

NIGHT FLYER! Great JAGGERS of the R.A.F. Story!

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AERIAL NET TO FOIL RAIDERS!—See page 13

BULLY of the FIFTH

By
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The House in the Wood!

"I KNOW!" said Pie.
Porrige of the Fifth always knew!

"Oh, rot!" said Harvey.

"You jolly well know what a blithering ass you are, Pie," said Banks. "Let's go by the road."

Len Lex, the Schoolboy Detective, smiled, and said nothing.

The chums of Study No. 8 were in rather a scrape. They were at least seven miles from Oakshott School, and it was exactly one hour to calling-over. They were all sturdy fellows, and good walkers, but they were not going to cover seven miles in an hour, especially as they had already done a good deal of walking that afternoon.

Following the road meant seven miles and a row when they arrived late at the school. A short cut across Greenwood Down would save half the distance, and save their bacon—if anybody knew that short cut. Porrige declared that he did. His friends doubted it.

It was all Pie's fault, in the first place. Having spent the afternoon in Greenwood, they could have gone back by train. But Pie suggested catching a certain motor-bus at a certain corner, and they walked three miles out of Greenwood to catch it. No motor-bus was, however, to be caught, or even spotted on the horizon. No doubt Pie had mistaken the time that it was scheduled to pass that corner. So they walked on, as there was nothing else to be done, till Pie stopped at a track that led off from the road, over the rugged, grassy downs. This, Pie declared, was a short cut, which would land them in the lane between Oakways village and Oakshott School.

"We've passed half a dozen tracks like this," said Banks. "I don't see how you know which from which."

"Well, I do!" said Pie. "Come on!"

"What do you say, Lex?" asked Harvey.

"Might as well," answered Len. "We shall be late, anyhow. There's a sporting chance that Pie knows what he's talking about."

"I know this cut," said Porrige, "like the back of my hand. As soon



Tunstall's hand came down again and Root howled dismally. Len Lex vaulted over the wall, his eyes ablaze.

as we get over that hill, we shall see the flagstaff at Oakshott in the distance. Perhaps you'll believe me then."

"Yes—then!" grunted Banks. "We'll jolly well scrag you, Pie, if you lead us a dance over the downs."

Porrige had already turned off the road. His friends followed him, hoping for the best. The grassy downs rose before them. Here and there cattle could be seen—but there was no sign of a human habitation. It was as lonely a stretch of country as any in Sussex—just the kind of place, as Pie's friends bitterly reflected, that Pie would choose for losing his way! Pie, however, marched on with confidence, like a fellow who knew.

The track was, at least, clearly marked. It was a rugged footpath, obviously never intended for vehicles of any sort. But Len Lex noted that there were tyre tracks in the dry mud and crushed grass. A car had passed that way, some time or other. The driver must have found it an extremely bumpy and jolty route.

"You can see it's all right," said Pie. "Farm-carts come this way."

"How do you make that out?"

asked Len. He had very keen eyes, but he could discern no trace whatever of a farm-cart.

"Look!" Pie smiled and pointed to the track. "You don't use your eyes, old fellow. Can't you see the wheel-marks?"

"Oh, my hat!" chuckled Len. "My dear ass, those marks were made by a motor-car's tyres."

"Rot!" said Porrige. "As if a car would come this way!"

At the beginning, the path had seemed to lead in the direction of distant Oakshott. Now it was winding away into illimitable space. A small belt of woodland loomed up as they tramped round the hill.

"I don't seem to remember that wood," remarked Porrige.

His friends were not surprised to hear it.

"But it's all right!" added Pie, perhaps with a trifle less confidence than before. "Once we're past that, you'll see."

They reached the little wood. The track ran into it. A hundred yards more, and a building, hitherto hidden by the trees, dawned on them. The track ran up to a gate—and ended there! Further progress was barred

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by the building and the fenced garden that surrounded it.

Porrige came to a halt, and gazed at the lonely building with feelings too deep for words. His friends gazed at Pic, also with feelings too deep for words.

