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ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 17.



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Week ending Nov. 19th, 1921.

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THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



MARK LINLEY IS CAUGHT IN LODER'S TRAP!

(A Dramatic Moment in the Long Complete Tale inside.)

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

Address your letters to: The Editor, "The Magnet Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

The grand, long complete story, deal-

ing with Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, will be entitled:

"PENFOLD CUTS LOOSE!"

By Frank Richards,

and it is one that I am sure will appeal greatly to my reader-chums. Dick Penfold, the schoolboy poet, plays a very prominent part in the story, as the title suggests, and has some very trying moments.

As usual, there will be the four pages devoted to

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD!"

which, Harry Wharton tells me, will be a "Special Winter Number."

There will also be another form for the GREYFRIARS POSTCARDS, and those of my chums who have not yet filled in the forms already printed have another chance to obtain three splendid portrait cards.

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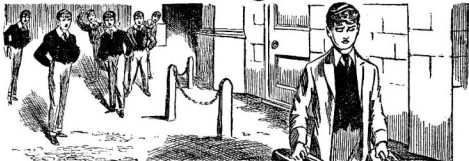
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Mark Linley's Trial!



A Magnificent, New, Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Mark Linley at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

In the Soup!

BEROOM! Boom! Crash! Wallop! Those sounds burst upon the tranquil air at Greyfriars, and caused all who heard them to stop and gasp.

Bang! Crash! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! That medley of noises had a jazz effect. The din was horrible.

The uproar came from the quadrangle, and the persons responsible were very well-known people at Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh stood under the window of Study No. 13, and raised the echoes with their noise.

Harry Wharton had a bugle, which he blew lustily from time to time, to the full power of his lungs. Bob Cherry was armed with a biscuit tin and a cricket-stump. He beat the biscuit tin with the stump with the energy of a champion jazz drummer. Johnny Bull whirled a noisy rattle, used by enthusiastic Removies at the school cricket and footer matches, whilst Frank Nugent whacked viciously with a crowbar upon a dustbin lid, garnered from the school domestic quarters. Hurree Singh—inky for short—trundled a large and noisy handbell in a manner that would have done credit to a muffin-man.

Whack! Wallop! Thud! Ting-a-ling! R-r-r-rrrrr!

Horace Coker of the Fifth, who was crossing the quadrangle with Potter and Greene, blinked round and stuffed his fingers into his ears.

"The—the noisy young rotters!" he gasped. "What the dickens are they up to?"

"Perhaps Hurree Singh is teaching them some of his weird Indian native music!" suggested Potter.

"Or it may be sunstroke," said Greene. "One never knows when these Removio kids will go off their rockers, you know."

Coker glared at the Famous Five.

"Shurrup!" he bellowed. "Stop that fearful din this instant, you noisy little beggars! I'll come over and clip your ears—"

"Rats!" retorted Bob Cherry inelegantly, and he renewed his onslaughts on the biscuit tin with great relish.

Crash!
Bion! Bom! R-r-r-r-r! Whack!

The window above was flung open, and a handsome, curly-headed junior glared forth.

It was Mark Linley, the scholarship lad of the Remove.

"Look here!" shouted Mark wrathfully. "Can't you fellows leave a chap alone—"

"Chuck swotting, and come down to footer!" chanted the Famous Five, and Bob Cherry beat time on the biscuit tin.

"You—you—you—"

"Chuck swotting, and come down to—"

"You frabjous chumps!" roared Mark. "Clear off, and leave me alone! I want to work—"

"Yes, and we want you to come down for some footer practice," said Harry Wharton severely, looking up and wagging an admonitory forefinger at the Lancashire lad. "It's a half-holiday, you boulder, and lovely weather. Greek verbs, Latin nouns, and all that rotten book mug can wait! Chuck swotting, you ass, and come down to footer!"

Mark Linley frowned.

"I can't!" he said. "I must study, and—"

"Come down to footer!" chanted Bob Cherry, and the others took up the refrain.

Linley looked down desperately.

It was apparent that the Famous Five did not intend to leave him in peace to "swot." That was why they had come along with their fearsome instruments of noise. Be that means they hoped to drive Mark away from his books and bring him down to footer.

Mark glowered at his kindly-disposed chums. Usually they did not interfere much with his swotting. Mark, although the most studious fellow in the Remove, was an excellent athlete, and vied with the best in all the school sports. He did not often neglect his games. But of late Harry Wharton & Co. had noticed that Mark was addicted to swotting more than usual, and they thought it incumbent upon them to take him in hand, so to speak, and see that

he did not grow weedy like Alonzo Todd.

"Now, listen to reason, Marky!" said Bob Cherry persuasively. "You simply can't stick indoors a lovely afternoon like this to mug Greek and Latin. It's really too bad of you!"

"The top badfulness of the esteemed and worthy Linley is terrific!" said Hurree Singh solemnly.

Mark Linley gave them a weary look.

"I'd like to come down to football, you fellows know that," he said. "It isn't as though I'm slacking, because I'm not! I've simply got to work this afternoon, and I shall be greatly obliged if you fellows will keep off the grass, and leave me in peace—"

Bang! Crash! Wallop!

Bob Cherry smote the biscuit tin noisily. Johnny Bull twirled the rattle. Inky tolled the bell. Harry Wharton blew stertorous blasts on the bugle, and Frank Nugent added to the uproar by smiting the dustbin lid as though his very life depended upon it.

Mark Linley looked round hopelessly. To a crowd had gathered to listen to the baz effect.

Hazelle, Treener, and Bolsover major drew combs and paper from their pockets, and kindly assisted. Micky Desmond had a Jew's harp, but though he strummed upon it energetically he did not manage to make it heard.

William George Bunter inserted two fat forefingers in the corners of his mouth, and let out piercing whistles.

"Oh, my only sainted aunt!" gasped Mark Linley, stuffing fingers into his ears. "This is the limit! How's a chap to work with that unearthly row going on underneath the window? Chuck it, you shrieking chumps, will you!"

Bernon! Bon! Whirr-rrrr!

"Chuck swotting, and come to footer!" chanted the Famous Five.

Slam!

Mark Linley withdrew into his study, and slammed the window down.

But the Famous Five were not so easily daunted.

They knew that the Lancashire lad would not be able to work.

They whacked the tin and the dustbin
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Mark Linley's study window opened again, and an inky-black deluge swept upon Loder, who was standing just underneath. "Yow-oooo! Yah! OOOOH!" The sticky mess fell full over the prefect's shoulders and completely covered his face. (See Chapter 1.)

lid, and rattled the rattle, and blew the bugle, and trundled the bell.

The air in the sunny quadrangle at Greyfriars fairly vibrated with noise.

"Good heavens! What's all this fearful row about?"

It was the cold, hard voice of Gerald Loder, the unpopular prefect of the Sixth.

Loder strode through the crowd of onlookers, a most unpleasant look on his face. The bully of the Sixth was always down on the Removites, and ever eager to pick faults with them, and punish them on the meaneast pretext. Now he had ample reason to vent his spleen upon them!

"You noisy young sweeps!" hooted Loder. He had to howl at the top of his voice in order to make himself heard above the din. "Stop that at once! Do you hear? I—"

Slam!
Swooooooosh!

Mark Linley's study window opened again, and an inky black deluge swept down upon the spot where the Famous Five had been stationed, with their instruments of torture. They had been stationed there, but when Loder came up they had shifted their positions. Loder stood where the Famous Five had been a minute before. And it was Loder who became the recipient of that black deluge.

"Yerrugh! Yah! Ooooooh!" An immense volume of soot, cinders, and a goodly quantity of ink fell all over Loder's head and shoulders, completely enveloping him, and transforming him, like a stroke of magic, into a nigger! The soot got into his eyes and ears and nose. It formed a sticky mass with the

ink in his hair. Most of the soot and ink went down his back, with a number of cinders, thereby making things very uncomfortable for Gerald Loder.

Mark Linley's head protruded from the window.

He was grinning. "There, you noisy blighters!" he said. "That's stopped your row! Mum-mum-mum-hat! Gug-good heavens!"

Mark's smile vanished, and the look of utter, blank bewilderment that crossed his face when he saw Loder was truly remarkable to behold.

Bob Cherry drew a deep, deep breath. "Poor old Marky!" he muttered. "He's done it now!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Trouble for Six!

"HA, ha, ha, ha, ha!" A great tumult of laughter arose from the onlookers. The spectacle Loder presented, with the soot and the ink and the cinders all over him, was simply too funny for words. They gazed at Loder and shrieked.

Loder gurgled and gasped. "Groooh! Yah! Gug, gug! You little scoundrels—"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Mark Linley, hinking down in dismay. "I didn't intend that for Loder! I—I chucked it out, thinking you other idiots were there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Loder gouged the soot from his eyes, and glared up.

"Linley! Groooh! You little

hound!" he stuttered. "You—you dared chuck this stuff over me—"
"I'm awfully sorry, Loder!" said Mark. "Of course, I had no intention of stopping all that muck over you. Those bounders should have had it, and—"

"Yerrugh! It's all a plant!" spluttered Loder, looking round him balefully. "Ow! My back! Groooh! You little scamps! Go along to my study at once, and wait for me there! Linley, you go, too. There'll be trouble if you're not there when I get back."

Loder stamped away, amidst the chuckles of the onlookers.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked ruefully at each other.

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry. "If that isn't the merry limit! Why—oh, why did you stop that muck all over Loder, Marky? You were a blithering cuckoo!"

"I meant it for you!" said the Lancashire lad, in exasperation. "Oh, you set of burbling jackasses! We're in for it now!"

The Famous Five lugubriously took their noisy instruments indoors. They were in for a record licking now.

Mark Linley met them in the Remose passage.

There was a doleful look on his handsome face.

"We've got to wait for Loder in his study!" he said. "Oh, you asses! That means a licking all round, and a bad report for me!"

"We're awfully sorry, Marky," said Harry Wharton sincerely. "But you were an ass, though, to chuck that merry muck out of the window without looking first!"

Mark Linley gave a sigh. "I suppose it's just my luck," he said. "It's beastly rotten, though!"

Bob Cherry looked genuinely concerned. He could see that a great depth of meaning lay behind his chum's words. Bob had noticed for several days that Mark Linley seemed to be worried over something. He had asked Mark what was the matter, but the Lancashire lad would vouchsafe no information.

"Something's wrong, Marky," said Bob Cherry, in his blunt, large-hearted way. "Look here, old chap, can't you tell us what's worrying you? We're all pals, and can be trusted."

"Yes, I know," replied Linley. "I'll tell you. I had a letter from home the other day; it was from my father. Mother is ill again, and requires special attention or her health may fall altogether. Father had been able to struggle on until he was put on short time owing to the recent coal strike. He works in the mill, you know. His mill was hit very badly, and things haven't straightened out yet. So the dad's still on short time, and—mother's got to suffer."

Mark Linley's voice broke, and he looked down on the ground.

"I—I'd leave Greyfriars at once, and go to work—but what's the use?" he said. "There's absolutely no work about. Thousands are unemployed—people who can do things. What should I be able to do if I left school? Nobody will employ a fellow with no experience, when there are heaps with experience to choose from. I—I should hate to leave Greyfriars, too. So I'm working hard for another exam next week. The Founders are giving scholarship holders an extra remittance grant of money, provided their school reports are good

and they pass the test exam. If I get through the exam, it means an extra sixty pounds a year to me—which I shall let the folks have, of course. Now you know why I've been sweating so hard. I want to win that extra sixty pounds a year. It's my only chance to help my mother and dad."

Harry Wharton nodded. "You're one of the best, Mark," he said, a little huskily, "and we feel horrid cads now for trying to interrupt your work!"

"I could kick myself!" said Bob Cherry. "Tell you what, Marky—I'll bend down, and you may kick me as many times as you like."

Mark Linley forced a laugh. "No, thanks, Bob! It's quite all right, you fellows. You didn't understand. I say, though, we'd better be going along to Loder's study. He'll be coming out of the bath-room soon."

The chums of the Remove walked away, and went into Loder's study, there to await the bad-tempered prefect.

They did not notice a fat figure scuttle into an alcove in the corridor as they passed. That fat figure belonged to William George Bunter, the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars had followed the Famous Five indoors, and had listened to what Mark Linley told them.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes were glistening behind his spectacles. The Owl of the Remove had no scruples, and he felt quite elated at the information he had gathered.

Harry Wharton & Co., meanwhile, awaited Loder. When the bully of the Sixth came in, there were still traces of the soot and ink on his face and in his hair.

