

"Cheese it, Popper!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Release my men at once!" roared Sir Hilton.

"Rats!"

"I—I—I will— Grooogh!" Sir Hilton broke off, as an apple—in too soft and ancient a state to be useful to the garrison—smote him on the nose and squashed over his majestic features. "Grooh Ooooo! Woooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton strode away swiftly. He did not want any more antiquated apples. Dabbing his face furiously, the baronet disappeared down the stairs.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Drastic Measures!

MR. BRANDER sat in his study. He wore a worried look. Van Tromp of the Sixth, standing by the window, eyed his uncle uneasily.

Major Cherry was gone. He had gone, as the headmaster knew, to place himself in immediate communication with the other members of the governing board, and to bring their authority to bear on the dispute.

By the morrow, in all probability, the board would have the matter in hand, and Mr. Brander could hardly doubt the result. If the governors came to the school and found it in its present state, they could only arrive at one decision—that the new Head had to go. Mr. Brander was still satisfied with his own methods; but he was not sanguine enough to expect the board to be satisfied with the result of them. They had yielded to pressure from their chairman in appointing him, when Dr. Locke had to leave, but the outcome of that appointment could not fail to convince them that he was the wrong man for Greyfriars. Only one thing could save him—if he had the school restored to order by the time they came. And the time was short!



Over the barricade after Wingate scrambled Gwynne, Blundell, and a swarm of other seniors, all eager to go to the rescue of the rebels.

Even Sir Hilton Popper realised that, and he had left the school, with the declaration that he would return with sufficient force to bring the rebels to heel. Mr. Brander devoutly hoped that it would prove so.

He was waiting now for Sir Hilton to return. It was the last throw of the dice for him, and he knew it.

In the sunny quad there were crowds of fellows and a buzz of voices. Fellows looked towards the windows of the headmaster's study and laughed.

Mr. Brander did not heed them. He had his hands full with the Remove, without bothering about the other forms.

Indeed, he was in momentary fear of a crowd of fellows joining the rebels. Gosling was posted on the stairs to cut off communications; but if a crowd of fellows chose to rush Gosling there was nothing to stop them.

"I'm afraid the game's up, uncle!" said Van Tromp, breaking a dismal silence.

Mr. Brander scowled at him.

"What do you mean, Otto?"

"That old fool can't do anything."

In that disrespectful way Van Tromp alluded to the lord of Popper Court. "And—and old Cherry has—has—"

He hesitated, with a very uneasy look at the headmaster.

"Has what?" snapped Mr. Brander angrily. "What do you mean?"

"He has got on to something, about Dr. Locke being knocked out," muttered Van Tromp. "Goodness knows how! I can't guess how. But—"

The headmaster started violently.

"Impossible! What do you mean? How can Major Cherry have the slightest suspicion? Are you mad?"

He jumped up from his chair in his agitation and alarm.

"I don't know," said Van Tromp. "But he accused me—at least, he asked me—and it was plain that he knew—"

"He—he knew?"

"Somehow or other, he's got on to it, and he knows that it was I who knocked Dr. Locke on the head; and he knows why, too—that it was to make room for you to come here!" muttered Van Tromp.

"Good heavens!"

Mr. Brander sank into his chair again, as if his legs refused to support him. He stared at his nephew in horrified dismay.

"You must be mad!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "He cannot suspect—nobody can suspect—"

"He asked me the question plainly."

"Fool! You denied it, of course?"

"Yes; but I—I was so knocked over that—well, he must have seen something in my face. I—"

Mr. Brander passed his hand over his brow. Troubles were piling thick on the tyrant of Greyfriars.

"It is—is extraordinary!" he muttered. "You have, of course, said no word on the subject—"

"Of course not," said Van Tromp. "It was not a thing I should be likely to shout out over the school, was it? But he knows, somehow, what you said to me in the train the day I came here. Somebody must have heard us talking."

"We were alone in the carriage."

"I know. But—I can't make it out, but he knows, and all those fags know. It's got out somehow."

There was a long silence.

"It can be only suspicion," said Mr. Brander at last. "There can be no proof—no proof of any kind. An accusation cannot be brought on a vague suspicion. A firm denial is all that is needed. Such an impression will make Major Cherry more obstinate and determined, that is all. But if the school can be restored to order before the governors arrive, and they cannot be here before to-morrow—"

"It doesn't look like it," remarked Van Tromp, with a glance at the crowd of fellows in the quad. "Every man in the school is against us."

"If the prefects—the seniors—would give their support," muttered Mr. Brander. "Have you no influence over any of them, Otto?"

Van Tromp shrugged his shoulders.

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,174.

No 6.

BACK TO THE PLAYING FIELDS

CRICKET CONUNDRUMS

Why is Harry Wharton the best, and yet the worst batsman in the Remove?

He is the best, because he can make runs off anybody's bowling; he is the worst, because he never tries to "score off" anybody!

Who is the swankiest cricketer in the Sixth Form? Gerald Loder; because he always puts on "a little side" when he's on Big Side!

Which Form at Greyfriars plays the most breathless kind of cricket?

The Remove—because it possesses Wun Lung (one lung).

Who is the clumsiest cricketer at Greyfriars? Johnny Bull—because when playing against a girls' eleven he "bowled a maiden over."

If you played Tom Redwing in your team, where would you ask him to field?

"In the deep," naturally, because he's a son of the sea!

Why is a cricket eleven like an old copy of "The Holiday Annual"?

Because it often needs an "extra cover."

Why would Blogg the postman make an excellent bowler?

Because he is noted for his "slow deliveries."

Why is Coker of the Fifth the most powerful batsman at Greyfriars?

Because, on his new motorcycle, he can drive anybody out of the school grounds!

Why is a boy who barricades his "bags" a splendid cricketer?

Because he never knows when he is beaten!



Greyfriars

SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM OF A DUEL

MAJOR CHERRY v. SIR HILTON POPPER

FIERCE AFFRAY IN FRIARDALE WOOD

It may have been the cold rabbit-pie I had for supper, before turning in with the rest of the Remove rebels. Or it might have been the doughnuts—which had got stale and heavy—or possibly the pickled walnuts. But whatever the cause, I had a most vivid and exciting dream—so fearfully realistic that even now I can hardly convince myself it was only a dream.

I dreamed that Major Cherry, in a royal rage, marched up to Sir Hilton Popper in the Close, and tweaked his nose—tweaked it so violently that Sir Hilton fairly danced with anguish.

"This, sir, is an expression of my contempt for you!" thundered Major Cherry.

"Yaroooo! Leggo by dose!"

"I regard you, sir, as an upstart and a tyrant, begad! You are not a fit and proper person to sit on the governing board of Greyfriars."

"Yooooop!"

Sir Hilton's nose was released, and it looked like a crushed and over ripe strawberry, in striking contrast to the pallor of his cheeks.

"Sir!" he raved. "This is outrageous! I have been affronted and assaulted! And this affront and assault can only be wiped out in blood! I challenge you, sir, to a duel!"

"Accepted!" snapped the major.

"Swords or pistols, sir?"

"Swords. We can procure them from the armoury in the museum. Let us lose no time. I am thirsting for your blood!"

The two irate gentlemen stalked away to the school museum, and selected their weapons. On emerging, they were joined by Mr. Brander and Mr. Quelch, to whom they explained what was afoot.

"I will second you, my dear Popper!" said Brander.

"Rely upon my support, my dear major!" said Quelch.

The quartette proceeded out of gates.

"You had better bring a couple of spades along, Brander," said Major Cherry.

"Spades?" gasped the Head. "But surely you are not going to fight with spades?"



DOWNFALL OF THE DUTCH TYRANTS

INGLORIOUS EXIT FROM GREYFRIARS

"ALL THROUGH ME!"—BUNTER

So Meyer Brander has gone! He has shaken a pile of dust from the feet of Greyfriars—that is to say, he has shaken the dust of the pile of Greyfriars from his feet. And his beastly bullying nephew, Otto van Tromp, has also shaken his feet at Greyfriars for the last time.

Good riddance to bad rubbish, say I—and so say all of us!

Mr. Frank Richards will tell you the story of the downfall of the Dutchies, and how they were finally kicked out. Nobody kicked so hard and so hartily as me! I was only too glad to see the bax of the beasts. Brander has often licked me: he loathed me for being such a decent, high-soled, manly fellow—such a parragon of all the virtues. And it was

only poetic justiss that I should make a human football of Brander, and help to dribble him down to the school gates.

But Mr. Frank Richards, although he writes farley well for a novvis, is not always a truthful writer. He has not told you the whole trooth about the part I played in bringing Brander and Van Tromp to book. It was all through me that the rotters were hounded out of Greyfriars; and if any person deserves a vote of thanks, plus the Freedom of the Tuckshop, for vailable servisses rendered, that person is W. G. B.!

But for me, the Greyfriars fellows would still be fleeing from the tramp of Tromp, and squirming under the brandishings of Brander.



It was me who bowled them out (if I forgot to mention this fact before). It was me who overheard them plotting and planning to get Doctor Locke out of the way, so that they could rule the roost at Greyfriars. It was me who played the part of a slooth-hound, and unmasked their villany, and threttened to hand them over to the perlice.

But Mr. Richards, instead of lording me up to the skies, and singing my praises as a wonderful amature defective, goes and gives all the credit to other people. It's a jolly shame!

However, the tyrants have gone, so perray I ought not to grumble.

It is not jenerally known that Brander made a desperate last-minnit appeal to me in the hope of saving his skin. He went down on his neeze to me in the school gateway, and pleaded with me to use my inflewence with Major Cherry and the Guvverners to get him reinstated as headmaster.

"I'll make it well worth your while, Bunter!" he said. "I'll give you five bob on the spot, and a free feed at the tuckshop whenever you feel disposed."

"Bribery and corruption, Brander!" said sternly. "Nothing doing, you reptile!"

And I bestowed a farewell kick upon the loathsome person, and he rolled out into the roadway, his last fond hopes of staying on at Greyfriars roodly shattered!

The Herald

August 16th, 1930.

CHEERY CHAT WITH MAJOR CHERRY

ASKING FOR TROUBLE

BRAVO, BOB!

Major Cherry was pacing to and fro in the Close—conveniently near to the school tuckshop—when I buttonholed him. I had visions of being invited into Dame Mimble's establishment for a spot of lime-juice. For it was a broiling hot day, and interviewing is thirsty work.

Being rather uncertain how to greet the major, I gave him the Army salute, then the Naval one, and then the Boy Scouts'. After which, I raised my cap, and made a sweeping bow.

"You're exceedingly polite, young man!" said Major Cherry, eyeing me rather grimly. "What do you want?"

"Just a friendly chat with you, sir," I said.

"But I don't know you, begad!"

I looked pained.

"I'm one of Bob's closest chums, sir. We are twin souls—two loving hearts beating as one. Surely Bob is always raving about me in his letters home?"

"What is your name?" demanded Major Cherry.

I told him, and he shook his head.

"Never heard of you in my life!" he declared.

"Run away now; I'm thinking out a problem."

"But—but you can't throw me off like this, sir!"

I protested. "I'm your son's bosom pal, and my family and your family have always been as thick as thieves. My great grandfather fought with you at Waterloo."

"What!" shouted Major Cherry. "I know nothing of your great-grandfather, and Waterloo was fought long before I was born."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Your family and mine have nothing in common,"

went on the major, "and as for your claim to be Bob's bosom friend, I don't believe a word of it! Here comes Bob! I'll ask him."

My heart was in my mouth as Bob Cherry came sprinting up. For, between ourselves, I'm a long way down the list of Bob's friends.