"Well," said Pic, "this beats it! I'd have sworn this was the way! I know that short cut like the back of my hand—"

"This," remarked Len, "looks as if you do!"

They moved on to the gate, and leaned on it.

"Look here, we might get a lift," said Pic. "They've got a cart or something—we saw the wheel-marks, and—"

"A car!" said Len.

"Well, whatever it is, the man might give us a lift in it, for a tip," said Pic. "Might turn out jolly lucky we got here, after all."

Porrige had a hopeful nature.

Len Lex scanned the little building. It was an old, one-story cottage, covered with thick ivy. A thin spiral of smoke rose from a chimney-pot. That looked as if the occupant was at home. A locked shed, at a short distance from the house, was probably used as a garage, for there was no doubt that there was a car about the place. It was possible that, if the occupant of the house in the wood was amenable to tips, he might run the Oakshott fellows to the school in his car. It was a happy thought.

"Let's ask, anyhow," said Pic.

"No harm in asking," agreed Len.

He pushed at the gate, and found that it was locked. Glancing at it, he saw that the lock was almost new.

"That's to keep out tramps," remarked Pic. "Don't blame him, in a lonely place like this. But we're not tramps, and I dare say he won't mind if we get over. We've got to go up to the house."

Pic vaulted over the gate. He had hardly taken three steps when the front door flew open. Evidently, the Oakshott seniors had been observed from a window. A man came quickly out. The look on his face dashed their hopes of getting a lift. He was a well-dressed man, and not bad-looking, except for a nose that curved rather like a vulture's beak, his most prominent feature. His eyes gleamed with anger as he came quickly down the garden path to meet Pic.

"What do you want here?" he snapped. "Who the dickens are you? How dare you trespass here? Get out at once, or—"

What happened next took Len, Banks, and Harvey utterly by surprise. Without waiting for the man to finish, Porrige made a sudden rush at him, hitting out right and left.

"Got you, have I?" roared Pic. And he punched and punched, with terrific energy.

On the Warpath!

THE three at the gate stood petrified. They stared at that sudden, unexpected, amazing scene, like fellows in a dream. The

man from the house had looked annoyed, ill-tempered, and they would not have been very much surprised had he simply pushed Pic out. But they were simply astounded to see Pic take the offensive.

"He's mad!" stammered Banks, at last. "For goodness' sake, collar him!"

The three scrambled over the gate. The man of the house was probably as surprised as the Oakshott fellows by Pic's sudden outbreak of fury. But he was as enraged as surprised; and he was pitching into Pic with the greatest energy.

Pic was not a whale on boxing. He used his fists rather like flails. But he had a hefty punch, and unlimited pluck. The man was fast getting the upper hand when Len and Banks and Harvey rushed to intervene.

Pic was being driven back under a shower of savage punches, and a terrific jolt on the chin sent him spinning into the arms of his friends. Harvey caught him and gave him support, and Len and Banks stepped between him and the enraged man.

"Hold on!" gasped Banks. "For goodness' sake—"

"Chuck it!" gasped Len.

The man with the beaky nose seemed disposed to charge the lot of them—but perhaps he realised, angry as he was, that that was too large an order. He stopped, and stood panting, a trickle of red running from his beaky nose.

"You young hooligans!" he panted. "I will have you given into custody!"

He had cause to be angry; the Oakshott fellows had to admit that. They could not begin to understand what Pic meant by it.

"Awfully sorry, sir!" gasped Banks.

"Shut up, Banker!" roared Pic. "Who's sorry, you ass? Harvey, leggo! Do you hear me, you fat-head? I've not finished with him yet!"

"You have!" said Harvey, tightening his grip. "You mad ass, what do you mean by it?"

"I'll hack you if you don't leggo!" roared Pic. "It's him! Can't you understand, you dummies? It's him!"

"Who?" shrieked Banks.

"Him!" yelled Pic.

"Get off my premises!" shouted the man with the beak.

"Wait till I get at you, you swab!" roared Pic, struggling in Harvey's grip. "I'll teach you to chuck a fellow's bag out of a train, and make him lose his train! I'll teach you!"