Loder was in a raging temper. "Look here, Loder, you may lam into us as much as you like," said Harry Wharton quietly, acting as spokesman for his chums. "We were making that row to disturb Linley, and he buzzed the soot out to drive us away. He had no idea you were underneath."

Loder ground his teeth. "Don't try to get round me!" he hissed. "Linley must have seen me. He swamped me for the purpose. I'll give him the licking of his life for that, and you other little sweeps shall be punished for making a noise in the quadrangle!"

"Listen to reason, Loder," said Bob Cherry. "It would be unfair to lick Marky—"

"Take a hundred lines, Cherry, for not minding your own business!" snapped Loder. "Linley, come forward! Hold out your hand!"

Loder selected a stout ashplant, and swished it maliciously in the air.

Mark Linley, setting his teeth, held out his hand for the castigation. He received, in all, six stinging cuts. Most fellows would have been doubled up with the severity of the punishment, but Mark was made of sterner stuff. He kept a stiff upper lip, and did not make a murmur, although his white, strained face told its tale.

The Famous Five each received four cuts, laid on with all the force that Loder could muster—and he was a strong, brute of a fellow.

"There!" panted Loder. "Let that be a lesson to you! Clear out!"

Harry Wharton & Co. left Loder's study without a word.

Outside in the Sixth Form passage, they gave vent to their pent-up feelings. Bob Cherry smote the air savagely, at an imaginary figure of Gerald Loder.

"The—the cad!" said Harry Wharton bitterly. "Duck up, Marky, old chap! We're frightfully sorry. It's all our fault."

Mark Linley looked at his chums with a laggard face.

"I'm properly messed up for sweating now," he said. "I couldn't study Greek and Latin with my hands smarting like this. And—and I simply must study. I've got to get through that exam by book or by crook. It means that I shall have to get up to-night after lights out, and go down to the study to work while you others are in bed."

"Yes, you could do that," said Harry Wharton. "But, hang it all, Marky, Loder's an out-and-out rotter! Wish to goodness I could lam into him like he's lammed into you!"

"I'll get my own back on him," said Mark Linley quietly.

Little did he realise, then, the irony of those words!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Black Treachery!

HAROLD SKINNER, the cad of the Remove, and his two cronies, Sidney James Snoop and William Stott, were seated in their study, indulging in the forbidden luxury of a cigarette, when William George Bunter entered.

Bunter did not stand upon the preliminary ceremony of knocking, so that Skinner almost swallowed his cigarette in his haste to remove it from his mouth. "Grooch! Is that you, Bunter? Oh, thank goodness it wasn't Wingate!" Skinner heaved a deep sigh, and then

glared at Bunter. "What do you want, porpoise?"

Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle. "Don't mind me—carry on with the smoking! He, he, he!" he said. "By the way, Skinner, you might give me a fag!"

Skinner looked at Bunter as though he would have liked to eat him.

"Clear out, Bunter!" he growled.

"Oh, really, you know!" chuckled the Owl of the Remove, seating himself in a chair and making himself quite at home.

"I don't like the way you treat an old pal, Skinner. Give me a smoke, and be chummy!"

Skinner & Co. would have preferred to hurl Bunter out on his neck, but that was impracticable, under the circumstances. Bunter would be bound to tell Wingate, or any of the other prefects, of the smoking in Study No. 11, and the consequences would be drastic for the merry blades of the Remove.

So they contained their wrath, and gave Billy Bunter a cigarette.

Bunter lighted it, and puffed away with evident enjoyment. The egregious Owl of the Remove rather fancied himself as a cing, a blade, and a goer, though in reality he was more fool than rogu.

Skinner & Co. glared at him.

"Well, Bunter, what's the game?" inquired the cad of the Remove, with a sneer. "You don't often pay these informal calls, do you, without an object?"

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter looked artfully at Skinner.

"It's about Linley," he said. "The scholarship rotter, you know."



Dr. Locke, aroused from his bed by Loder's knock on the door, came out in his dressing-gown. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?" "I have come to lay a serious charge against this junior, sir. I found him rifling my desk!" said Loder. (See Chapter 4.)

"Well!" demanded Skinner, interested.

"He booted you out of the cloisters yesterday when he caught you smoking, and stuffed all your face down your neck, didn't he, Skinner?" asked Bunter sweetly.

Skinner scowled.

"Yes—hang him!" he growled, clenching his teeth. "That rotten mill-hand's son is too interfering in this school! Fancy having to knuckle under to a cheap rotter like Linley—a pauper, hanging on here by the skin of his teeth on a scholarship! These scholarship fellows ought to be kept out of every decent school! We don't want 'em here!"

"No fear!" added Stott loyally. "It's not fair to the other decent class fellows but ourselves, whose pater pays for us!" said Snop.

Billy Bunter chuckled again.

There was no love lost between the rotters' brigade at Greyfriars and Mark Linley. There were not many snobs at Greyfriars. Mark Linley was one of the most popular members of the school. But Skinner & Co. had been up against the Lancashire lad from the first. They sneered at him because his father was a poor mill-hand, an honest man who had to toil for his living. Skinner & Co. had learnt from bitter experience not to vent their thoughts in the hearing of Mark himself—or any of the Famous Five. Mark was a hard hitter, and could make rings round the pasty-faced, short-winded Skinner in a fight. Harry Wharton & Co., who had a warm place in their hearts for the sturdy Lancashire lad, always backed him up against the snobs. But Skinner & Co. hated Mark Linley, and were always only too willing to do him a bad turn.

"What have you got to know about Linley, Bunter?" asked Skinner. "Has his family been sent to the workhouse, or has his father taken on a job as a road-sweeper?"

"No," said Bunter. "Linley's pater is working on short time, and his mother's ill. Things are pretty rough in the Linley home."

Skinner sneered. "They always were as poor as church mice," he said. "What the dickens the Head can be up to, allowing paupers to stay at Greyfriars, I can't imagine. I suppose Mr. Philanthropist Wharton is going to raise a subscription to enable the Linleys to pay their rent?"

"No; but Linley's going in for another exam next week," said Bunter. "If he passes through, he gets an extra sixty quid a year on his scholarship grant. So the rotter's working jolly hard to get through the exam."

"Oh!" Skinner's eyes glistened, and his thin face took on a crafty look.

The same thought passed through the minds of all the black sheep at once.

"My word! What a knock in the eye for him it would be if he failed in the exam!" said Skinner, under his breath. "The cad would look down his nose then, wouldn't he?"

"Rather!"

"I reckon he will pass, too!" said Billy Bunter. "You know what a blessed clever fellow Linley is. He toadies up to Quetchy no end, and does more sweating than the rest of the Form put together. He came first in Latin and Maths and French last term's exam. And he's working jolly hard, too, for this exam. Why, he means to work to-night, after lights out!"

"That so?" said Skinner.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter eagerly. "Loder's just licked him for slopping sooty water over him. Linley can't sweat with his hands snarling, so he's going to get up to-night, when we're all in bed, and sweat in his study!"

Skinner looked thoughtful.

His thin brows came closer together, and a hard glint came into his eyes. Skinner's crafty brain was at work, for Bunter's information had given him an idea. Skinner was deep and cunning, and could be an evil foe when he wished.

"By Jove!"

Skinner's fist came crashing down upon the table.

"I've got a fine wheeze!" said the cad of the Remove, looking round with gleaming eyes. "Linley is going out of the dorm to-night to sweat. That gives me something to work upon. If my scheme works, Linley will be expelled from Greyfriars!"

"My hat!" said Sidney James Snop. "How are you going to manage it, Skinner?"

"Loder will have to come into the scheme with me," said Skinner. "As soon as he hears what it is, he'll be on it like a shot. He doesn't like Linley. I know—especially now the rotter has slopped soot over him. Loder will be no end keen to get his own back on Linley!"

"But what's the scheme?" asked Stott eagerly.

"You'll see—later on!" said Skinner. "I'm going to see Loder about it now, so I can't tell you till I'm sure of him. Not a whisper about this, or Linley will be on his guard to-night!"

Skinner left the study, and made his way along to the Sixth Form passage. He hesitated for the moment in the passage. Loder was of uncertain temper, and to even Skinner he was rather rough. But the pause was only momentary. A moment later he knocked at Loder's door, and the surly voice of the prefect told him to enter.

Skinner found Loder combing his hair in front of the mirror. The expression on Loder's face plainly showed that the combing was not an agreeable occupation to him. The presence of soot and ink made that necessary, however. Loder had been fuming ever since that catastrophe in the quadrangle.

He glared at Skinner.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"A word with you, Loder, about Linley!" said the cad of the Remove uneasily.

Loder looked quickly at him.

"What about the little sweep?" he demanded.

"You'd like to get your own back on him for chucking all that stuff over you, Loder? That soot and ink will take a long time to get out, you know. You've still plenty in your hair and round your neck," said Skinner cheerfully, piling on the agony. "I've a scheme for getting Linley out of Greyfriars. I know you wouldn't object, Loder—and I'm keen to get my own back on the cheap scholarship cad!"

"What do you mean—a scheme?" said Loder surlily, but with a note of interest in his voice. That spurred Skinner to confidence.

"Well, it's like this, Loder," he said. "Linley, you know, is working up hard for an exam next week—he's after sixty quid a year extra on his scholarship money. You licked him this afternoon, and messed him up for study, so he's going to get up to-night and sweat in his

room while all the others are in bed. Going to make up for lost time, you see."

"Well!" demanded Loder, following Skinner's words attentively.

"That's just our opportunity to work off a trick on him!" Skinner emphasised the word "our." "I happen to know, Loder, that Cobb, of the Cross Keys, gave you a fiver this morning in settlement of a bet you had with him over a gee-gee."

Loder scowled.

"You prying little hound—"

"No prying at all," said Skinner airily. "I happened to be down there myself with Pousonby of Highcliffe, and heard about it. Now, Loder, I want you to make use of that fiver. I don't suppose you've changed it yet. To-night, when Linley comes out of his study to go back to bed, I'll be prowling in the passage, and let him hear me. He'll think I'm a barglar, and will follow me. I'll creep along to this room, and hide under your bed. As soon as Linley gets in here, you'll have to jump up and light the gas. The desk will be already rifled, and the things overturned, and you'll accuse Linley of having been caught red-handed in the act of rifling your desk—see? He won't have a leg to stand on. You can swear he has stolen the fiver. Of course, he'll deny it, but what evidence will he have of proving otherwise? You, a prefect, caught him red-handed at the desk, and the fiver was missing. Linley's people at home are in trouble, and he's moving heaven and earth to raise money for them. So there's the motive for the theft. You needn't say anything about the fiver till the morning. Linley's things will be searched, and the fiver won't be found, but it will be presumed he posted it off to his people. I'll arrange for him to send off a letter by the first post, so as to give colour to that part of the story. Do you see how the net will creep round Linley? Everything will be against him, and he'll be kicked out of Greyfriars. You will advertise the number of the note, of course, but keep the thing in hiding. So that inquiries won't be started, you can say, after a day or so, that you don't mind losing the fiver, and that as Linley will be leaving Greyfriars, you'll say no more about it."

Loder drew a deep breath. He looked at Skinner half in admiration, half in wonder. "By Jingo!" breathed the rascally prefect. "What a clever ruse! If—if it works—"

"It must work," said Skinner eagerly—"so long as I can decoy Linley to your room to-night, and you do your part of the business! I mustn't be discovered under the bed, of course! Will you do it, Loder?"

Loder thought for a while. He was weighing the consequences if the thing were found out, weighing the possibilities of it being found out. But, as Loder considered all the details of the scheme that Skinner had given him, he realised how safe a scheme it was. He turned to Skinner with glinting eyes.

"I'll do it, Skinner!" he said. "I don't hold with scholarship boys being at a respectable school like Greyfriars, and, besides, I want to get my own back on Linley. I hate the young toady! You decoy Linley to my room, and I'll see that the rest is fixed up!"

"Right-ho!" chuckled Skinner.

"Rely on me, Loder! Mark Linley will

be gone from Greyfriars by the end of this week — disgraced and beaten! Serves him jolly well right! It will be a fine knock in the eye, too, for Wharton and the rest of his gooey-gooey gang!

And Harold Skinner went his way from Loder's study, rubbing his hands with evil pleasure.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Into the Trap!

BOOM! The last stroke of eleven tolled from the school clock-tower that night.

Greyfriars was wrapt in darkness. The sky was thick with black clouds driven up from the sea, which obscured the moon and the stars. All was pitch-black in the Remove dormitory.

