

HURRAH! ANOTHER FREE GIFT ISSUE!

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The MAGNET^D 2



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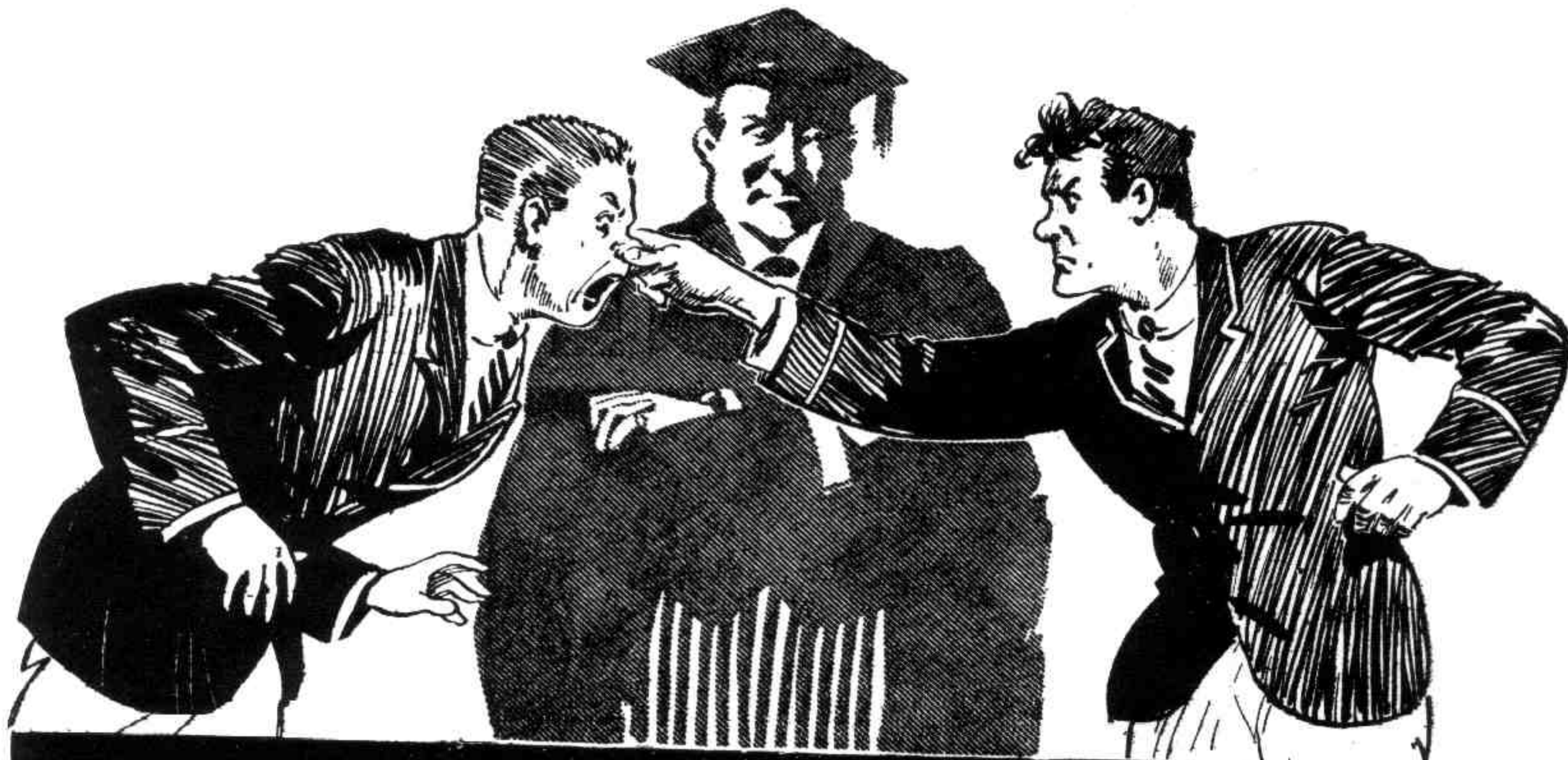
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A Rollicking Fine Story of Greyfriars Complete in this Issue.



TALE-BEARER-IN-CHIEF!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Whose Cake.

BILLY BUNTER inserted a fat face and a large pair of spectacles into the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Remove.

He blinked through the spectacles at five juniors who were gathered round the study table.

The expression on Bunter's fat face was rather serious when he looked in. But what he beheld caused that serious expression to vanish all of a sudden, to be replaced by a beaming smile.

For in the middle of the table was a large plate, and on the plate stood a large cake.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove, were gathered round it. Harry Wharton had a knife in his hand and was evidently about to carve.

The five juniors looked merry and bright.

As it happened, funds were low with the famous Co.; and tea would have been a rather spare meal but for the fortunate arrival of that large, and luscious cake from Wharton Lodge. In the circumstances, it came like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years; and the chums of the Remove rejoiced accordingly.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, that's a topping cake."

The juniors glanced round.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "I believe Bunter has the nose of a bloodhound for a cake!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"How the thump did you know we had a cake, you fat oyster?" demanded Frank Nugent.

"I didn't—"

"Gammon!" said Johnny Bull.

"The fact is, you fellows—"

"Never mind the facts," said Bob.

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"Just buzz off! Shut the door after you."

"The fact is—"

"Hook it!"

"The hookfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed fat Bunter," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"The fact is I came here to speak to Nugent—"

"Thanks awfully" said Nugent. "But I'll tell you what, Bunter—trot along the passage and speak to somebody else."

"If that's all you've got to say to a fellow when he's taken the trouble to come upstairs to speak to you—" began Bunter, indignantly.

"That's the lot!" said Nugent.

"Then I jolly well won't tell you now!" hooted Bunter.

"Touch me, and I'll tell my uncle!"

Head prefect, rogue, sneak and bully is Otto van Tromp; and his uncle is Headmaster of Greyfriars.

"Good!"

"That bully Van Tromp can pitch into him as much as he likes, and be blowed to you!" said Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Van Tromp up to something again?" asked Bob Cherry. And the Famous Five bestowed a little more attention on Bunter. Van Tromp, the new man in the Sixth Form, had been a little more than a week at Greyfriars; but he had already established a reputation for bullying that was a record in the school.

"That brute is always ragging somebody," said Harry Wharton, with a frown. "If it's a Remove man we'll jolly well chip in. Is it a Remove man, Bunter?"

"No—it's a fag—"

"I dare say the fag asked for it," said

Johnny Bull. "What's Van Tromp been doing to him?"

"Twisting his arm," said Bunter.

"The brute!" growled Bob Cherry.

"They're in the Cloisters," said Bunter. "I don't think the kid did anything, really. You see, Van Tromp's got it up against you fellows because you ragged him and got him into a row with Wingate. I fancy that's why he is taking it out of Nugent minor."

Frank Nugent jumped.

"My minor?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, old chap—"

"Was that what you came to tell me, you fathead?" exclaimed Nugent. "Why the thump couldn't you get it out, instead of wagging your chin?"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Fathead!"

Frank Nugent made a rush for the door. Billy Bunter was in the way and he was pushed aside without ceremony.

In a moment Frank was outside the study and racing down the Remove passage to the stairs.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. He staggered against the wall, gasping. "Ow! The cheeky beast! Shoving a chap over when a chap took all the trouble to come up here to tell a chap—"

"After him!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

The Co. did not heed Bunter. Wharton rushed from the study followed by Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh. Bob Cherry stayed only to grab up a cricket stump, and then he rushed after his comrades.

Quick as they were, Frank Nugent was already out of sight. He went down the Remove staircase three at a time. The news that his brother Dicky was in the hands of the bully of

Greyfriars had had an exciting effect on Frank Nugent.

"I say, you fellows," yelled Bunter, "you're forgetting the cake."

Billy Bunter had come up to Study No. 1 to tell the fellows there what was going on in the Cloisters. He had expected the news to excite them—especially Nugent. But he would hardly have expected it to cause them to forget a large and luscious cake,

But it had had that effect. Nugent had rushed off to the rescue of his minor; and Nugent's chums had rushed after him to give him the help that he would undoubtedly need if he came into conflict with the hefty bully of the Sixth. The cake was utterly forgotten.

Bunter blinked out of the doorway. "I say, you fellows," he howled. "What about the cake?"

But the Famous Five were gone.

Billy Bunter turned back into the study.

He gazed at the cake, and smiled.

Bunter was sorry for the fag who was having his arm twisted by a bully. The Famous Five, who were rushing to the rescue, had his best wishes. But the greater part of Billy Bunter's fat mind was occupied by the cake.

Wharton had left the knife sticking in the cake. Bunter grasped it and proceeded to carve.

The next moment his mouth was full. He did not trouble to sit down. He had no time to waste. Any minute the juniors might return. Bunter stood to his task; and his plump jaws worked at a remarkable rate.

Slice after slice of the cake vanished. "Oh, good!" gasped Bunter. "Spifing! Ripping! Topping! Fine!"

The cake was a large one. But it grew smaller by degrees, and beautifully less. Bunter, when he started, had no intention of bolting the whole of that big cake. He felt that it would be only cricket to leave half of it for the owners when they came back.

But when half was gone, Bunter reconsidered the matter.

If he left a quarter of it, it appeared to Bunter that that would meet the case. And he continued to scoff cake.

He paused when only a quarter was left—rather a small quarter. He was not feeling so hungry now; the keen edge of his appetite had worn off. He paused—and hesitated.

But he who hesitates is lost! Bunter took another slice—and another—and another!

He paused again; but by that time, so small a portion of the cake remained, that Bunter realised that it was simply no use to leave it to be whacked out by five fellows.

On the whole, it was evidently better to finish it.

So he finished it.

He finished it to the last crumb, and the last plum. Then he stood for some moments breathing hard. He unfastened a couple of buttons on his waistcoat, and gasped. Then, slowly, moving with rather an effort, Billy Bunter rolled out of the study. He was disinclined to move; he would have preferred to sink into the armchair after his exertions. But he realised that he had better be off the scene when the Famous Five came back. They were certain to miss the cake, certain to be wrathful; and it was very doubtful

whether they would take Bunter's word that he hadn't touched it. Fellows always did doubt Bunter's word in such matters, somehow.

Bunter rolled along to his own study—No. 7. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were at tea there. It was rather a thin tea; Study No. 7 was not a land flowing with milk and honey. Bunter rolled in and sat down, and blinked at his study-mates.

"Just in time, fatty," said Peter. "Your sardines would have been gone in another minute."

"Oh, really, Toddy! I—I don't want any."

Toddy jumped.

"You don't want any tea?"

"No, old chap!" gasped Bunter.

"It's not much I eat, as you know."

"Ye gods!" said Toddy.

Bunter leaned back in the armchair and closed his eyes. Sardines did not tempt him; jam-tarts and cream-puffs would hardly have tempted him. What he needed was rest. He unhooked a third button of his ample waistcoat and rested. And Peter Todd, in great astonishment, finished the sardines.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Handling a Bully!

"O W! Leggo! You rotten bully! Leggo my arm!"

Frank Nugent heard that yell of anguish as he ran into the Cloisters.

That secluded spot, one of the oldest parts of Greyfriars, was at some distance from the school buildings. It was exactly the spot that Otto van Tromp would have chosen for his favourite amusement of bullying some smaller fellow; and it was Nugent's minor's ill-luck that he had met the bully of the Sixth there.

Not that Dicky Nugent, cheeky young rascal as he was, had given the bully any special offence. The Second Form came very little in contact with the Sixth; and Dicky's existence would probably have passed unnoticed by Van Tromp had he not been Frank Nugent's brother. But the feud between the Sixth Form bully and the chums of the Remove was deep and bitter; and, as Billy Bunter had sagely opined, the new senior was "taking it out" of Dicky on his major's account.

"Ow! Leggo! Leggo, you beast!" yelled the fag.

There was a chuckle.

Then Frank Nugent arrived on the spot.

Van Tromp, the big, muscular Sixth-Former, held Dicky Nugent gripped by his left arm, and he was twisting it with cruel force. There was a grin on his face, a glitter of enjoyment in his close-set, piggy eyes. Cruelty was an amusement to his peculiar nature. As a small boy he had stoned cats and dogs, and tormented insects. Now he was finding the same kind of entertainment in tormenting the helpless fag.

But the grin died off his face as he heard Frank Nugent's hurried footsteps. He knew that he had trouble to expect if a master or a prefect found him thus occupied.

"You rotten brute!" roared Nugent.

And he ran straight at the big senior, his fists clenched, and his eyes gleaming.

Van Tromp released the fag and turned on him. Dicky Nugent staggered against one of the stone pillars, gasping, his face contorted with pain. Van Tromp turned quickly enough; but he was not in time to ward Nugent's furious blow. The junior's fist came with a crash on his heavy jaw, and the senior gave a yell and staggered.

The next moment he was leaping on Nugent.

He grasped the junior in his powerful arms, and Nugent, though he struggled fiercely, was helpless in his grip.

"Now, you cheeky young scoundrel—" panted Van Tromp.

And he struck, and struck again, with brutal force. His jaw was aching from the blow Nugent had struck, and his savage temper was quite out of control.

It was well for Frank that his comrades had followed him fast.

There was a rush of running feet, and the Co. came on the scene; and they fairly jumped at Van Tromp.

Blows landed on him on all sides, almost before he knew they were there; and the Sixth-Former released Nugent and staggered back.

"Give him jip!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Collar him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Van Tromp backed swiftly away. A fight with five angry juniors was a very different matter from tormenting a little fag; and the colour was wavering in the bully's face.

"Hands off!" he panted. "Hands off! I'll report you to the Head! I'll—oh—ow—ooooogh!"

Van Tromp staggered under the attack of the juniors. He backed away, and then fairly took to his heels and ran.

"After him!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Collar him!"

The Famous Five rushed in pursuit. Dicky Nugent was left alone, tenderly rubbing his aching arm.

"Stop, you rotten funk!" roared Bob Cherry.

Van Tromp did not heed.

It was miles beneath the dignity of a Sixth Form man to flee before the juniors; but Van Tromp had cast dignity to the winds.

He ran his hardest, with the five juniors whooping in pursuit, close at his heels, and emerged into the open quad. There, scores of eyes were immediately upon him and his pursuers.

There were shouts on all sides.

Wingate of the Sixth, who was chatting near the House with Gwynne, stared as if he could not believe his eyes. Never before had the old quad of Greyfriars witnessed such a scene as a Sixth Form man fleeing with a mob of juniors raging at his heels.

"Great pip!" gasped Wingate.

"It's that new rotter!" said Gwynne. "But what the thump—"

"Go it!" yelled Hobson of the Shell, waving his hat in great excitement. "Go it! Put it on, you men! You've got him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Temple of the Fourth. "Jevver see anythin' like it, you fellows? A Sixth Form man runnin' away from fags—"

"They've got him!" gasped Vernon-Smith of the Remove.

"Hurrah!"

Bob Cherry had forged ahead of his comrades, running like a deer. Quite near the House he came close enough

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for a spring, and he leaped at Van Tromp and grasped him.

Over went the Sixth-Former with a crash, and Bob sprawled over him.

"Got him!" panted Bob.

"Bravo!"

A moment more, and Bob's comrades were piling on the bully of the Sixth. Otto van Tromp struggled frantically and yelled for help.

Round them a thick crowd of Greyfriars fellows gathered; but nobody seemed disposed to give the bully the help for which he yelled. He struggled and roared and howled under the Famous Five, till Wingate strode on the scene. The crowd reluctantly made way for the captain of the school.

"Stop that!" gasped Wingate.

Bang! Bang! Van Tromp's head was banging on the hard, unsympathetic quadrangle to the accompaniment of fiendish yells from its owner.

"Stop!" roared Wingate.

But even the voice of the Greyfriars captain was unheeded in that moment of wild excitement.

"Rag him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Thump him!"

"The thumpfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Give him beans!" yelled a score of voices.