"Oh!" gasped Len.

They understood now. This man, evidently, was the one who had played that extraordinary trick on Porrige on the first day of term. They remembered that Pic had told them that he was a swab with a vulture's beak.

"That man!" exclaimed Banks.

"You—you ass! I'm going to wallop him!" roared Pic. "He hasn't had enough yet! Will you let me get at him, you dummies?"

The man seemed to be struck by Pic's words. Evidently he had not, till then, recognised Porrige as the fellow he had met on the railway.

"You! You young fool!" he muttered. He made a movement; and Len stood like a rock in his path. The Schoolboy Detective was a rather more formidable opponent than Pic.

"Hold on!" said Len quietly. "If you're the man who played that rotten trick on the railway, you've only got what you asked for. You made that chap lose his train, and get to the school late—and I'd like to know what you did it for, too."

"The young fool forced himself into my carriage—I turned him out!" snarled the man with the vulture nose. "I know now that you are Oakshott boys. If you do not leave my premises instantly, I shall report this outrage to your headmaster."

With that the man turned, and went back into the house. At the sight of his enemy escaping, Pic gave a roar of wrath and struggled afresh. Harvey and Banks found it quite hard to hold him. However, he was held, and the man went in, slammed the door and was lost to view.

"Let's get out of this, for the love of Mike!" groaned Banks. "Looks like getting a lift here—I don't think."

"A good hour late for roll, and a complaint going to the Head!" said Harvey. "Pie, you priceless idiot—"

"Oh, come on!" said Len.

Pic was released, and the three turned to the gate. Not so Pic! He shot up the path and reached the door. There was an iron knocker on the door. Pic proceeded to handle it with vigour.

Bang, bang, bang!

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Len.

They rushed after Pic, grabbed him, and by main force dragged him away from the door.

"Bump him!" hissed Harvey.

Porrige sat down on the gravel, hard, and roared.

"Will you chuck it now?" howled Banks.

"No!" gasped Pic. "I won't! I'm going to smash him! I'm going to knock that beak of his right through the back of his cheeky head! You know what he did? Barged me out of my train, coming back to Oakshott. Chap in the carriage I wanted to see again—and that swab whizzed me out before I could find out what the chap's name was."

"Blow the chap in the carriage! Some spoofing ass—he told you he was coming to Oakshott, and he never came. Stop him!"

Pic bounced up. His friends barred him from the door. Pic rushed round the building. They cut after him.

Had Porrige found a window open, no doubt he would have performed a nose-dive and landed inside before he could be grabbed again. But there was no open window. There was not even a window available to break—if Pic had thought of going to that length—for every window was covered by a thick wooden shutter, locked on the inside. There were only four windows—two at the front and two at the back. Every one was strongly shuttered.

The dweller in that lonely house

AERIAL NET TO FOIL RAIDERS!

A BARRIER of steel wires, suspended from balloons, stretched across the sky; a giant net to trap enemy aeroplanes raiding Britain! That is one of the possible defence measures now being discussed.

The idea is not new. In the Great War these "aprons," as they were called, were flown over London. As dusk fell, the captive balloons rose into the air, raising up the great net of steel wires, and when darkness came they were invisible.

Nine thousand feet up in the air they went, and towards the end of the War they were planned to go to 12,000 feet.

Now the idea is brought forward again, and it is suggested that an aerial screen stretching for hundreds of miles could be sent up. Climbing performances of bombing planes have increased tremendously since the War, but only the Government experts know how high the balloons could go.

Only one plane was caught by the net during the War. But it is reckoned that the very existence of the net discouraged the raiders: the dread of being caught like a fly in a spider's web!

seemed to take ample precautions for safety. So far as the Oakshott fellows could see or hear, he was the only person there. There was a back door, but it was bolted. Porrhinge raged right round the house—his pals on his track. They reached the front of the house again, and Pie, in despair of finding an entrance, re-started with the knocker. Bang, bang! Before a third bang could wake the echoes, his friends had grabbed him. This time they did not let go.