Mark Linley sat up in bed; it had grown very chilly, and Mark shivered. "You fellows asleep?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Yaw-aw-aw! That you, Marky?" said Bob Cherry's sleepy voice.

"Yes, Bob! I'm going down to do some snottin'!"

"Grooo!" Bob shuddered in bed. "I wish you every happiness, old son! You've got some grit, anyhow, turning out of a warm bed to mug Greek veris! Don't wake the Quetch bird, will you?"

Mark Linley laughed softly.

"No fear! I'll see to that!" He clambered out of bed, and hastily donned some clothes. Walking in his socks, he left the Remove dormitory, and crept downstairs.

All was pitch-black and silent in the deserted corridors. Most of Greyfriars were in bed and asleep. Proceeding with infinite caution, he at last reached the Remove passage.

He opened the door of his study and entered, closing it fast behind him, and lighting the gas. Within five minutes Mark had all his books and papers on the table, and was absorbed with the thrilling Greek story of Xenophon.

The scholarship boy was a "sticker," and, beyond having a great desire to win through his examination, he was deeply interested in his studies. He did not regard them as too much of a "grind."

The time passed on and on. Midnight tolled from the school clock-tower, and still Mark Linley toiled on, far into the night.

At last, he put his books away with a sigh. He could hardly keep his eyes open, so heavy with sleep were they. He put his study tidy, and turned out the gas.

Very carefully Mark opened the door and walked into the passage.

All was dark, and silent as the grave. He crept along the passage, making no noise in his half-bare feet. Suddenly, as he rounded the corner at the end of the passage, he started.

Creak!

The sound broke eerily upon the silence of the corridor, coming like the snap of a whip through the darkness.

What was it?

Creak!

There it was again; he could not have been mistaken, then.

Mark Linley shivered for a moment. He knew that creak of the loose board in the passage. The sound had come from just ahead of him.

It was a footstep.

Thoughts of a burglar rushed into his mind at once. Mark took a step forward, every nerve tingling, his eyes strained in the darkness. It was impossible to see anything.

What was the hour? Was everybody else at Greyfriars in bed, he wondered? In answer to that unspoken thought there came a chiming from the clock-tower.

Boom!

A dull, resounding boom, and that was all.

One o'clock in the morning!

Mark had no idea he had been working so late. All Greyfriars was sleeping, then!

Creak!

There was that footstep again. There was no doubt about it.

Who was it in the passage with Mark — walking away, now — when the rest of Greyfriars was wrapped in slumber? Mark could hear the stealthy footsteps gradually receding. He clenched his teeth, and followed. He would not give the alarm yet. It might be one of the juniors out for a "jark" — although at such a late hour that seemed unlikely.

Linley followed the unknown marauder. It was easy to detect the whereabouts of the footsteps, Mark inwardly told himself that the marauder, who ever he was, had no idea that there was somebody following him.

Traversing the passages in the pitch-black of night was an eerie task. Mark followed the unknown marauder along the Sixth Form passage.

Creak!

He caught his breath. It sounded as though somebody was trying the handle of a door.

Gradually, holding his breath lest he should be heard, Mark Linley crept forward. There came to him through the darkness the sound of a door opening, and of footsteps passing into a room.

Loder's study!

It came to Mark in a flash.

Who was entering Loder's room at that hour? Was it Loder himself, or was —

Hark!

Somebody was opening a drawer, and turning things over. The sounds came to the waiting Removite plainly as he stood, hardly daring to breathe, outside the door of Loder's study.

It might be Loder, and yet — Mark gritted his teeth and determined to risk it. With a sudden movement he opened the door and dashed into the room towards the desk, which he knew was in the right-hand corner of the room.

He stumbled, and groped wildly in the darkness. His hands closed over the edge of the desk, and he steadied himself.

Then, with dazzling suddenness, the light was lit, and, when he had recovered from his momentary blindness, Mark Linley saw Loder standing before him, a poker in his hand.

"Caught red-handed!" gloated Loder, striding forward and gripping the Removite by the arm. "So you are the one who prowls in other people's rooms at night, rifling desks!"

Linley stood transfixed. Dazedly he looked round, and saw that Loder's desk was open, the drawers pulled out, and the contents jumbled up in heaps.

The desk had been rifled, that was evident. And Loder said it was he who had done it!



"You worm!" shouted Wharton. In two strides he reached Skinner. Gripping him by the collar, he hurled the cad down the steps. Skinner bumped into Snoop, and the two rolled over together. Then Bob Cherry caught hold of Bunter, and he followed the other two. (See Chapter 6.)

"What have you to say for yourself?" sneered Loder. "You're bowled out properly this time, Linley, my buck—caught in the very act of burbling my desk!"

"I— I didn't; I didn't!" Mark blurted out the words half mechanically. He clenched his fists hard, and looked at Loder with a deathly, white face. "There's a horrible mistake somewhere, Loder. I followed somebody into this room. It wasn't I—"

Loder interrupted with a scoffing laugh.

"Yes—a likely yarn!" he said. "Nobody came into my study before you, Linley. That won't wash!"

"It's true, I tell you! I have not been at your desk!" cried the junior.

"Then I suppose I walked in my sleep, and rifled my desk myself!" said Loder sarcastically. "It's no use trying to bluff me, Linley. Your explanation is too thin. Why are you out of bed, anyway?"

"I went down to my study to do some work," said Mark Linley quietly. "I am working up for an exam, you see. On my way back to the dormitory I heard footsteps, and followed them into this room. Somebody must be here!"

"We are the only two in this room," said Loder evenly. "You'll never deceive me, or anybody, with that yarn. Come along to the Head at once."

The prefect dragged Linley from the room. Mark went, dazed and bewildered. What did it mean? Could there have been some mistake, or had he fallen into a trap? He could not think—he seemed almost stunned. He followed Loder through the dark corridor to the Head's study.

As soon as Loder and his victim had left the Sixth Form passage Harold Skinner crawled from under Loder's bed and crept stealthily away to the Remove dormitory, chucking. The ruse had worked well. Mark Linley had walked into the trap, and Loder, determined not to lose time, was even now taking Linley to the Head.

There had been a lot of work to be got through, and the Head having worked to a very late hour, had gone to bed in his study. Loder was aware of this when he marched Linley down the passage.

Dr. Locke, aroused by Loder's peremptory knock on the door, came out in his dressing-gown. He gave an exclamation of surprise when he saw Loder, with Mark Linley held firmly by the shoulder.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "What is the meaning of this, Loder?"

"I have come to lay a serious charge against this junior, sir," replied Loder calmly. "I thought I had better not wait until the morning, in case the young rascal denied it, and got some of my friends to trump up an alibi. I found him in my study just now, rifling my desk."

"Good heavens!"

"I was awakened by a footprint outside my door," went on Loder succinctly. "I lay awake, but did not move. The door opened, and somebody entered, and went over to my desk. Even then I did not disturb him, for I wanted to know what he was up to. When I had made sure he was at my desk, I jumped up, lit the light, and caught Linley red-handed. He didn't have a word to say for himself, sir."

Dr. Locke regarded Mark Linley in horror.

"Linley! Is it possible that you are

guilty?" he exclaimed. "It seems hardly credible to me. Have you no explanation?"

"There's been a mistake, sir! It wasn't I who opened Loder's desk!" blurted out Mark Linley fiercely. "I was working late in my study, preparing for the exam next week, and when I came out I heard somebody walking along the corridor. I followed, and came to Loder's study. I distinctly heard somebody enter, and went in myself to capture him. When Loder lit the gas there was nobody else there. I did not open the desk! I am not a thief!"

Dr. Locke looked distressed.

"I have never regarded you as a dishonest boy, Linley," he said. "Is there anything missing, Loder?"

"I—I don't think so, sir," said Loder. "The young scamp had no time to take anything."

Dr. Locke drew a deep breath.

"Go back to your beds, my lads. The hour is late, and I will make further inquiries into this matter in the morning."

"Very well, sir."

The Head retired into his room, and Loder and Mark Linley went away.

Loder halted at the corner of the corridor where the Remove dormitory was situated.

"You'll catch it in the morning, you thieving young rotter!" he said, and there was a note of mockery and triumph in his voice. "This will mean disgrace—perhaps expulsion. Greyfriars will be well rid of such a you."

Mary Linley clenched his fists hard, but made no rejoinder. He turned on his heel and went on to the Remove dormitory.

Several fellows were awake—Skinner had seen to that.

"Is that you, Marky?" inquired Bob Cherry, as the scholarship boy entered.

"Yes, Bob," replied Mark Linley miserably.

Bob Cherry peered through the darkness with a sudden pang at his heart.

"What's the matter, Marky?" he asked. "You don't seem very cheerful."

"It's all right."

Skinner lit a candle, and Mark's face, white, drawn, and troubled, showed up in the fitful light.

"There's something wrong, old chap," said Harry Wharton. "Have you been caught?"

"Ye-es," said Linley, looking down.

"Hard cheese!"

Mark Linley undressed and got into bed.

His chums could not think why he seemed so miserable over being caught out of the dormitory. The Head, when Mark explained that he had been "swotting," would be bound to let him down lightly.

They had no idea of the heavy cloud that was hovering over their chum, of the impending storm that would burst on the morrow.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Revenge!

THE clanging of the rising-bell roused the juniors from their beds next morning.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were the first up. It was a sharp and frosty morning, and a fine mist lay over the Close and playing-fields.

"Tumble up, chaps!" said Harry Wharton cheerily. "It wouldn't be a

bad idea to have a run round the quad before brekker. Manly, you slacker, get up!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!" said Lord Maslevener sleepily.

Frank Nugent came up with a sponge he had soaked in icy-cold water. He held it over Manly's head, and squeezed so that the water dripped over the school-boy baronet's face.

"Groooh!" gaped Lord Maslevener, jumping up. "Whassermatter? The roof's leakin', hegad! I felt the water drippin' on my head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It wasn't the roof—only little me!" grinned Frank Nugent, displaying the sponge. "Tumble up, Manly, or we'll pull you out!"

"Oh, all serene!"

Manly "tumbled" up.

William George Hunter was still snoring unamusically, but his snores ceased when Johnny Bull grasped the mattress and pushed it off the bed, Bunter as well.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter.

"Really, Toddy, you beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Old Marky's still asleep! Here, we can't allow this!"

He took a feather from his pillow, and, pulling up the clothes at the end of Mark Linley's bed, commenced to tickle the soles of the Lancashire lad's bare feet.

Mark Linley kicked irritably; then, with a heavy sigh, he awoke.

"Yaw-aw-aw!" he said, blinking round him sleepily.

Bob Cherry wagged an admonitory forefinger at him.

"Slacker!" he said.

Mark Linley rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"My hat! Fancy oversleeping myself!" he exclaimed. "Crums! I do feel tired!"

"Shouldn't spend most of the night out of bed!" said Harold Skinner, with an undisguised sneer. "You haven't got much to look forward to this morning, have you, Linley? The Head will haul you over the coals for your little escapade last night!"

Mark's face looked troubled.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked curiously at him. What was weighing on Linley's mind? they wondered. Skinner's words seemed to have acted on the scholarship lad like a dagger's thrust. It was plain to see that Mark Linley was worried.

He climbed out of bed, and washed and dressed himself without speaking a word.

"What's the matter, Marky?" asked Bob Cherry anxiously. "Surely you aren't funk of being called up before the Head this morning? It isn't as though you were out on the razzle, or burling chaps' studies."

Mark Linley bit his lip, and did not reply.

Harold Skinner, Snoop, and Stott exchanged sky winks. They alone, of all the Removites, knew what thoughts were torturing the mind of the scholarship boy of Greyfriars.

Linley went downstairs in silence.

Bob Cherry tried to drag him out into the quadrangle to join in the run; but Mark pulled himself away, and intimated that he wanted to be alone in the study.

So Bob went downstairs, leaving his chum at the table. The usually sunny brow of Bob Cherry was clouded. Joining Harry Wharton and the others in the quadrangle, he observed to them that he was "hanged if he knew what was

(Continued on page 13.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 47.

Week Ending Nov. 19th, 1921.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE



Harry Wharton
Editor



THE ENTRANCE GATE

Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,
c/o The Magnet Library, The Flitway House,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

BARRING-OUT BREVITIES!

By Bob Cherry.

It was very fortunate for the Remove that the rebellion was quickly over, or provisions would have run out. Whilst I was keeping guard on one of the window sills in the Remove dormitory, Billy Bunter pitched into the supplies, and demolished a dozen currant buns before you could say "Glutton!"