But Bob played up like a real trump, when his pater questioned him. He saw that I should get the major's boot, if the truth came out, so he said cheerily, "Yes, pater, this fellow is one of my oldest pals!" Whereupon, the major invited us into the tuckshop, and stood us a really handsome spread.

Begad, no! But you will need them order to dig Popper's grave. He must be decently buried, as befitting a governor of the school." Sir Hilton fairly exploded.

"You are too presumptuous and premature, sir! It is your own demise which you should anticipate—your own grave which you should prepare."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted the major. "This is to be a duel to the death, Popper. I propose not merely to pink you, but to cleave you to the chine—to use a picturesque phrase of our duelling ancestors. Having rendered an inestimable service to humanity by wiping you off the face of the earth, I shall supervise your interment, and I suggest the following as a suitable epitaph:

"Here lie the remains of Hilton Popper
Who came a most untimely cropper;
Slain by the sword of Major Cherry,
Who helped his feeble frame to bury."
Sir Hilton nearly choked.

"Feeble frame!" he spluttered. "I'll soon show you whether I'm a weakling, begad! When you've tasted six inches of cold steel, you'll eat your words!"

"Calm yourself, sir!" said Major Cherry. "Here we are at Friardale Wood. Let me just run you through!" Even Mr. Quelch chuckled at this,

despite the gravity of the situation. And Mr. Brander smiled his sour smile.

Into the wood the little party plunged, till they reached a convenient clearing. Then the major and Sir Hilton peeled off their coats, and drew their swords from their scabbards. The sunlight glinted on the flashing blades.

Mr. Brander hustled forward officiously. "One to be ready—two to be steady—GO!" he exclaimed.

Not having officiated at a duel before, he was not certain if this was the correct formula. But it answered the purpose.

With a bull-like roar, Sir Hilton Popper hurled himself upon Major Cherry; and with an even louder roar, Major Cherry hurled himself upon Sir Hilton Popper. There was a clash of steel, and the ringing blades fairly awakened the echoes.

"Pile in, Popper!" cried Mr. Brander.

"Make mincemeat of him, major!" yelled Mr. Quelch, forgetting his dignity in his excitement.

"Yaroooooh!"

It was a fendish yell from Sir Hilton, as his opponent's sword pinked his chest.

"First blood to me!" chortled the major, following up his advantage.

"Prepare to meet your doom, Popper!"

Which was true, for Sir Hilton had flown into a panic, and was falling over himself in his eagerness to retreat. The perspiration glistened on his forehead.

"Ha! You tremble!" panted Major Cherry. "And well you might, for I am about to administer the coup de grace!"

It seemed to be the major's intention, with a devastating sweep of his blade, to sever Sir Hilton's head from his body.

I gave a yell of horror, for much as I hated Sir Hilton, I couldn't bear the thought of seeing him decapitated.

And with that veil of horror still on my lips, I mercifully awoke!



ORDER OF THE BOOT FOR BRANDER

WHAT GREYFRIARS THINKS ABOUT IT

NO DAY OF MOURNING

Hurree Singh: Lift up your hearts rejoicingly, my worthy and esteemed chums! Pack up your troubles in your kitful bags, and smilefully smile! For the ludicrous and loathsome Brander has been given the Order of the Boot kickfully. Never again will he darken the honourable portals of Greyfriars with his presence. The same remark applies to Otto van Tromp, who was banishfully ejected, neckfully and cropfully, from the school gatefulness. Sadly missed by their sorrowing friends; but gladly missed by their delighted enemies!

Billy Bunter: I say, you fellows! Now that these beasts have gone, I think we ought to sellybrate in stile. After being cooped up in the Remove dorm for weeks on end, with not enuff grubb to keep a sparrow from starving,

I feel just ripe for a first-rate feed. Will those who subscribe to my views please subscribe to the sellybration also, and send their subscriptions to me, either by check, postle order, or cash. (Stamps and forrin coins not axcepted.) I will then cheerfully lay in the grubb. (Don't do that, Bunty, or you'll squash everything!—Ed.)

Gerald Loder: Most people are as pleased as Punch to see the backs of Brander and Van Tromp; but I feel sorry for them, in a way. They had their good points, and I don't consider they were given a fair chance. I always like to be fair and just, myself. And what's the use of old Prout as headmaster, anyway? Might as well appoint Gosling, the porter, to the job! (Dry up, Loder! Prouty has his faults.



as we all know, but he is a white man, which is more than can be said of Meyer Brander—or of a certain Sixth Form prefect!—Ed.)

Dicky Nugent: Speaking on behalf of the fags, we shan't go into morning because Brander left Greyfriars this evening. He was a villain of the deepest die. And so was Van Tromp. We think they were let off far too lightly. They should have been sentenced to be shot at dawn, and I should have been one of the first on the scene with my peashooter!

Mr. Quelch: Naturally, I am relieved and delighted that the revolution at Greyfriars is at an end, and that Mr. Brander and his nephew have been summarily dealt with. We shall now, my boys, be able to get down to serious work. In order that you shall not suffer by your prolonged absence from lessons, I propose to do you a special favour, and extend lesson-time by one hour daily. I trust this will meet with your approval. (Help! Our worthy and respected Form master has weird ideas of kindness!—Ed.)



(Continued from page 13.)

"I'm hardly safe among them," he answered. "I've been turned out of the prefects' room, though I'm head prefect—head of the House! Even fellows I'd made friends with have turned against me. They daren't stand out against the rest. Wingate shoved me out of the prefects' room a quarter of an hour ago."

"I will cane him! I—I will expel him!"

"Better not," said Van Tromp. "He will not be caned, uncle; it would only set the Sixth at the same game as the Remove. I heard them saying openly that if you expelled any man in the school they'd all stand by him, and keep him here, whether you liked it or not. They said it before me, knowing jolly well that I should tell you."

Mr. Brander gritted his teeth.

"I will make examples of them," he said savagely. "I will clear the school of the ringleaders, when my time comes. At present, perhaps, I had better take no notice of their insolence." He rose and paced the study. "The Remove must be put down—the leaders sent away from the school, the rest thrashed into submission and obedience—before the governors can be brought here by that meddlesome fool Major Cherry. But how—how?"

Van Tromp glanced from the window.

"Here comes Sir Hilton, uncle."

Mr. Brander jumped to the window. Everything depended on Sir Hilton Popper now, and what force he could raise for dealing with the rebels.

The tall figure of Sir Hilton Popper came striding towards the House. He came alone. Mr. Brander's face fell.

A crowd of fellows stared at Sir Hilton as he passed them. From some of the fags came a distinct sound of hissing, which brought a glitter to the baronet's eyes. But he strode on, and entered the House. A minute later, he was in the Head's study.

Mr. Brander met him with a silent look of inquiry. His fate was trembling in the balance; if Sir Hilton failed him, he stood to lose all that he had gained by cunning, by trickery, by foul play. The headmastership of Greyfriars, one of the richest "plums" of the scholastic profession, had seemed to Mr. Brander worth all the efforts, all the unscrupulous scheming it had cost him; yet his cruel nature and tyrannical temper had brought the loss of it very near. Only Sir Hilton could save him now—and his anxiety was intense.

"I have taken measures, sir!" said the baronet.

Mr. Brander breathed more freely.

"Measures, sir," continued the lord of Popper Court, "that I should certainly not have taken had they been avoidable. But we are pressed for time—this matter must be settled before that meddling major can interfere—you appreciate that, Mr. Brander?"

"Quite so—quite!" Mr. Brander appreciated that only too well.

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"I have engaged certain persons," said Sir Hilton. "I had no doubt that my keepers, once in contact with the rebel boys, would have overcome their resistance with ease. But it has proved otherwise. I have now taken measures which cannot fail; I have engaged a dozen men to come here and deal with those young rascals—the result is a foregone conclusion, sir!"

"And—and these men—"

"They will be here directly, sir!" said the baronet. "Some of them are rough—very rough! It cannot be helped! The boys have brought this upon themselves by their obstinate persistence in rebellion."

"Perfectly so, sir!"

"In a short time," said Sir Hilton, "the rebellion will be at an end—the boys will be reduced to submission. Measures must be immediately taken to prevent a recurrence of the outbreak. The expelled boys must be sent away at once, to remove their malign influence."

"At once!" agreed Mr. Brander, his eyes gleaming.

"Some others, I think, should be sent home for a time," said Sir Hilton.

"They may be allowed to return next term. Every boy in the Remove likely to give trouble, should be sent away from the school temporarily—the ringleaders, of course, for good. Those who remain must be soundly flogged, and they will be amenable to discipline afterwards. And after this, sir, I think that no other Form will be tempted to follow the example of the Remove."

"I agree fully!" said Mr. Brander. "If your men succeed—"

"There is no doubt about that! The force is irresistible," said the baronet. "I have taken care of that, this time. The rebellion will be utterly crushed: by to-morrow, sir, all will be normal, all will be in perfect order; and if the governors should be so ill-advised as to gather here, on the recommendation of Major Cherry, they will find nothing to complain of. The situation will be saved, sir."

Which was good news for Mr. Brander. But the situation was not saved yet!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Greyfriars!

"GREAT SCOTT!" ejaculated Wingate, of the Sixth. "What the thump—" said Gwynne.

The two Sixth Form men stared.

Plenty of other Greyfriars men were staring, too. The party that had marched in at the gates, was such a party as had never before been seen within the walls of Greyfriars School.

There were a dozen men, all told; and all of them were burly and brawny. They were roughly-dressed; and their looks were rougher than their garb. Some of them were bargees from the barges on the Sark; three or four looked like racecourse loafers; one or two looked like tramps. They were grinning and talking together as they came in, and staring round at the buildings and the groups of Greyfriars men. The man who seemed to be their leader was a short, thick-set fellow, with only one eye, a black patch covering the other; and a smell of strong spirits emanated from this gentleman, which showed him to be a sturdy supporter of the drink traffic.

"What a crew!" gasped Gwynne.

"What the dickens do they want here?" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars. And he hurried to intercept the

party, who were lounging towards the House.

A crowd of fellows gathered, all wondering and excited. Some of them guessed what the new arrivals were there for; others were amazed and wondering.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wingate, placing himself in the way of the newcomers. "Hold on a minute, please! What do you want here?"

The one-eyed man grinned at him. "We're 'ere for a job, sir!" he answered. "Gentleman of the name of Popper sent us 'ere, sir!"

"Sir Hilton Popper!" exclaimed Wingate.

"That's the covey!" agreed the one-eyed man.

"Who—who are you?"

"Name of Chick, sir," answered the spirituous gentleman. "Bill Chick, sir, if you want to know. Where's them young rips?"

"Those—those what?"

"Them cheeky kids we're 'ere to wallop," answered Mr. Chick. "I fancy this 'ere job won't take us long, sir! Easy earned money, I says, mates!"

"You're right, Bill!" said several of the cheerful party.

"Look here," gasped Wingate, "do you mean to say that Sir Hilton Popper told you to come here—to this school?"

"You've got it!"

"To—to deal with the Remove!" exclaimed Wingate blankly.

Mr. Brander came out of the House. He glanced at the rather disorderly array, and winced a little. No doubt Sir Hilton, pressed for time in getting reinforcements to deal with the Greyfriars rebels, had not been able to pick and choose. He had to use the material that was ready to his hand. But certainly the aspect of the new recruits was rather dismaying to a headmaster—even a headmaster like Mr. Brander.

He fervently hoped that the "job" would be quickly put through, and these remarkable assistants dismissed and got out of sight.

For the present, however, they were indispensable. On the aid of this grubby crew of roughs depended the fate of the Greyfriars headmaster.

Wingate turned to the Head, as he came to the spot, with amazement and disgust and anger mingled in his face. Never had the captain of Greyfriars received such a shock.