No doubt Pie had cause to be wild. But this, in the opinion of his friends, was going altogether too far. The man in the house did not emerge again, neither was a word heard from him. But the Oakshott fellows had not forgotten his threat to complain to their headmaster. What Dr. Osborne would say—and do—when he received that complaint, Pie did not trouble to think; but his friends did. Grasping Pie, they propelled him down the path to the gate, and dropped him, with a bump, outside. Pie was up like a jack-in-the-box. But they were over the gate, after him, in a twinkling, grabbing him again.

"Come on!" said Len.

"I won't!" roared Pie.

"I think you will!"

Pie did. Len and Banks held his arms. Harvey planted his boot on Pie's trousers. Thus urged, Pie went. He went objecting, but he went. Leaving the house in the wood behind, the Oakshott fellows tramped back to the road.

It was a weary tramp, and tempers were sore when they reached the road—with seven miles yet in front of them. Even Pie, by that time, was beginning to think that it might be as well, after all, to head for Oakshott. Released by his pals, he trudged on with them, with a frowning brow. His friends had only one solace—the prospect of slaughtering Pie when they got in. Possibly Pie's life was saved by the happy circumstance that they picked up a lift in a farmer's cart for the last four miles.

Cutting it Fine!

ROOT, of the Fourth, stared. He was on the study landing, leaning on the banisters, with his hands in his pockets. It was time for prep, and it was the duty of Mr. Surtees, the master of the Fourth Form, to see his youthful charges safe in their studies for prep. But Surtees was sometimes a little careless in these matters. He was a young man, keen on games—keener, indeed, on games than on driving knowledge into the heads of the Fourth Formers.

On the present occasion Mr. Surtees, on his way up, had stopped to speak to Oliphant of the Sixth, captain of the school, and head of the games.

Root leaned on the banisters, a grin on his face, watching from above. As soon as Surtees made a move, Root was ready to make a move. But not before. Root saw no reason whatever for going in to prep before the latest possible moment.

His attention was drawn from Mr.

Surtees by a fellow who came along the Fifth Form passage and stopped on the landing. Root, glancing at him carelessly, saw that it was Tunstall, the new fellow in the Fifth.

The weedy, sallow-faced slacker of the Fifth gave no heed to Root. He glanced over the banisters, where, below, like Root, he had a view of Mr. Surtees deep in "games jaw" with the captain of Oakshott. Having taken a long glance, he moved back from the banisters, leaned on the wall, and opened a newspaper.

Root stared blankly. He almost forgot that he was on the watch for a move from Surtees in his surprise.

The study landing was brightly lighted. Across it, Root could see the open newspaper that Tunstall held in his hand. In large type, the title of that newspaper stood out: "The Racing Wizard." It riveted Root's astonished gaze—as, undoubtedly, it would rivet that of Mr. Surtees if he came up while Tunstall was there. The utter recklessness of the fellow astounded Root.

If a fellow wanted to be sacked, this was exactly the way to go about it! Root, certainly, did not imagine that any fellow could possibly want to be expelled from Oakshott, so he could only wonder.

Any moment, Surtees might come up. As soon as his head rose above the level of the landing, he would see Tunstall and his racing paper. As Fourth Form master, he had nothing to do with the Fifth; but he was bound, of course, as a beak, to take note of this. He would take Tunstall to his own Form-master, who would take him to the Head. The amazing thing was that Tunstall had looked over the banisters and seen Surtees, so he knew that he was in momentary danger of being spotted.

Root glanced down again. Surtees was still talking to Oliphant, but he was moving towards the foot of the staircase as he did so. It was time for Root to stir—and still more pressing time for Tunstall of the Fifth

to get that racing paper out of sight if he wanted to stay on at Oakshott.

It occurred to Root that perhaps, being new, Tunstall did not know that Surtees had to come up and shepherd the Fourth. That, of course, would account for his apparent recklessness.

"I say, look out!" Root called out cautiously.