Wingate, as his voice was unheeded, slipped his ashplant into his hand and intervened more forcibly. He whacked right and left, and then there were yells from the Famous Five.

"Oh! Ow! Stoppit!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Whooop!"

The excited juniors scrambled out of the way of the lashing cane. Otto van Tromp was left unassailed at last. He lay on the ground, panting and gasping, crimson with rage.

"You young rascals!" gasped Wingate. "What does this mean? By Jove! How dare you lay hands on a Sixth Form man—"

Van Tromp staggered up.

He was dusty and dishevelled, his hat was gone, his collar and tie torn out. The Famous Five had not given him all they wanted to give; but certainly they had not handled him gently.

He stuttered with rage.

"You—you—you see what those young scoundrels have done!" he spluttered. "You call yourself a prefect—"

"That will do!" interrupted Wingate curtly. "Wharton, tell me at once what this means; or I'll take you to the Head for a flogging!"

"The rotten bully—" began Wharton.

Frank Nugent interposed, his eyes flashing.

"I'll tell you, Wingate! That cowardly brute was bullying my minor and we chipped in! And we'd do it again!"

"What-ho!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Where's your minor?" asked Wingate sharply.

"In the Cloisters. That brute was twisting his arm—"

Wingate's face set grimly.

"I'll look into this!" he said. "Van Tromp, go to your study."

"I shall please myself about that!" snarled Van Tromp.

Wingate made a step towards him, with a look in his eyes that made the bully quail.

"You won't please yourself," he said quietly. "You'll do as you're told by a prefect! Go to your study at once!"

And Van Tromp, after a moment's hesitation, obeyed and, with a black scowl, turned and tramped into the House. A hiss from the crowd of juniors followed him. Wingate turned back to the Famous Five.

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"I shall inquire into this," he said. "But, however it turns out, you fags can't chase a Sixth Form man and down him in the quad, as you know very well. I'll deal with you later. Nugent, go and fetch your minor and bring him to my study."

And Wingate followed Van Tromp into the House.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

For It!

"THAT rotter is for it!" said Bob Cherry.

"Looks like it!" agreed Wharton.

"About time, too!" said Vernon-Smith.

There was considerable excitement in the Lower School. A crowd of juniors had gathered as near as they could venture to the prefects' room.

In that apartment the great men of the Sixth sat in conclave.

Every fellow knew the matter that was being discussed by the prefects, and the general opinion was that Otto van Tromp was for it.

Nugent minor had been taken to Wingate's study and questioned there by the captain of the school; after which Wingate had called a meeting of the prefects. And the news spread swiftly through the House that the bully of the Sixth was going to be called to account.

It was, as Smithy said, time that Van Tromp was called to account. Short as had been his time at Greyfriars, he had made himself as unpopular as a fellow could possibly be. In the Lower School he was detested; in the Fifth and the Sixth he was disliked. The few friends he had made, such as Loder and Carne, were not very keen on his friendship. More than once Wingate had called him to order for bullying; and now that he had been caught, as it were, in the act, it was clear that action would be taken. What that action would be was a matter of keen interest to the juniors.

The prefects' meeting was held behind closed doors. The fellows waited eagerly for the door to be opened.

There was a hush when it opened at last and Gwynne of the Sixth came out.

Gwynne walked away to Van Tromp's study.

"He's gone for him!" murmured Johnny Bull.

Gwynne, taking no heed of the sea of eyes that followed him, proceeded to the new senior's study.

Van Tromp was there, and he eyed the Sixth-Former evilly as he entered.

"You're wanted!" said Gwynne laconically.

"Are those young rascals up for punishment?" asked Van Tromp.

"No."

"Then what am I wanted for?"

"Prefects' meeting," said Gwynne. "You're called up for judgment. Come along!"

"For judgment?" repeated Van Tromp, staring at him.

"Yes; trot along!"

Van Tromp burst into a scoffing laugh. "I decline to come," he answered—

"and you can take that back to Wingate as my answer!"

Gwynne measured him with his eye.

"You'll come!" he answered. "I'm here to fetch you. I don't want to have to lay hands on you, Van Tromp—"

"You'll repent it if you do!" said the new senior between his teeth.

"Better come quietly. What's the good of a fuss?" said Gwynne. "I

rather think I could handle you; but if

not, there's plenty of fellows to lend me a hand. You've got to come; so get a move on. You can either walk or be carried. Take your choice."

"Oh, I'll come if you make a point of it!" said Van Tromp, evidently realising that resistance was of no use.

"That's right! Come along, then."

Van Tromp followed the prefect from the study.

He scowled at the crowd of fellows gathered in the wide corridor near the door of the prefects' room.

A distinct sound of hissing greeted his arrival.

"Shut up, you fags!" said Gwynne, and he shepherded the new senior into the prefects' room and closed the door.

Van Tromp stared at the assembly in that august apartment.

All the prefects of Greyfriars were there in full meeting, his friends Loder and Carne among the rest. Loder and Carne did not meet his eyes as he looked at them. The feeling against Van Tromp was too strong for his friends, such as they were, to think of standing up for him.

There was sullen defiance in Van Tromp's hard face, but something like apprehension in his little piggy eyes. In the presence of the prefects most of the insolent truculence faded out of his manner.

"Well, you wanted me," he said sneeringly. "Here I am! What's the important communication?"

Wingate looked at him coldly and contemptuously.

"I'll tell you," he answered. "You've been only a week or so at the school, Van Tromp, and in that time you've done all you can to disgrace the Form you belong to. You've been called to order for bullying several times and warned. You've taken no notice of warnings, and now I've called a meeting of the prefects to decide how to deal with you."

"Like your cheek!" said Van Tromp.

"I've questioned the fag you were bullying," went on Wingate, taking no notice of that interjection. "If you've anything to say we will hear it. Twisting a kid's arm is the sort of thing that is barred at Greyfriars. Have you anything to say?"

"Only that I shall do as I choose."

"Is that all?"

"The kid was cheeky," said Van Tromp. "It may suit you to be cheeked by fags. It doesn't suit me."

"Cheeky or not, you had no right to torture him—and it amounted to that. But what did he do?"

Van Tromp paused.

"He nearly ran into me in the Cloisters," he said at last.

"And you twisted his arm because he nearly ran into you?" exclaimed Wingate. "I suppose any excuse is better than none, but that is the rottenest excuse I've ever heard. Why not own up that you bullied the kid because you are a beastly, cowardly bully?"

Van Tromp gritted his teeth.

"If you've fetched me here to listen to that, I'll clear," he said.

"You won't clear just yet. You're causing disorder in the school by your rotten bullying," said the Greyfriars captain. "A mob of juniors have ragged a Sixth Form man in the quad—and they can't be punished for it, as you've provoked it and asked for it. That sort of thing has got to stop. You've been warned before. Now we've decided to give you a prefects' beating, which may have a little more effect on you."

"A prefects' beating!" repeated Van Tromp.

"Just that!"

Wingate rose and picked up a cane.

"There's a chair!" he said. "Bend over it!"

Van Tromp panted.

"You—you dare——" he gasped.

"That's enough! Bend over that chair!"

"You can't beat a Sixth Form man!" panted Van Tromp.

"Any man at Greyfriars, senior or junior, can be given a prefects' beating," answered Wingate. "There's an appeal to the Head, if you choose. If you want the matter to go before Dr. Locke, say so. I may as well tell you that in that case you're more likely than not to be sacked from the school. But take your choice—and be quick about it!"

Van Tromp breathed hard.

"I don't want the matter to go before the Head," he muttered at last.

"Very well; that leaves it to us. Bend over that chair."

Van Tromp glared round at face after face. Loder and Carne still avoided his eyes.

"I'm waiting!" said Wingate.

The bully of the Sixth made up his mind to it at last. He gave Wingate a look of bitter hatred, and then slowly he bent over the chair. Wingate stepped to him and lifted the cane.

Whack!

The lash of the cane was distinctly heard by the crowd outside. The juniors exchanged blissful grins.

Evidently the bully of the Sixth was for it.

"It's a prefects' beating!" murmured Peter Todd.

"Good!"

"My hat! They're laying it on!" said the Bounder.

The sound of whacking came loudly from the prefects' room. Wingate certainly was laying it on.

For a time only the whacking of the cane was heard. But at the fourth stroke there was a howl.

"He's giving voice!" chuckled Skinner.

Van Tromp yelled and yelled again. After the sixth stroke Wingate passed the cane to Gwynne. Six more strokes fell, and every stroke was accompanied by a yell from the new senior.

When a prefects' beating was administered every prefect present had to take his turn with the cane. The severity of the punishment depended a good deal on the individual views of the prefects. In this case Loder and Carne laid on their strokes very lightly, and Walker followed their example. But the other prefects laid them on hard. And every time the cane fell with force there was a howl from Van Tromp. Probably no other Sixth Form man at Greyfriars would have uttered a sound under the severest infliction; but with all his insolence and truculence there was a yellow streak in Van Tromp, and it came to the surface now. He howled and yelled like a fag under the birch.

"That's the lot!" said Wingate at last; and Van Tromp staggered to his feet. "Get out!"

Van Tromp's eyes burned at him from

a face white with rage. He shook his fist at the captain of Greyfriars.

"I'll make you pay for this," he muttered thickly. "My turn will come soon—sooner than you think! Wait——"

"That will do! Get out!"

Gwynne threw open the door.

"Travel!" he said briefly.

And Van Tromp, after another savage glare round at the contemptuous faces of the prefects, stamped out of the room.

A grinning crowd met him as he emerged.

He tramped savagely through the crowd, and hurried back to his study, and slammed the door. For a long time afterwards Otto van Tromp could be

"Sir Hilton's conduct is scandalous!" he repeated.

"That is, perhaps, too strong a word," said the Head mildly. "But I am bound to say that it is unprecedented. I told you, Quelch, that Sir Hilton called on me a few days ago and suggested the propriety of my sending in my resignation to the Board."

"Impudence on his part, sir," said Mr. Quelch.

"Doubtless his motives are good," said the Head. "His opinion is that a younger man is required here—a man with new methods—methods of which Sir Hilton approves——"

"And of which no one else would be



"I say, you fellows," howled Bunter, as the Famous Five rushed off. "What about the cake?" The Removites heeded him not. Turning back into the study, the fat junior gazed at the cake and smiled.

heard pacing his study, like a wild beast in its cage.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

By Whose Hand!

"It is—is—is unprecedented!" said Dr. Locke.

"It is scandalous!" said Mr. Quelch.

The Remove master spoke warmly.

Dr. Locke's face was clouded and troubled.

He was slowly pacing a secluded walk in his private garden. The Remove master paced by his side.

"I am greatly surprised," went on the Head. "It is true that I have never seen eye to eye with Sir Hilton Popper, and since that gentleman became chairman of the governing board I have looked for—well, perhaps criticism. But this——"

He paused.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye gleamed in a way that his Form well knew.

likely to approve!" granted the Remove master.

"But assuredly," went on the Head—"assuredly I had no idea until I heard recently from a member of the Board that Sir Hilton had actually gone to the length of selecting a successor for me."

His face clouded deeply.

"That is really an insult," he said. "But it appears that Sir Hilton has selected a Mr. Brander as a suitable successor for me here, and has introduced this gentleman to various members of the Board in the hope of obtaining their support."

Grant from Mr. Quelch.

"Sir Hilton appears to have taken it for granted that a hint from him would be sufficient to bring about my resignation," said the Head, colouring a little. "He seemed both surprised and angry when I told him that I had no intention whatever of resigning."

"No doubt."

"But I did not suspect at that time the measures he had been taking or I

should certainly have spoken to him very plainly," said the Head. "It is very awkward to be placed in opposition of the Chairman of the Board in this way—"

"But it is necessary to be firm, sir," said Mr. Quelch.

"Quite so; I shall be very firm," said the Head. "Certainly I shall not resign my post. This Mr. Brander appears to be ready to step into my shoes as soon as they are vacant. That gives me a far from favourable impression of the man. A self-respecting man would never take up such an attitude."

"I have heard of this Mr. Brander," said the Remove master, "and nothing to his credit, in my opinion—though doubtless Sir Hilton Popper's opinion is otherwise. He is certainly a capable schoolmaster, but I have learned that he resigned a headmastership some time ago, under pressure. His methods were those of excessive severity—"

"Probably Sir Hilton Popper would not think less of him on that account."

"Very probably."

"His name was quite unknown to me till to-day," said the Head, "so far as this matter was concerned. It was familiar to me on another account."

"Indeed?"

"He is related to Van Tromp, the new boy in the Sixth Form," said the Head.

"Indeed," repeated Mr. Quelch, raising his eyebrows.

"I have no doubt that it is the same man," said Dr. Locke. "Van Tromp's uncle, Mr. Brander, is, I understand, a schoolmaster."

"I was not aware of this," said Mr. Quelch. "In the circumstances, it is in extremely bad taste for Mr. Brander to send his nephew to Greyfriars."

"I agree with you. I have not met the gentleman," said Dr. Locke. "It was Sir Hilton Popper who arranged for the boy to come here, and, of course, in such a matter the word of the Chairman of the Board is final. I understood that Mr. Brander was to bring the boy to the school, but for some reason he changed his intention and did not come with him."

The Head paced in silence for a few minutes.

Mr. Quelch paced by his side, with a frowning brow.

Henry Samuel Quelch was not only a member of the staff, but he was an old and attached friend of the headmaster; and he felt deeply the slight that was put upon his chief by Sir Hilton Popper's proceedings.

"I gather from what I have now heard," went on the Head, "that Sir Hilton has secured the support of a majority of the Board for his candidate, in case of my resignation or retirement."

"I do not think that Major Cherry will support him, sir—or Colonel Wharton; though the latter gentleman is unfortunately abroad at the present time."

"The case will not arise," said the Head, "for I certainly shall not resign unless requested to do so by the Board. Mr. Brander must look elsewhere for an appointment."

"The Board may be agreed on the subject of your successor, sir, but it is absolutely certain that they will not dispense with your services," said Mr. Quelch. "Only your voluntary resignation can leave the way open for this Mr. Brander—a pushing and unscrupulous man, I should judge by his conduct."

"But the whole circumstances are

very painful," said the Head. "It is very distressing to me."

"Nevertheless, sir, firmness is required," said Mr. Quelch. "I am convinced that it would be an ill day for this school, sir, if the person selected by Sir Hilton Popper should assume authority here."

"I have little doubt of that," said Dr. Locke, "and, distressing as the situation is, nothing will induce me to tender my resignation."

"I am glad to hear it, sir."

And after a little further talk Mr. Quelch took his leave of the Head and left the garden. He walked back into the quad, and returned to the House with a grim frown on his brow. Henry Samuel Quelch would have been very glad to tell Sir Hilton Popper what he thought of him and his proceedings had that been practicable.

The Head, left alone, resumed his pacing on the shady walk between the thick shrubberies.

His kind old face was clouded.

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faithful service to the old school; and it wounded him deeply to learn that a movement was on foot against him, among the governing board.

It was true that there was no chance whatever of his resignation being requested; but it was clear that, in case of his retirement, his successor was already selected. Sir Hilton Popper's influence on the Board was strong; and to that extent the dictatorial old baronet was successful.

It was not pleasant to the Head to think of a pushing man waiting expectantly to step into his shoes; neither was Sir Hilton's plainly-expressed wish that he should retire agreeable to him.

But kind and gentle as he was, the Head could be as firm as adamant. So far as he was concerned, Sir Hilton Popper would be disappointed; and the pushing Mr. Brander had long to wait.

That the unknown Mr. Brander was anything but a pushing and ambitious man, did not occur to the Head; and he did not dream that other methods might be employed now that Sir Hilton's intervention had failed to clear the way.

So far as Sir Hilton was concerned, the matter was at an end for the

present; Dr. Locke's refusal to resign had finished it.

But Meyer Brander, if the Head had only known it, was a man of a very different stamp, and it was not merely bad taste, but much more cogent reasons, that had caused him to send his nephew Van Tromp to Greyfriars.

No such suspicion was likely to occur to the mind of Dr. Locke.