"Mr. Brander!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that these—these men are to be used against Greyfriars boys?"

The Head gave him a steely look. "These men are to be employed in reducing a mob of rascally young rebels to order, if that is what you mean, Wingate," he answered.

"It's disgraceful, sir!" broke out Wingate.

"That will do!"

"I protest against it!" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain. "It is disgraceful—shameful! I can hardly believe—"

"Silence!" rapped out Mr. Brander. "If you and the other prefects had done your duty, Wingate, this assistance would not have been necessary. The matter does not concern you. Silence!"

Wingate, with a crimson face, strode away into the House. He knocked at the door of Mr. Quelch's study, and entered.

The Remove master was standing at his study window, staring blankly at the grubby crew in the quad. He turned to Wingate as he entered.

"What does this mean, Wingate?" he exclaimed. "Who are these men? For what purpose are they here?"

"They're to be pitched against the Remove boys, sir! I came here to ask you whether you could intervene," said Wingate. "Goodness knows what will

happen if there is a fight between the Remove boys and that gang of roughs."

"You—you are sure that—that that 's Mr. Brander's intention!" gasped the Remove master.

"He has said so, sir!"

"Then I shall intervene—I shall certainly protest. Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, and he hurried from the study.

The rough crew were already entering the House. The quadrangle swarmed with fellows, in a buzz of excitement. All the school knew now why the gang had come, and feeling was running high.

The one-eyed man touched his ragged cap to Mr. Quelch, as he came breathlessly up. He gave the Remove master a cheery grin.

"'Ere we are, sir! 'Ere we are and ready!"

Sir Hilton Popper came striding on the scene. He coloured a little as he sighted Mr. Quelch's horrified, indignant face. Sir Hilton was not, perhaps, proud of his "army."

"Sir Hilton Popper!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It is not—it cannot be—your intention to use these—these ruffians against Greyfriars boys."

"Do not intervene here, Mr. Quelch," snapped the baronet. "I am quite able to decide these matters for myself. Return to your study."

"I protest—I most emphatically protest—"

"You are not concerned in this, sir! Say no more."

"I tell you, sir—" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Silence, sir!" snapped Sir Hilton.

"Have you considered—"

"I have considered everything, sir, and require no advice from you, and no interference! Say no more."

"These—these hooligans—" stut-tered Mr. Quelch.

"'Ere, chuck it, old gent," said Mr. Chick. "Don't you be so free with your langwidge. You 'ear me! I'd wipe you round the kisser just as soon as not."

Mr. Quelch jumped back as the one-eyed man displayed a fist that looked like a leg of mutton, fairly under his nose.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"You had better retire, sir!" said the baronet. The sooner the matter is brought to a termination, the better."

Mr. Quelch almost tottered away to his study, followed by a threatening growl and scowl from the "army." Mr. Chick and his friends had not taken the Form master's remarks in good part.

"Follow me, my men!" said Sir Hilton hastily.

"We're arter you, sir."

"What, what?" Mr. Prout came on the scene, his fat face a picture of amazement and dismay. "Sir Hilton Popper, what are these—theso men—"

"Stand back, sir!" snapped Sir Hilton.

And he led his flock up the staircase, Mr. Brander and Van Tromp bringing up the rear, leaving Mr. Prout stand- ing transfixed.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Fifth Form master. "What—what is Grey- friars coming to? What? What?"

"Outrageous!" said Mr. Capper.

"Scandalous!" said Mr. Wiggins.

The masters were all of one opinion.

And the deep, indignant murmur from the quad showed that the Greyfriars fellows were of the same opinion. But they were not heeded. Sir Hilton Popper led his forces towards the Remove quarters, and the climax of the barring-out was coming now.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Rebels Retreat!

HARRY WHARTON set his lips. There were grim looks amongst the rebels.

Even Coker of the Fifth looked serious.

From several windows the rebels had seen that rough crew in the quad, and they did not need telling why Mr. Chick and his men were there.

The tug-of-war was at hand!

"No surrender!" said the Bounder between his teeth. But even the dogged, determined look on Smithy's face showed that he realized that the game was up now.

"No surrender!" repeated Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows—"

"We're sticking it out!" said Peter Todd.

"The stickfulness will be terrific."

"I say, you fellows—" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat ass."

"I—I say, we're done for now," said Billy Bunter. "Oh lor'! I say, those hooligans will knock you fellows right and left."

(Continued on next page.)

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"I guess it's a cinch," said Fisher T. Fish. "I surely ain't standing up to a bargee's punch."

"You haven't stood up to anybody's punch yet, you funk," growled Bob Cherry. "Go and hide in some corner."

"Talk sense!" said Skinner. "We've got no chance against that gang of roughs. I'm not going to have my teeth knocked out, I know that."

"Shut up, Skinner."

"Yaas, dry up, dear man," said Lord Maulverer. "We're goin' to put up a jolly old fight to a jolly old finish, what?"

"Hear, hear."

"We're up against it, you men," said Harry Wharton quietly. "But we've got to scrap. We all know what to expect if Brander gets the upper hand. We've got to fight to a finish."

"Yes, rather."

"If they come at the barricade we can keep them off—we'll try, at any rate! But they can get into the dorm from the attic—and that means that they will get to close quarters."

"Look here——" said Coker of the Fifth.

"Don't bother now, Coker."

"You cheeky young ass——"

"Dry up, Coker, for goodness' sake," exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Is this a time to wag your silly chin?"

"Look here," roared Coker. "They can get at us in the dorm! They can drop through the hole in the ceiling. Well, we retreat from the dorm, see, and hold the passage. Barricade the doorway——"

"I say, you fellows, we can't do that!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Why can't we, you fat idiot," snorted Coker.

"Because the grub's packed in the dorm cupboard!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat dummy——"

"It's no good, Coker," said Harry Wharton

"You don't know anything about it, Wharton! I've told you before to leave the leadership to me. Now——"

"You silly ass!" howled Bob Cherry. "The attic's all over this ceiling, under the roof. What's to prevent them from bursting through the passage ceiling, same as they've done in the dorm,"

"Oh!" ejaculated Coker. The great Coker's powerful intellect had not envisaged that possibility, obvious as it was.

"They can get at us anywhere they like by bursting through the ceiling from the attic," said Harry. "It's going to be scrapping—and we've all got to put our beef into it, that's all. We beat the first lot, and we're going to beat this lot."

"Hear, hear."

"Hit hard, and hit often," said Bob Cherry, "and keep an eye on those giddy prisoners, they're out of it, anyhow."

Joyce and the other keepers were safe out of it. They were still tied securely in a bunch. But their looks showed that they did not expect to be prisoners much longer. And even the most determined of the rebels could not help doubting whether the tide of fortune had not turned against them at last. Numbers were still on their side; but a dozen powerful, full-grown men were long odds for schoolboys, however numerous.

They had not long to wait for the enemy.

There was a heavy tramping on the stairs, and Sir Hilton Popper and Mr. Brander came into sight and advanced

along the passage, followed by Bill Chick and his motly crew.

The barricade was manned, and grim faces looked over it. The hooligans grinned at one another.

"My eye!" said Mr. Chick. "'Ere they are! Wot a game, mates!" And the one-eyed gentleman's mates chuckled.

Sir Hilton Popper signed to them to keep back. Even the irascible old baronet was not wholly pleased by the measures he had taken, and desired to avoid a terrific shindy if he could. He hoped that the sight of this overwhelming force would bring about surrender.

"Wharton, are you there, Wharton?" he snapped.

"Here," answered Harry.

"You can see that you have no chance of resistance now," said Sir Hilton. "To save violence, let this come to an end. Much damage will be done if you are so foolish as to push matters to an extremity. Let this rebellion cease at once, and——"

"On what terms, sir?" asked Harry.

"On no terms!" roared Sir Hilton.

"Good gad, do you imagine that a

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governor of the school is here to bandy words and make terms with an impudent Lower boy?"

"Go and eat coke, then."

"What? What?"

"Coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Boys!" exclaimed Mr. Brander, as Sir Hilton spluttered with wrath. "Boys! I warn you to return to your duty and abandon those members of the Form who are under sentence of expulsion. Resistance will be quite useless now—groooogh! Ooooooh!"

An orange, smiting Mr. Brander full on his large mouth, suddenly cut short the flow of his eloquence.

"Well bowled!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"No surrender!" roared the Bounder. "Come on, you rotters!"

"You—you— Groooogh! You young scoundrels!" spluttered Mr. Brander. "Words are wasted on you! Sir Hilton, order your men to overpower these insolent young rascals!"

"Chick!" shouted Sir Hilton.

"Yessir! 'Ere, gov'nor!" answered the one-eyed man.

"You will overpower these boys, and

—and use whatever force may be necessary for the purpose! Proceed at once!"

"I get you, sir," said Mr. Chick. "Come on, mates! This 'ere will be easy money. Follow your leader."

"We're arter you, Bill!"

"Stand to it!" shouted the Bounder.

"Back up, Greyfriars!"

There was a rush, and the mob of hooligans came down on the barricade like a torrent. Cricket stumps and bats and all sorts of weapons met them with grim determination, and the passage rang with yells and howls and oaths.

"Yaroooh!" roared Mr. Chick, as a bat clumped on his bullet head. "Oh, my eye! I'll out yer for that! Yooop!"

"Back up!"

"Sock it to them!" yelled Bob.

"Give 'em beans!"

The barricade was well manned. Fiercely as the hooligans swarmed at it, resolutely as they clambered, the defence was good. Swiping blows hurled them back, hard knocks fell like rain. Mr. Chick & Co. quickly realised that it was not a "game," after all.

Their faces were angry and savage now. But savage as they looked, breathing rage and vengeance, the Removites stood up to them gamely, and the barricade was held. Five minutes of pandemonium were followed by a pause, and the ruffians backed off, every one of them hurt, and all of them swearing luridly.

Sir Hilton Popper stamped with rage.

He had had no doubt that a rush of that ruffianly mob would carry the defences in a few moments. But the desperate defence had driven them back.

"Van Tromp!" he hooted.

The bully of the Sixth had kept well to the rear. He came forward reluctantly as the baronet called.

"Take six of these men. Show them the way to the garrets, show them where to enter the dormitory."

"Oh, yes, Sir Hilton!"

Half the "army" departed with Van Tromp. The rebels looked at one another. They were able to hold the barricade, with desperate effort. But with an attack from another quarter coming, it looked like the finish.

Billy Bunter and Skinner, and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish, had already sought hiding-places, but the rest of the Form stood together, still determined.

Harry Wharton breathed hard.

In a few minutes came the sound of the enemy scrambling in the attics above. The rebels were about to be taken between two fires. As soon as Van Tromp's party began dropping into the dormitory, Sir Hilton Popper's party were ready to rush the barricade again. And between the two parties the position of the rebels was untenable. It was going to be hand-to-hand fighting now.

"Wharton!" Sir Hilton Popper's voice snorted over the barricade.

"Wharton, I warn you——"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Harry.

"I tell you that——"

"Cheese it, you old ass!"

Sir Hilton Popper foamed.

"Go on! Go on at once!" he roared. "Chick, you hear me? Go on at once! Overpower those young rascals!"

"Right-ho, governor! Come on, mates!"

There was another rush at the barricade. Harry Wharton & Co. defended it desperately. Once more the passage rang and echoed with wild uproar. Bob Cherry ran to the dormitory door, dragged it shut, and locked it.

But it was only a brief respite, and he knew it. Already Van Tromp's party were dropping into the dormitory, and in a minute more they were at the door, thundering on it.

Meanwhile, the defence of the barricade was made good. Chick and his comrades were held at bay.