Tunstall, if he heard him, did not heed. He remained leaning on the wall, the paper open in front of him.

Root cast a hasty glance down. Mr. Surtees was mounting the stairs. Root's cue was to vanish like a spectre at cock-crow, but there stood that Fifth Form fathead, with only a matter of seconds between him and the sack! Root cut across the landing. He had no liking or admiration for sporting men, but he was not going to see a blithering ass copped and hiked off to the Big Beak like that!

There was no time for speech. There was only one thing for Root to do, and he did it with efficient promptness. Cutting across the landing, he passed Tunstall and grabbed at "The Racing Wizard."

That unexpected grab tore the newspaper from the Fifth Former's hands, and before he knew what was happening, Root vanished round the corner into the Fourth Form passage and bolted into his study.

Root had cut it fine! Hardly three seconds after he had vanished, Mr. Surtees' head rose over the landing level.

Surtees, perhaps, heard an echo of flying footsteps, for he glanced round as he stepped on the landing. He did not see what he would have seen a few seconds earlier. But he saw a Fifth Form senior staring, with rage in his face, towards the corner of the Fourth Form passage; saw Tunstall clench his hands, and make a stride in that direction.

"Tunstall!" Surtees rapped out the name sharply.

The new Fifth Former stopped and looked sullenly round.

"You should be in your study, Tunstall, at preparation!" said the Fourth Form master.

Tunstall gave him a half-stealthily, half-defiant look. An impudent answer trembled on his lips; and Surtees, seeing it coming, squared his jaw so grimly that the senior's courage failed him. With a muttered, indistinct word, Tunstall turned, went up the Fifth Form passage, and swung sullenly into Study No. 8 to meet the unfriendly looks of Len Lex and his comrades.

A Sudden Shock!

THERE was Livy in Fifth Form prep that evening, and Titus Livius was one of those classical sportsmen who need close attention. But Study No. 8 were not giving him much.

The chums were tired out—and had a hundred lines from their Form-master for cutting roll; and they anticipated—not with pleasure—a call before the Head on the morrow,

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Bully of the Fifth

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when he received a complaint from the man with the beaky nose. That the complaint would come, they had not the slightest doubt. Goodness only knew what view Dr. Osborne would take of the affair, but one thing seemed certain—that he would not view Pie's goings-on with approval! That was a safe bet!

And Pie, so far from being in a repentant mood, not only slanged his loyal comrades, but announced his intention of looking for that nosy blighter again on the very next half-holiday. Argument was going on in Study No. 8 when Tunstall loafed sullenly in. The four sat round the study table, across which flew uncomplimentary remarks, to and fro, like a shuttle in badminton. Tunstall, coming in, interrupted the game, as it were, and they all glared at him. There were other fellows at Oakshott who were disliked, but no fellow so thoroughly disliked as this new man was in his own study.

However, Len moved to make room for him. Tick, worm, and smoky swab as Tunstall was, he belonged there, and had to do his prep. Not that he gave much attention to it at any time. He was ragged regularly in Form for idleness and carelessness, and did not seem to mind. Indeed, some of the fellows thought that he actually took pleasure in getting his beak's rag out.

He sat down, without speaking a word. His look, never pleasant, was sullen and savage, and Len could see that something must have happened to irritate his temper more than usual. The Schoolboy Detective gave more attention to him than the other fellows thought of doing. Eric Tunstall was a puzzle to him, which he meant to solve somehow.

He knew that Tunstall, the grandson and heir of Sir Gilbert Tunstall, had been kicked out of one school for blackguardism—a charge he had denied but of which he had been unable to prove his innocence—and that if he got into disgrace at Oakshott, Sir Gilbert would disown him in favour of his other grandson, Herbert Varney. Varney had been with Tunstall at his last school, but was now travelling with a tutor.

Len's uncle, Detective-Inspector Bill Nixon, of Scotland Yard, had asked Len to keep an eye on Tunstall as there was a possibility that the charges against Tunstall had been faked. But, so far, the fellow had acted like the rotter he was supposed to be, and Len wondered why when he had so much to lose.