He paced the garden walk in the shadow of the high shrubberies, and his face gradually cleared. It was a painful matter, but, after all, he needed only to be firm and there was an end.

In his preoccupation the Head did not hear or heed a faint rustle in the thick shrubbery. He did not dream that eyes were watching him, keenly, intently. The thought of danger never occurred to him. The sudden whiz of a heavy missile in the air caused him to start—but it was too late.

Crash!

A heavy oaken cudgel whizzed through the air and as the Head half-turned it struck him on the forehead.

One faint cry came from the stricken man as he fell.

He fell heavily and lay where he had fallen; without sense or motion. The crashing blow had stunned him.

There was a faint rustle in the shrubberies; the sound of his assailant in hasty retreat. But the Head did not hear it. He lay still, his eyes closed, a trickle of crimson on the white up-turned face.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Startling News!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter fairly yelled.

He burst into the Rag, his fat face crimson with excitement, his eyes almost bulging through his big spectacles.

"I—I say—" he stuttered.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the jolly old news?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I—I say—" Bunter seemed too excited to get it out. "Oh dear! I—I say, you fellows—"

"House on fire?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Nunno! Worse than that!" gasped Bunter.

"My hat! What on earth's happened?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Has your postal order come?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, get it out, fatty!" said the Bounder.

The juniors gathered round Bunter. Billy Bunter's news was not always worth hearing; but it was evident that something unusual had happened now.

"The—the—Head—" gasped Bunter. "Anything happened to the Beak?" asked Skinner.

"Yes! He's killed—"

"What?" yelled all the Rag.

"Well, not exactly killed—" gasped Bunter.

"You fat chump—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"What's happened, you fathead?" roared Johnny Bull. "Has the Head had an accident?"

"Worse than that—" stuttered Bunter.

"You frabjous chump, get it out!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What's happened to Dr. Locke—if anything has?"

"He's been knocked on the head—"

"Rot!" said Squiff.

"Stunned—"
 "Rubbish!"
 "It's true!" yelled Bunter. "I've just seen them carrying him into his house. He was found in the garden lying in his gore—"
 "Cheese it!"
 "I tell you he's been banged on the head and—and fearfully injured," howled Bunter. "He was insensible when they found him—"
 "Good heavens!" exclaimed Wharton.
 "Let's go and see!" said Nugent.
 "The seefulness is the proper caper," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.
 "Rather!"
 And there was a rush from the Rag. Other fellows had the news already. It was spreading far and wide, thrilling the school with excitement.
 An attack had been made on Dr.

Locke; that was certain. Details were not yet known.
 The Head, it appeared, was in his house now, and the doctor had been sent for. Coker of the Fifth was telling what he knew in a loud voice.
 "I saw him," said Coker. "He looked awful! White as a sheet! He'd had a fearful knock on the head."
 "But who—" exclaimed Potter of the Fifth.
 "Some awful brute," said Coker. "I jolly well wish I knew who! I'd smash him." Coker brandished his big fist. "I'd smash him into little pieces."
 "Here's Wingate!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Let's ask Wingate." The captain of Greyfriars came into the House with a set face.
 "Is it true, Wingate?"
 "What's happened to the Head?"

"Is he hurt?"
 Wingate nodded.
 "Mimble, the gardener, found him lying in his garden," he said. "Goodness knows what awful brute can have done it. He was lying stunned; and there was a cudgel lying beside him—the sort of cudgel that a tramp might carry. Somebody had struck him on the head with it, and stunned him."
 "Did Mimble see anybody—"
 "Nothing's known so far," said Wingate. "The doctor's coming; and the police have been telephoned for. That's all."
 "The police?" exclaimed Bob.
 "Then—then they don't think it could have been a Greyfriars man?" asked Potter of the Fifth.
 Wingate stared at him.
 (Continued on next page.)

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"How could it have been a Greyfriars nan, fathead? We haven't a murderous hooligan in the school, I suppose?"

"But who—"

"It looked like a tramp's cudgel that was found lying beside him. Some brute may have tried to rob him—goodness knows. I dare say he will be able to tell, when he comes to."

"This is terrible news." It was Mr. Prout the master of the Fifth. "This is—is terrible—unnerving! No one should suggest that a Greyfriars boy has been capable of this dreadful outrage. Some lawless ruffian—or perhaps an escaped lunatic—"

"It couldn't be a Greyfriars man, of course," said Coker, as Mr. Prout passed on. "You're an ass, Potter."

"Well," said Potter. "We know that somebody chucked a big stone at the Head the other day, only it missed. This looks like the same game—"

"Well, that wasn't a Greyfriars man either," said Coker.

"Blessed if it doesn't look—" said Bob Cherry.

"Don't you be a young ass, Cherry," snapped Coker. "There will be row enough about this, without suggesting that a Greyfriars man could have bunged his own headmaster on the napper with a club—"

"It's impossible," said Harry Wharton. "But it's jolly queer all the same."

"The queerfulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"Here comes the doctor!" called out Greene of the Fifth, as there was a sound of a car on the drive.

There was a rush to see Dr. Pillbury go into the Head's house. The school doctor had not been long in arriving.

Many fellows waited to see the medical gentleman leave. It was long before he emerged; and his face was very grave as he drove away in his car.

There was little attention given to prep that evening in any study at Greyfriars.

The mysterious attack on the Head was the one absorbing topic.

It was learned that Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield, had called at the school, and that he had seen several of the masters, though the Head was not yet sufficiently recovered to see him.

What Mr. Grimes' view of the outrage might be nobody knew; but it was probable that he was very puzzled.

The matter was not only mysterious, it was inexplicable.

That the brutal assault could have been carried out by anyone belonging to the school seemed incredible. Yet that some intruder or trespasser had struck down the Head so cruelly was amazing, if true.

Every fellow at Greyfriars discussed the matter, and the surmises were endless.

Before bed-time Mr. Quelch made an announcement that was heard with eagerness. Dr. Locke had recovered consciousness at last; his injury was serious, but probably not permanent; and he had been able to give no information whatever with regard to his assailant. He was in the doctor's hands, and would remain in them for a very considerable time. In the meantime Mr. Prout, the Fifth Form master, would act as headmaster pro tem.

After lights out it was long before the Greyfriars fellows slept; in every dormitory the talk ran on to a late hour.

In a Sixth Form-room was one fellow who remained awake latest of all. Otto van Tromp found it very difficult to sleep that night.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Prout Sees a Silver Lining!

MR. PROUT smiled. He walked in the quadrangle, in the morning sunshine, and smiled.

Mr. Prout was sorry for the Head. He was inexpressibly shocked by the outrage. But—

Long, long had Mr. Prout believed that he possessed the qualities requisite to the headmaster of such a school as Greyfriars. Long, long had he compared himself with Dr. Locke, to the latter's disadvantage.

He respected his Chief. Now he compassionated him with all his heart. But he could not help feeling that there was a silver lining to the cloud.

He had visited the stricken old gentleman that morning. He had seen the doctor. It was no secret that Dr. Locke was booked for a long and serious illness; and that, as soon as he could be moved, he would have to be taken away from Greyfriars. Not that term, probably, not the next, would he be able to resume his duties as headmaster.

Surely, in the circumstances, the Governing Board would see fit to confirm Mr. Prout, a master of long and tried service, as temporary headmaster—probably with a permanency in view? It seemed probable to Mr. Prout.

Hence his smile.

If Greyfriars remained under his commands for a term Mr. Prout had no doubt that the governors would see how very suitable he was to the post, and would agree that the best interests of the school required that he should be continued in it.

Mr. Prout would have been shocked had anyone supposed him capable of what is vulgarly known as bagging another man's job. But it did seem to Mr. Prout that the Head's temporary retirement might well become permanent, with so efficient a gentleman as Mr. Prout all ready on the spot to take his place.

Headmaster of Greyfriars!

The words were very pleasant in the plump ears of Mr. Prout. He felt an inch taller as he thought of it.

He walked and smiled.

It really was not a time for smiling. Most faces at Greyfriars were grave—even fags of the Third and Second looked unusually serious. But Mr. Prout smiled unconsciously at gratifying thoughts.

"What's that old guy grinning at?" asked Coker, as he passed at a distance from his Form master with Potter and Greene.

Potter shrugged his shoulders.

"Fancying himself as Beak, pro tem!" he answered. "Prout's in the saddle till the Head's up again."

Coker looked thoughtful.

"Of course, he's an old ass!" he remarked. "But he's senior master. If the Beak goes, it would be rather decent to have our Form master Head. I'm frightfully sorry for Locke, of course; and I'd give a term's pocket-money to smash the villain who biffed him. But if Prout were headmaster—well, he might make a fellow a prefect—Locke never could see that I was cut out to be a prefect. Prout might."

"Oh, my hat!" said Potter.

"The governors would never make an old ass like Prout headmaster," said Greene.

"Well, if he made me a prefect it would show that he wasn't such an ass, after all!" argued Coker. "What do you fellows think?"

"Um!" said Potter and Greene.

They did not state what they thought

on that subject. It would only have led to a row with Coker.

Mr. Quelch, who had been to the Head's house after morning classes, came away with a frowning and troubled brow.

Prout bore down on him.

"How is the Head, my dear Quelch?" he asked.

"Very weak and in pain," answered the Remove master. "Dr. Pillbury feared concussion at first; but fortunately it is not so bad as that. But—"

Mr. Quelch shook his head sadly.

"I understand that there can be no question of the Head resuming his duties this term," said Mr. Prout.

"None, I am sorry to say."

"I am sorry, too, of course," said Mr. Prout. "But it is a consolation to know that the school will not suffer, my dear Quelch."

The Remove master looked at him.

"I do not understand you," he answered coldly. "The school certainly will suffer."

"Dr. Locke was a good headmaster—a great headmaster," said Mr. Prout. "He is fully entitled to rank with Arnold and other great headmasters. But, after all, there are men worthy to take his place."

"I know of none!" said Mr. Quelch briefly.

"Really, my dear Quelch—"

"It is extremely unfortunate," said the Remove master. "Apart from the infamy of this unspeakable outrage, it is a blow to the school. Dr. Locke certainly cannot resume his duties for a very long time. A temporary headmaster must be appointed."

"A temporary headmaster has been appointed, by the special request of Dr. Locke to me!" reminded Mr. Prout.

"Oh, quite so! But the matter, of course, will be referred to the Board of Governors."

"Surely you do not think they are likely to disagree with the Head's selection," said Mr. Prout anxiously. "I am prepared to carry on. Without conceit, I think I may say that Greyfriars will not suffer under my guidance."

Mr. Quelch looked at him again.

He read Mr. Prout's thoughts and stiffened. If there was any master at Greyfriars who was worthy of stepping into the Head's shoes, he did not think his name was Prout. Mere regard for facts would have forced him to admit that the name was Henry Samuel Quelch.

But Mr. Quelch, who knew more of what had been going on behind the scenes than the Fifth Form master knew, was well aware that no member of the present staff would be selected to take Dr. Locke's place.

This miserable happening, this inexplicable crime, cleared the way for Sir Hilton Popper's candidate.

No sooner would Sir Hilton have heard of the outrage than he would be taking action; Mr. Quelch was sure of that. No doubt Sir Hilton would deplore the outrage as sincerely as anyone; but it was certain that he would lose no time in bringing forward the claims of Mr. Brander.

Mr. Prout blinked anxiously at the Remove master.

"Do you not think, my dear Quelch, that the Board will be likely to confirm Dr. Locke's choice in this matter?" he asked.

"I fear not, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "But most assuredly I hope that such may be the case."

Mr. Quelch spoke with sincerity. He would have preferred Mr. Prout, or a dozen Mr. Prouts, to the unknown man Brander.

"You are very good, my dear Quelch!" said Prout, greatly pleased.

Mr. Quelch smiled a dry, sarcastic smile, and passed on. Mr. Prout was left to his daydreams; from which he was destined to have a rude awakening before long.

Many observed, that day, an added pomposity in the bearing of Mr. Prout. His colleagues were not slow to observe it; and the murmured comments in Masters' Common-room would have made Mr. Prout's ears burn had he heard them.

Outwardly, however, most of the staff were very respectful to Prout. It was on the cards, at least, that he might get the headmastership; and in that case nobody wanted to offend him.

Apart from Mr. Prout, who was comforted by agreeable thoughts, that was a dismal day for Greyfriars.

The fellows liked and respected the Head, and they felt for him deeply; and still more deep was their indignation against the unknown wretch who had struck him down.

Of that wretch, nothing was known, discovered, or even suspected.

The whole affair was a mystery.

Inspector Grimes had examined the spot where the attack had taken place—and after him, most of the Greyfriars fellows had done so. Traces had been found where someone had crouched in the shrubbery; and in a spot where the garden wall abutted on a narrow lane, torn ivy had been discovered, which looked as if the assailant had entered or escaped that way. No other clue was found excepting the heavy oaken cudgel that had struck the headmaster; but the cudgel afforded no clue. It was such a cudgel as might have been carried by a tramp, but that was all.

Mr. Grimes was driven to believe that some ruffianly footpad had entered the place for purposes of robbery; that he had struck down the Head, and then taken the alarm and fled without carrying out his purpose—for the headmaster had not been robbed.

That theory was not a wholly satisfactory one; but it was difficult to imagine any other explanation; unless it was to be supposed that some Greyfriars fellow was the guilty party.

That was hardly imaginable; and certainly Inspector Grimes did not imagine it.

In the meantime Sir Hilton Popper, the governor who lived nearest to Greyfriars, had been apprised of the occurrence; and he came over in his car—looking, as no doubt he felt, extremely shocked and grieved. He saw the Head, and he had a conversation with Mr. Prout. Mr. Prout, lofty and pompous gentleman as he was, hovered round Sir Hilton, and hung on his words as if they were pearls of wisdom falling from the baronet's lips. Mr. Prout certainly did not suppose that his manner was fawning; but that was how it struck the other masters. The fact was, that Sir Hilton, as Chairman of the Board, had the power in his hands to make or to mar Mr. Prout; and the Fifth Form master was exceedingly anxious to make a good impression upon him.

Many fellows saw Mr. Prout attend Sir Hilton to his car, when he left; and heard his honeyed voice, and noted his deep bows; and smiled to one another.

"Sucking up to old Popper!" said Coker to Potter. "I wonder if he will pull it off?"

Gwynne of the Sixth came into the prefects' room, with a snort.

"See that fat old ass greasing up to Popper?" he asked. "Even old Popper couldn't be ass enough to stick him in the Head's place."

"Not likely!" said Wingate.

Gwynne looked from the window.

"Hallo, there's that tick Van Tromp talking to Popper," he said. "I didn't know he knew the old bean."

Several of the prefects looked out. Van Tromp of the Sixth was standing by the baronet's car, talking to Sir Hilton. Mr. Prout, with a rather dashed expression on his face, had drawn back. Sir Hilton's manner to Mr. Prout was not very promising; indeed, it was quite off hand.

But he was speaking to Van Tromp quite cordially.

From his manner, it might be inferred that he had a good opinion of the new senior. Which, in the opinion of the fellows looking from the window, showed that he couldn't know Otto van Tromp very well.

"Oh, really, Nugent! This isn't a time to be thinking about cakes!" said Bunter severely. "And I never touched that cake, as I've told you several times already. I hope I'm not the sort of chap to bag another fellow's cake when he's not looking. Besides, after I'd taken the trouble to come up to the study to tell you about your minor, it's rather mean to grudge a fellow a slice or two of cake. I never meant to finish it either—that is, I mean, I never touched it. In fact, I never noticed that there was a cake in the study at all—"

"Kick him!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry! Just like you fellows to be worrying about a cake, when the Head's lying—"

"And you're lying!" remarked Johnny Bull.



Frank Nugent arrived just in time to see Van Tromp, the big, muscular Sixth-Former, grip his minor's arm and twist it with cruel force!