Crash! Crash! came on the door from within the dormitory, now in the possession of Van Tromp's party. The door shook and groaned; the lock creaked and cracked. A minute or less and the enemy would be through, behind the barricade, taking the rebels in the rear.

"Get back!" called out Wharton.

"Stand to it!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "Stick here, you young asses! They'll be over and at us—"

"Fathead! The other gang will be behind us in a tick! Get along to the end of the passage!" called out the captain of the Remove.

The rebels retreated from the barricade. They passed the door of the dormitory, now giving under the crashing blows from within, and reached the end of the passage. At the end was the door of a box-room; but that door had been screwed up and barricaded by the rebels to bar off an attack from that direction, and there was no opening it now. The rebels were at the end of their tether. And at the end of the passage they grouped, their only advantage being that they could be attacked from only one side, and had all their foes in front.

But they were not beaten yet.

With a crash the dormitory door gave, and Van Tromp and his party swarmed into the passage. At the same time Chick and his men came scrambling over the undefended barricade. After them, more slowly, clambered Sir Hilton Popper and Mr. Brander.

"Ere they are!" roared Mr. Chick, pointing a stubby thumb towards the panting rebels along the passage. "Go for 'em!"

"Overpower the young rascals!" hooted Sir Hilton Popper.

"Stand to it, you men!" said the Bounder, between his teeth. "Fight to the giddy finish!"

"Stick it out!"

"Back up, Remove!" shouted Harry Wharton.

And the Greyfriars rebels, driven to their last corner, backed up, and presented a united front as Mr. Chick & Co. came rushing to the attack.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Greyfriars to the Rescue!

"WINGATE!"
"Yes, sir!"
"This cannot go on, Wingate!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

He was standing at the foot of the staircase, listening to the terrific din from above.

The Remove master was deeply agitated. Seldom, or never, had the cold, self-contained Form master looked so disturbed. For once, Henry Samuel Quelch was shaken out of his majestic calm.

Yelling and trampling and crashing echoed from above. The din was audible over the whole House, and across the quad—in every corner of Greyfriars. The whole school listened. It was past tea-time; but not a fellow

thought of tea. Even Sammy Bunter of the Second Form had forgotten tea. From everywhere came a buzz of excited voices.

"This cannot go on!" panted Mr. Quelch. "Wingate, I intend to intervene in this matter. Harm may be done to the boys of my Form—serious harm. I will not permit this ruffianism. And I ask you, Wingate, to give me your assistance. I will answer for it, Wingate, that the governors will approve our intervention."

"I am sure of that, sir," said Wingate. "And I may as well say that I had already decided to chip in, and my friends—"

"Call them at once, then!"

Wingate had been coming to the stairs when the Remove master called to him. With him came Gwynne and North and six or seven other Sixth form men. And behind the Sixth-Formers was a crowd of fellows, all wildly excited.

Mr. Quelch glanced over them.

It was only the fact that Sir Hilton

to give his authority to their intervention. There was a shout from a hundred throats.

"Come on!"

"Join up, you fellows!"

"We're with you, Wingate!"

"Follow me!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I will take the whole responsibility of acting against Mr. Brander and against the orders of Sir Hilton Popper."

"Hurrah!"

"Come on, you men!"

Mr. Quelch, greatly agitated, but quite determined, rustled up the staircase. After him tramped Wingate and nearly the whole of the Sixth Form—a



Mr. Prout spun away and ran for his life. Still unsatisfied, Mr. Brander pursued him down the corridor, lashing at his portly back.

Popper was a governor of the school that had held the Greyfriars crowd in check so far. But the excitement had been growing, and fellows on all sides were discussing intervention in the terrific scrap that was going on in the Remove quarters. The Fourth Form were wondering what was happening to Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the Fourth. And many of the Fifth Form men were concerned about Coker and Potter and Greene.

And every man in the school was indignant and exasperated by a mob of hooligans being let loose on the rebels—obviously to keep the matter out of the hands of the governors, and to perpetuate the reign of Mr. Brander at Greyfriars. For days and days the school had been on the verge of revolt, and joining with the rebels. And now the moment had come. Mr. Quelch did not need to appeal to them. The fellows were only too glad for a Form master

rather formidable array. Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, hurried after them, and with Blundell went nearly all the Fifth. Behind came a shouting crowd of juniors—Fourth and Shell—and even a mob of the fags of the Third and Second brought up the rear. It was nearly all Greyfriars that was swarming up the staircase after the Remove master.

The uproar above had ceased.

There was a pause in the hostilities, after a terrific outburst of shouting and crashing and smashing.

Mr. Quelch fairly whisked on his way, his gown flying behind him, quite forgetful of the dignity of a Form master.

He rustled up the dormitory passage breathlessly, the whole array of Greyfriars men pouring after him.

Mr. Quelch stopped at the barricade. He stared across it.

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He had arrived at a critical moment. At the farther end of the passage, against the box-room door, stood the Remove, in a desperate and determined group, facing the enemy; and Mr. Chick and his men were just starting to rush them down.

In another moment a battle would have been raging in the passage between the rebels and the hooligans, hand to hand, fist to fist.

Mr. Quelch's voice rang out.

"Stop!"

Sir Hilton Popper stared round. Mr. Brander glared round. Van Tromp grinned round. None of them heeded the Remove master.

"Proceed!" was all Sir Hilton Popper said.

"Come on, mates!" hooted Mr. Chick.

And the gang of hooligans rushed down on the rebels, and the fighting began furiously.

"Wingate — Gwynne — Blundell!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

They did not need urging. Wingate was already over the barricade, and speeding along the passage. After him leaped Gwynne and then Blundell of the Fifth. Then a swarm of seniors scrambled over.

Sir Hilton Popper stared at the newcomers, his eyeglass falling from his eye in his rage and astonishment. He waved his hands wildly.

"Go back!" he roared. "Wingate—all of you—go back! Retire at once! How dare you interfere here! Wingate, stop instantly, or I shall strike you! I warn you!"

The baronet flung himself in the Greyfriars captain's way, his riding-whip brandished.

The next moment he was spinning away, shouldered off by Wingate, and he staggered breathless against the wall. Wingate rushed on, and piled into the combat raging at the end of the passage, hitting out right and left among the hooligans.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Back up, you men, here's old Wingate! Bravo, Wingate! Give 'em beans!"

Mr. Brander clutched Gwynne of the Sixth as he was speeding after Wingate. Gwynne tossed him aside, and he sat on the floor. Gwynne was with Wingate the next moment, punching heftily among the surprised and dismayed followers of Mr. Chick.

"Oh, my eye!" ejaculated Bill Chick. "I never bargained for this 'ere! I say, this 'ere is too much of a good thing this 'ere is."

Mr. Chick had only too much reason to think so, for the next moment Blundell of the Fifth arrived, and his fist landed on Mr. Chick's ear, and the one-eyed gentleman went sprawling.

"Back up!" roared Coker. "Charge the rotters! Knock 'em flying!"

And Horace Coker charged, though unfortunately, in the excitement of the moment, it was Blundell that he charged; and the captain of the Fifth went down under the charge, roaring.

"Pile in!" yelled Temple of the Fourth! "This way, you fellows! Pile in! Back up the Fourth!"

Seniors and juniors were on the spot now, in a swarm. Sixth and Fifth, Fourth and Shell, were attacking the hooligans right and left.

Over the barricade more and more were swarming; the passage was crammed now. Sir Hilton Popper and Mr. Brander stood raving, shouting, waving their hands, quite unregarded.

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More and more Greyfriars fellows rushed to the attack.

Mr. Chick & Co. were hefty men, and they were wildly excited and very warlike. But they had simply no chance now.

A hundred fellows were swamping them; and the hooligans, for a few minutes, had the time of their lives. By that time they were yelling surrender.

"'Old on!" roared Mr. Chick, struggling frantically in the grasp of nine or ten Fourth-Formers, who were banging his head on the floor. "'Old on! I gives in! You 'ear me! I give you best! I chuck it! Oh, crikey! Ow!"

"Mop 'em up!" roared Hobson of the Shell.

"Ow! Leggo! 'Ands off! Ow!"

"We give in. Chuck it! 'Ands off!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Oh crimes! Let a bloke mizzle! Ow!"

Mr. Quelch, with some difficulty, scrambled over the barricade and hurried to the scene of action. His voice rose above the uproar. The hooligans were not only defeated, but they seemed in imminent danger of being squashed out of existence by the swarming Greyfriars fellows.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Please—please let these men off! You hear me? Let them depart—if they are willing to go peaceably!"

"Willing and joyful, gov'nor!" gasped Mr. Chick. "Ow! My 'ead! Ow! My bean! It's fair busted! Call these young demons off! Ow!"

Wingate and his friends backed up Mr. Quelch's appeal; and the excited juniors ceased action. Mr. Chick and his friends sprawled breathlessly on the floor, gasping and gurgling. They were unassailed now, but they lacked the wind to get on their feet for the moment. They gasped and gurgled and moaned and groaned.

"We've beaten the rotters!" gasped Coker. "Now let's kick them out of the school!"

"Ow! We'll go quietly!" groaned Mr. Chick. "Let a bloke get his blooming breath—and we'll go like lambs!"

"Hold on, Coker!"

"No more violence please!" said Mr. Quelch. "Coker, calm yourself! My boys, let there be no more violence! There has been too much!"

And Mr. Chick & Co., at least, fully agreed with the Remove master. They felt that there had been much too much.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Painful for Popper!

"MR. QUELCH!" spluttered Sir Hilton Popper.

The lord of Popper Court could hardly speak, in his rage. He was utterly surprised and disconcerted by the new turn of events.

Mr. Brander leaned on the wall, white with fury. In the very moment of success defeat had come. If looks could have killed, the look that the Greyfriars tyrant gave Mr. Quelch would have brought that gentleman's career to a sudden end on the spot. Fortunately, looks couldn't!

Sir Hilton Popper strode towards the Remove master. He shook his fist in Mr. Quelch's face, stuttering with rage.

"Mr. Quelch! What does this mean? How dare you interfere here—you a Form master, a dismissed Form master? How dare you, I say?"

Mr. Quelch eyed him calmly. He was

resuming once more his icy calmness of demeanour.

"Sir Hilton Popper, I have taken the responsibility of interfering, and I am prepared to answer for my conduct to the governors!" he answered.

"I am a governor, sir, the chairman of the board," roared Sir Hilton, "and as such I order you to retire immediately!"

"In the circumstances, sir, I disregard your authority!" answered Mr. Quelch.

"Sir! You—you—you—"

"You have filled the school with a horde of ruffians, sir, and have shown that you are totally unfit to exercise authority!"

"What?" gasped Sir Hilton. "What?"

"If the board uphold you, sir—which I do not anticipate for one moment—I shall leave Greyfriars on hearing their decision," said Mr. Quelch. "But in the meantime I refuse to allow you to exercise authority here."

"You—you refuse! Who are you, sir, to refuse anything of the kind? A dismissed Form master—nobody—nothing!"

Sir Hilton choked.

"I take it upon myself, sir, to assume control, in the present state of affairs," said Mr. Quelch. "Greyfriars shall not be reduced to a state of anarchy, sir, by your insensate folly and the crass incapacity of Mr. Brander. You had better go, sir!"

"Go?" roared Sir Hilton. "Go? I will not go, sir! Nothing shall induce me to leave this building, sir!"

"Get out, Popper!" shouted the Bounder.

"Bunk, old bear!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The bunkfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed and ridiculous old bean," said Hurree Singh.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Rats!" retorted the Bounder.

"Shut up, Smithy!" exclaimed a dozen Removites.

"Look here—"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Another word of cheek to Mr. Quelch, you fathead, and we'll jolly well bump you!"