Whilst we were barricading the door of the dorm with beds, Alonso Todd happened to get in the way. The rumour that he was blown through the keyhole is incorrect. Even Alonso is not quite so thin as all that!

The rumour that the rebels sang "The Red Flag" is also denied. The only thing in the nature of a red flag was Skinner's handkerchief, which gained its colour through Bobover's major having dotted him with great violence on the nose!

The R.C.C. acquitted itself well during the rebellion. R.C.C. doesn't stand for "Robert Cherry's Company," but for the "Remove Catapult Corps."

The P.P.P. was also well in evidence. This refers to the Priceless Party of Peashooters!

Some punster was heard to remark that the rebellion was brought to "heel" by the "Head." The fellow who said this certainly had a "neck!"

Billy Bunter declares that the next rebellion will be organized by him. We fear that Bunter will stand alone. We shall never "stand a loan" to him, anyway!

Coker of the Fifth threatens to organize a barring-out. We have always maintained that Coker, being of unsound mind, should be "barred in."

Supplement 4.]

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

In the long history of Greyfriars School there have been many a barring-out—a rebellion against those in authority.

Sometimes the rebels have been justified in making a stand. Sometimes they have rebelled for the sheer excitement of the thing. On some occasions the rebels have triumphed, and gained a point. On other occasions the authorities have won the day.

Of all the hundreds of exciting incidents that come the way of a schoolboy, a barring-out is far and away the most exciting.

There has been a big rebellion this week on the part of the Remove Form. How the affair started, and developed, and ended, I cannot tell you here. But Vernon-Smith's rousing story, "The Great Rebellion," will tell you all you wish to know. Suffice it to say that the storm has now blown over, and that harmony is restored to the Greyfriars Remove.

Barrings-out don't always end happily. Old Boys of Greyfriars have described to us how certain rebel leaders were expelled. Many of them have since made their way in the world, and hold high positions in military and civilian life. Still, expulsion must always leave a bad taste in the mouth.

Probably the most exciting barring-out on record was that initiated by Bob Cherry. Bob's claims had been wrongfully expelled; and he took up his position in the old ivy-covered tower, and refused to budge until they had been reinstated.

Now that there has been a big barring-out in the Remove, I felt I could not do better than arrange for a Special Barring-out Number of the "Greyfriars Herald." The members of my staff have been hard at work to produce plenty of exciting features; and if this issue should prove a "wash-out," then methinks I will give up editing a boys' paper and start keeping rabbits!

Tell all your chums of this special number, and thus win new readers to the fold. There are thousands upon thousands already; but there is always room for more! Although we occasionally have a barring-out ourselves, we never "bar out" new readers!

HARRY WHARTON.

A CALL TO ARMS!

By Dick Penfold.

Friends and countrymen arise!
Lift your banner to the skies!
Now's the day, and now's the hour
To destroy the tyrant's power.
Now's the time, without a doubt,
For a bumper barring-out!
Shall we silently submit
Whilst the governors see fit
To impose a new restriction?
Be prepared for fight and friction!
Be prepared to take your stand
Side by side, and hand-in-hand,
Holding out, serene and strong,
Till they've righted every wrong.
To the dormitory repair,
Barricade the entry there;
Keep the tyrants all at bay,
Fight the fight, and win the day!
Justice must prevail for all,
Though the skies and heavens fall!
Have we spirit, have we force,
And the will to win? Of course!
Gladly will we face privation,
Ay, with cheers and jubilation!
Never be it said that we
To the tyrant bowed the knee!
Right must triumph, wrong must fail,
Justice must and will prevail!
Toll the tyrant, while he raves,
"Schoolboys never shall be slaves!"
Greet misfortune with a grin,
Pluck and grit are sure to win!
Rise, Removites, and be free!
Fight for love of liberty!

(Already we have fought, and the victory is ours!—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY,—No. 719.



Impertinent Interviews

By our Special Representative.

This Week: MRS. MIMBLE.

THE great rebellion was in progress. The Greyfriars Remove had taken up their quarters in the dormitory.

The door was barricaded with beds and lockers. There was a flush of excitement on every face.

Mr. Quech had appeared on the other side of the door, and urged the rebels to give in.

But were we disheartened? Were we going to bend the knee to tyranny? No—a thousand times no!

Alas! for my hopes.

Harry Wharton came across to the bed on which I was seated and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Although there's a barring-out in progress, we mustn't forget the 'Greyfriars Herald,'" he said. "Business as usual—that must be our motto. The printers won't wait.

No matter what tragedies are befalling our contributors the suppression must come out. I want you to go and interview Mrs. Mimble, the dame who presides at the tuckshop."

I gazed at the editor with withering scorn. "My perfectly priceless old grape-fruit," I said, "how on earth can I interview Dame Mimble—or anybody else, for that matter—while a barring-out is in progress? I can't leave the dormitory. There's a barricade of a dozen beds and fifteen lockers."

The editor smiled.

"There are no more ways than one of killing a rat, and quitting a dormitory," he said.

"Are you suggesting that I should make my exit by way of the chimney?"

"Not at all. But we have a stout rope here, and we can lower you from one of the windows. When you have duly interviewed Mrs. Mimble, we'll haul you up again."

"Very kind of you!" I said, with stinging sarcasm.

"But you must be done!" said the editor firmly. "Barring-out or no barring-out, we must have your two-column article! Now, you fellows! Help me to lower our special representative from the window!"

I could see that the chief was in earnest.

The rope was produced, and tied firmly round my waist. Then I had to clamber up on to one of the window-sills and "take off."

I was in a perilous position. I don't mean in regard to my descent. That was safe enough. But, remember, I was a rebel, and in leaving the Remove dormitory I ran a grave risk of falling into the hands of the Pinkettes—the Philistines being those set in authority. If they collared me they would be certain to make things warm for me—as the lodger said when the landlady healed his soap.

Soberly and cautiously I was lowered from the window.

So far as I could see, nobody was witnessing my descent from the Close.

As soon as I reached terra firma I untied the rope which was around my waist, and made my way to the school tuckshop.

When I walked in, Mrs. Mimble gave a violent start.

"Which it's one of the young rebels!" she exclaimed. "I refuse to serve you!"

"I don't wish to be served, ma'am," I replied. "I've merely called to interview you for the 'Greyfriars Herald.'"

Mrs. Mimble raised her hands as if in horror.

"Which I'll have nothing to do with you," she exclaimed. "You're one of the rebels, and it will serve you right if you all got expelled from the school!"

"If my husband was here, I'd have you seized and taken before Dr. Locke," said Mrs. Mimble.

"Yes! What's all this?"

"Which I believe the burly frame of Mr. Joseph Mimble in the doorway."

"Don't let him get away, Joseph!" exclaimed Mrs. Mimble excitedly. "Which he's THE MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 719.

one of the young rebels as is set in' the masters at defiance, and holdin' what they call a barring-out in the Remove dormitory. Step him, Joseph!"

It was a time for instant action. My position was one of extreme peril.

If Mr. Mimble collared me and took me before the Head, I will know that there would be a painful sequel.

"Now, you young rip!" said Mr. Mimble sternly. "You come along o' me!"

He was standing in the doorway, with legs apart.

Instantly I dived and wriggled between his legs. Then I sped across the Close, with Mr. Mimble panting in pursuit.

Further danger loomed ahead of me. Gosling, the porter, and Loder of the Sixth were crossing the Close, bearing a long ladder between them. Evidently they intended to rear the ladder up to one of the windows of the Remove dormitory, with a view to climbing up and dealing with the rebels.

Gosling was the first to catch sight of me. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "Ere's one of the young rascalskins, Master Loder!"

And the porter set down his end of the ladder and planted himself right in my path.

There was only one thing to be done, in the circumstances. And I did it.

As a rule, I make it a point never to attack fags and old age pensioners. But on this occasion I drove my leg into the chest



Mr. Mimble stood in the doorway, with legs apart. Instantly I dived and wriggled between his legs.

of William Gosling—not violently, but with sufficient force to bowl him over.

"Gossey set down with a bump and a 'Yarrooch!'"

Then Loder of the Sixth came towards me, and I took to my heels.

The rope still dangled from the window of the Remove dormitory.

It was a race between the prefect and myself—and I won the window.

I clutched the friendly rope, and yelled to the fellows to haul me up.

Loder came up with a rush, and grabbed at my ankles. But he was too late. I was being hauled rapidly up to the window.

When I reached the friendly shelter of the Remove dormitory, I sank down on to my bed, utterly exhausted.

"Seen Mrs. Mimble?" inquired the editor.

"I have," I said truthfully. "I saw too much of her for my liking. She called me a young rebel, and good-as knows what, and she set her husband on to me. Fortunately, I was able to dodge between his legs. But, mark my words, I won't return! Never again do I leave this dormitory—never again!—until the barring-out's over! You can't interview tuckshop dames and take part in a barring-out at the same time. Jove! I'm weary and worn and thirsty! Pass the soda-water, Smith!"

Whereupon, Verena-Smith picked up a siphon, and proceeded to give me my first shower-bath of the term!

LAYING IN SUPPLIES!

By Billy Bunter.

Every wise fellow will agree with me when I say that the most important thing in connection with a barring-out is the laying in of supplies.

No barring-out could ever be successful if there was no food and drink.

Just picture the rebels, huddled together in a chilly dormitory, getting hungrier and hungrier, and thinner and thinner, and scraggier and scraggier! What a pit!

Without food a barring-out couldn't last twenty-four hours. The poor, starving rebels would cry "Packs! Packs! We give in!"

With ample supplies of provender, however, a barring-out could go on for weeks. And if I was Officer in charge of Supplies, it would go on for—(Five minutes)—Ed.)

Now, there is a right way and a wrong way of laying in provisions for a siege.

The wrong way is to get in a supply of perishable goods that will not last.

Eggs, for instance. What's the use of eggs? They will be all right for the first day. On the second day they will begin to talk. And by the morning of the third day they will be simply yelling!

After that the aroma will become so overpowering that the rebels will be only too glad to quit their stronghold!

Then there is fruit. Groo! What is worse than fruit in a state of dislocation, or should it be de-composition?

The smell of stale apples is horrible! The appearance of bananas when they are in a state of senile decay is too terrible for words!

Eggs and fruit, therefore, should be left severely alone. So should fish. I don't mean Fisher T., of that ilk, but loaves, herrings, mackerels, sausages, bacon, and other deep-sea fish.

Pleasant supplies of drink will be required, but milk should be given a miss. Like Quech in class, when you get a sum wrong, it only turns sour!

There should be a water-pat within easy reach of the rebel headquarters. If any other sort of drink is required ginger-pop will answer the purpose.

These are the sort of foodstuffs you should obtain: Sardines (in tins), peaches and pineapple (also in tins), and ham and tongue (either in tins or in glass containers).

This sort of stuff will keep for ever, unless you are as keen enough to leave the lid of the tin open. Then, of course, it will go bad.

Personally, I always eat the entire contents of the tin at one go, so that nothing can be left in the tin to go bad.

Tinned beef is very good, and you can also buy stake-and-kidney pies baked in tins.

Cakes, pastries, etc., may be included in the provisions, but these should all be consumed on the first day of the barring-out, for they quickly become stale.

With a fellow like me in charge of the supplies everything is bound to go without a hitch. But if you have a silly ass, who can't tell a perishable article from an imperishable one—well, your barring-out is bound to be a failure.

I will return to this subject next week. (Not in these columns, purpose!—Ed.)

[Supplement II.]



The Great Rebellion!

By H. VERNON-SMITH.

WITH flushed, excited faces, the members of the Remove Form at Greyfriars trooped up to bed. Indignation gleamed in every eye. We all agreed that it was the limit—the extreme outside edge, as Fisher T. Fish put it.

Just before bed-time an announcement had been posted up on the notice-board in the hall.

There was to be a change of routine in the Remove. Afternoon lessons were in future to be extended one hour.

Nobody spoke until the dormitory was reached. Then Bob Cherry fairly exploded. "It's a thundering shame!" he burst out. "Why should we have an extra hour tacked on to our lessons, while the other Forms are exempt?"

"It's tyranny—rank tyranny!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "This new rule means that it will be nearly dark by the time we come out of afternoon school. And we shan't be able to get in any footer practice!"

"Shame!" "It was a loud murmur of indignation, swelling into a roar. If ever the Remove had cause to feel annoyed—to break out in open revolt—it was now. This was no petty or imaginary grievance. It was a very real one.