Sir Hilton shook hands with Van Tromp, before getting into his car; and then, apparently forgetful of Mr. Prout, drove away. Van Tromp watched the car out of sight along the drive, and turned back to the House, with a smile on his face. And it was so strange a smile, that the Sixth-Formers staring from the window could not help noticing it, and wondering what it meant.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows!

I SAY, you fellows!"
 "Oh, dry up, Bunter!"
 "I've got it!"
 "Eh?"

"I've got it!" repeated Bunter, blinking at the juniors in the Rag through his big spectacles, in a very impressive way.

"Well, what have you got, you fat chump?" asked Frank Nugent. "That cake that disappeared from our study the other day?"

"Beast! You fellows have been jawing and jawing, and you haven't got any nearer to it," said Bunter. "Well, I've got it!"

"The cake?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "Blow the cake! Bother the cake! Bless the cake! I've found out who biffed the Head!"

"What?"

It was an exclamation from all parts of the room. Fellows gathered eagerly around Bunter.

The fat junior grinned complacently. Bunter liked the limelight; and he liked an audience. He had both now, in ample measure.

"You've found out who biffed the Head?" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"Yes, old chap!"

"My hat! Who—"

"Gammon!" said Hobson of the Shell. "How could he have found out?"

"The gammonfulness is terrific!"

"Let's hear the fat fozler," said Temple of the Fourth. "Bunter is

always finding out things; and always will so long as they make keyholes to doors."

"Why, you cheeky rotter—" hooted Bunter.

"Well, if you've found out anythin', what is it?" demanded Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Out with it, fathead!" said the Bounder.

"Cough it up, ass!" said Squiff. "Get it off your chest, you fat dummy!" said Tom Brown.

Billy Bunter blinked round at the eager, excited faces. He smiled the smile of superior wisdom.

"Most fellows think it was some tramp who butted into the Head's garden," he said. "Well, it wasn't."

"How do you know, fathead?"

"I jolly well do know," said Bunter. "It wasn't anybody from outside Greyfriars, and you can take that from me."

"Mean to say it was a Greyfriars chap knocked the Beak out?" exclaimed Skinner.

Bunter shook his head mysteriously.

"No."

"Then what are you driving at?" demanded Harry Wharton impatiently.

"Are you potty enough to imagine that one of the servants biffed the Head?"

"No fear."

"Then who, you benighted chump?" asked Peter Todd. "There's nobody else in the school, is there, you fatuous fish?"

"Isn't there?" grinned Bunter.

"Only the masters, fathead!"

"Got there at last?" asked Bunter.

"You—you—you prize idiot!" gasped Wharton. "Are you going to make out that one of the beaks biffed the chief beak?"

"You born idiot—" said Peter Todd, in measured tones.

"I guess I always knew that Bunter was the world's prize boob," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "But I want to know what he's doing outside a home for idiots?"

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"Get on with it, Bunter," said the Bounder. "Let's know what's put this particular piece of idiocy into your fat head."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Cough it up, you chump!" roared Bob Cherry.

"If you fellows had half my brains, or a quarter, you'd have seen it for yourselves," said Bunter complacently.

"If you'd read as many detective stories as I have, you'd know that when a crime is committed, you have to look for the man with the motive."

"Well, who could possibly have a motive for banging the Beak on the napper with a club?" demanded Hazeldene.

"Prout!"

"Prout!" gasped the juniors.

Bunter nodded cheerily.

"Prout!" he answered. "You see, I've worked it out just like Sherlock Holmes! Now the Head's laid up, Prout is carrying on in his place. Lots of fellows know that he's hoping to bag the job—lots of fellows saw him greasing up to Popper. Prout's after the job."

"Oh, my hat!" said Harry Wharton blankly.

"You—you—you—" gasped Peter Todd.

"Prout's the man," said Bunter, with conviction. "Look for the man with the motive—that's the maxim! Prout bags the job—so there's the motive! Prout biffed the Head—"

"You benighted chump—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You unmitigated idiot—" "Look here—" "You—you—you frabjous, foozling frump—"

"You can call a fellow names!" said Bunter disdainfully. "But I've got it, all the same. Prout stands to gain by the Head being knocked out. Nobody else does. Prout did it!"

"Shut up, you piffing idiot!" gasped Bob Cherry, as the door of the Rag opened, and Wingate of the Sixth looked in. It was half-past nine, bedtime for the Remove.

"Shan't!" said Bunter. He had his back to the door, and did not see the captain of Greyfriars. "I've thought this out, and worked it out just like a detective in a book. You fellows couldn't do it—you haven't the intellect. I've found the villain out—"

"Shut up!" "Shan't! I've found the villain out—"

"Bunter!" The Owl of the Remove spun round.



"My doctor has ordered me to take fish for the brain, sir," said a student to a professor. "Will you tell me what kind of fish you would advise?" "Well," said the professor, "if I had a brain like yours I think I would start with a couple of whales!"

Sent in by: Freddy Ford, of Twynning Cottages, The Cliff, Matlock, Derbyshire, who wins a penknife.

He gave Wingate a startled blink through his big spectacles.

"Oh! I—I didn't see you, Wingate! I—I wasn't saying anything about Prout!" he stuttered.

"You utter young idiot!" said Wingate. "I heard what you said as I opened the door. Are you mad?"

"Nunno! You see—"

"Bend over that chair!"

"Oh crikey! I—I say, Wingate, I—I—"

"Bend over!" roared the prefect.

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter reluctantly bent over the chair. He had reason to be reluctant. Wingate's brow was clothed with thunder. He swished his ashplant, and it came down with a terrific swipe.

"Yaroooogh!" roared Bunter.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack! "Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"There," said Wingate, tucking the cane under his arm. "if that doesn't teach you sense, Bunter, there's plenty more where it came from."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now get off to your dorm."

"Yow-ow-wow!"

Billy Bunter groaned his way to the Remove dormitory. The other fellows

went grinning. Bunter had received the reward to which, in their opinion, he was entitled, for his uncommon perspicacity in finding out the guilty man.

When Wingate had turned out the lights, and left the dormitory, Billy Bunter was still groaning.

"Shut up that row, Bunter!" said Peter Todd. "You've got what you asked for. You can't help being a born idiot, but there's a limit."

"I say, you fellows, it was Prout—"

"Shut up!" roared a dozen voices.

"And I can't help thinking that Wingate was his accomplice—"

"What?" shrieked the Removites.

"Well, look at it!" argued Bunter. "Wingate's trying to hush it up! He's pitched into me because he wants to keep it dark."

"Oh, ye gods!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"It's clear enough to me," said Bunter. "You've got to look for the motive, you know. Well, what could be Wingate's motive for wanting to keep it dark and hush it up? I say, you fellows, ain't it shocking! Fancy a Greyfriars prefect and a Greyfriars master conspiring to knock the Head out—"

"I can't quite fancy that!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "But I fancy I'm going to biff you with my pillow till you shut up!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Same here," said Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows— Yaroooogh! Leave off! Oh crikey! Whooop!"

roared Billy Bunter, as a pillow swiped on him from either side of his bed.

"Ow! Oh! Beasts! Stoppit! Whooooooop!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Ow, ow! Yow! Wow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now shut up, you frabjous chump!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Another word—"

"Beast! I say—"

Swipe!

"Yaroooogh!"

And Billy Bunter shut up at last.

His remarkable theory found no takers in the Remove. The attack on the Head remained a mystery; and it did not seem probable that Billy Bunter's efforts as a detective would shed much light upon it.

And yet, as wisdom is said to proceed sometimes from the mouths of babes and sucklings, so it was with Billy Bunter. His theory, remarkable as it was, was nearer the truth than the Remove fellows dreamed; though certainly no one but the fat and fatuous Owl would have thought of regarding the plump and podgy Prout with suspicion.

Bunter's theory had started a train of thought in at least one mind in the Remove.

Long after the other fellows had gone to sleep, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh lay awake thinking. And strange thoughts were working in the keen mind of the Nabob of Bhanipur.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Dark Suspicions!

LOOKS pleased as Punch!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Johnny made that remark in break the next morning, as the Famous Five passed Mr. Prout in the quad.

The juniors glanced at the Fifth Form master.

Mr. Prout did not look, exactly, as pleased as Punch. But there was

(Continued on page 12.)

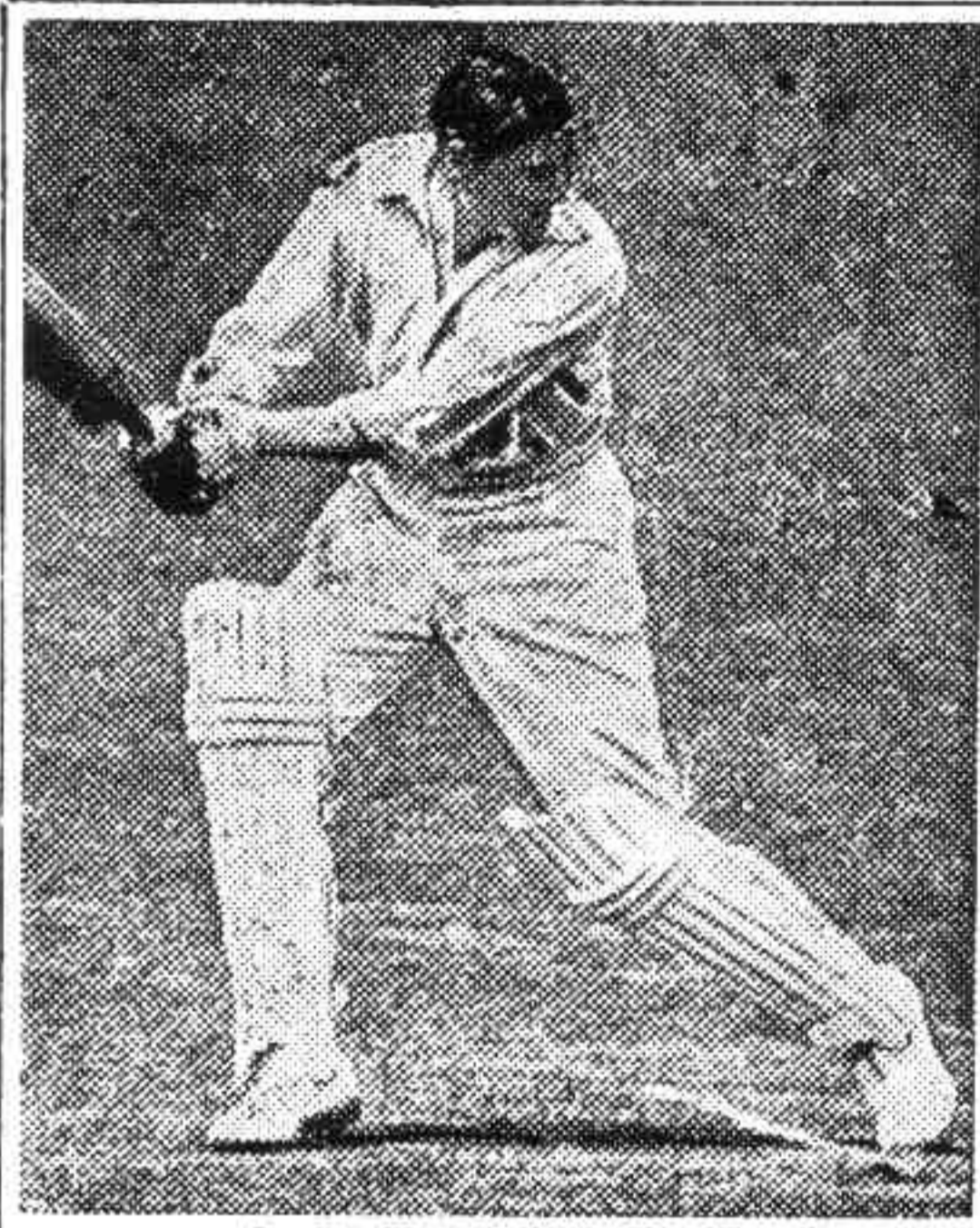
HEROES OF THE TESTS!

This week our Cricket Expert gives you some interesting facts about the English and Australian Test Match cricketers whose photographs are presented Free with this issue.

A. P. F. CHAPMAN.

BEFORE the start of the present cricket season there was a lot of discussion as to who should be the skipper of the England side. But the nation in general said: "We want Percy Chapman!" and the selectors

were not deaf to the call. The initials A. P. F. stand for Arthur Percy Frank, a man of Kent who learnt the game mostly at Uppingham School. In 1926 England tried more than one captain prior to the fifth Test Match, which we had to win in order to secure the "Ashes." The choice fell on Chapman, and it proved to be a very lucky one, for although he was not—and has not been—the regular captain



A. P. F. CHAPMAN.

of the Kent side, he showed all the qualifications of a born leader. We won that vital match for the "Ashes" all right, and so Percy also skippered the England team in the last tour in Australia. We won four of the five Tests of that series and lost the other one—when Chapman was too ill to play. As a batsman he is brilliant when he gets going, being particularly good at the off drive, but his weakness is a tendency to nibble at the off ball and get himself out. As a fielder there is no better in the world at holding slip catches.

C. V. GRIMMETT.

THERE is some confusion in England as to where the accent should come in the name Grimmett. The player pronounces it with the accent on "grim," and most batsmen

who have played against him agree that he is one of the grimmest of opponents. He now plays for Victoria because New South Wales did not think him good enough, and he is the "veteran" of the present touring side—thirty-seven years of age. He made a late but dramatic Test Match appearance, for in his first game against England—at Sydney in February of 1925—he took eleven wickets for eighty-two runs. Apparently his bowling improves with age, and right at the beginning of this season he took all ten wickets in an innings in a match against Yorkshire. And he looks so easy to play—tossing the ball up nice and high and slowly. But that ball is full of guile. The flight of it may deceive the batsman and when it drops it may prove to be an off break, though bowled with a leg-break action. He is a signwriter and decorator by profession.

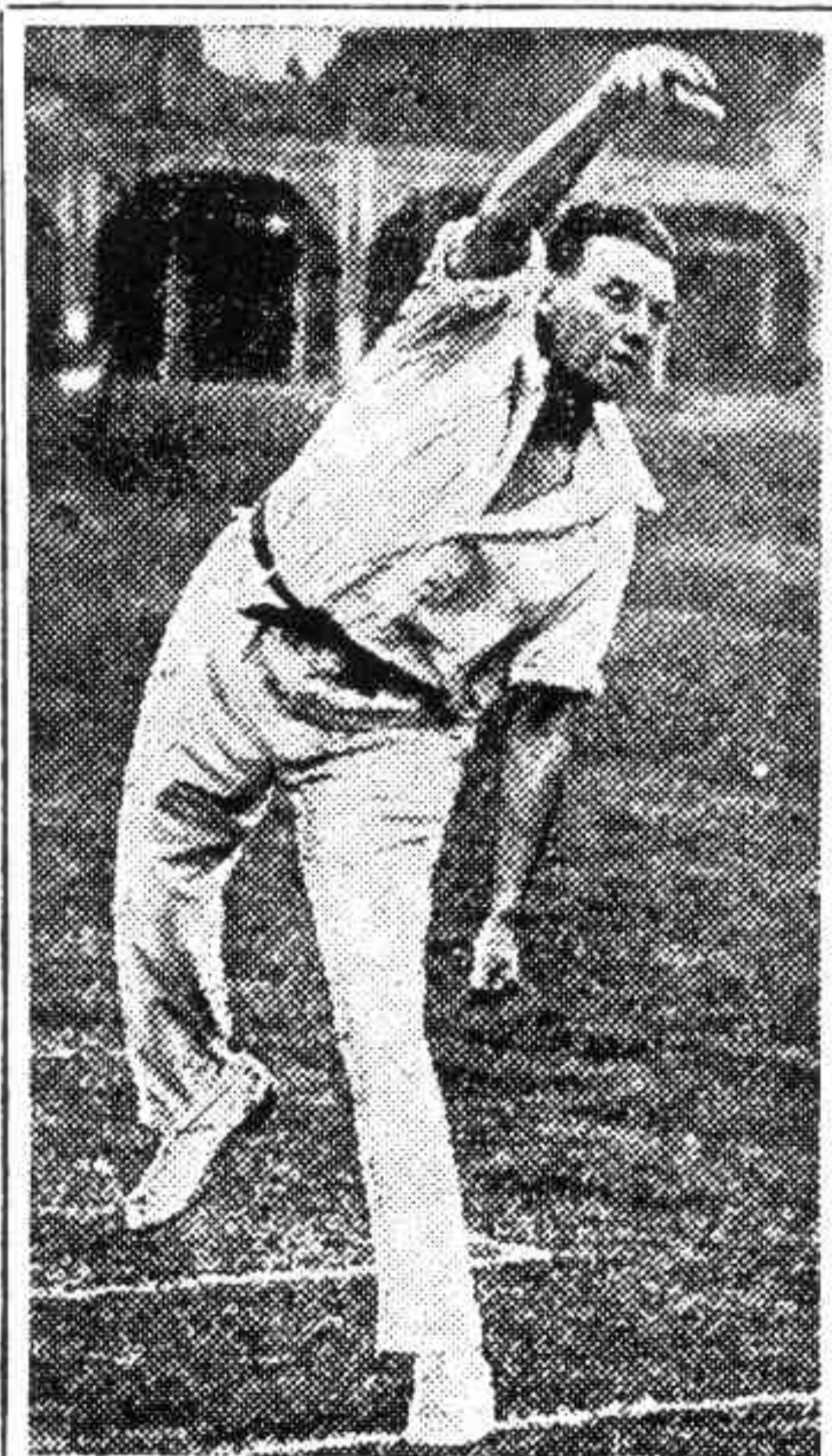


C. GRIMMETT.

MAURICE TATE.