"The bumpfulness will be terrific!"

"Silence!" repeated Mr. Quelch, and this time the Bounder was silent, save for a discontented grunt.

"You appear to have these young rascals under your control, Mr. Quelch!" said Sir Hilton bitterly. "No doubt they understand very well that they have your sympathy and support in defying authority—"

"Nonsense, sir!"

"What, what?"

"You are talking nonsense, Sir Hilton Popper!" said Mr. Quelch. "Please say no more!"

"Good gad!" gasped the lord of Popper Court. "Good gad! Am I talked to like this by a dashed Form master? Good gad!"

"You will do well to retire, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "I warn you plainly that you will be allowed to give no orders here, excepting orders to those ruffians in your employ to leave the school!"

"I have a great mind, sir, to lay my riding-whip about you!" roared Sir Hilton Popper.

"Don't be an ass, sir!" said Wingate brusquely. "If you attempt to lay a finger on Mr. Quelch we shall chuck you out of the school on your neck, governor as you are!"

"Good gad!" gasped Sir Hilton.

He stared at Wingate, and stared round at the crowd of Greyfriars men

swarming in the passage, most of them grinning now.

"Boys," gasped Sir Hilton huskily, "I—I appeal to you! I appeal to the whole school! I am chairman of the governors—I have authority here—you are bound to obey me! I appeal to you for support—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fathead!"

"Chuck it!"

"Go home, old ass!"

"Get out!"

"Rats!"

That chorus convinced Sir Hilton Popper that it was not much use appealing to the school for support. It dawned upon Sir Hilton Popper that there was nothing left for him to do but to retire from the scene with what grace he could.

"I—I will go, sir!" he gasped. "For the moment, I will go! But you will hear from me very soon, sir! You shall be turned out of Greyfriars—"

"That remains to be seen, sir," said Mr. Quelch.

"Kicked out, by Jove!" roared Sir Hilton. "I will kick you out with my own hands, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the crowd of Greyfriars men, and even Mr. Quelch smiled.

Sir Hilton, in his rage, was getting a little mixed.

"Pray cease this unseemly scene, sir," said the Remove master. "Wharton, let those keepers be released—untie them, and let them go."

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

It was evident that the reign of Sir Hilton-Popper was over, and Joyce & Co. were released—a release that came as a great relief to them.

Joyce, however, looked to the baronet for instructions.

"Get out while you're safe, you ass!" said Bob Cherry. "There's a lot of boots here to help you, if you hang about."

"What are your orders, Sir Hilton?" asked Joyce, unheeding.

The baronet hesitated for a moment. But his hooligans were sitting and gasping, evidently fed-up with fighting. There was no help to be expected of them. And though Joyce asked for orders, it was extremely unlikely that he would have heeded an order to carry on with the campaign. There was, in fact, nothing doing, and even the dogged and obstinate mind of the lord of Popper Court was forced to realise it.

"You had better go!" grunted Sir Hilton reluctantly. "Return to Popper Court! You have been useless here. The sooner you go the better!"

"We did our best, sir—"

"Pooh! Nonsense! Go!"

Gladly enough, Joyce led his flock away. They clambered over the barricade and vanished. Mr. Chick & Co. only waited for their second wind to follow.

Sir Hilton Popper breathed hard and deep, his eyes glittering at the composed countenance of Mr. Quelch.

"You will hear from me soon, Mr. Quelch," he said, between his shut teeth.

"You will hear from me very soon! I will see that you are dismissed from this school—turned out in disgrace, by Jove, for fomenting rebellion—"

"Enough, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "The board of governors will decide between us. Kindly order your men to go."

Sir Hilton cast a scornful glance at the gasping hooligans. Evidently he was intensely annoyed with his "army." He could not reasonably have expected

a dozen hooligans to tackle all Greyfriars. But Sir Hilton was not a reasonable man. Whether it was their fault or not, they had failed him, and his exasperation was deep and bitter.

"I am going, sir!" he said, taking no further notice of the hooligans. "You will hear from me soon—very soon! I leave you to enjoy your lawless triumph as best you may!"

And, with that Parthian shot, Sir Hilton turned and strode down the passage. Mr. Chick leaped to his feet in great excitement.

"'Old on!" he shouted. "You ain't

"You cowardly rascals, you have not done what you were engaged to do, and I will pay you nothing!"

"Wot!" gasped Mr. Chick.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "There's going to be trouble!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Looks like it," chuckled the Bounder.

"I read a story once of a jolly old magician, who raised jolly old spirits, and they tore him into jolly old pieces!" chuckled Bob. "Looks as if Popper is going through it."

**GREYFRIARS
CORRESPONDENTS.**

No. 6.

This week young Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form, comes under our Rhymester's eagle eye and pen. The result we confidently pass on to you.



DEAR Mater,—i ought to have written Some weeks back, before the Exams; I've been the bizziest chap in Brittain, Compiling my tails of St. Sam's. I hope you have not been despondent, For my trubbles you love me to tell; But you can't be a good korrespondent And a popular orther as well.

Since joining the littery highbrows, The wizards of paper and ink, I've really been up to my eyebrows; I've not had a minnit to think! I've quarrelled with Myers and Gatty (Or, rather, they quarrelled with me), I've made 'em eggseedingly ratty Bekawse i've no time for a spree!

But duty is duty, dear Mater, And therefore i'm zellus and keen; I can't be a dubble-dyed traiter To readers of this maggazine. They relish my wonderful stories Which win me such fame and renown; And life would be shorn of its glories If i were to let the lads down!

I'm guarding my big brother Franky And bringing him up the right way; No nonsense, and no hanky-panky; He just has to do as i say! I don't think he likes my attentions, He gives me a scowl and a shove; And it's seldom or never he mentions Sweet frases of brotherly love!

Dear Mater—Dame Fortune is fickle (As Shakespeer or somebody sighed), And i'm in a terrible pickle— I haven't a bean in the wide! So if you would send just a fraction To bannish the wolf from my door, I won't worry you to distraction Until i am wanting some more!

I hope that your headaches are better, I trussed you are now in the pink; I cannot continew this letter Bekawse of a shortage of ink. And Loder's loud voice, so unplezzant, Is bellowing, "Bed-time—be slick!" And so i remain, for the prezzant, Your very affeckshionate—DICK.

paid us yet!" That seemed to be a matter of deep concern to Mr. Chick.

Sir Hilton did not even turn his head. He strode on towards the barricade, and Mr. Chick glared after him in surprise and wrath.

"Blow me tight!" he gasped. "Bilking us! You 'ear, me, mates—the old covey is bilking us! Arter him!"

With one accord, the rough crew rushed after Sir Hilton Popper. They overtook him as he reached the barricade, and surrounded him.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor—" bawled Mr. Chick.

"Stand back, you rascal!" boomed Sir Hilton.

"Pay up!"

"Shell out!"

"Blow me tight—"

"Stand back!" roared Sir Hilton.

"You 'ear me!" roared Mr. Chick. "A quid each you give us, and you says, says you, another quid each arter the job! Pay up!"

"Shell out, you blooming old bilk!"

"'And it over!"

"Stand back!" Sir Hilton's face was purple, and he made a threatening gesture with his riding-whip. "Rascals—cowards—scoundrels! You have done nothing for your pay, and I will pay you no more! Not a shilling! Stand back!"

"You ain't paying?" yelled Mr. Chick.

"Not a shilling! Stand back, you ruffian!"

"Bilk!" howled Mr. Chick.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Greyfriars fellows watched the THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,174.

scene with loud laughter. Mr. Quelch stared at it, silent. This was not a matter in which he could intervene, and certainly no fellow present was disposed to give the lord of Popper Court a helping hand. Sir Hilton was asking for it, and from the looks of Mr. Chick and his friends, he seemed likely to get what he was asking for.

"Bilk!" roared Mr. Chick. "A quid each, you says, says you, over and above the quid you 'anded us! Ain't we done the job best we could? Think we come 'ere to scrap for the fun of it? What? If we was to scrap for fun, you hold himage, you, we'd do it outside a pub on a Saturday night! I says to you, says I, pay up!"

Sir Hilton turned contemptuously away.

"My eye!" gasped Mr. Chick. "Bilk! Mates, if the blooming old bilk aint paying, we'll take it out of his 'ide!"

And, with one accord, the mob of hooligans grasped at Sir Hilton Popper. The lord of Popper Court turned on them in a blaze of fury at the laying-on of such plebeian hands. His riding-whip swept through the air, and there was a yell.

"Stand back!"

For a moment the hooligans jumped back from the slashing whip. Sir Hilton Popper scrambled savagely over the barricade and strode away towards the stairs. Mr. Chick yelled with wrath.

"Arter him!"

"Arter the blooming bilk!"

"Collar the old covey!"

In hot haste the hooligans scrambled over the barricade, and rushed after Sir Hilton Popper. They reached him on the landing and collared him on all sides. With a roar of rage the baronet laid round him with his riding-whip; but in a few seconds the whip was torn away and Sir Hilton was handled and hustled right and left.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars fellows.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha! Go for him!" shouted the Bounder. "Give him socks."

Sir Hilton Popper was already getting socks. His "army," justly incensed, swarmed on him, hustled him, jostled him, punched him, clawed him. His collar and tie disappeared, his coat was split up the back. In a wild and dishevelled state, Sir Hilton tore himself from his assailants and fairly ran for it. He went down the stairs three at a time.

"Arter him!" shrieked Mr. Chick.

The whole gang bundled in pursuit, followed by yells of laughter and shouts of encouragement from the Greyfriars fellows.

Down the stairs flew Sir Hilton Popper in a state of mingled rage, and terror, and bewilderment. He flew out of the open doorway of the House, with the exasperated hooligans raging at his heels. Yells were heard from the quad as they pursued him. Harry Wharton and Co. rushed to the passage window and, from that coign of vantage, they saw the baronet, hatless, collarless, his coat in ribbons, his hair wildly ruffled, streaking for the gates with his "army" in raging and furious pursuit.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The gates stood open; and Sir Hilton streaked through them, running hard. After him, with a yell, went Mr. Chick and Co. Hunted and hunters disappeared from the watching eyes at the window, both going strong.

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"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "Oh scissors! Poor old Popper! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Hilton Popper and his "army" were gone. And it was probable that the lord of Popper Court had a hectic time before he escaped from the hands of his "army." Greyfriars, at all events, had seen the last of them.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

When Rogues Fall Out!

MR. BRANDER had been standing silent, his face white, his eyes gleaming balefully. He was powerless, hopelessly defeated and down. All through the barring-out, he had feared that the rest of the school might join up with the rebel Remove; and now it had happened. Worst of all, the Form master whom he had dismissed, had taken the lead; the man he disliked most of all at Greyfriars was in control.

It was clear that under the control of Henry Samuel Quelch order was going to be restored. Mr. Brander could not restore it; but there was no difficulty in the way of Mr. Quelch.

So far, the Remove master had taken

COMPILE A GREYFRIARS LIMERICK and WIN A WALLET!

Said Bunter to Fish, a cute
guy:

"Just lend me a bob." The
reply

Was: "Hyer, I say,
You slab-sided jay,
I guess there's no green in
my eye!"

The above winning effort was
sent in by: J. Baron, 10, Liptrot
Street, Newtown, Wigan.

POST YOUR LIMERICK TO-NIGHT!

no heed of him. The Greyfriars fellows hardly looked at him, as he stood leaning on the wall, with a bitter face. The departure of Sir Hilton Popper and his "army" was the last blow to the tyrant of Greyfriars.

No doubt the baronet would still do what he could. But Mr. Brander could not help feeling that the game was up. On the morrow, the board would be sitting in council in the Governors' room—and Sir Hilton was likely to be in a minority of one on the board. Had the school been restored to order by Mr. Brander, had he been able to greet the governors with the assurance that all was well, and himself still in control, he would have had a chance. Now he had none.