Conversation—or rather, slanging—lagged after Tunstall had joined up. But Pie, rubbing his nose, which was damaged, was thus reminded of his grievance, and restarted after the interval.

"That cheeky rotter—" he said.

"Oh, shut up, old man!" groaned Len.

"If you want me to buzz this inkpot—" hissed Banks.

Tunstall glanced round with a sneering grin. Trouble in that

usually chummy and happy circle seemed to please him.

"Look at my nose!" said Pie. "He punched it!"

"Didn't you punch his?" hooted Harvey.

"Yes, and I'm jolly well going to punch it again!" said Pie. "You men can back me up, or not, just as you please; but next half-holiday I'm going to that house in the wood on Greenwood Down, and—What the thump is the matter with you, you silly swab?" Pie broke off, glaring at Tunstall.

The new fellow had jumped—or, rather, bounded—with such a sudden start that he shook the table. Banks gave a howl as blots dropped from his pen. Harvey, dipping for ink, missed the inkpot and jabbed the table with his nib. All four stared, or rather glared, at Tunstall. They had not supposed, or dreamed, that their talk had any interest for him; and now they could see that it had, they did not know why. Tunstall's face had gone as white as chalk, and his eyes seemed to pop at Poringe. The Schoolboy Detective's keen eyes read fear, startled terror, in his look.

"You're going—where?" exclaimed Tunstall. "What—what did you say?"

"I wasn't speaking to you!" yapped Pie. "I don't want to speak to you. Mind your own business."

"You said—"

"Never mind what I said. I never said it to you. Shut up."

"You know the place Poringe was speaking of, Tunstall?" asked Len Lex. "You know the man there?"

Tunstall looked round at him. He was still white and startled, and his effort to pull himself together was visible. What was the matter with him was a puzzle in which Banks, Harvey, and Poringe were not interested. Len Lex was interested—keenly.

"No," Tunstall stammered. "I'm new here—I haven't been about much—"

"Except to the pub down at Oakways!" put in Harvey. "You've learned your way in and out of the Peal of Bells."

"No bizney of yours." Tunstall was recovering himself now. "I—I thought Greenwood Down was out of bounds—so I was—was surprised when Poringe said—"

Harvey gave him a look.

"I don't know why you're telling lies, Tunstall," he said, "but I know you are! Shut up!"

Tunstall gave him a venomous look. But he shut up. Prep was resumed, but the new Fifth Former was even more neglectful of it than usual, and his sallow face remained troubled and clouded.

Len knew—most of the Fifth knew—that the new man had already made disreputable acquaintances outside the school. Was the vulture-nosed man at the house in the wood one of them? It seemed unlikely, but that Tunstall knew the house in the wood, distant as it was, and new as he was at Oakshott, was plain.

Detective-Inspector Nixon had asked his nephew to keep an eye on the fellow who had been sacked from

Higham, and who was expected to do better at his new school. But, so far, the Schoolboy Detective had only found him to be a puzzle to which there seemed to be no answer.

A Baker's Dozen!

"LEGGO! Oh, you bully, leggo!" That yell of anguish reached four pairs of ears. It was morning break, and Study No. 8 were walking and talking by the wall of the Head's private garden. Over that low wall came the anguished yell; the voice that of Albert Root, of the Fourth.

"Young ass!" said Pie. "That's young Root—and a pre's got him in the Beak's garden! Six on the bags!" Len came to a halt. Poringe jerked at his sleeve.

"Fathead!" he said. "You can't barge in on a pre. Come along."

Only Poringe, of course, supposed that it was a prefect whooping the junior. Poringe's intellectual outfit made him liable to suppose anything except the actual facts.

"Prefects," said Len quietly, "don't grab fags to whop them! And fags don't call pre's names! It's not a pre."

Bullying was an uncommon occurrence at Oakshott School. But it happened at times, and Len knew that it was happening now. Aware of that, Len was not the man to pass on unregarding. He stepped to the low wall and looked over it. Root, certainly, had no right in the Head's garden without special leave, but no man, except a prefect, had a right to call him to account. The chums stared over the wall—at the unhappy Root wriggling in the grasp of a Fifth Form man!