An extra hour's schooling per day! The thought was maddening. Even the mildest tempered fellows of the Mark Lanley type were up in arms against the extension of lesson-time.

At length Todd, who had seldom been known to say a bitter word, remarked that it was disgraceful, and that his Uncle Benjamin, if he got to know, would be shocked—nay, disgusted!

"We won't stand it, you fellows!" Harry Wharton's voice rang through the dormitory. "But what can we do?" said Nugent helplessly.

"Have a harrang-out!" "My hat!" "We can first of all petition the Head to cancel this extra hour, and if he refuses, then we must march out of the Form-room tomorrow at the usual time."

"But we shall be brought back—!" Wharton laughed grimly. "They'll have a job to bring us back," he said. "We shall come up here to this dorm, and hold it against all comers!"

A buzz of excitement ran round the dormitory. Wharton's daring suggestion caused quite a sensation. "Is everybody in favour?" asked the captain of the Remove. "Those who are, show their hands."

Every hand went up. The Remove threw themselves into the scheme with what a bounding would call reckless abandon. "I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "we must see that we have plenty of food and drink up here, you know. A fellow can't live on air!"

"Try up, porpoise!" "Why won't you take the matter any further," said Wharton, "until we see the result of our petition to the Head. It's quite possible that he'll knock off the extra hour."

But the Head did nothing of the sort. Next morning, when the petition was presented to him, he read it through carefully, but explained to the Removites that the governors had ordered the extra hour, and that—like the Head—had no power to rescind it.

The Juniors went tumbling into the Form-room. And all through the day the atmosphere was charged with excitement. In the afternoon, when the usual time for dismissal came, Harry Wharton jumped to his feet, and the rest of the class followed suit.

Mr. Quelch's brow grew dark with anger. "Sit down, boys!" he thundered. "You are perfectly well aware of the fact that from now onwards lessons are to be extended one hour."

Harry Wharton was by this time out of the door, with the rest of the Removites hard on his heels.

Mr. Quelch became purple in the face. "How dare you!" he shouted. "How dare you set your commands at defiance! Return to your places, all of you!"

The exclaim continued. It was neck or nothing now. The great rebellion had begun!

Mr. Quelch snatched up his cane, and strode across to the door to intercept the outgoing stream of juniors.

But the fellows did not falter. They swept past the enraged Form-master, marched along the corridor, and up the staircase. The manoeuvre was carried out in a perfectly orderly manner. Within ten minutes of Harry Wharton having jumped up in the Remove Form-room everybody was in the dormitory.

"Barricade the door!" rapped out the captain of the Remove. "Quickly!" Many hands made light work. Beds and lockers were dragged towards the door, and soon a strong and impregnable barricade was formed.

During the day the fellows had not been idle. There had been a "whip-round" in the Remove, and provisions had been smuggled by stealth to the dormitory.

There was sufficient food and drink to keep the rebels going for several days. "Well," said Wharton, seating himself on his bed, "we've taken the plunge now, and we must stand or fall together. If any fellow



"Boys!" said the Head, looking up at the rebels, "this insubordination must cease at once!"

seels like backing out, let him speak now, or for ever hold his jaw!" There were no dissenters. Everybody was heart and soul in favour of a harrang-out.

"Wonder what the first developments will be!" said Bob Cherry. "We shall soon see," said Johnny Bull. "Listen! I think somebody's rapping on the door!"

Johnny's surmise was correct. When the buzz of voices had died away, a distinct rapping became audible. "You can come in!" called Harry Wharton, politely but firmly.

"But I insist upon coming in, Wharton!" It was the voice of Mr. Quelch. Some of the weaker spirits in the Remove looked rather scared. On the majority of faces, however, were expressions of defiance.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Wharton, "but we're not admitting anybody!" "Mr. Quelch spluttered with wrath. He beat vainly upon the door with his knuckles. "Ror!" Wharton! Do you realize what this means?"

"I realise everything, sir." "If you persist in this mad folly!" "We're staying here, sir," said Wharton, respectfully but resolutely, "until that extra hour of lessons has been knocked off. We don't consider it just, sir!"

For a moment there was silence. Then Mr. Quelch burst out: "You utterly foolish boys! Let this absurd revolt cease immediately, or the consequences

will be serious. I have no doubt that the ringleaders will be expelled!"

"Do you hear me, Whartons?" "I hear you, sir!" "And you persist in this non-sensical attitude?"

"We're staying here, sir, until we get fairness and justice!"

Mr. Quelch gave a snort, and his footsteps could be heard retreating. For an hour the rebels were left in peace. Then came dramatic developments.

Bob Cherry, who was posted on one of the window-sills, keeping guard, announced that a long ladder was being reared up against the window.

"There's Gosling, and Mimble, the gardener, and a pack of prefects!" said Bob. "Gossey's already shining up the ladder!"

The words had a magical effect. Instantly the rebels clattered up on to the various window-sills, and produced peashooters, catapults, and other implements of war.

"If you advance another step, Gossey," sang out Harry Wharton, "we'll open fire!" Gosling paused, and looked up. A startled expression came over his face when he noticed the battery of peashooters. Then he glanced down at the foot of the ladder.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "Carry on, you fool!" snapped Loder, of the Sixth. "Get into the dormitory, and shift the barricade from the door!"

Some hopes! chuckled Bob Cherry. "Hercules himself couldn't perform such a task!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling continued to mount the ladder, but a hail of peas checked his progress. The Remove had opened fire with a vengeance!

The hard, round peas spattered into Gosling's face, and the school porter felt as if he were being stung by hornets.

No man could have withstood that bombardment. Gosling slid down the ladder at express speed, yelling as he went.

Mr. Mimble then tried the ascent. He went farther than Gosling, but he fared worse.

The peashooting performances of the Remove marksmen were deadly in the extreme. Mr. Mimble made a hurtful and undignified descent.

"Brerah!" "A mighty cheer arose from the rebels. "Your turn next, Loder!" shouted Peter Todd.

But before the Sixth-former could set foot on the ladder the Head came hurrying across the Close.

The arrival of Dr. Lecke had a sobering effect upon the rebels. Peashooters and catapults were at once withdrawn.

"Boys," exclaimed the Head, in rising tones, "this insubordination must cease at once!"

"It will cease, sir," said Harry Wharton, "as soon as that extra hour has been cancelled!"

"It is already cancelled, Wharton. The whole thing was a mistake. What the governors proposed was that as an hour should be deducted from afternoon lessons during the winter months—had advice. But their telegram to me was from a wrong messenger!"

"My hat!"

"Let this absurd rebellion cease forthwith," said the Head. "As a punishment for your conduct I shall not allow the new rule to come into force for a month!"

"Oh!"

There was a gasp of dismay from the rebels, as they realised the barricade and prepared to leave the dormitory.

Everybody agreed, however, that in the circumstances the punishment was a light one.

The great rebellion was over, and the Removites returned to the quiet life of their way, and I'm willing to wager on an even tinner that it will be a long time before another harrang-out takes place!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 719.

SOME FAMOUS REBELLIONS!

By George Wingate.

(CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL.)

(The descriptions contained in the following article have been obtained, partly from reference to Mr. Quelch's "History of Greyfriars," and partly from conversations I have had with Old Boys.—G.W.)

EVERY big public school has its ups and downs.

A school may jog placidly along for a year, or for a number of years, and then will come a big upheaval, or a whole series of them.

There is scarcely a school of any size or note in the land which cannot point to an uprising or a rebellion in its history.

The first big rebellion in the annals of Greyfriars School took place in 1771.

In that year a new headmaster was appointed—a Dr. Stenedale. This worthy would have made a better pugilist than a schoolmaster. He was a tyrant of the worst order. In the old punishment-books, which are still preserved, may be found evidences of his brutality. It was nothing in those days for a pupil to be sentenced to receive "sixteen strokes with the birch-rod, laid on good and heartily by the school serjeant."

Of course, such a state of affairs could not continue for long without a strong protest being made by the scholars of that generation. The captain of Greyfriars—a fellow named Greaville—drew up a petition to the Governors. This petition was signed by all the prefects, and it was urged that Dr. Stenedale should be asked to hand in his resignation at once, as he was too violent and unjust a person to have charge of three hundred boys.

The Governors threw out the petition. Whereupon Greaville ordered what we should call, in those days, a general strike.

For a whole week the school was completely out of hand. Lessons ceased; discipline was at a discount. The fellows did exactly as they pleased. The threatenings and urgings of the Head and the masters were alike ignored.

Eventually, the Governors discovered that

there was some justification for the strike. Dr. Stenedale proved totally unsuitable for the post of headmaster. He was asked to tender his resignation, and as soon as he had done so, the usual routine of the school was resumed.

After Dr. Stenedale's departure the school enjoyed a long period of peace and prosperity. The game of cricket came into vogue in this country, and we read that Greyfriars played eleven men of Kent, and beat them, scoring 320 wickets against their opponents' 96. (In those days runs were known as wickets.) The next rebellion of any note took place in 1815.

Britain was at war, and when the Battle of Waterloo had been fought and won, Greyfriars clamoured for a whole day's holiday to celebrate the event. The demand was ignored. Whereupon the Greyfriars fellows, carried off their feet by excitement, took the law into their own hands, and helped themselves to a day's holiday.

The consequences of this act of lawlessness were very severe. Greatly the school captain, was expelled, he having been the organiser of the escapade. Several prefects, too, were deprived of their positions.

We then had another quiet period until the year 1850, when violent upheavals were witnessed at the school.

On this occasion the scholars were at fault. Greyfriars had struck a bad patch, as all schools must do sooner or later. The wrong type of fellow was in the school—the sulky and rebellious type, which neither worked well nor played well. The school got hopelessly out of hand, and fearfully slack in the matter of lessons and sports. Fellows broke bounds whenever they pleased, and did pretty much as they liked.

There was only one course open to the Head, and he took it. It was to make an example of the worst offenders by sending them out, and expelling them.

No less than thirty-six fellows were sent packing in the course of one week. And when the worst element had been wreded out

the school began to improve, and gradually to get back to its former standing.

In the year 1875 there came what was known as the "Rochester Rebellion."

Harry Rochester was a fellow in the Fifth Form, liked and admired by all; all, that is to say, with the exception of a prefect named Barker, who had a "down on him."

Barker did his best to ruin Rochester's reputation, and he spread all sorts of slanderous reports about him. Eventually the two came to blows, outside the Head's study window, and Rochester gave the slanderous prefect a good thrashing.

In those days, as now, it was considered a very grave offence to strike a prefect, and Harry Rochester was a fellow in a stern disciplinary-ordered Rochester's expulsion.

At this the school rose up as one man, and protested.

The Head refused to alter his decision, and a great barraging-out took place, all the fellows remaining in their dormitories, with ample stores of provisions, and refusing to budge until the Head should consent to let Rochester remain.

This rebellion was a very stubborn one, lasting nearly a fortnight.

Even after their supplies of food had been exhausted the rebels held out.

At length, some influential prefects of the boys took a hand. An inquiry was held, and strong sympathy was expressed for Harry Rochester, who had laid hands on a prefect under great provocation.

The Head finally agreed to let Rochester remain, and harmony was once more restored to the school.

Since the "Rochester Rebellion," there have been several others of a similar nature. But space does not permit of their being dealt with here.

Besides, some of these upheavals have taken place within the next room or so, and I do not consider it good policy to resurrect them.

Let us hope that the next big rebellion at Greyfriars is far distant!

However exciting these affairs may be, they do not always reflect credit upon the school, and their results are often more harmful than otherwise.

(Bravo, Wingate! A jolly interesting article. We shall hope to receive more from your talented pen. Ahem! Could you give the editorial staff passes out of gates this evening?—Ed.)

HOW THE REBELLION WAS FINANCED!

By Frank Nugent.

Being the treasurer of the Remove Football Club and sundry other organisations, I know quite a lot about financial affairs.

As soon as it was decided to hold a barring-out in the Remove I told Wharton that we should require plenty of capital.

"We can't foresee how long the affair will last," I said. "It may be all over in half an hour. It may drag on for weary weeks. We've got to be prepared. No use running ourselves short of provisions, and being starved out!"

Wharton nodded.

"Every fellow who takes part in the rebellion will have to contribute according to his means, or his meanness," he said. "We'll have a whip-round at once, so that we can buy as much grub as we shall want. I'll head the list with five loob. Of course, the giddy millionaires, like Mauly, can give more than that if they want to."