WITH the very first ball which Maurice Tate sent down in a Test Match he took a wicket. That was some seven years or so ago, and since that time this famous Sussex player has never been left out of any engagement between England and Australia. He has the honour of having taken more wickets in one series of Tests in Australia than any other player.

That was in the tour before the last one when it was stated, as a half-truth, that the only reason why Tate did not bowl at both ends was because the rules of the game did not permit him to do so. Now thirty-three years of age, and taking his benefit with Sussex this season, Tate is the son of a player who also bowled for England in the long ago. The secret of his success is not easy to sum up, but he is particularly deadly with a new ball, which he can not only make swerve but fizz from the pitch at such a pace that although through the air he



M. TATE.

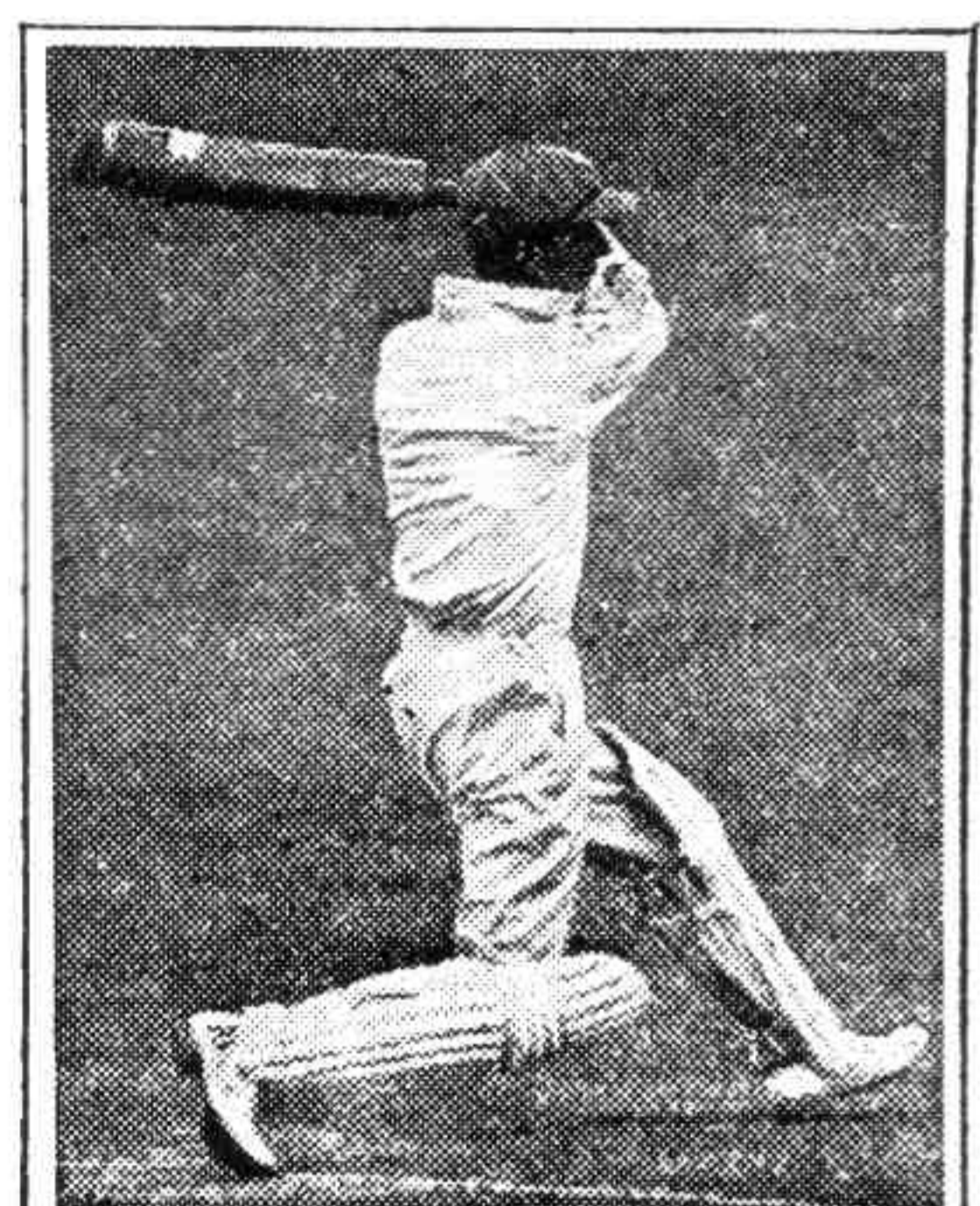
is only called medium he is really fast off the turf. Big of frame and equally big of heart, he can bowl for hours and always keep the batsman playing carefully. A vigorous, useful bat.

A. F. KIPPAX.

HOW would you like, as a boy, to have scored 627 runs in real matches for once out? That was a record which Alan Falconer Kippax set up as a youngster, and it was no wonder that Australian people referred

to him as another Victor Trumper. Possibly he has fallen just a little short of the highest ideal, but there is no more attractive bat in the side than Alan when he gets going. His play is bright and cheery, with little of the restraint which is almost a characteristic of Australians. As captain of New South Wales, he has been the leading batsman for that State for quite a long time, and it was on the

cards that he might get the job of skippering the present side. On a previous occasion he has scored a century against England in a Test Match, and he shares in the record last-wicket partnership for all first-class cricket. This was 307, and as his partner only scored 62, that record may be said to belong to Alan. Thirty-one years of age, six feet high, and as graceful as they make them.



A. KIPPAX.

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DON'T FORGET—Next week's issue contains another sheet of photos for your album. Look out for **HENDREN, HAMMOND, BRADMAN** and **HURWOOD**.

Tale-Bearer-in-Chief!

(Continued from page 10.)

undoubtedly a new loftiness in his manner, a new pompousness in the carriage of his head, a complacent smile on his fat features.

More and more it had been borne in on Mr. Prout's mind that the sad and regrettable late occurrence had opened a path for him, in which he was destined to exhibit his true greatness of character.

All Mr. Prout had ever needed, in order to show what a great man he was, was opportunity.

Now it seemed that the opportunity had come.

In the list of great headmasters, the name of Paul Prout was going to shine like a bright particular star; at least, Mr. Prout hoped so.

The headmastership of Greyfriars was a much sought-after post. The emoluments were very generous; it was one of the richest "plums" in the scholastic profession.

But Mr. Prout, to do him justice, was not thinking of that aspect of the case, though that aspect, of course, was gratifying.

He was thinking of the wider stage on which he would be able to display his powers and gifts. He had been, he felt, an unusually strong Form master. But a Form master had only a limited scope. As a headmaster—and Head of such a school as Greyfriars—Prout would be in his proper element. His career, he was sure, would be a remarkable one.

There had been great headmasters before Prout; just as there had been great generals before Agamemnon. But the greatest of them was going to fade into insignificance in comparison with Prout.

So it was no wonder that, deeply as he sympathised with the Head, Mr. Prout smiled an ineffable smile.

"Well, it's a leg up for Prout, if he bags it!" said Frank Nugent tolerantly, as the chums of the Remove walked on.

"Anyhow, it will only be temporary," said Harry. "The Head will be back next term, I suppose."

"Prout doesn't look as if he hopes so!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I've heard that there's a special meeting of the governors to-day, to jaw it over," said Bob. "They're meeting in London; but I suppose we shall hear the result pretty soon."

"My esteemed chums—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's bothering your old black noddle, Inky?" asked Bob Cherry. "You haven't spoken a word."

"The thoughtfulness has been terrific, my esteemed Bob," said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "There is a suspicion in my ridiculous mind, and I think I can name the absurd person who will take Dr. Locke's place."

"Trot it out!" said Bob.

"The ridiculous name is Brander," said Hurree Singh quietly.

The Co. came to a sudden halt, and stared at the dusky junior.

"My hat!" said Harry.

"I'd forgotten about that!" said Frank Nugent slowly. "But now you come to think of it, you fellows, you remember that fat idiot Bunter found out about Van Tromp's uncle—"

"But—"

Bob Cherry whistled.

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The Co. had almost forgotten the story of what Bunter had heard, or, at least, said that he had heard, of the talk between Van Tromp of the Sixth and his schoolmaster uncle, Meyer Brander.

But it came back into their minds now.

There was a dark and thoughtful expression on the nabob's face.

"But—" repeated Wharton.

He gave the nabob a startled look, catching a vague inkling of what was in Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh's mind.

"My esteemed chums," said the nabob quietly. "The absurd and fatheaded Bunter suggested that the ridiculous Prout might have knocked the excellent Head on the napper—"

"The born idiot!"

"But that put an idea into my absurd brain," said Hurree Singh, "and I have been thinking over it terrifically."

"What idea?" asked Bob uneasily.

"Some absurd person knocked the esteemed Head out," said Hurree Singh, "and we knew already that there was a certain person who was after his post here, and who—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Wharton. "You can't imagine—"

"I can, my worthy chum!"

"But it's impossible!" Wharton looked almost aghast. "Inky, old man, you're as big an ass as Bunter!"

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh smiled.

"I think not! According to what the absurd Bunter told us he heard the ridiculous Brander say to his nephew in the railway carriage, the worthy Brander was certain that Dr. Locke would leave Greyfriars—"

"Yes; but—"

"He said that if the Head did not resign, there were other ways. That is what Bunter heard, my esteemed chum."

"Other ways!" repeated Bob. "Oh, my hat! But—"

"And now the 'other way' has happened!" said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Inky!"

The chums of the Remove stared at the nabob and at one another. Their faces were very grave now.

"It's impossible!" repeated Wharton.

"It looks—" muttered Bob.

"But—but that man Brander's nowhere near Greyfriars!" said Nugent. "I don't know where he is, but he's nowhere near the school. He couldn't have—"

"The esteemed Van Tromp is here."

"Van Tromp! But—"

"Oh crumbs!" said Bob.

"Impossible!" said Harry.

The nabob shrugged his shoulders.

"You—you—you think it was Van Tromp who—who—" stuttered Nugent.

"To open the way for his uncle to come here as headmaster!" muttered Wharton. "It's impossible!"

"I do not say I think so, my esteemed friends," said the nabob. "But I shall think so when we hear the name of the new headmaster, if that esteemed name is Meyer Brander."

"I can't believe it!" said Harry, shaking his head. "Bunter may have got it all wrong about what he heard them saying the day Van Tromp came to the school. He's a born ass!"

"Still—" said Bob slowly.

"Van Tromp's brute enough for anything," said Frank Nugent. "But—but it's too thick, Inky!"

"For goodness' sake, not a word about this," said Wharton hastily. "Even if there's anything in it, there's no proof of any kind; and we're on

fighting terms with Van Tromp, and it would look—"

"I am aware, my worthy friend, that a still tongue saves the cracked pitcher from going longest to the well," said the nabob. "Not a word outside our own select and ridiculous circle."

"For goodness' sake, no!" said Bob. "A chap might be sacked for suggesting such a thing. But—"

"But it looks—" muttered Johnny Bull.

"If Brander becomes headmaster it will look—" said Wharton slowly. "But—but probably he won't! Prout's counting on it, anyhow."

"The esteemed Prout is counting his chickens before the absurd hatchfulness!" said Hurree Singh.

The Famous Five walked on in silence.

Their thoughts were busy.

Such a suspicion seemed too terrible to be entertained. And yet, if Meyer Brander became headmaster of Greyfriars in Dr. Locke's place, certainly that would give colour to it.

"There's Van Tromp!" said Bob Cherry suddenly in a low voice.

The new senior passed at a little distance.

He was walking with his hands in his pockets and a lurking smile on his face. Judging by his looks, Otto van Tromp had some reason of his own for being satisfied with things generally. He could not have been thinking of his unpopularity in the school, or of the prefects' beating he had recently received. Some much more pleasant thought was in his mind.

He caught sight of the Famous Five, and changed his direction, and came towards them. There was a sneering grin on his face now.

The juniors looked at him in silence. The bare possibility that it was his dastard hand that had struck down the headmaster made them feel something like horror in his presence.

Van Tromp eyed them. There was something almost gloating in his look; it was the look of one who fancied that he would soon have the fellows he detested at his mercy.

"You young sweeps," he said, "you'll be paying for your cheek pretty soon. I'll make you sorry that you ever laid hands on me!"

The words struck strangely on the ears of the juniors, in view of what was in their thoughts.

"We've kept our end up pretty well, so far," retorted Bob Cherry, "and we're ready for more trouble, if you like!"

"You'll change your tune pretty soon, I fancy!" said Van Tromp grimly.

"And why?" asked Wharton, looking steadily at the bully of the Sixth.

"You'll see soon enough!"

Van Tromp walked on, checking the words on his lips. It was as if he longed to enjoy his triumph, and yet felt that it was imprudent to say too much.

Bob Cherry whistled softly.