"Wharton!" Mr. Quelch was speaking. "Let this barricade be removed at once. Take the bedsteads back into the dormitory!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry. "Pile in, you fellows."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Chuck it, Smithy!"

"Look here, we want this clear!" said Vernon-Smith, doggedly. "We're not giving in; and we're not giving up the barring-out. Brander's still Head; and we're not going under his thumb!"

"We can trust Mr. Quelch," said the captain of the Remove.

"The trustfulness is terrific, my esteemed Smithy."

"That's all very well," said Smithy. "But we want to know where we stand. According to Brander, six of us are sacked, and the rest are going to be flogged. What about it?"

"Leave it to Quelch!" said Squiff.

"I want to know how we stand."

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"This rebellion must cease!" he said sharply. "I have taken control here now; and I will permit no further disorder."

"We're jolly well——"

"Silence, Vernon-Smith. No further disorder will be permitted," snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, shut up, Vernon-Smith," said Coker of the Fifth. "You talk too much for a fag. But I want to know about myself, sir—and Potter and Greene, too. Brander says we're sacked."

"There will be no expulsions whatever," said Mr. Quelch. "Neither will there be any floggings. The whole matter will be placed before the governors when they meet here tomorrow, and their decision will close the matter."

"Some of them may back up Brander," persisted Vernon-Smith. "If they do, we're not giving in."

"Cheese it, Smithy!"

"It is very unlikely," said Mr. Quelch, "that the board will support the proceedings of Mr. Brander. In any case, this riot ceases immediately; and all my Form will return at once to their duty. That will be the best way of obtaining a lenient hearing from the governors."

"I'm not keen on a lenient hearing," said the Bounder coolly. "I'm quite ready to fight it out, governors or no governors."

"Chuck it, Smithy!"

"We leave it to you, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "But it's understood that if the governors should support Brander, and allow him to carry on, we bar him out again. All of us are determined on that!"

"Yes, rather."

"Hear, hear!"

"And we'll all jolly well back you up!" shouted Hobson of the Shell.

"I can say no more!" said Mr. Quelch. "But I insist upon a return to order and obedience. I have the support of the prefects——"

"Certainly, sir," said Wingate.

"There aren't any prefects," said the Bounder. "Brander's chucked the lot."

"Be silent! Wingate, you and the other prefects will resume your former position, and carry on until the whole matter comes before the governors. I make this arrangement on my own responsibility."

"Yes, sir!" said Wingate.

"Mr. Prout, as senior master, will be asked to act as Head, in the interim," said Mr. Quelch. "I have no doubt he will agree. Now let that barricade be cleared away immediately and order restored."

"We're ready, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

Mr. Brander still stood silent, unnoticed. The Greyfriars fellows proceeded to clear away the barricade, and the Remove dormitory was restored to something like order. Some of the rebels were a little dubious—and the Bounder, to whom the excitement of conflict appealed, rather than the object to be achieved, was discontented. But it was obviously the only thing to be done. Moreover, as the senior Forms were backing up Mr. Quelch, force was

on the side of the Remove master, had there been resistance.

But most of the Remove, as a matter of fact, were glad that the rebellion had ended so well. It was very improbable that Mr. Brander would be allowed to carry on as Head; in which case the barring-out had achieved its object. While if the governors were so ill-advised as to leave Brander in control, not only the Remove but the whole school would be in rebellion; so the rebels were really risking nothing. What had happened already, would be nothing to what would follow, if Mr. Brander remained headmaster.

Mr. Quelch walked away, leaving the juniors busy; some of the prefects remaining on the spot to keep order. Mr. Brander followed the Remove master downstairs.

As Mr. Quelch ignored him completely, the headmaster tapped him on the shoulder.

"One word with you, Mr. Quelch," he said, bringing the Remove master to a halt at the foot of the staircase.

Mr. Quelch eyed him icily.

"I desire to have nothing whatever to say to you, Mr. Brander," he replied.

"I am headmaster of Greyfriars—"
"You will no longer be regarded as headmaster, sir! You have forced me to take matters into my own hands, and there is nothing more to be said."

"You, sir, a Form master, have put yourself at the head of a schoolboy rebellion!"

"I have intervened to put an end to a rebellion," said Mr. Quelch. "I have no doubt of being able to justify my action to the governors."

"Do you think, sir, that I will permit—"

"I think you have no choice, sir!" interrupted Mr. Quelch; and he walked away and left the headmaster biting his lips.

He went to Mr. Prout's study. Prout had acted as Head during the interval between the retirement of Dr. Locke and the arrival of Mr. Brander. Mr. Quelch found him only too willing to resume that lofty dignity. Perhaps some hope revived in Prout's podgy breast of retaining the headmastership; for who, after all, could have made a better headmaster? Nobody, Prout was convinced.

Mr. Brander went slowly to the Head's study.

He found his nephew, Van Tromp there. The bully of the Sixth, in fear of raggings, had sought that study as his safest refuge. He gave his uncle a dismal look as the headmaster came in.

"We're done for here," he mumbled.

Mr. Brander gave him a bitter glance.

"Your fault, Otto!" he snarled. "I promoted you—I relied upon you—I gave you every support, and it has led to this!"

"Rot!" growled Van Tromp. "No good putting the blame on me."

"You young rascal!" said Mr. Brander. "Don't be impertinent! If I have to endure insolence from all the rest of the school, I will endure none from you. It was your fault from the beginning. I regret now that I favoured you. I blame you entirely."

Van Tromp scowled.

Mr. Brander scowled back at him.

It was true that Van Tromp's bullying had caused the beginning of the trouble, and that it was his angry and tyrannical support of the bully of the Sixth that had first led Mr. Brander into conflict with the school. But there was

no doubt that Mr. Brander's methods would have led to trouble, even without the assistance of his nephew. That, however, he did not care to think of at the moment. He was defeated, sore, savage, longing for some victim on whom to wreak his bitterness and rage. And he had found one.

"But for your bullying—your overweening self-confidence—your grasping at power—your inconsiderate use of it!" he grunted. "I was a fool—a fool to have you here at all! You were in continual trouble at your last school, and it has been the same here. Fool that I was to let you come to Greyfriars!"

His nephew sneered.

"If I hadn't come, you couldn't have come," he answered. "Who'd have knocked Dr. Locke on the head and made room for you, I'd like to know?"

"Silence!" roared Mr. Brander, his face flushed with rage. "You insolent young rascal, I owe all this to you!"

"You owe the headmastership to me," retorted Van Tromp. "If you've lost it, it's your own fault, and it's no good putting it on me. What are you going

lashed, and lashed again, and Van Tromp jumped and dodged and howled.

"Leave off!" he roared. "You old fool! Hang you, stoppit! I swear if you touch me again—yaroooh!—I'll tell the whole school that you got me to knock Dr. Locke on the head—Yaroooh!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed a shocked and horrified voice.

The study door had opened, and Mr. Prout stood there.

Mr. Brander ceased suddenly to lash with the cane, as he heard the Fifth Form master's voice. Van Tromp ceased to yell. They stood stock-still, staring at Prout. It was only too clear that Prout had heard Van Tromp's wild words as he opened the door.



The chums of the Remove released Van Tromp, and Coker of the Fifth let out a tremendous kick. "Yoooooop!" Van Tromp flew into the road and sprawled, yelling.

to do with that cane?" he added, as the headmaster snatched a cane from the table.

Mr. Brander strode towards him, his eyes glittering.

"I'm going to thrash you for your insolence!"

Van Tromp jumped back.

"Hands off! If you lay a finger on me, I'll shout out all over Greyfriars that you put me up to knocking the old Beak on the Head—Yaroooogh! Oh! Whoop! Yow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Brander, almost beside himself with passion, lashed with the cane, and Van Tromp roared and yelled and dodged. All the pent-up rage in the headmaster's breast found vent now, and his happy nephew received what Mr. Brander yearned to inflict on every fellow at Greyfriars.

"Ow! Wow! Stoppit!" shrieked Van Tromp frantically, dodging the lashes of the cane. "Chuck it, you old fool! I tell you—Yarooooh!"

There was a tap at the door of the study, unheard and unheeded by either Mr. Brander or his nephew. The Head

There was a dead silence for a moment.

"Bless my soul!" repeated Prout. "Van Tromp, I heard you. Mr. Brander, I am now aware—"

Mr. Brander panted.

"What do you want here? How dare you come here?" he roared.

"Sir, I am acting as temporary headmaster of Greyfriars until the decision of the governors is known," said Prout, with dignity. "For that reason, I came here to tell you that it is my intention to occupy this study."

"Get out!"

"What—what?"

Mr. Brander had quite lost control of himself now. His last chance, if he had had a last chance, was gone, now that his dark secret had reached Mr. Prout's ears—now that it was known, and would undoubtedly be reported to the governors, that he had inspired the attack on the late headmaster. Not only was all lost at Greyfriars, but he stood in danger of a prosecution. It was not surprising that all self-control left the

enraged man, though Mr. Prout was certainly surprised at what followed.

"Get out!" shrieked Mr. Brander, striding towards the Fifth Form master and brandishing the cane.

"Sir, what— Yaroooooh!" roared Prout, as he received a fierce lash from the cane. "What—what— Whooooo!"

Whack, whack, whack!
"Bless my soul! Yah! Oh! Whoop! Keep off! Whoop! Are you mad?" shrieked Prout, as the maddened man rained blows on him. "Help, help! Yaroooooh! Oh, great goodness! Whooooooop!"

Mr. Prout spun away and ran for his life. Still unsatisfied, Mr. Brander pursued him down the corridor, lashing at Prout's portly back.

Yell on yell burst from the bewildered and horrified Prout as he fled. He came round the corner of the passage like a racer, his gown flying wildly behind him, his mortar-board gone, his hair standing on end. He rushed into a crowd of Greyfriars fellows, who yelled with amazement at the sight of Brander on his track, lashing with the cane.

That yell, perhaps, helped to recall the maddened Mr. Brander to his senses. He stopped, glared at the Greyfriars fellows, and stamped back along the corridor to his study, leaving a roar behind him. He reached the study, strode in, and slammed the door. The room was empty now. Van Tromp had taken advantage of the chance to make his escape.

Mr. Brander hurled down the cane and threw himself into a chair. His tempest of rage had passed, and he was pale and gasping.

"This—this is the end!" he groaned. And there was no doubt that it was the end!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Kicked Out of Greyfriars!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
"Did you see—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Poor old Prout!"

There was a sound of merry laughter in the Rag. Most of the Remove were gathered there, and most of them were rather glad that they were at last out of their stronghold, and resuming something like the usual way of life at Greyfriars.

That wild outbreak of temper on the part of the down-and-out headmaster was the topic, and there was no doubt that it caused more merriment than sympathy for Prout. It was all the more welcome to the late rebels because it was obvious now that Brander would have to go. At all events, most of the Remove were counting on that as a certainty.

"I say, you fellows—" shrieked Bunter. "I say, it's out now—"

"What's out, fathead?"
"Prout's told all the masters; it's all over the place—" gasped Bunter. "I say, he heard Van Tromp let it out, jawing to Brander—"

"What did he let out, ass?"
"About banging the Beak on the crumpet!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"
"You can hear Prout, if you go along by the masters' room," gasped Bunter. "He's full of it! He's talking about communicating with the police."

"Phew!"
"Quelch's persuading him to do nothing, until the governors get here to-morrow! He says it will be a scandal."

"Oh crumbs! If that's out, and it's official, it's the last nail for Brander."