"And you'll make me treasurer of the affair?" I asked.

"Certainly! You're the merchant who's got to go round with the hat!"

I performed this rather thankless task, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 719.

with the following result. I give the facts and figures, because I feel sure they will interest the readers of the "Greyfriars Herald":

Name of Subscriber.	Amount.
H. Wharton	£ 5 0
F. Nugent	2 6
T. Brown	1 0
C. Bulstrode	1 0
P. Hazeldene	1 0
D. Ogilvy	2
R. Russell	1 0
T. Redwing	1 0
H. Vernon-Smith	10 0
W. G. Bunter	½ (French)
A. Todd	1 0
P. Todd	1 0
H. Mansuerverer	1 0 0
J. Ball	5
K. Cherry	2 6
R. Penfold	1 0
Harree Singh	10 0
M. Linley	1 0
S. Q. I. Field	1 0
Rest of Removeites—story broke.	

Grand Total £3 5 2½

Quite a useful amount, as you will agree. But what a task to collect it!

In some cases the fellows paid up cheerfully enough, but in others it was like having teeth drawn to part with the money.

Billy Bunter, when I saw him, told me I could have ten shillings. I was greatly surprised at this generous offer, especially from Billy, whom we always supposed was stony broke. Ten shillings would be an enormous sum, and when I asked him for it he said, "Lend me fifteen bob now, and you can have ten back, then I will pay you when—" But I didn't wait to hear more. Picking up an inkwell, I emptied the entire contents over his fat head. So much for Masters Bunter. On the list I put him down for a French halfpenny. This he offered me afterwards.

An enormous hamper of food was obtained with the proceeds of the collection.

It was a terrible job smuggling the grub up to the dorm. Several fellows brought the hamper from Friardale, and managed to get it into the woodshed. Then twenty chaps, each carrying a small packet, made for the dorm, and we got the stuff up there without the books twiggling.

As things turned out, however, the supplies were not needed. It was a lightning rebellion—over almost as soon as it began. And with the grub that was left over we had a glorious midnight feast in the Remove dormitory.

Here's to the success of the next barring-out!

(Suggestion in.)

"MARK LINLEY'S TRIAL!"

(Continued from page 6.)

bothering Marky! He's going about like a bear with a sore head!"

Alone in his study, Mark Linley took his fountain-pen and notepaper, and wrote a letter to his mother. It was a cheerful letter, although apprehension and fear of what was to come were gnawing at his heart. He made no mention of Loder's accusation. His mother, who took the deepest interest in her boy's welfare, was ill, and the slightest worry might have drastic effects upon her health.

Linley wrote an envelope, enclosed the letter, and sealed it. Just at that moment Harold Skinner tapped at the door and looked in. He had been watching through the keyhole.

"Hallo, Linley!" he said amiably. "I've come along to borrow a lexicon, if you can spare yours till lesson time. I didn't do much prep last night, and Quelch will be down on me unless I get into trim for the first lesson."

"You may borrow mine, with pleasure," said Mark Linley, and handed Skinner the book.

"Just wait a letter!" asked Skinner. "I'll post it if you like. I'm just going down to the letter-box. Post goes in five minutes, you know."

"Thanks very much," said Linley, unsuspecting. He affixed a stamp, and handed the letter to Skinner.

"Don't mench!" said Skinner. "I'll let you have the lexicon back in the Form-room."

He left the study, and emitted a chuckle when he walked into the Remove passage. He went straight down to the quadrangle, and crossed to the letter-box by the side gate. Trevor, Hazelcote, and Bulstrode were there.

"Just posting a letter for Linley," said Skinner, and showed it to his Form-fellows. He had, of course, a definite purpose in doing that.

"H'm!" said Bulstrode, looking hard at Skinner. "It's not often you do a favour for Linley, Skinner. More the other way about, in fact!"

"Oh, rats!" said Skinner carelessly, thrusting the letter into the box. "Not much trouble posting a letter, is it?"

As he walked away he winked at the deserted air.

The bell was ringing for breakfast, and all the boys went indoors. By the time they came out from roll-call and prayers the post had been collected.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the Common-room with most of the other Removites, just after lessons, when Loder came in. There was a most unpleasant look on the prefect's face. His eyes quickly scanned each of the juniors, and lighted on Mark Linley, gleaming with malevolence.

"Come with me, Linley!" he rapped. "The Head wants to see you about barging my study last night!"

"What?" shouted Bob Cherry, leaping up from his chair.

Loder's words acted like a thunderbolt in the Common-room. The rascally prefect looked round grimly.

"You kids might as well know that I caught Linley in my room, at past twelve o'clock last night, rifling my desk!" he said. "The young rascal was caught red-handed! But he managed to make off with a five-pound note that was in my desk! It didn't occur to me last night, or I should have searched him

there and then. Linley is a thief! He has robbed me of five pounds!"

"It's a lie—a wicked, horrible lie!" The words came fiercely from Mark Linley's parched throat. "I have taken no money! I did not touch Loder's desk last night! There's a mistake! I—I didn't!" He broke off, and looked round upon his chums, a look of mute appeal on his stricken face.

There was an oppressive silence for a little while.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at Linley aghast.

They knew that Mark had been out last night, that he had come back to the dormitory looking worried. His excuse had been that Loder had caught him. But, as they had thought at the time, there was really nothing very terrible to worry over. Moreover, Linley had been looking downcast and miserable that morning, and his demeanour had been that of one who was anticipating great trouble.

Was it true that Mark Linley was a thief? Had he really robbed Loder in the night? Was it his guilty conscience that had been torturing him?

Bob Cherry sprang forward and grasped his chum by the arm.

"Mark—Marky, old chap, you weren't in Loder's study last night!" he said huskily. "You didn't go near his room, did you?"

Mark Linley looked down.

"Yes, I did, Bob—but not to meddle with anything," he said quietly. And then, still in the same subdued voice, he told of what had happened during the night.

The Removites listened in amazement.

When he had finished, Linley looked round upon his Form-fellows.

Several of them looked incredulous. Skinner & Co. were sneering openly.

"I didn't touch Loder's desk!" cried Linley, clenching his fists. "I know nothing about the money he says is missing!"

Loder gave a sneering laugh.

"Don't tell lies!" he exclaimed. "I heard you enter my room, I waited until you had opened the desk, and then lit the gas! You were caught like a rat! Who else took the five out of my desk but you?"

"Perhaps you have put it somewhere else, Loder," interposed Harry Wharton.

"I've hunted high and low for the

note!" said Loder savagely. "It's nowhere else but in this little rotter's pocket!"

"Search me!" cried Mark Linley desperately. "Search all my things—in here, in the dormitory, the study—anywhere! I tell you I haven't got it!"

"No; but he had it!" Skinner spoke, malice and bitterness in his voice. "We all know that Linley is hard up. He's only a scholarship rotter, and his people are as poor as church-mice! His mother and his father's on short time. Linley sent off a letter this morning—I actually posted it. The letter was addressed to his mother in Lancashire. I'll wager the five-pound note was inside it!"

"Oh!" cried Harry Wharton.

All eyes were turned on Mark Linley. The Lancashire lad's face was crimson.

He turned to Skinner with blazing eyes. "You cad—you rotten cad, Skinner!" he cried fiercely. "How dare you accuse me of stealing like that! It's true my mother is ill; but, however much I needed money, I would not steal it! I'd leave this school and work my fingers to the bone rather!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"Don't take any notice of those rotters, Mark!" said Wharton. "We believe you!"

But there were not many others who believed in Mark Linley.

Circumstances were too overwhelmingly against him. Everything seemed to point to one conclusion. He had stolen Loder's five-pound note, and sent it off that very morning, before it was discovered in his possession and taken away.

Linley looked round the room. Grim, suspicious glances met him on every side. Harry Wharton & Co., his chums, were looking uneasy and disturbed. But they refused to believe Linley guilty of this thing.

"Come with me!" Loder broke the silence with his harsh voice. "The Head wants to see you at once, Linley. I reckon this will be the end of your tether, you thieving little rotter!"

Linley winced under the cruel words. Setting his teeth, he walked round the room. Loder followed. They left the

Common-room in a buzz.

Dr. Locke gave Mark Linley a grim look as he entered his sanctum. Loder keeping a firm grip on his shoulder.

"I have brought Linley, sir," said the prefect. "He denies all knowledge of the five-pound note which is missing from my desk."

The old Head of Greyfriars peered at Linley over the rims of his spectacles. There was real distress on his kind old face.

"Linley, my dear lad, I sincerely trust that you are able to clear yourself of this charge which Loder lays against you," he said. "I find it impossible to believe that you, a boy whom I have always regarded as one of the most honourable and best of my pupils at Greyfriars, should stoop to steal from one of your school-fellows. Have you no explanation to offer?"

The Removite looked Dr. Locks in the face with clear, steady eyes. There was an uncomfortable lump rising in his throat.

"I am not guilty, sir!" His voice rang out firm and true. "I was out of the dormitory last night; I went down to my study to work for the Bursary exam takes place next week, and I mean to get through. I heard somebody walking in the corridor, on my way back to the dormitory, and followed the unknown



**Thrilling New Story by
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This remarkably powerful story has been specially written for "Kinema Comic" by the famous Japanese Screen Actor, and should not be missed on any account. Start reading it THIS WEEK. It is only one of the many good things appearing in



Out on Wednesday, November 16th.

person to Loder's room. I entered, thinking I should catch a burglar, but was surprised when Loder put up the light, and I found myself by his desk, which was open, and the things in it evidently pulled about. Loder accused me of rifling the desk, but I swear that I didn't touch it. Every word I say is true."

Loder sneered.

"Then how do you account for the fact that there was nobody else in the room, save you and I?" he demanded. "If what you say is true, there must have been a third person in my bedroom. Besides, I should then have caught him and not you."

Mark Linley did not reply.

Dr. Locke was looking gravely at him. "Have you nothing to say to that, Linley?" he asked quietly.

"I—I cannot imagine how it happened, sir," he said. "There must have been somebody else in the room. I followed another person in."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Loder. "That's a trumped-up excuse, sir, which I am able to knock the bottom out of. Linley had no idea I was awake and listening all the time. It's not likely that I should capture Linley, and allow the thief of his imagination to go scot-free. My five-pound note is missing, and there is only one person who could have taken it. That person is Linley here."

"I know nothing of the five-pound note!" cried the scholarship boy fiercely. "You may search me, sir—everywhere: You will never find it."

"No; because you have already sent it off to Lancashire!" broke in Loder malevolently. "If you will pardon my saying so, sir, I can tell you exactly

what this young rascal's motive was. It is well known in the school that his parents are in need of money. That is one of the reasons he is entering for the Bursary exam. He wanted the money for his people, so he took it from my desk, and sent it off this morning before it could be recovered. Skinner of the Remove posted the letter for Linley."

"Bless my soul!" The Head's brow became stern. "Linley, is this true?"

"I wrote to my mother this morning, sir," replied Mark dully. "But I sent no money—that I can swear to!"

"He would swear to anything, sir, to get out of it!" snarled Loder.

"Silence, Loder! Kindly have Skinner sent to me, Loder!" said the Head quietly.

Skinner of the Remove came with alacrity. He darted a look of triumph at Linley.

"Did you post a letter for Linley this morning, Skinner?" said Dr. Locke.

"Yes, sir," replied Skinner glibly.

"He seemed very anxious that it should go by the first post, so as I was going down to the box I slipped his letter in with mine."

"You have, of course, no idea what was inside it?"

Skinner hesitated. He was a good actor, and knew how to create an impression.

"Well, I—I hardly like to say, sir," he replied. "I've heard that Linley is accused of taking Loder's five-pound note, and—and—"

"Speak up, Skinner!" said the Head testily. "It is your duty, in this case, to tell me everything."

"I—I think there was a banknote inside the letter, sir," said Skinner,

looking down. "I came into Linley's room just as he was putting it into the envelope. He made haste to seal it down; but—but I couldn't help noticing the rustle of a note. I thought nothing of it at the time. I hope I'm mistaken, sir."

Mark Linley took a step forward, and whistled Skinner round.

"You liar—you wicked liar!" he cried.

"You saw nothing of the sort! You are saying this to make things look blacker against me! I—I—the scholarship boy choked.

Loder pulled Skinner away from Linley.

Dr. Locke arose, his face hard and stern.