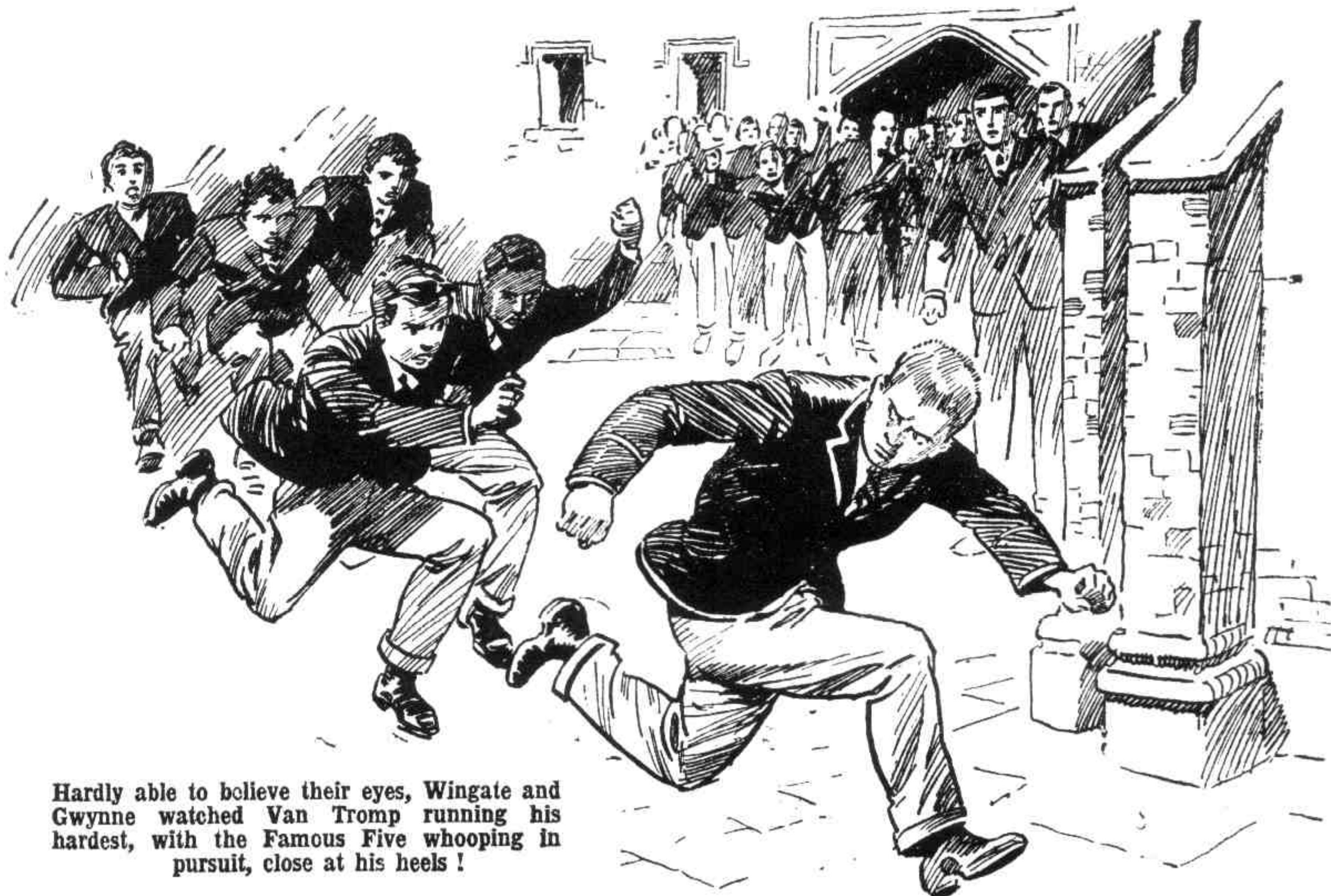
"Well, it looks—" he said.

"It does!" said Harry. "But—"

"Wait till we hear the name of the new Beak!" said Nugent.

"And if the new Beak's name is not Brander, my esteemed chums, you may use my head for a ridiculous football!" said Hurree Singh.

And then the bell called the juniors in to third lesson, and the subject was dismissed. But it remained in the thoughts of the Famous Five; and they were very anxious indeed to hear the name, when it should be announced, of the successor of the stricken headmaster.



Hardly able to believe their eyes, Wingate and Gwynne watched Van Tromp running his hardest, with the Famous Five whooping in pursuit, close at his heels!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The New Head!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. were on Little Side, at cricket practice after tea, when Billy Bunter rolled into view.

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Bunter.

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"I say, old Popper's come!"

"Oh!"

Cricket practice was dropped at once. The arrival of the Chairman of the Governors at Greyfriars, in all probability, meant the announcement that the Famous Five were so anxiously awaiting.

"He's just come in his car," said Bunter. "I say, he's got a man with him. You fellows remember that fat Dutchman—Van Tromp's uncle—"

"Is he with the Popper bird?" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes; you fellows remember I found out his name—Brander—"

"He's with Popper?" said Harry.

"He came in the car with him; they're just going into the House," said Bunter. "Old Prout's met them—all smiles and grease."

"Come on!" said Bob.

The juniors walked away quickly towards the House. The arrival of Mr. Brander with the baronet could scarcely mean other than one thing. It was the new headmaster of Greyfriars who had come with Sir Hilton Popper.

On the subject of the headmastership there had been much speculation at Greyfriars that day.

Dr. Locke was gone now; he had been removed in an ambulance car, and a sorrowful and respectful crowd had watched his departure.

Mrs. Locke and Rosie Locke had gone with him. It was likely to be long before Greyfriars saw the headmaster and his family again.

All the fellows, and all the masters, were speculating on the outcome of the

emergency meeting held by the governors in London.

Some had expected that Mr. Prout might be summoned from the school to attend that meeting. Probably Prout himself had expected it.

But no summons had come for Prout.

This, in the general opinion, rather weighed against his chances. Price of the Fifth had been offering two to one, in quids, on Prout; but later in the day the odds fell to evens.

The Famous Five found a crowd of fellows gathered about the House, all excited by the arrival of Sir Hilton Popper, and debating who might be the fat, rather foreign-looking gentleman who had arrived with him.

"Where are they, you men?" asked Bob.

"Gone into the Head's study," answered Vernon-Smith. "Prout's bagged that study now, you know."

"Popper had a man with him," said Skinner. "A fat blighter! Fat as an oyster, but jolly keen, I think. Van Tromp knows him."

"Van Tromp?"

"Yes; the fat man shook hands with him. Van Tromp was waiting on the steps when he came; he seemed to know."

"Can't be a new Beak, can it?" asked Russell.

"My hat! Poor old Prout—if it is!" chuckled the Bounder.

"Anyhow, we shall know soon," said Peter Todd. "Old Popper must have brought the news."

"I'd like to see Prout's face!" murmured Skinner. "I'd give something to see his face, if it's a new Beak that old Popper is planting on him!"

Some of the fellows laughed.

Mr. Prout's face at that moment was not, however, a laughing matter, if the thoughtless juniors could have seen it.

In the Head's study, something like a thunderbolt had fallen upon Mr. Prout.

The Fifth Form master had greeted and welcomed Sir Hilton Popper, on his arrival, with the effusive respect of an

ambitious gentleman who had much to expect, or, at least, hope for.

He had ushered him and his unknown companion into the study lately tenanted by Dr. Locke, and his aspect had been rather correctly described by Bunter as "all smiles and grease."

Under his smiles and grease, however, the plump heart of Paul Prout was beating rather anxiously.

That emergency meeting of the governors must have decided his fate, he knew, and he almost trembled with eagerness to hear the news from the rather grim-faced old baronet. Who the baronet's companion was, and why he had come, Mr. Prout did not yet know.

He was soon to know.

In the study, Sir Hilton Popper presented Mr. Brander to Mr. Prout, and Mr. Prout to Mr. Brander.

The two gentlemen shook hands perfunctorily.

"This is the master of the Fifth Form, Mr. Brander," Sir Hilton added, by way of explanation. "Mr. Prout, this gentleman, Mr. Brander, is Dr. Locke's successor in the headmastership of Greyfriars."

Mr. Prout did not speak.

He couldn't!

The thunderbolt was too sudden, too overwhelming.

Mr. Prout stood stock-still, his mouth open, like a fish out of water, gasping.

Mr. Brander's keen, searching eyes were on him, and a slight, sarcastic smile played over the hard, fat face. Probably Mr. Meyer Brander deduced much from the overwhelmed expression on poor Mr. Prout's speaking countenance.

Sir Hilton, however, stared at him impatiently. Possibly he was unaware of the vaulting ambition which he had so ruthlessly and cruelly knocked on the head.

"You hear me, Mr. Prout? This gentleman is the new headmaster of

(Continued on page 16.)

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No. 2

SEETHING REVOLT AT PUBLIC SCHOOL OLD SKIPPER CHUCKED OUT! LAW AND ORDER GOING TO DOGS

Greyfriars in general, and the Remove Form in particular, is in a state of ferment this week.

Our backs are up with a vengeance! We are simply seething with righteous indignation. It may sound a bit melodramatic, but our blood is boiling in our veins!

"Wherefore this thushness?" as Bob Cherry would say. We are a cheery community as a rule—a happy band of brothers—and it takes a lot really to upset us. Then why this sudden outburst of fire and fury? I will explain.

There is a dark shadow over Greyfriars. Doctor Locke, our headmaster, whom we all like and respect, is no longer with us. He has been the victim of a brutal and cowardly outrage—a dastardly assault by some person unknown—and so serious are his injuries that he has been compelled to leave Greyfriars for a time.

This was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. The Head's place has been taken by a Dutchman named Meyer Brander—a tyrant of the first water.

To make matters even worse, the new Head's nephew, Otto van Tromp, is a member of the Sixth Form. And his uncle, without rhyme or reason, has chucked poor old Wingate out of the captaincy and installed the hateful Otto in his place. Uncle and nephew have embarked upon a Reign of Terror, and Greyfriars is writhing in the grip of the Iron Hand and Mailed Fist.

This, then, is the position. If ever there was an excuse for a real, rousing, red-hot School rebellion, we have one now. The outrageous conduct of Meyer Brander and Otto van Tromp simply cannot be suffered in silence.

Boys of Greyfriars! Rise up in your might to resist the tide of tyranny! Let our own little feuds be forgotten, for the time being, and let us unite, shoulder to shoulder, against the common enemy—these Dutch invaders who are trampling on our time-honoured traditions of freedom and justice!

Up, the rebels! And down with the tyrants!

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RUFFIANLY HEAD RULES ROOST

Will Coker Take Flogging Lying Down?

Who was the dastardly ruffian who felled Dr. Locke with a cudgel, causing his temporary retirement from Greyfriars?

Will the cowardly cur ever be laid by the heels? And if so, what sort of punishment would fit his crime? Bob Cherry suggests something lingering, with boiling oil in it!

Why was Meyer Brander selected to take the Head's place, when there are plenty of honest British schoolmasters capable of filling the post?

What new forms of tyranny are being hatched in the crafty brain of Meyer Brander? Will he—as Billy Bunter fearfully suggests—close down the school tuckshop? Will he abolish cricket? Will he—as so many tyrants have done in the past—make Greyfriars too hot to hold him?

Is it true that Meyer Brander was a lion-tamer before he came to Greyfriars? Or was he a nigger-driver in the wilds of Africa?

Who was the author of the following verse, which the new Head found pushed underneath his study door?

"I do not love thee, Meyer Brander,
I trust you will excuse my candour!
To tyrants I shall never pander,
I loathe you, beastly bully Brander!"

How did Coker of the Fifth enjoy his public flogging for striking Otto van Tromp? And what is the great Horace going to do about it? Will he take it like a lamb, or rush on to the warpath like a raging lion?

Will the Head and his nephew get a glimpse of this issue of the HERALD? And if so, will they chuckle till the tears splash down their cheeks, or roar and rage till the birch lashes down our backs?

Greyfriars

SCHOOLBOYS NEVER SHALL



DOWN WITH DUTCH INVADERS! AMAZING SCENES AT MEETING

A stormy meeting was held in the Rag last night to protest against the appointment of Meyer Brander as Headmaster of Greyfriars, and against that of his nephew, Otto van Tromp, as captain of the school.

Lord Mauleverer took the chair, so the Chairman (Harry Wharton) was obliged to stand on the table.

Many fiery speeches were made, extracts from which are printed below:

HARRY WHARTON: "Gentlemen, chaps and fellows! I have called this meeting more in anger than in sorrow. Many of us are still smarting from the lash of Meyer Brander's cane, or from the ashplant of his precious nephew, Otto van Tromp. They are tyrants both! They should never have been let loose on Greyfriars! (Hear, hear!) They have trampled our traditions in the dust; they know nothing of English schools and English ways; they have no sense of decency or sportsmanship. Their beastly tyranny is so revolting that

I feel like revolting myself (Cries of "We're with you, Wharton!")

HURREE SINGH: "The worthy and ludicrous Wharton has hit the nail on the head smartfully! The tyranny of Otto van Tromp and his Dutch uncle is terrific! Are we to take it lying down? (Never!) It is not wrongful to stand up for our rights; it is rightful to stand up against our wrongs! (Hear, hear!) I suggest we duckfully immerse the Head and his nephew in the school fountain; make them sprintfully run the gauntlet; and then take their canes and give them a tastful dose of their own medicine! That, I submit, is the way to deal with tyrants!" (Loud cheers.)

BILLY BUNTER: "I say you fellows! It isn't often I see eye to eye with Inky, but he has my physical and moral support on this occasion. What's Greyfriars coming to? That's what I want to know! Wharton has told you that our traditions are

ANTI-CRICKET FANATIC

MATCH STOPPED BY HEAD

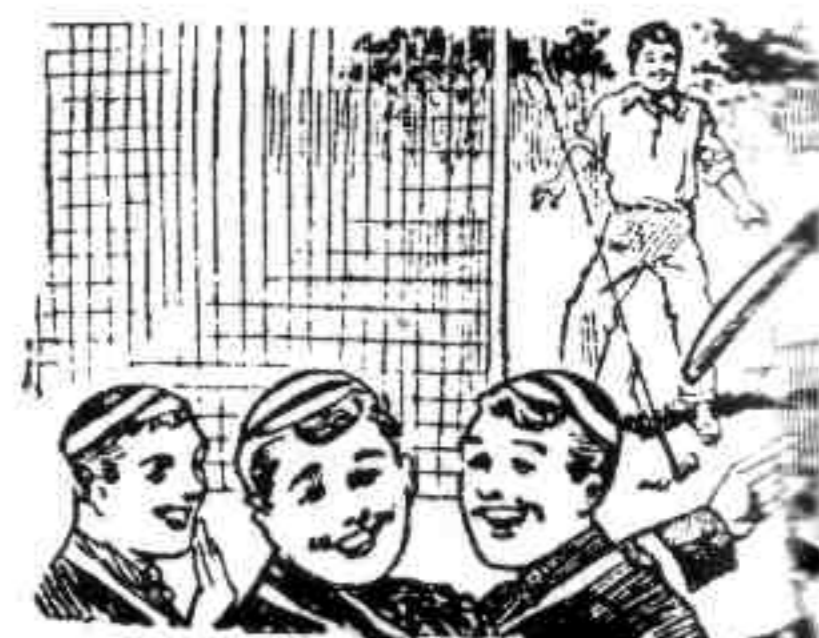
BULLYING BATSMAN CLEAR

Cricket is under a cloud just now, at Greyfriars. By this, I don't mean that it's raining Heaven's hard and that the weather is more fit for ducks than duck's eggs. No, the weather clerk has played the game, but the new headmaster, Meyer Brander, and his nephew, Otto van Tromp, are proving a pair of spoilsports.

What would you say if an exciting cricket match was in progress—seven runs wanted to win and one wicket to fall—and your headmaster came stalking on to the pitch with a scowling brow and a birch-rod tucked under his arm and ordered the game to be stopped? Wouldn't you feel like lynching him? Well, that was the Remove Eleven's unhappy experience, and that was exactly how we felt! But the lynching

of headmasters—although not provided against in the rules of the school—is considered bad form in these civilised times, so we had to swallow our disappointment, draw stumps, and call the match a draw.

Meyer Brander has no use for cricket. "An utterly stupid and senseless pastime," is how he



Greyfriars Herald

July 19th, 1930

BRIBE OF BULLSEYES TO PUBLIC EXECUTIONER

INTERVIEW ENDS IN DISASTER

ALL BE SLAVES

VADERS T MASS



being trampled in the dust Blow our traditions! (Cries of "Shame!") What do our traditions matter when there is grave danger of that beast Brander closing the tuckshop? Tarts come before tradition, any day. (Laughter.) There is also a danger that Brander may cut down our meals, and put us on a starvation diet. Are we going to starve by inches? (You won't, Bunty!) Are we going to waste away to shadows for lack of nourishment? (No jolly fear!) If that beastly bully, Van Tromp and his Dutch uncle were here, I'd talk to them like a—like a Dutch uncle! (Laughter.) I'd freeze them to the floor with my eloquence! I'd make the pair of them go down on their knees and humbly apologise for being such rotten tyrants! I'd jolly well—"

At this stage Otto van Tromp came into the Rag and dispersed the meeting with his ashplant. Billy Bunter was seen to go down on his knees and beg for mercy!