"We jolly well knew it," said Bob Cherry. "But if Prout heard Van Tromp own up to it—"

"He says he did!" chortled Bunter. "He says it's evidence enough for Brander to be charged. I say, Coker of the Fifth says he is going to lynch Van Tromp. I say, there's going to be a row."

"Come on, you men!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "If there's going to be a row we don't want to be left out!"
"No fear. Come on."

There was a rush from the Rag. Excitement was reigning once more in the House; and the bull-voice of Horace Coker of the Fifth Form, was heard far and wide.

"Van Tromp did it!" Coker was bawling. "His precious uncle put him up to it! Knocked the Head on the beak—I mean, knocked the Beak on the head! Prout heard him own up to it—he did it."

"He did it!" agreed Potter. "Serve him right to rag him bald-headed."

"Rag him?" roared Coker. "A ragging's no good! They're a pair of criminals—that's what they are—criminals! We don't want that sort at Greyfriars! They're going."

"The governors will soon get shut of the pair of them, when they hear this," said Gwynno of the Sixth.

"Blow the governors!" roared Coker. "We're not letting that pair stay in the school another hour! I tell you, if you fellows don't back me up, I'll kick the pair of them out myself, on my own."

"Hear, hear!" roared Bob Cherry. "Good egg!" yelled the Bounder. "We're with you, Coker! Let's kick them out of Greyfriars."

"Back up," shouted Temple of the Fourth.

"Hurrah! Where's Van Tromp? Get hold of Van Tromp!" yelled Hobson of the Shell. "Anybody seen that skulking rotter?"

"I say, you fellows, he's in the prefects' room—"

"Come on!" roared Coker. Horace Coker started for the prefects' room. A surging mob of fellows of all Forms followed him. The door was hurled open.

Otto van Tromp was there. Two or three prefects were in the room, and they had contemptuously allowed the fallen bully to remain there, out of the public sight, and out of reach of the headmaster. Van Tromp started to his feet, his face pale with terror, as the mob surged in at the doorway.

"Here, what does this mean?" exclaimed Wingate. "You young sweeps!"

"We want Van Tromp!" roared Coker.

"Stand back!"
"We want him, Wingate," said Harry Wharton. "Haven't you heard what Prout says? It's proved now that Van Tromp knocked Dr. Locke on the head."

"Prout heard him own up!" yelled Coker. "He's talking about sending for the police! We don't want any police here! We're going to kick the pair of them out of the school."

"Keep off!" gasped Van Tromp, as several fellows rushed at him. "Hands off! I—I—I—it was my uncle—it was Mr. Brander—he made me do it—"

"You own up to it, you miserable worm?" exclaimed Wingate, staring at him with disgust and scorn.

"Keep them off. I—I—I own up—I wasn't to blame—I—I—I—! Let me go!" shrieked Van Tromp in dire terror.

"Outside, you rotter!" roared Coker. "Bring him along, and we'll gather

up his precious uncle, and kick them both out."

"Wingate—help me—!" shrieked Van Tromp.

The Greyfriars captain stepped away from him, as the wretched bully would have clung to him for protection.

"Help you?" he repeated. "After what you've done, you scoundrel! I'm going to lend a boot to help you out of Greyfriars!" He looked round at the other prefects. "Back up here, you men—we're all in this!"

"Yes, rather!"
"Bring that cad along and follow me!" called out Wingate.

"Hurrah!"
"Hold on," gasped Coker. "I'm leader, you know—"

"Shut up, Coker."
"Cheese it, Coker!"
"Look here—"

The whole crowd poured away in the direction of the Head's study. Coker's voice was heard, but unheeded: the captain of the school was in the lead. Van Tromp was hustled along by five or six fellows, who held his arms. But the bully was not trying to resist; he was only too glad to escape rough usage by going quietly.

At the corner of Masters' passage, the excited mob were met by Mr. Quelch and Prout. There was a momentary pause.

"What is this riot?" exclaimed the Remove master. "Order! Order! Wingate, I'm surprised to see you—"

"Order!" boomed Prout.

"Sorry, sir!" said Wingate. "But I think, and all the fellows think, that Brander must go, now that it's come out that he and his nephew were at the bottom of the attack on Dr. Locke. We're going to turn him out of the school!"

"I approve!" boomed Prout. "If that is your object, I approve! The man is a ruffian—a scoundrel—a villain! Boys, as senior master, in the temporary position of headmaster, I approve—turn the rascal out!"

"Hurrah!"
Mr. Quelch stepped aside. No doubt he approved also, though he did not say so. Mr. Prout approved with all his heart. His portly back was still smarting from the headmaster's smites. Prout, in fact, put himself at the head of the array that swarmed along Head's corridor, and arrived at the door of the study and hurled it open, and strode in with a mob at his heels.

Mr. Brander sprang from his chair. His eyes blazed at the Fifth Form master, and the yelling crowd; but rage was quickly succeeded by fear.

"What—what does this mean?" he panted.

"It means, sir," boomed Prout majestically, "that now your guilt is known, you can remain here no longer. Had I had my way, sir, you should have left Greyfriars in charge of a constable—of a constable, sir! My colleagues have persuaded me not to make the matter public. But your presence, sir, will be no longer endured here. I—"

"Cut the cackle, Prout!" came a voice from the rear, and there was a laugh.

"What? What?" boomed Prout. "I—I—"
"Collar that rotter!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Bag him!" howled the Bounder. The crowd swarmed past Prout, and collared Mr. Brander on all sides. He snatched up a cane, and struck savagely round him; but Wingate wrenched

(Continued on page 28.)

THE MOST VIVID WAR STORY EVER PENNED!

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

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. Obtaining permission from 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 containing information of the most vital importance to England. The lad is captured, however, before he can reach the British lines, court-martialled and sentenced to be shot at dawn. Just before midnight an officer enters his cell to collect letters. Guy knocks the man unconscious, dons his field-grey hat, cloak and sword-belt, and then makes good his escape.

(Now read on.)

Guy Escapes!

REACHING a turn in the corridor which brought into view the head of a stone staircase, he heard behind him the muffled reverberating sound of a shot.

He knew full well what it meant, but resolutely refused to quicken his pace. The sentry whom he had imprisoned in the cell had obviously retrieved his rifle and was firing it to attract attention.

With face averted, Von Sturm curtly acknowledged the salute of the sentry on duty at the head of the staircase and commenced to descend to the ground floor.

To his straining ears came the distant muffled sound of a second shot. Determinedly, he resisted the temptation to turn his head in order to see whether or not the sentry at the top of the stairs had gone to investigate.

Undoubtedly the man would go to investigate sooner or later, but at first he might be inclined to think that the report was from somewhere outside the barracks. Certainly he could not be expected to at once suspect the truth, especially as he had taken Von Sturm for the aide-de-camp.

Reaching the foot of the stairs, Von Sturm turned into the wide and dimly illumined corridor which led to the main doors of the building.

There was less danger here than on the upper floors, for to the sentries on duty the grey-uniformed figure might be that of any officer attached to the barrack personnel.

They could not be expected to know everyone by sight in these days of short-service garrison duty when both men and officers were changed almost weekly; and certainly in the slim, grey-cloaked figure hurrying past they would not look to find the notorious Guido von Sturm who was to die in the barrack square at dawn.

In safety and without so much as a second glance from the sentries who saluted him, Von Sturm reached the great iron doors which opened out into the barrack square. And it was then that from the floor above he heard a shout.

The alarm had been raised.

Again the boy resisted the impulse to quicken his pace. Pulling his cape close about him and keeping his face averted, he acknowledged the salute from the sentry pacing up and down in front of the entrance. Then he was out into the night and across the barrack square.



"Halte, Guido von Sturm!" barked the sentry, bringing his rifle to the ready.

Sorely tempted was he then to cast discretion to the winds and break into a run. But fiercely he told himself that to do so was tantamount to suicide.

No matter if the alarm had been raised, the truth of his escape could not be known until the cell door had been forced.

He had nothing to fear—yet.

So coolly he strode across the square until he reached the main gates where, with brass helmet and fixed bayonet glittering in the light of the solitary electric bulb suspended above the gate, the last sentry to be passed stood on guard.

Rigidly the sentry came to the salute as Von Sturm stalked into the sickly circle of light cast by the bulb. The boy continued to advance. He was within a pace of the sentry, when suddenly the latter stiffened, a guttural ejaculation on his lips.

That ejaculation caused Von Sturm

to look at the fellow sharply. And as he did so his fists clenched spasmodically and his eyes blazed. For the sentry was one who, during the whole of the previous day, had been on duty in the room where Von Sturm was being tried.

Recognition between man and boy was instant and mutual. And, with a promptitude which was wholly creditable, the sentry brought his rifle to the ready.

"Halte!" he barked. "You—"

Smack!

With a swiftness born of desperation, Von Sturm had leapt aside from the menacing blue-black muzzle and gleaming bayonet, then hurled himself forward, clenched fist whipping upwards.

The blow took the sentry fair and squarely under the jaw, sending him reeling backwards with arms outflung. The rifle dropped with a clatter from the fellow's hand, and before he could

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"Gott in Himmel!" gasped Anton, his eyes alighting on the sleeping form of Guido von Sturm



recover his balance Von Sturm was running along the darkened street as he had never run before.

Crack, crack!

Two shots rang out as, frenziedly pouncing on his fallen rifle, the sentry whipped it to his shoulder. But they served only to rouse an excited, gesticulating guard who poured pell-mell from out of the guard-house.

"What is it?" shouted the sergeant of the guard hoarsely. "What is wrong, you fool?"

"Von Sturm!" panted the sentry. "He has escaped—has passed through these very gates—"

"Von Sturm?" roared the sergeant. "Are you drunk, schweinhund? How could it be Von Sturm, you imbecile?"

But it was Von Sturm. And he had gone, swallowed up in the darkness.

Sanctuary!

WITHIN fifteen minutes a cordon of soldiers and militarisch-polizei—the German military police—had been thrown round Berlin and its suburbs.

It was a big task that, but one which was accomplished smoothly and easily by the efficient co-operation of the police

and military authorities, acting on urgent orders from the Wilhelmstrasse.

Every road was guarded, and no one was allowed to pass without the closest interrogation and the most searching scrutiny of his papers. Out at the military aerodrome on the outskirts of the city a special guard was mounted. For it was towards the aerodrome that Von Sturm would make, hoping to obtain possession of a machine.

A systematic search and comb-out of all cafes, dance-halls, and all places where a crowd might spell safety for a time to the hunted Von Sturm, was immediately launched.

Every wayfarer, loiterer, and night-bird in the almost deserted streets was closely questioned, and forced to prove his identity.

In fact, with every exit from the city blocked, a net was drawn and re-drawn round Berlin that night, through the meshes of which it was seemingly impossible for the fugitive to escape.

But Von Sturm was not to be found.

And at dawn this intelligence was conveyed in person to Dr. Zolhoff, at his house in the Gartenstrasse, by General Raschen and Colonel Laufer, Commandante of the Graustrasse Barracks.

"He has not been found, you say?" blazed the doctor. "Then where is he?"

The city has been combed—no effort has been spared?"

"No effort has been spared, Herr Doktor!" answered General Raschen stiffly.

With hands clasped behind his back Dr. Zolhoff paced the floor of his library like a caged tiger. Suddenly he halted and wheeled on General Raschen.

"Do you realise what it means if he has slipped through our fingers with that paper?" he cried hoarsely. "Do you realise Germany is doomed if that paper bearing details of our espionage service in Britain is ever delivered into English hands?"

"I do!" answered the general.