"Enough, Linley!" he rapped. "I grieve me to hear of this—this calamity. Greatly though I wish I could believe you, I must accept the evidence against you. The only point in your favour is that you stole, not for your own sake, but for your mother—"

"I didn't! I didn't! I swear it!"

"Do not resort to subterfuge, Linley! You have said enough!"

Mark Linley was leaning heavily upon the table. The sudden fury was passed. He was white and sick and miserable. A dreadful conviction came over him that this was a prearranged plot between Loder and Skinner to ruin him. And it had succeeded. What could he say? How could he prove that he was innocent—that Loder and Skinner were both telling lies against him?

He moaned aloud in anguish of mind.

"I shall not deal too harshly with you, Linley," said the Head, though his voice was cold. "I will refund the stolen money to Loder, and you shall leave Greyfriars immediately. It is my painful duty to expel you from Greyfriars. This is an unfortunate affair—one that I can hardly credit. You have ruined yourself through an indiscretion. To remain at Greyfriars would be impossible for you. Kindly pack your things and leave at once!"

Linley passed a hand dazedly over his brow. Expelled! He looked at Loder, and saw the merciless glint in his eyes. Skinner's thin face wore a triumphant leer. The Head, in a quiet, grave voice, told him to go.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Lancashire Lad's Disgrace!

MARK LINLEY passed out of the Head's study, his face white and ghastly. He was not capable of saying anything. It would have afforded him some relief to weep, but the tears would not come. Not even Loder or Skinner realised the depth of Linley's misery.

A crowd of fellows awaited him at the end of the passage.

Bob Cherry came forward and took his arm.

"What's the matter, Marky?" he asked huskily.

"The Head believes I am guilty." The scholarship boy's voice was low and tremulous with emotion. "God knows that I am innocent! Loder and Skinner have told lies—lies! They have condemned me, and—and I am to leave Greyfriars."

"Oh, Marky!"

In a quiet voice, Mark Linley unburdened himself of the whole affair.

All the juniors, whether they were friendly disposed towards Linley or not, looked amazed.



With great difficulty Mark Linley carried the figure into the barn and laid it down in the straw. He pulled out a box of matches and lit one. The flickering flame showed up the white face of the rescued. Linley gave a cry of amazement.

"Loder!" (See Chapter 8.)

Bob Cherry clenched his fists. A stern, bulldog look was on his face. "The cad!" he cried. "Marky's expelled—all through Skinner and Loder! It's a trumped-up affair! Marky, old chap, you don't believe you're guilty. You're true blue!"

"Hear, hear!" said Harry Wharton, Nugent, Johnny Bull, Squiff, and Vernon-Smith.

"The true-bluefulness of the esteemed and honourable Linley is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh decisively.

"Here's Skinner!" said Tom Brown.

Harold Skinner came out of the Head's study, and walked up with an insolent grin on his face. His expression changed when Bob Cherry strode forward, his fists clenched tightly, his jaw grim and set.

"Now, Skinner," said Bob, "you've been telling lies to the Head about Marky! You miserable, unutterable cad! Confess, you rotter, or—"

"Leggo!" cried Skinner, as the champion boxer of the Remove shook him. "I've told no lies! Let go, Cherry, or I'll complain—"

"Enough of that, Cherry!"

Loder came down the passage, and thrust himself between the two.

"Take fifty lines for interfering with Skinner, Cherry!" said the prefect.

"Linley, you had better go up to your room and pack!"

Loder swung away, and Skinner followed.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked compassionately at their stricken Form-fellow.

"Is it true, Mark?" asked the Remove captain. "Have you really got to go?"

"Yes, Harry," replied Linley dully. "I don't deserve it, but the Head believes that I am guilty, and I must leave Greyfriars at once."

"We'll come up to the dormitory with you, old chap!" said big-hearted Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five accompanied Mark Linley upstairs. They shut themselves in the Remove dormitory.

Mark Linley packed his clothes mechanically. He could not think. Try as he could, his thoughts would not run in order. A picture was before his eyes—a picture of his mother and his father in their humble little kitchen at home, their kind old faces darkened with care and shame at their son's disgrace, and the shattering of all their hopes for his future.

He no longer belonged to Greyfriars. He was expelled—an outcast.

It seemed impossible.

But it was true! To him it seemed a bewildering labyrinth of schemings and lies, but that much was true, at all events. His future prospects were ruined. All his ambitions were brought down into the dust.

It was too horrible to bear.

Harry Wharton & Co. felt utterly miserable. Each had a warm place in his heart for the handsome, stalwart scholarship lad. He was one of themselves; they were proud to own him as a champion. They had none of the snobishness of Skinner and his cronies. They liked a fellow for his real worth, and none knew better than they that Mark Linley was good all through.

The dormitory door opened, and Vernon-Smith came in.

There was a serious look on the Bounder's handsome face. He looked compassionately at Linley.

Time had been once when the Bounder had been a rotter, and had been



The burly figure of Dan White showed in the doorway. "Get out!" said the antique dealer, his face grim set. "I don't want the likes of you 'ere! Turned out o' the school, was yer, for stealing? You'll greatly oblige by movin' out quick!" (See Chapter 7.)

up against Harry Wharton & Co. But things were different now. The old Bounder was of the past. Vernon-Smith was on the best of terms with the chums of the Remove.

"I'm sorry this has happened, Linley," he said; and there was genuine concern in his voice. "You know nothing about Loder's liver, of course. He and Skinner know all there is to be known about that. Linley, old chap, nothing can alter the Head's decision that you must leave, unless Loder and Skinner are bowled out. Don't go home to your people. Let them know nothing—it will only make them feel rotten about it. Stop in Friar-dale until the truth comes out, for it's sure to, sooner or later. We'll do all we can to establish your innocence—won't we, you fellows?"

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath.

"By Jove, that's a topping idea, Smithy!" he exclaimed. "Of course, Marky, you must not go home to Lancashire and upset your people with the news. Stop here, and we'll get at the truth. We know you are innocent, and we'll prove it if we can."

Mark Linley gave a wan smile.

"Very well," he said, "I'll do as you ask. I suppose I had better find lodgings in Friar-dale."

"There's a room to let, furnished, over Dan White's shop in the High Street," said Vernon-Smith. "Take that, Marky, and we'll run down and see you later, to discuss things."

Mark's things were packed into two bags. He gave a farewell look round the old dormitory, and walked out. Bob Cherry carried one bag, whilst Nugent took the other.

The juniors went downstairs.

On the steps of the School House Skinner, Stott and Billy Dunter were standing. Mark Linley passed down without a word or a look at them. The rotters' brigade of the Remove looked after the bowed form of their expelled schoolfellow, and grinned maliciously. There had never been any love lost between them and the scholarship lad and Skinner & Co. revealed now that the time had come to score over the fellow they disliked for his clean ways, and despised because he came of humble parents. Any thoughts of dealing generously with a fellow who was "down" never entered their heads.

"Look out for your pockets!" yelled Skinner, as Cecil Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth passed by Linley.

"He, he, ho!" cackled Billy Dunter.

Mark Linley stopped for a minute, as if thunderstruck.

Harry Wharton's eyes blazed.

With two bounds he reached Skinner, and the cad of the Remove was whirled round in the Form captain's strong grasp.

"Here, leggo!" yelled Skinner.

"Hands off, Wharton!"

"You warn't you utter cad!"

"Yarooooop!"

Harry Wharton hurled Skinner away from him. Skinner rolled down the steps and landed in a puddle left by the recent rain. There was a splash and a wild yell from Skinner.

"Gerrugh!"

Snoop went whirling down the next

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minute. He crashed into Skinner and rolled over him, and plunged his face into the muddy puddle. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull hurried Bunter down between them, and Hurree Singh followed suit with Stott.

The four hapless juniors walloped over each other in the muddy water.

Harry Wharton looked down with a flaming face.

"Now come up again, you cads!" he exclaimed.

But Skinner & Co. did not come up again. They crawled out of the puddle, and jumped up at a safe distance. They lost no time in making themselves scarce.

Mark Linley was the centre of a curious crowd in the quadrangle. He hastened over to the gates, and said good-bye to his chums outside. Wingate came up and stopped Linley in the Friarale Lane. He laid a kindly hand on the expelled junior's shoulder.

"Buck up, kid!" said the kind-hearted captain of Greyfriars. "I—I don't believe you've done anything wrong. Take my tip, and don't go home yet. Something may crop up to throw a light on this horrible mystery."

Mark Linley choked back the lump that rose in his throat.

"Thank you, Wingate!" he said huskily. "I'm not going home. I intend stopping at Friarale for a while. I am innocent, and I'm sure now that proof will come."

Harry Wharton & Co. and the Bounder watched the bowed figure of their chum as he walked down the lane, carrying his luggage. When would he return?

Would he return at all? How were they to establish Mark Linley's innocence?

Their hopes, however, were not high. Loder and Skinner were the only two who could clear Mark Linley's sullied name. And it was the last thing in the world that Loder and Skinner would do.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Outcast!

TAP!

Mark Linley looked up wearily. He was in a tiny room, humbly furnished, but cosy for all that.

He had succeeded in renting this little

room over Dan White's antique shop in the Friarale High Street.

The time was now past five o'clock. For hours he had sat in the room alone. He had had no food since breakfast-time. He felt that he could not eat. His soul was full almost to bursting point.

The expelled junior seemed to be overwhelmed by his misfortunes. He felt, despite the Bounder's rallying words, that it was all over for him at Greyfriars. Nothing he could do would clear him, and nothing, it seemed, that his chums could do would bring light into the darkness. The evidence was too overwhelmingly against him.

Supposing Harry Wharton & Co. failed to prove his innocence? He would not be able to hold his head up again.

Return home to his parents! That was impossible. He dared not tell them of his disgrace. Come what may, he would not bring further suffering to his people in their time of worry over other matters.

Tap!

There was somebody at the door. "Come in!" said Mark Linley dully.

Skinner came into the room. He came with a quick, stealthy tread, almost like a cat. His eyes glinted at the unhappy junior he had helped to disgrace.

Linley looked at him with a haggard face. He did not look angry. He was too utterly downhearted to feel even anger.

Skinner did not come in. He remained standing at the door, with his hand upon the knob, evidently ready to run away in an instant if Linley showed any inclination to violence. But the expelled Remove made no movement.

"Well!" said Skinner.

Mark Linley did not speak.

"Feeling pretty blue—eh?" said Skinner. And now the hatred in his mean, soul vibrated in his voice and glared in his eyes. "This is the last lap, Linley. You, regarded as a criterion of virtue, a paragon of goodness, a perfect good little Georgie, have been bowled out at last!"

There was no answer.

"You're clean down and out, Linley.

I suppose you realise it?"

"Yes."

Mark Linley's tone was subsided.

Skinner looked puzzled.

He had expected violence, an angry reception, when he came to taunt his victim, and had been ready to run. He gained in confidence, and advanced further into the room.

"You can't stay here for ever, you know," he said calmly. "What do you intend to do?"

"Nothing," said Mark Linley quietly. "What about that five? Aren't you going to give that back to Loder?" he asked, with a cold sneer.

Mark Linley shook his fist.

"I tell you I didn't touch the money!" he said, with a tone of resentment.

Skinner sneered.

"Tell that to your grandmother!" he said, in a taunting voice. "We all know why you wanted the money. You wanted to give your people a leg up.

Too proud, I suppose, to leave Greyfriars and work for your living like the rest of your class have to do? Your place is in the mills of Lancashire, not at Greyfriars, among gentlemen's sons. You're not our class. We belong to respectable society, while you are only one of the common herd, like your people. A chap who comes of low-class parents—"

Crack!

Mark Linley jumped up, his eyes blazing, and fell in Skinner's face came his fist. The end of the Remove reeled backwards, and fell like a log to the floor.

"You utter cad!" The words came passionately from Linley's white lips. "You dare call my parents low class! You paltry cad!"

His whole frame trembled with the emotion of his passion. Skinner sat up dazedly, and nursed his chin. He scowled up at Mark Linley, standing over him.

"Get up!" ordered the Lancashire boy, now fairly roared from his listless mood by the taunts against his parents.

Skinner grovelled on the floor for a little while, and then climbed unsteadily to his feet.

"Now clear out of this room before I chuck you down the stairs!" said Linley, between his clenched teeth.

He pointed imperiously to the door. Skinner picked up his cap. He slunk out of the door without a word, without another look at the enraged junior.

Slam!

Linley shut the door behind the rind of the Remove, and then sank down upon the bed. He buried his face in his hands. Dry sobs shook the frame of the miserable boy. Tears would have afforded him some relief to his agony, but they would not come. How long he remained there he did not know. He was roused by the door being flung open. The burly figure of Dan White showed in the doorway.