BOYS MADE TO SCRUB FLOORS

Tyrant Heads of the Past

Tyrants of the brand of Brander, our new headmaster, are happily rare. They used to be pretty plentiful in the old days, when "spare the rod and spoil the schoolboy" was the commonly accepted slogan, and birchings and canings the order of the day.

The complaint which we call "tennis elbow" was unheard of in those "not-so-good old days." But it was a common thing to find a schoolmaster suffering from "castigator's arm"—a stiffening of the muscles caused by the excessive wielding of birch and cane.

Dr. Grimwade, who ruled the roost at Greyfriars at the time when Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector of England, was a positive glutton for doling out punishment. It was said of him that he must have been born with a birch-rod in his hand, and a cane in his cradle. From morning to night he was busy with both. As one chronicler remarks in a diary which is now preserved in the school museum:

"The time of the singing of canes is near, and the swish of the birch-rod is heard in the land. (Continued at foot of next col.)

RUNS AMOK

ADMASTER.

AN BOWLED

describes our national summer sport. The worst of it is, you can't argue with a headmaster and point out to him that his views are based upon bigotry and ignorance! He lays down the law and you must take the law lying down.

Otto van Tromp is also an



anti-cricket fanatic. He has better reason to be than his uncle, for Otto spent a very unhappy ten minutes at the nets on Big Side. He intended to give the Sixth an exhibition of how cricket should be played, instead of which he merely gave an exhibition of himself! Wingate and Gwynne and Faulkner bowled to him, sending down such fiery stuff that Otto was soon in the wars. He played a full-toss with his chin, and stopped a couple of long-hops with his ribs. And when he tried to pull Wingate to leg, he gave himself such a swipe with the bat that he hopped and howled with anguish! Finally, Otto dropped his bat and ran, followed by yells of laughter and derision from the crowd! Van Tromp won't attend any more net practice, or I'm a Dutchman!

The Remove Eleven has a fixture with Courtfield County Council School on Wednesday—weather and Meyer Brander permitting! If the new Head attempts to interfere on this occasion, there will be ructions! He will probably find it necessary to read the Riot Act.

I would sooner interview a cannibal king or a bloodthirsty brigand or a public executioner than Otto van Tromp, the newcomer to the Sixth Form. I might be able to convince the cannibal king that boiled schoolboy was bad for him. I might succeed in teaching the bold, bad brigand the error of his ways. The public executioner might be bribed with bullseyes.

But Otto van Tromp, the tyrant of the Sixth, is proof against all coaxings and cajolings. When I reached the door of his study, it was my knees that knocked—not my knuckles!

(Continued on next column.)

Verily, Dr. Grimwade is a fearsome tyrant. He should have been torturer-in-chief to the Spanish Inquisition.

And so say all of us

Other times, other methods. Dr. Sterndale, who was headmaster of Greyfriars in the eighteenth century, did not believe in corporal punishment. He burnt the birch and banished the cane, to the joy and relief of his pupils. But their joy was short-lived. Dr. Sterndale proved himself just as big a tyrant in his own peculiar way as Dr. Grimwade. He believed in putting transgressors on a bread-and-water diet for days on end, and setting them impositions that sometimes took the best part of a term to write! He also employed certain culprits to perform tasks of drudgery in his household, such as scrubbing floors and washing dishes. Dr. Sterndale's unhappy charges soon found themselves sighing for the return of the birch and cane!

But the tyrants of the past have not always been allowed to flourish unchecked. There was a Dr. Rudge, for example, whose tyranny caused the whole school to rise in open rebellion. For three lively weeks the routine of the school was at a standstill, and the authorities, who seem to have tried everything but tact and common sense to stamp out the rebellion, were utterly powerless. Finally a petition was sent by the boys to the School Governors, setting forth their grievances. A searching inquiry followed, with the result that Dr Rudge was asked to resign his position. He was practically drummed out of Greyfriars, followed by hoots and hisses and cat-calls. There is a warning here for Meyer Brander. He would do well to ponder the fate of his predecessor!

"Come in!"

Otto's roar would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan.

I felt like taking to my heels, but "dooty is dooty," as the undutiful Gosling is so fond of saying. However unpalatable my task, I had to go through with it.

"What do you want, you young whelp?" growled Otto van Tromp, as I sidled into his study.

"I—er—ahem! If you please, Van Tromp, I am the Special Representative of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," I stammered, opening my notebook with trembling fingers. "I should like to pop you a few questions."

"Go along!" thundered Van Tromp.

I took this as an invitation instead of an ejection order.

"First, as to your pedigree," I said.

"Are you a descendant of the notorious Van Trump who sailed with a broom at his masthead, and said he would sweep the English from the seas?"

Van Tromp gave a growl which might have been an admission or a denial. I couldn't tell.

"Old Admiral Van Trump bit off a bit more than he could conveniently chew," I went on. "He came up against Drake—ever heard the famous ditty, 'Drake Goes West'? Well, in this case it wasn't Drake who went West—it was Van Trump! Take warning, Otto, from your ancestor's untimely fate."

"You—you dare to call me Otto?" stormed Van Tromp.

"Well, if I'm wrong, I Otto apologise," I said meekly.

The pun was wasted on Van Tromp. He gave me a deadly glare, and picked up an ashplant.

"Bend over that chair!" he hissed. "You are one insolent puppy! I will beat you black and blue!"

I changed colour immediately, at the prospect. And then, as Van Tromp's iron grasp closed over my collar, I gave a yell that must have echoed through Greyfriars.

"Help! Rescue, Remove!" There was a sound of scurrying feet and my worthy chums hurried in and whisked me away to safety.

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TALE-BEARER-IN-CHIEF!

(Continued from page 13.)

Greyfriars!" snapped Sir Hilton. "He has been chosen unanimously—h'm—almost unanimously—to fill the place of the late headmaster by the governing board. A better selection could not, in my opinion, have been made. Mr. Brander is now Head of Greyfriars."

Mr. Prout found his voice. He emerged, as it were, from the wreck of his shattered dreams, and tried to realise how matters stood.

"Oh! Ah! Hum!" gasped Mr. Prout. "But I understand—the decision of the board, of course. Oh! Ah! Hum! But—but, no doubt, you mean that the present appointment is of a—temporary nature, until Dr. Locke is restored to health—"

"No doubt—no doubt," said Sir Hilton, rather hastily. "But it is likely to be a long time before Dr. Locke is able to resume his duties here, sir—a very long time; and probably—very probably—he may regard this as a favourable opportunity to retire permanently. At all events, we are not now concerned with the future."

"Ah! Um! Quite so," gasped Mr. Prout.

It was a heavy blow to Prout. But facts were facts; and, having bidden a reluctant farewell to his hopes of shining as a bright particular star in the list of great headmasters, Mr. Prout realised that it was only prudent to conciliate the new man.

A headmaster was a headmaster, with boundless power in his hands, and the new man did not look like a headmaster to be trifled with.

Mr. Prout stammered out some words of welcome—some stammering reference to the loyalty of the staff, especially of himself, Paul Prout.

This thrusting scoundrel—for that was the term in Mr. Prout's mind—had somehow got in as headmaster, leaving Prout on the shelf; but he was in, and it behoved a Form master to get on the right side of him.

"Well, well!" Sir Hilton Popper ruthlessly interrupted Mr. Prout's stammerings. "The school had better be assembled and the announcement made, Mr. Prout, and without delay."

"Oh! Quite!" gasped Prout.

"If you will see to it—"

"Oh, yes! Quite!"

Prout almost staggered from the study.

When he came into public view a myriad eyes were fixed on Prout's agitated face.

Its expression told the Greyfriars men all they wanted to know about Prout.

"Prout's shelved!" said Vernon-Smith, after one glance.

"The poor old bean has fairly got it in the neck," remarked Potter of the Fifth. "Poor old Prout!"

"I say, you fellows, he looks jolly sick, doesn't he? He, he, he!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

A few minutes later the prefects were shepherding the school into Big Hall. The fellows crowded in eagerly, to hear

the announcement that was to be made by the Chairman of the Governors.

All eyes were fixed on Mr. Brander when he entered the Hall, by the upper door, in company with Sir Hilton Popper.

The masters eyed him as keenly as the boys.

Among the masters, Mr. Prout stood with a determined smile on his face, hiding as well as he could his inward feelings. But his usually rosy cheeks were a little pale, and his plump hands trembled.

Sir Hilton Popper's announcement was brief, and made amid a dead silence. After a few perfunctory words of respect and regret referring to the late headmaster, Sir Hilton presented the new headmaster to the school. It was clear, from Sir Hilton's words and manner, that he had a very high opinion of the new headmaster. Possibly he would have been surprised to learn that that was not the best recommendation Mr. Brander might have had, in the eyes of the Greyfriars fellows.

"What do you fellows think of the new Beak?" asked Vernon-Smith, as the fellows streamed out of Hall.

"Looks a tough old bird!" said Skinner. "I know I'm jolly well not going to catch his eye, if I can help it."

The Famous Five walked away by themselves, with serious faces.

"It's Brander!" said Bob Cherry. "It's Van Tromp's uncle! Inky, old man, do you still think—"

"The thoughtfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh quietly.

Wharton shook his head.

"I know it looks suspicious," he said. "But it can't be possible! It can't, old man! Anyhow, one thing's certain, you men."

"What's that?" asked Nugent.

"We shall have plenty of trouble with Van Tromp, now that his uncle's headmaster! He will let himself go now, I fancy."

"Not much doubt about that," said Bob.

And the Famous Five agreed on that. Whether the nabob's dark suspicion of Van Tromp was well-founded or not they could not make up their minds. But they could not doubt that the bully of the Sixth would feel now that his time had come, and that he would be in haste to pay off old grudges. There was trouble ahead for the chums of the Remove.

THE TENTH CHAPTER. Chucked Out!

"HIS uncle!"

"Yes!"

"Oh, my hat!"

It was all over the school in a very short time.

"His uncle!" said Coker of the Fifth.

"Well, whether the new Beak's his uncle or not, I'm not standing any of his airs and graces, for one."

"There won't be any holding that cad now!" said Hobson of the Shell to his friends gloomily.

"Rotten luck for Greyfriars, you men!" Temple of the Fourth confided to his cronies. "Rotten luck all round! If the Beak's anythin' like his nephew, an' I suppose he is, he's no good."

Even the prefects of the Sixth were rather intrigued to discover that the new headmaster was related to a Sixth Form man, and that that man was Van Tromp.

Van Tromp, merely as a new fellow, a fellow of no account whatever, had been cheeky, insolent, truculent; bullying to smaller boys, disagreeable to seniors. He had always acted as if he

considered himself a fellow of unusual consequence, who could do as he liked—just as if, in fact, he had foreseen that his relative would become headmaster of the school.

Now his uncle was headmaster—and if Van Tromp had been insolent before, it was fairly certain that he would be more so now.

"We shall have trouble with that beauty!" said Gwynne of the Sixth.

"Think so?" said Wingate.

"He hasn't forgotten the prefects' beating."

"Well, we wanted him to remember it."

"Um!" said Gwynne.

"I don't see that this makes any difference," said the Greyfriars captain.

"We've no right to suppose that Mr. Brander will go in for favouritism."

"Um!" said Gwynne, again.

"As a matter of fact, I've known cases of a schoolmaster being extra tough on a son or nephew in the school, just to make it clear that there wasn't any favouritism," said Wingate.

"I hope it will be like that here, then!" said Gwynne. "But—I've had my eye on the old bird, and I don't like his looks."

"Oh, I dare say he's all right!" said Wingate carelessly.

"Um!" said Gwynne.

A change in the headmastership was, of course, a matter of considerable moment to the school. Fellows were so accustomed to Dr. Locke, that they had looked on him as a fixture, almost as much a part of Greyfriars as the grey old tower, or the ivied gateway. Now he was gone, and there was a new man, of untried ways, in his place.

It was possible that matters were to go on as before, according to use and wont. It was possible that the new man had new ideas and new methods. So far, no one could tell.

There was a Masters' Meeting in the library, presided over by the new Head. Fellows who saw the masters going to the meeting commented on their looks. Prout was reported to be looking sick, Hacker grim, Quelch to be looking savage, Capper nervous, Twigg nervous, Monsieur Charpentier exceedingly nervous, Lascelles perfectly at his ease, as an exception, but very serious. Vernon-Smith described them as a lot of Daniels going into the lions' den.

Van Tromp was a good deal in evidence.

He was seen walking on the Sixth Form green with his friends, Loder and Carne.

Those two fellows, who had seemed to forget that they were the new senior's friends on the occasion of the beating, had developed into the most attached comrades.

It was easy to guess from Loder and Carne's treatment of their friend, that they regarded him as invested with a new importance. Which indicated that their opinion on the subject of favouritism was rather different from George Wingate's.

Van Tromp himself looked as if he fully realised how important he had become.

His manner never had been modest or retiring. Now it was unmistakably "swanky"; he was putting on "side" to an extent that made fellows who observed him smile and shrug their shoulders. Side was not popular at Greyfriars, and a fellow who was sidey generally had his attention called to the failing in the most unceremonious manner. But the new senior was now displaying an amount of side that had never been seen before at Greyfriars.

When he came into the House he strolled to the prefects' room with Loder and Carne. They would have passed on, but Van Tromp stopped.

"Come in here," he said.

His friends hesitated.

The prefects' room was sacred to the prefects. It was true that a prefect could take a friend in, if the friend belonged to the Sixth. But Van Tromp was so unpopular in his Form, that neither Loder nor Carne wanted to walk into the prefects' room with him, well knowing that he would be unwelcome to every other fellow present. And on one occasion, when Van Tromp had walked into the room as if he had a right there, Wingate had told him curtly to cut—and he had had to cut.

Van Tromp glanced at his hesitating friends sarcastically.

"Come on," he said.

He threw open the door as if the room belonged to him and walked in. Half a dozen prefects were in the room, and they looked round. Wingate gave him a frowning glance.

"What do you want, Van Tromp?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular," yawned the new senior, and he strolled across to the window and sat down.

"You'd better cut," said Wingate.

"Thanks, I'll stay!"

Wingate rose to his feet.

"You'll cut!" he said.

Loder and Carne exchanged a look, and followed their friend into the room. They did not like the idea of trouble with Wingate, but they felt that they had to back the new senior up. They did not want to lose a friendship that seemed likely to prove valuable.

"Hold on, Wingate," said Loder pacifically. "Van Tromp's come in with us. It's all right."

"Van Tromp is not wanted here," answered the Greyfriars captain quietly. "He's been told so before. If he wants telling again, I've just mentioned it."

"Look here, a prefect can bring a friend into this room if he likes," said Loder blusteringly.

"I should jolly well think so," said Carne. "Van Tromp's come in here as our friend, Wingate."

"Perfectly true, as a rule," said Wingate. "But a fellow who has had a prefects' beating for bullying is not wanted here. You know perfectly well that you ought not to bring him here, Loder." Wingate paused. "You're not welcome here, Van Tromp. There's the door."

Van Tromp sat where he was.

"I'm staying," he answered coolly.

Wingate flushed.

"I've told you to cut," he said.

"You can tell me till you're black in the face and it won't make any difference," said Van Tromp, with the same coolness.

"I—I say, let's get out, old chap," said Loder uneasily. "After all, this is the prefects' room, you know—fellows aren't supposed to come here unless they're prefects. Come on, old fellow."

"I'm quite comfortable here, thanks," said Van Tromp.

Wingate made a step towards him. There was a glint in his eyes that told that trouble was coming.

"I'll explain the matter to you, Van Tromp," he said quietly, "as you don't seem to understand. Only prefects use this room. It's not a Common-room for the Sixth. A man can bring a friend in if nobody objects, that is all. Is that clear to you?"

"Quite!" yawned Van Tromp.

"Well, now get out!"

"Not in the least."

Wingate breathed hard and deep. It was not only Van Tromp's side in forcing himself into the room that annoyed him, and not only the fact that he disliked the fellow and his company. It was easy to see that the new senior had taken up an attitude of deliberate defiance of the head prefect and captain of the school, and it was not hard to guess upon what he grounded it. This was the first fruit of his uncle's appointment as headmaster.