"That cad!" said Harvey. "Let that kid alone, you cur."

It was Tunstall of the Fifth. He was holding Root of the Fourth by the collar with his left hand, smacking his head with his right. And the smacks were hard and heavy. Root, struggling and kicking, was getting it hot and strong.

Tunstall stared round, scowling, at four faces lining the wall. Root gave a hopeful squeal:

"Stop him, you men! I say, make him leggo! I say, I never did anything—I was only doing him a good turn, really—yaroooh!"

Smack! came Tunstall's hand again, and Root howled dismally. Len Lex put a hand on the wall and vaulted over, his eyes ablaze. Hitherto, Tunstall of the Fifth had displayed the character of a smoky swab, a pub-haunter, a slacker, and a rotter generally; but, so far, Len had not noticed that he had bullying proclivities. If he was now developing the same, Len was the man to stop him.

One jump carried Len to the spot, and Tunstall released Root as his own collar was grasped. With a swing of his muscular arm, Len spun him away from the fag, and slammed him against the wall, under the faces of Banks, Harvey, and Poringe, looking over. As he staggered there, Pie reached over, and caught him by the collar Len had relinquished.

"Let me go, you fool!" panted Tunstall, struggling. It was his turn to make that demand, and he made it equally in vain. Pie held him by the back of the collar as in a vice.

"Hold that cur, old chap!" said Len quietly. "We'll look into this! What was that brute pitching into you for, kid? Head's garden is out of bounds, but that's nothing to do with the Fifth."

"He made me come here!" wailed Root. "He chucked my cap over the wall, and when I got over after it, he followed me here. Just to get me out of sight while he pitched into me, the swab. Ow!"

"Will you let go my collar?" hissed Tunstall.

"No!" said Pie cheerfully. "If you've been bullying that kid for nothing, you're going through it!"

"I tell you, I did the swab a good turn," wailed Root. "He might have got bunked! I tell you, Surtees would have copped him last night, but for me!"

Len started a little. His eyes flashed round at Tunstall. Twice before curious incidents had driven it into his mind that the new man at Oakshott was deliberately heading for the "sack." It seemed unthinkable—yet there it was! And now—

"Tell us how it was, kid!" said Len quietly.

Root explained with almost tearful earnestness.

"He was on the study landing with a racing paper—holding it up just as if he wanted a beak to see it—and Surtees was coming upstairs! He'd have seen it, only I grabbed it in time, and bolted into my study with it. If I hadn't, I tell you Tunstall would have gone up to the Head! Of course, I thought he'd be glad! Who wouldn't? I jolly well wish now that I'd let Surtees spot him! Pitching into a man for doing him a good turn like that!"

The chums fixed their eyes on Tunstall. He was wriggling vainly in Pie's grip, his face bitter with rage.

"Is the fellow mad," asked Harvey, in wonder, "thumping a kid for getting him out of a row with the Big Beak? Is he potty?"

Len set his lips. Twice the new man had been near the sack, and had been saved by chance, against his own will. Now he had been saved again—and his thanks to the good-natured fag took the form of a cruel beating. What did it, and could it, mean?

"Root, old pippin, you'd better cut out of this!" said Len. "You leave Tunstall to us. We're going to show him what Study No. 8 thinks of bullying!"

Albert Root grinned. He fielded his cap, clambered over the wall into the quad, and was gone. Tunstall gave a wrench that nearly pulled his collar out. He did not seem to want to learn what Study No. 8 thought of bullying!

"Hook him over, Pie!" said Len. "We're out of bounds here! I'll help with his legs."

Pie dragged. Tunstall kicked savagely at Len, who dodged the kick, grasped his ankles, and heaved. The new Fifth Former went rolling

Just My Foolin'

By THE OLD BOY



I'VE been suffering from too much work lately. (Hoarse laughter from the Ed.) My doctor told me that I must make up my mind to forget everything that might worry me. So I've started by forgetting his bill.