"Get out!" said the antique dealer, his face grim and set. "I don't want the likes of none of you 'ere. Turned out of school, was yer, for stealin'! Yer wouldn't 'ave entered my shop if I'd 'a known it. Which you'll greatly oblige by movin' out quick! 'Ere's the week's rent you paid. All I wants is for you to leave my 'ouse!"

Mark Linley did not plead or argue. He felt that it was useless. Skinner had got his revenge by telling Dan White a vivid story of Linley's expulsion, had painted him as black as he could, and branded him a thief and an undesirable.

Five minutes later Mark Linley was out in the street with his belongings. What could he do?

He applied at the stationer's, where several furnished rooms were advertised; but as soon as the stationer saw the

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ex-Greyfriars junior he turned him away from the shop.

Skinner had been to the stationer with his damning story.

Linley tried everywhere he could think of for a room; but found that Skinner had been to each place before him, and nobody would take him in.

He looked in the High Street for a sign of Harry Wharton & Co., or the Foundry, but they did not come. The change of the Remova had been purposely detained by Loder, whose word, as a prefect, was law.

The evening wore on into night, and still the expelled boy was unsuccessful in finding a lodging. He was to wander about homeless—unwanted and an out-cast.

Nobody would give him shelter. Even the village urchins eyed him askance, and some "boo-ed" him openly.

Evidently the news had spread from the tradesmen and lodging-house keepers in Friar-dale.

Nine o'clock! It was perfectly dark and very cold.

Feeling miserable and utterly worn at heart and spent, Mark Linley left Friar-dale, and trudged through some fields near the river Sark.

He found a barn standing among some bushes in a field just off the path that led from the river to the Friar-dale Lane. The place was empty, and, looking round, he saw that he need have no fear of being disturbed.

So he set his bags down inside the barn, ate some sandwiches he had purchased in the village—for the pangs of hunger began to gnaw at last—and, after the crude repose, flung himself down amongst the straw to sleep.

THE EIGHT CHAPTER.

The Hand of Providence!

"WHAT'S that?" Mark Linley sat bolt upright with a start.

All was pitch-black in the barn. It was night. He listened, and heard the fierce beating of rain outside. And then he knew what it was that had aroused him, for a great, deafening roll of thunder crashed through the heavens, following a dazzling flash of lightning.

A thunderstorm was raging. Crash upon crash of thunder rolled and great, vivid lightning lit up the interior of the barn for fleeting seconds at a time, more brilliant than daylight.

Meanwhile, the rain beat down fiercely outside.

Mark Linley shuddered. He was alone in the barn. The thunderstorm raged in all its fury, and he had to cover his eyes with his arm to shut out the dazzling lightning.

Suddenly, during a lull in the thunder, he heard a cry outside. It was a human voice, raised in tones of horror and pain.

A flash of lightning, a crash of thunder, and then again through the beating of the rain he heard that wild cry.

Linley jumped to his feet and went to the door of the barn.

Somebody was outside in the raging storm. What was the meaning of that cry? Was it only of fear—or something worse?

With the rain beating into his face, he looked out across the field towards the road. Came a deafening crash of thunder, as though the very heavens were split in twain, and in another great

ragged flash of lightning which followed Mark Linley saw a human figure staggering from the road into the field.

Again he heard that pitiful cry borne to his ears through the storm.

He dashed out into the torrential rain with bared head. He did not think of the risk he ran of being struck by lightning. Nigh blinded by the vivid flashes of light that tore through the sky before each crash of thunder, he found his way to where a huddled body lay in a heap in the drenched grass. The body was motionless, but great, racking groans served as Linley's guide. He raised the fellow with difficulty across his shoulder, and, using all the strength he was capable of, the plucky junior carried his dead-weight burden through the storm back to the barn.

Arriving there, he laid him down in the straw, and felt in his pocket for some matches. He pulled out a box, and found that the rain had not reached them. He struck a lucifer, and in the flickering light looked at the one he had rescued from the storm.

Mark Linley gave a cry of amazement. "Loder!"

The white, pallid face was that of the prefect who was the cause of his predicament there that night!

Loder, returning from a midnight jaunt at the Cross Keys public-house, had been caught in the sudden storm. Staggering up the lane, the lightning had struck him, and rendered him half-unconscious.

Mark Linley had saved his enemy from the storm.

The expelled junior compressed his lips. He stood irresolute for a moment. And then Loder stirred and gave a

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groom. What should Linley do? Loder did not deserve his help. Why should he try to alleviate his enemy's suffering? Shouldn't he be angry with himself for bringing Loder in from the storm?

Linley's noble, unselfish nature then showed itself. He rubbed Loder's hands and chafed them. He loosened the perfect's collar and tie. Gradually consciousness returned to Loder. He sat up and looked dazedly round him.

"He groaned.
"There am I!" he exclaimed.
"You are safe, Loder," said Linley quietly.

"Oh, thank Heaven!"
Loder did not appear to recognise the voice. He was still too dazed to notice that the person with him used his name. He made an attempt to rise, but fell back with a groan.

"My ankle's ricked. I—I can't walk!" Mark Linley made no reply.
Thunder was still crashing, and the lightning made things momentarily look like day. Loder gripped Linley's arm in the darkness. He was still unaware of whom he was with.

"You took me in out of the storm—thanks very much!" The prefect's voice trembled. "I must get back to Greyfriars, though. They must not know I am out. I must get back!"

Mark Linley gave a dry, mirthless laugh.

"Yes, I know that, Loder," he said. "Pretty fine disgrace it would be, wouldn't it, if the Head knew that you were breaking bounds to-night? It would mean the sack for you in no time!"

He heard Loder gasp in the darkness. "Is—is that you, Linley?"

"Yes, it is I," replied the Lancashire boy quietly.

"My Heaven!"
Gerald Loder sank back amongst the straw, panting for breath.

He was at Linley's mercy. He knew it. And he expected no mercy from the boy he had disgraced and ruined. He was out at midnight, out of bounds, and with no means of getting back to Greyfriars; for he had ricked his ankle, and it was impossible for him to walk.

Linley had only to leave him there, and make it known at Greyfriars in the morning where he was.

His bed, un slept in, would tell the rest.

And what would follow?
Disgrace as bad as Linley's—worse so, for he deserved it. Dr. Locke would not hesitate to expel him. He, also, would be ruined and marred for life.

Loder groaned aloud.
"Linley!" His voice was pleading, whining. "Linley, you cannot leave me here! I must get back to Greyfriars without them knowing I have been out! I must—I must get back! Help me—support me! I cannot get help otherwise!"

Mark Linley laughed.
He was cool now.

The storm was abating, the thunder receding in the distance inland from the sea, the lightning less frequent and vivid.

Linley felt perfectly at ease. He knew he had the advantage of Loder. He would not take a mean advantage, however. He felt hardened towards the prefect who had caused him his misery, but his honour and ideals did not suffer in the process.

"Loder, you have been put into my hands by a stroke of Providence," said the Lancashire boy coolly. "Last night I was in your hands. You and Skinner set a trap for me; you got me into it,

and you did not let me out. You both did your worst, and got me turned away from Greyfriars in disgrace—an outcast. Last night you accused me of robbing you, when all the time you knew that I was innocent. I am supposed to have stolen a five-pound note from you, but you still have that note hidden away somewhere. Am I right?"

"Yes, yes! I'll own up, Linley! I'll clear you! But, for goodness' sake, get me back to Greyfriars!" Loder's voice was whining, appealing.
"You mean it?" said Linley eagerly.
"You'll own up to the Head, and clear my name!"

"I'll tell the Head it was all a mistake," said Loder sullenly. "To-morrow morning I'll announce that I've found the five you were supposed to have stolen. I'll make Skinner confess that he went to my room for a joke, and hid under the bed while I caught you. Everything will be all right. You'll be cleared, Linley. I'll do that if you'll get me back to Greyfriars to-night."

"I'll see to that!" said Mark Linley grimly. "Before you get back to bed, Loder, you've got to confess in front of Harry Wharton and the others, so that I shall have proof. Otherwise, you might easily deny everything to-morrow morning. I don't trust you, you see!"

"All right," said Loder. "The storm is giving over, Linley. Shall we start out for Greyfriars now?"

"If you like," replied the Lancashire lad shortly. "I'll leave my things here till the morning. I don't suppose anybody will make off with them."

He helped Loder to his feet, and, with the prefect leaning heavily upon him, the plucky junior opened the barn door and walked out.

Thunder still rolled, but it was in the distance and less heavy. Rain beat down unceasingly—but they did not mind the rain so much.

Linley, supporting the prefect, made his way across the fields to the lane. Then commenced a difficult journey over the rough road to Greyfriars. Loder was incapable of assisting himself, and he was no light weight on the junior's shoulders. But, setting his teeth, Mark stuck to his guns. Within half an hour Greyfriars was reached.

Leaning against a tree, Loder gave Mark the key to the side gate. Linley opened it, and helped Loder through. They crossed the dark and rain-swept Close, and underneath Loder's window a rope was still hanging down. Linley shinned up it easily, opened the window, and climbed into the room.

Three shadowy figures stepped forward, and he found himself grasped and held firmly.

A light was struck, and then four gasps arose.

"Linley!" gasped Harry Wharton.
"Marky, by gum!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "You—you've come back!"
"We thought you were Loder," explained Vernon-Smith.

Mark Linley smiled in the darkness. "Loder is down below," he said. "He's ricked his ankle, and has been struck by lightning. I have helped him back to the school."

"Great gun!"
The other Removites were amazed.

"What are you doing here?" asked the expelled junior.

"We watched Loder go out, and came here to hunt for the five," said the Bounder calmly. "You see, we know he must have it hidden somewhere, as you couldn't possibly have taken it."

"Have you found it?"
"No," said Harry Wharton lugubriously.

"It doesn't matter," said Mark Linley, and there was happiness in his voice. "Loder is going to do the right thing. He has confessed. He and Skinner worked the plot between them. Skinner came in here that night, and hid under Loder's bed while Loder accused me. And Loder has been keeping the five. Got Loder up now and let's go to bed!"

In less than five minutes Loder was in his study, and had confessed.

The juniors did not speak, but, with bitter contempt in their eyes, they went to bed.

The rest of the Remove, on waking with the rising-bell, were amazed to see Mark Linley there. Harold Skinner almost fell down.

Harry Wharton & Co. arose, and grasped Skinner. Sitting on his bed, Harry Wharton, in calm, deliberate tones, told the rest of the Form of Loder's confession. Skinner's face was deathly white. He frantically denied it; but Harry Wharton, with the evidence of Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith, soon convinced the Remove that it was true.

Skinner was unmercifully ragged. The Removites tossed him in the blanket, and then made him walk the gauntlet, whacking him with wet pillow-cases, boots, and bolsters. By the time his Form-fellows had finished with him Skinner felt that life was not worth living.

Loder called him into his study, and there the cad of the Remove was threatened if he did not confess. The pair of rascals went to Dr. Locke after breakfast, and Skinner told the Head that he had posed as a burglar on that fateful night as a joke on Linley, had entered Loder's study, and seen Linley, who followed him in, caught. They both owned that they bore the Lancashire lad a grudge, and had resorted to this cruel trick as a means of revenge. As regards the missing money, Loder said he had found it. He refused himself further by saying that, believing Linley had stolen the money, he had allowed him to be expelled. Otherwise, he would have owned up to the "mistake" before.

Dr. Locke listened to Loder's statements in grim silence.

His look was stern as he regarded Loder.

"You have acted in a manner utterly unworthy of a prefect, Loder," he said. "This conduct of yours shows a meanness and rascality that I did not believe was in you. I shall suspend you from duty as a prefect for a month. As for Skinner, who appears to have been a more than willing accomplice, he shall receive a severe casting!"

The Head was as good as his word. The chastisement he gave Skinner caused that youth to squirm all the morning.

Mark Linley's name was cleared before the whole school. The news was heard with universal satisfaction.

Loder kept well out of the public way all that day. When he appeared in the quadrangle, he was booted to derision.

They did not interfere further with Mark Linley's swiftness. They watched his progress with interest. And they were so overjoyed as he when, a week later, they heard that Mark Linley had passed through the exam and that the cloud had lifted from the steadfast and true scholarship boy!

(Another splendid story of Greyfriars next Monday, entitled "Penfold Cuts Loose!" By Frank Richards.)

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