"Then why haven't you found the cursed traitor?" screamed Zolhoff, his face livid with ungovernable fury. "Blut und Knochen! You stand here in front of me and say, like a parrot, 'He has not been found!' Donner und blitzern, but someone will be broken for this—"

He broke off, swinging on Colonel Laufer.

"That cursed fool of an aide-de-camp?" he rapped. "Where is he?"

"Under close arrest, following your instructions, Herr Doktor," replied the colonel crisply, rigid attention before this civilian, who held a power second to none in Germany.

"And the sentry?" demanded Zolhoff.

"Is lodged in cells, also under close arrest!" replied the colonel.

"Then have the dog shot at sunset!" snarled Zolhoff. "By thunder, but I'll make an example of these blunderers! The aide-de-camp will be shot at dawn to-morrow!"

"But, Herr Doktor," interposed General Raschen, "a court-martial will be necessary in the latter case. The officer in question has wealthy and influential connections—"

"What do I care about his connections?" screamed Zolhoff, and even General Raschen shrank from the almost maniacal passion in the man's face. "How dare you talk to me about his connections, you fool, at a time like this? Do you not realise that we are at war—war? Blood and fury! I would shoot a prince of Imperial Germany had he been guilty of such criminal carelessness as this!"

White of face, General Raschen stepped forward, hand upraised.

"Herr Doktor, I beg of you!" he said sharply. "You forget yourself. Those words are treason!"

Doctor Zolhoff stared at him. Then suddenly his shoulders slumped and he went strangely grey and haggard. But it was not the general's rebuke which had brought about this change. It was reaction, following Zolhoff's frenzied and passionate outburst.

"Treason, you say, Herr General," he said, and his tones were dull and lifeless. "No, I can never be guilty of that, for heart and soul I am with the Fatherland. And treason can only exist in thought, word, or deed levelled against the welfare of one's country. I say to you in all earnestness that should one of the House of Hohenzollern offend against his country, then I should kill him even were it the last act I lived to perpetrate."

The general nodded.

"I understand, Herr Doktor!" he said softly.

There was a moment's silence, terminated by Zolhoff.

"The cordon round the city must not

be lifted," he said harshly, "nor must the search for Von Sturm cease for an instant until he is safely apprehended and again in custody. I am leaving now for the Wilhelmstrasse, where I shall be available should anything transpire or a clue to the traitor's whereabouts be discovered."

Crossing the floor, he pressed a bell, and in response to the summons Anton, his aged manservant, appeared in the doorway.

"A glass of wine for these gentlemen," said Zolhoff, struggling into his heavy fur-lined coat and drawing on his gloves.

Anton withdrew, to reappear a few moments later with a tray on which reposed two glasses and a decanter of wine. General Raschen hurriedly swallowed a mouthful, Colonel Laufer begging to be excused. Then, in company with Doctor Zolhoff, the two officers quitted the room and, passing along the spacious hallway, stepped out to where their cars were waiting in the grey light of early morning.

Closing the heavy front door behind them, Anton returned to the library and removed the tray. As he did so, his lips puckered tremulously and, thinly, sibilantly, he commenced to whistle the opening bars of a lilting tune.

He had been a good whistler in his youth, had Anton. A splendid whistler. They were far off days now, those days of youth, but often he recalled them and how he had swung whistling along the wooded fragrant paths of the lovely Vosges.

Young, strong, and upright as a sapling—he had been then, and always he had whistled; a habit which, through the passing of the years, he had never lost.

And, because he was happy this particular morning, he whistled as he went about his duties. For he knew what had happened.

Guido had escaped. The boy whom he loved better than a son had not died with the dawn which had come.

Happy indeed was Anton. And because the morning was fine and the trees and bushes called him with their early morning scents, he stepped out into the garden.

Idly he sauntered along, pausing now and again to drink in the beauty of this peaceful garden in which thoughts of that ghastly shambles out yonder on the Western Front seemed but part of some awful nightmare.

The dark shadow of War could not reach, for Anton, into that quiet, scent-laden garden. Always he walked in it when he wished to forget; always it served to purge from his mind those dreadful thoughts of mud, blood, and dying men conjured up by the daily communiques in the papers.

And thus he walked slowly along until at length his steps led him to a secluded summer-house. Here he would sit awhile and rest himself and think of Guido.

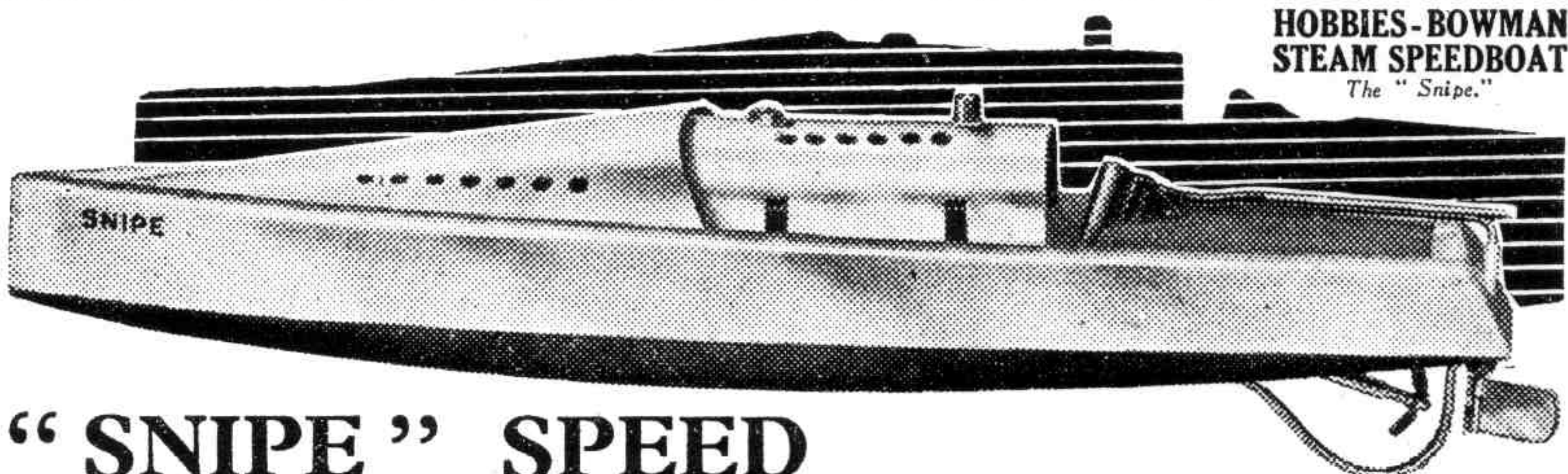
Creakingly he pushed open the door: "Gott in Himmel!" he gasped.

For there, asleep on the floor and covered by his grey military cape, lay Guido von Sturm.

(Will Anton do his duty to the Fatherland or help Guy to escape? It's a difficult problem. Read how the old servant faces it in next week's grand instalment of this popular serial.)

FROM YOUR EDITOR.

OWING to pressure of space, chum your Editor's "Chat" has been unavoidably held over this week to make room for all the splendid features and the wonderful competition in the record bumper number. But I can resist the opportunity to say a few remarks on our fascinating new competition. Of course, you will have read about it by now on page 2. Well, wonder what your opinion of it is. Isn't it just easy? As simple as A B C, in fact! And there's nothing to pay, and a list of names is given from which this week's problems are taken. All you've got to do is to fill in in ink the names of the cricketers the pictures and letters represent. When you've done so you will keep them by you until next week when another set will appear, and so on until the fourth and final set. Then you will be given instructions of how and where to send your solutions. Can a competition be easier than this—just solving 24 easy picture puzzles? I think not! And look at the prizes I'm offering. Two splendid souvenir cricket bats autographed by the Australian Test Match players and twelve "Hornby" train sets. As you will have seen by the photographs, those cricket bats are a wonderful offer in themselves. Just imagine being the owner of one of those cricket bats with the signatures of those world-famous Test Match heroes on it. You would cherish it for all time. Well, why shouldn't you possess one? It's up to you! Set to and solve the puzzles and make up your mind that you're going to win one of these splendid bats.—ED.



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VICTORY FOR THE REBELS!

(Continued from page 24.)

away the care, and hands grasped him right and left. Struggling and shouting, the headmaster was whirled and hustled to the door.

"Take him away!" boomed Prout. "Your baggage, sir, will be sent after you, but you, sir, will not be allowed to disgrace Greyfriars an hour longer with your presence—you will not be allowed to contaminate—"

"Roll him along!"

In the grasp of many hands Mr. Brander whirled out of the study, and in the corridor he came face to face with his terrified nephew. Both of them were hurried along in the midst of the crowd; and the mob poured out of the House into the quadrangle.

The dusk was falling; the gates were locked. But a hundred voices yelled to Gosling to come out and unlock the gates; and Gosling, after one look at the excited mob, obeyed in a great hurry.

"Back up, Gosling!" shouted Coker. "Oh, my eye! Wot I says is this 'ere—" gasped Gosling.

"Get a move on, you old ass!"

The gates were unlocked and flung wide open. The Famous Five, who were holding Van Tromp, ran him into the gateway.

"Stand clear!" roared Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha! Go it!"

The chums of the Remove released Van Tromp, and Coker of the Fifth let out a tremendous kick.

"Yooop!"

Van Tromp flew into the road, and sprawled, yelling.

"Well kicked!" yelled the Bounder.

"That's done the young Obadiah!"

chortled Bob Cherry. "Now for the old Obadiah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brander, hatless, dishevelled, still struggling wildly, shrieking with incoherent rage, was rushed into the gateway after his nephew. Coker of the Fifth stood ready, with the biggest foot at Greyfriars half raised. Mr. Brander knew what was coming—but there was no escape for him.

"Go it, Coker!"

Crash!

"Well kicked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brander fairly flew.

He crashed down in the road beside his sprawling nephew.

The two of them sat up, dusty, dishevelled, breathless, gasping, and stared back dizzily at the yelling mob in the gateway.

"Lock the gates, Gosling!" said Wingate.

"Yessir!"

The gates clanged shut. Gosling turned the key. Mr. Brander and Otto van Tromp crawled to their feet. Through the bars of the gate came a chorus of hisses and catcalls. Under that storm of contempt and derision Mr. Brander and his nephew staggered away and disappeared in the dusk.

The Greyfriars crowd trooped back to the House.

"We're done with Brander now!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The donefulness is terrific!"

"Hurrah!"

The barring-out at Greyfriars was over; the tyrant of the school was gone. And all Greyfriars rejoiced in his departure.

Major Cherry arrived at Greyfriars the next day in distinguished company;

there was a meeting of the Governing Board in the Governors'-room.

They found little left for them to decide.

Sir Hilton Popper attended the meeting; but even Sir Hilton found nothing to say for Mr. Brander, when he learned of the discovery that had been made. Van Tromp's confession left no doubt on the subject; and the baronet, shocked and indignant, dropped Mr. Brander's cause at once. As it was agreed on all hands that Brander was a rogue, that he deserved to be prosecuted, and that the school was well rid of him and his nephew, there was little for the board to do. The matter of the barring-out was tactfully passed over; Mr. Prout was confirmed as headmaster pro tem, till Dr. Locke should return, and the distinguished gathering broke up and departed in state.

"And those old johnnies think they've settled the matter," Bob Cherry remarked, as the juniors watched the departure of the governors. "But I rather think we settled it—by barring-out Brander. What?"

"Hear, hear!"

And though order was now restored, and Greyfriars proceeded on the accustomed even tenor of its way, it was long before the barring-out ceased to be the chief topic in the Remove studies.

THE END.

("THE MENACE OF TANG WANG!" is the intriguing title of next week's amazing long complete story. It is the first yarn of an all-powerful series dealing with the "Fleury East." Don't miss it—order your MAGNET well in advance!)

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