ADVERTISEMENT. Fire brigade wanted for large fire in private house, now burning fiercely. Good hard work for energetic men. A fireman with knowledge of music preferred, as he could play on the piano, which is also on fire. Apply at any time, day or night, to Mr. Gabbidge of (what is left of) Marsh House, Gooseberry Green, or to Box No. 99, this paper.

ADVICE ON CHOOSING A CAREER.—Never be a dentist, because it's a hand to mouth existence.

G-BOY (Ware). "Somebody has given me a gun, but I haven't a licence for it. What shall I do?"—About five years, I expect.

J. H. Jnr. (Kidderminster). "I won the mile walk three times running at our sports."—Yah! Cheat!

M. E. (Cromer). "Can you tell me how to build a small motor-boat for about five pounds?"—My dear chap, I'd tell you anything for about five pounds. Hand it over!

STUDENT (Pyne Hill). "What's the easiest way to make a vacuum?"—Use your head, my lad!

"**OLD READER.**" "I wonder what a cowboy feels like when he's riding a wild bronco?"—Fearfully bucked, as a rule!

MY latest invention is really wonderful. The idea is simplicity itself. There is a small turntable with two catch-rods which operate a sort of runway on a fixed pivot. As each end goes up or down, it takes with it a small hair-balanced lever which releases a drop-weight into a compression chamber with an outlet valve at its base. The whole thing can be made of cocoa tins, gramophone parts and other odds and ends at next to no cost.

All I've got to invent now is some use for the confounded thing!

THE newest and most popular motor-car fuel is undoubtedly greyhounds. Besides being much cheaper, they are also faster and less trouble than petrol or heavy oil. The greyhound is harnessed beneath the chassis with his nose pointing to the bonnet. The hare is fixed to the radiator cap by a lever, and when this lever is dropped the hare is visible to the dog below. Away he goes, and all that is necessary is to steer the car in the ordinary way. When you want it to stop, pull up the hare and apply the brake.

Greyhounds are now obtainable at many good garages at 5s. per hound. The latest model cars will do about 500 miles to the dog, so it is cheap enough.

over the wall, and bumped down in the quad. Len followed him quickly.

Tunstall scrambled up, panting.

"If you touch me," he breathed, "I'll go straight to the Head!"

"Do!" assented Len. "We'll come, and explain why we touched you. You got that fag out of sight behind that wall by a rotten trick while you whopped him—but all Oakshott is welcome to see us whopping you. Stick him on that wall, you men."

Three pairs of hands grasped Tunstall at the same moment, swung him to the low wall, and bent him over it. Harvey had his Livy under his arm—and Len borrowed it. It was a fairly large volume—not so useful for Len's purpose as a fives bat or a cricket stump, but quite useful, all the same. Taking it by one corner in a firm grip, Len Lex laid it on with all the strength of his arm, which was a good deal.

Bang, bang, bang! Tunstall wriggled, struggled, and howled. Harvey and Banks and Porrynge chuckled as they held him. Len's face was grim. He banged and banged again, hard and fast. The Oakshott Fifth found Livy hard stuff in the

Form-room. Out of the Form-room, Tunstall found him harder! He yelled frantically as the smites came down.

"I don't know how many smacks you gave young Root," said Len, "but I'll make it a dozen for you."

He made it a baker's dozen. Then the new man of the Fifth was released, stuttering with rage.

"Kick him back to the House!" said Len.

"What-ho!"

The chums were quick, but Tunstall was quicker. Only one boot reached him before he got away—and he did the quad as if it had been the cinder-path, and raced into the house.

In third school that morning the new man sat very uncomfortably on his form. And when they were dismissed, and he passed Root of the Fourth in the quad, he passed him with an unseeing eye. Evidently he did not want any further instruction in what Study No. 8 thought of bullying!

PIE ON THE WARPATH!—Next Saturday! Thirsting for vengeance, the Goat of the Fifth bikes out on the trail and rides into even deeper mystery!