"I've asked you to go, Van Tromp!" said Wingate, at last.

"Well, I won't!"

"Then you'll be put."

"Van Tromp, old chap—" urged Loder. Loder had no liking for the captain of Greyfriars, but he was uneasy as to the result of a quarrel in which the new senior placed himself palpably in the wrong. The new headmaster could not support him in such an attitude, unless, indeed, his methods were very unusual for a headmaster.

"Come on, old bean," said Carne.

Van Tromp did not stir.

"You needn't worry, Wingate," he said, with a sneer. "I know this is the prefects' room, but it won't be long before I am a prefect."

Wingate stared at him.

"I don't see any reason to suppose that you will be made a prefect," he answered.

"You will soon, then."

"If you mean that you will be made a prefect because your uncle is headmaster of Greyfriars, you're accusing Mr. Brander of rotten favouritism," said Wingate. "I prefer not to take your word about that."

"Please yourself."

"Anyhow, whatever may happen in

the future, you're not a prefect. Get out of this room."

"Rats to you."

"Very well, if you won't walk out, you'll be chucked!" said the captain of Greyfriars, and he advanced on Van Tromp.

The new senior rose hastily to his feet. "Hands off, you fool! Lay a finger on me, and you'll find yourself in Queer Street fast enough," he snarled.

"Are you going?"

"No!" roared Van Tromp.

Wingate said no more. His powerful grasp closed on the rebel of the Sixth, and Van Tromp was whirled towards the door.

"Open the door, Gwynne, old man," said Wingate. Van Tromp was struggling fiercely; but Wingate handled him easily enough.

Gwynne grinned and threw open the door. Wingate, with a swing of his sinewy arms, sent Van Tromp spinning through the doorway.

He landed with a yell and a crash—at the feet of Mr. Brander, the new headmaster of Greyfriars!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The High Hand!

MR. BRANDER started back. The flying figure of Otto van Tromp had very nearly landed on the portly form of the new headmaster.

Mr. Brander stared at the senior sprawling and gasping at his feet, and then at the startled faces in the doorway of the prefects' room.

(Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 2 of a novel series of poems by the "Magnet" special Rhymester. This week his skilful pen treats of Horace Coker, the Duffer of the Fifth.



AUNT JUDY—I owe you a letter
And, now I've five minnits to spare,
My study-mates think I had better
Make good the omishun, so there!
I've perioined a pen from old Potter
(It can't spell for toffy, you know!),
From Greene I have borrowed a blotter,
And Tomlinson's ink will not flow!

The munny you sent was eggspended
Upon a first-rate study feed;
And now that our revels are ended
A ferther remittanse I need.
Please don't think me grasping or greedy,
I isn't—or rather, I aren't;
But remember the poor and the needy,
And come to my reskew, dear Aunt!

Best thanks for the woollies and mittens,
They will not be needed (don't sigh).
I'm one of your hardy young Brittons
Who never feels cold in July!
Don't think me unkind or ungreatful,
I've never been that to you yet;
But some of the fellows are hateful,
They call me my Aunt's "ickie pet"!

At lessons I'm getting on famous
(Don't take any notiss of Prout).
He says I'm a born Iggneramus,
Shoer jellusy that, I've no doubt.
Just fancy! The man is a master,
Yet hasn't the brane of a child;
His speling is quite a disaster,
And really, that's putting it mild!

At sport I'm as famous as ever
(Too famous for some fellows' taste).
My cricket is klassic and klever,
Yet my tallents are running to waist.
For Blundell perlitely declines me
A permanent place in the team;
The rotter! He mocks and malines me
And says that my cricket's a scream.

However, I mustn't get broody,
Although every greevance is just;
I now will conclood, dear Aunt Judy,
This letter won't boar you, I trussed.
I send you my dewtiful greeting,
There seems nothing ferther to say;
So here's to our next jolly meeting;
HORACE COKER, your nevvew for aye!

His lips closed hard, and a glint came into his narrow, sharp eyes.

Wingate stood dumbfounded, staring at the new Head across the sprawling Van Tromp.

Certainly the new senior had asked for it. But Wingate had had no idea that the new Head was anywhere at hand. He would not willingly have landed Mr. Brander's nephew with a crash at Mr. Brander's feet had he known.

But it was done now.

"Ach!" ejaculated Mr. Brander.

The new Head, though of foreign extraction, spoke English like a native, and had been headmaster of an English school. Only when he was deeply excited did his native language come back unwittingly to his tongue.

"I am sorry, sir!" said Wingate respectfully. "I had no idea that you were there, sir. I did not hear you coming."

Mr. Brander's anger did not seem soothed by that remark. Wingate was to learn, later, that the new Head had a custom of walking very softly and silently; "creeping" about as the Greyfriars fellows called it. Possibly he thought that Wingate had noticed it already, and was making an illusion to it.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Brander harshly.

Wingate did not reply immediately. It was not agreeable to have to tell Mr. Brander that his nephew had been ejected from the prefects' room for side.

"Otto!" rapped out Mr. Brander. "Get up."

Van Tromp scrambled to his feet.

He was breathless, and crimson with rage. He stood panting, his eyes malevolently on the Greyfriars captain.

The new Head looked sharply at Wingate.

"I have seen you already, I think," he said. "You are Wingate, captain of the school?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a prefect, I think?"

"I am head prefect."

"I have been given to understand," said Mr. Brander, "that matters have been allowed to become very slack in this school under the administration of my predecessor. I did not expect, however, to find the head prefect of Greyfriars engaged in a vulgar shindy."

Wingate crimsoned.

The disrespectful allusion to Dr. Locke drew dark looks from all the seniors in the room. Even Loder and Carne felt it jar on them.

A hot reply rose to Wingate's lips. But he remembered, in time, that it was his headmaster who was speaking, and he checked himself.

He stood silent.

"Explain yourself!" snapped Mr. Brander. "I find you in the very act of assaulting my nephew. Explain yourself."

Again the new Head's words jarred on the Greyfriars men. He should have spoken of Van Tromp, not of his nephew. In his eyes the new senior should have been simply a member of the Sixth Form. But that, evidently, was not the way Mr. Brander looked at it.

"Van Tromp can explain best, I think, sir," said Wingate drily.

"I have ordered you to explain. Am I to understand that you refuse to obey your headmaster?"

"Certainly not," said Wingate. "I will explain if you wish. I threw Van Tromp out of this room because he refused to go."

"And why should he go?"

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"This is the prefects' room, and Van Tromp is not a prefect."

"And for such a trifling reason as that you have assaulted my nephew violently?"

"It is not a trifling reason, sir," said Wingate quietly. "If Van Tromp is allowed to defy the prefects—"

"You take too much on yourself, sir!" said Mr. Brander, interrupting him. "It is my intention to make my nephew a prefect! Certainly he is more fitted to be head prefect of the school than a boy who indulges in vulgar rows and cannot answer his headmaster respectfully."

Wingate set his lips.

"Am I to understand from that, sir, that you intend to make Van Tromp head prefect?" he asked.

"You are to understand precisely that!" snapped Mr. Brander. "It was, in fact, for the purpose of telling you, and the other prefects so, that I came here."

"Then I am no longer head prefect?"

"You are not."

"Mr. Brander—" began Gwynne.

"Silence!" said Mr. Brander.

"But Wingate—"

"That is enough, silence."

Gwynne stood silent, his eyes glinting.

"Very well, sir!" said Wingate



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quietly. "As I am no longer head prefect, probably you will have no use for my services as a prefect at all. I resign my prefectship, sir."

"I accept your resignation," answered Mr. Brander at once. "I am far—very far—from satisfied with the state of the school, so far as I have yet observed it, and from what my nephew has reported to me, I attribute the general slackness and other failings, in a large measure, to the slackness of the prefects, and I cannot regard your services as being of any value to the school. I therefore accept your resignation with pleasure."

"Very well, sir!"

Mr. Brander glanced round at the other Sixth Formers, who stood silent with dark and grim faces.

"My nephew, Otto van Tromp, is appointed head prefect of Greyfriars," he said. "You will all take note of it, and act accordingly."

"Yes, sir!" said Loder, the only fellow to reply.

"I shall have further instructions to give you," added Mr. Brander. "All the prefects will meet in my study at eight o'clock. You will see to that, Otto."

"Yes, uncle."

Mr. Brander walked on.

Wingate stood quite still. His rugged face was crimson, and he was breathing hard. His friends looked angry and indignant; but Loder and Carne exchanged a covert look. They had never liked the frank, cheery captain of Greyfriars, and now that he was down they rejoiced accordingly.

"Faith, it's a rotten shame," said Gwynne hotly.

"It's a putrid shame!" growled North.

"My hat!" said Walker. "So that's how the new Head's beginning! This is a change after Locke, you men."

"That is not the way to speak of your headmaster!" interrupted Van Tromp. "You will kindly be a little more respectful in speaking of Mr. Brander."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Gwynne.

Van Tromp, with a vaunting look, came back into the room. He was a prefect now and head prefect, so there was no one to say him nay. He fixed his eyes on the Greyfriars captain with a gloating gleam in them.

"Wingate!" he rapped out.

The Greyfriars captain looked at him.

"Get out!" said Van Tromp.

Wingate started.

"What?"

"Get out! This is the prefects' room!" grinned Van Tromp. "Only prefects are allowed here, Wingate! You're not a prefect! Get out!"

Wingate stood quite still for a moment, breathing deeply. His hands were clenched hard.

"Are you going, or are you waiting to be put?" asked Van Tromp, jeeringly. "There's the door, Wingate."

"Knock the cur across the room, old man!" said Gwynne savagely.

Wingate did not heed.

He turned to the door and walked out of the prefects' room. He went without a word or a look at Van Tromp.

The latter followed him to the door.

"Don't come in here again!" he called out. "I shan't trouble to speak to you again. The next time I see you here you'll be kicked out."

Wingate paused a moment. But he repressed his feelings, and went quietly on his way to his study.

Gwynne and North and his other friends followed him from the room. They made it clear that they did not desire the company of Otto van Tromp, whether he was a prefect or not.

Loder and Carne remained with the new prefect. Walker, after going as far as the door, changed his mind, came back into the room, and remained also. Van Tromp kicked the door shut.

"Smoke?" he said genially.

He took a cigarette-case from his pocket and passed it round to his friends. For the first time in history the prefects' room at Greyfriars was the scene of a smoking party.

Evidently new ways were coming in, with the new Head.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bend Over!

GREYFRIARS had wondered what it would be like under the new Head. The school was not long in learning that change was the order of the day.

Mr. Brander was a new broom, and bent on sweeping clean—according to his own ideas.

In Master's Common-room the comments on Mr. Brander were not loud, but deep.



Wingate, with a swing of his sinewy arms, sent Van Tromp spinning through the doorway, to land, with a yell and a crash, at the feet of Mr. Brander, the new headmaster!

Prout, who regarded him as an interloper, could not be expected to like him. But the other masters shared Prout's feelings.

"The man is no gentleman!" Mr. Prout declared in Common-room; and the whole staff agreed with Prout.

No member of the staff could deny that, so far as scholastic attainments went, the new headmaster was up to the mark. But in other respects, he was far from suited to his position, in the opinion of the staff.

Any new headmaster would have incurred keen criticism in Common-room. But the criticism of Mr. Brander was very bitter.

Mild Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, said that his manners were abrupt; Mr. Wiggins, of the Third, averred that he had no manners at all; Mr. Twigg, of the Second, remarked that he treated the staff as if they were a sort of upper servants in the House; Mr. Quelch, who was a man of few words, expressed no opinion aloud, but his looks said much.

But although they already disliked Mr. Brander, the staff realised very clearly that he was not a man to be trifled with, and that they had to toe the line very carefully.

Mr. Brander had declared at Masters' Meeting, sharply and definitely, that he was disappointed and dissatisfied with the state in which he found the school. He made slighting references to his

predecessor, which all the masters regarded as being in the very worst of taste. He hinted that unless his views were carefully studied and carefully carried out there must be changes in the staff in the near future.

No member of the staff wished to be the victim of those changes. Posts at Greyfriars were well paid and comfortable, and the scholastic profession was overcrowded. Mr. Brander had them on the hip, as it were. Dr. Locke would never have dreamed of making a member of his staff feel how dependent he was on his chief's despotic will. Mr. Brander made every member of the staff feel it keenly in a single interview.

The fact was that, as Prout declared in deep tones—after carefully glancing round to make sure that the door was shut—the man was no gentleman.

Prout—still with a wary eye on the door—declared that the new Head would find trouble at Greyfriars, if he proceeded as he had begun.

"He interrupted me," said Prout, "several times. He interrupted me without the slightest ceremony. No doubt you observed it."

If that had been the new Head's only offence the other masters could have forgiven him. A master who wanted to speak at Master's Meetings simply had to interrupt Prout.

But Mr. Brander had succeeded in wounding the feelings of every man

present, in a cold, dry, sarcastic way that was very irritating.

The Sixth Form prefects were as annoyed as the masters. Two or three, like Loder and Carne, were pleased to see Wingate "given a fall," as they expressed it. But most of them resented it keenly.

There was even talk of the whole of the prefects resigning in a body, as a protest. The talk came to nothing, however, because of a general feeling that Mr. Brander was just the man to accept the resignations if offered; and to let it go at that.

In the Lower School there was irritation and apprehension combined. Van Tromp was head prefect now; and if he had been a bully and a brute when he had no power in his hands, the fellows could guess what he would be like when invested with the power of the ashlant.

Any fellow was bound to "bend over" at the order of a prefect, so there was a happy prospect before the juniors of any amount of bending over now. As Smithy put it, the whole Lower School would soon be caught bending.

It was a rather serious outlook for the Famous Five, only too well aware that they had incurred the deep dislike of the bully of Greyfriars.

They made up their minds to avoid Van Tromp as carefully as they could, but they could not help feeling that he was not likely to let them avoid him.

More than once they had handled the

More than once they had handled the bully of the Sixth, but that was no longer possible—a fellow who handled a prefect was liable to be expelled—and Van Tromp was a prefect now.

A prefect who was a bully, like Loder, was held in check by the rest of the prefects, and by the authority of the Head, and the necessity of keeping up an appearance, at least, of fair play. But there seemed no check on a prefect like Van Tromp, who was nephew to the Head, when the Head had already made it clear that favouritism to his relative was his system.

"There's going to be trouble, and lots of it!" Bob Cherry told his chums. And the Co. agreed that there was.

In break that morning the chums of the Remove sighted Van Tromp in the quad, and noted that he was looking about him. They judiciously walked in another direction.

"I say, you fellows, Van Tromp was looking for you in break," said Billy Bunter, when the Famous Five joined the Remove going in for third school. "I say, he's got it in for you! He, he, he!"

"Shut up cackling, you fat chump!" growled Johnny Bull.

Bunter chuckled.

"You're for it!" he grinned.

Bunter seemed to find something amusing in the prospect; but it was not amusing to the Five.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the Beak!" murmured Bob Cherry, as the Remove gathered at their Form-room door. Mr. Quelch was arriving from one direction, while the new Head arrived from another.

Mr. Brander glanced over the assembled Form, with his cold, sharp eye. He saluted Mr. Quelch very briefly as that gentleman came up.

The Remove master opened the Form-room door, wondering perhaps what the headmaster wanted there. Mr. Brander soon made that clear. The Remove filed in and took their places, very quiet and orderly, under the new headmaster's eyes.

Mr. Brander followed the Form in.

A glint came into Mr. Quelch's eye. His manner was icily polite as he looked inquiringly at his chief.

"I have a few remarks to make, Mr. Quelch, on the subject of discipline in this Form," said the new Head, in his cold, incisive voice.

"You would like me to step into your study, perhaps," suggested Mr. Quelch.

"Not at all; I prefer to speak here."

"Such a discussion before the boys, sir—" said Mr. Quelch, in a low voice.

"Pray allow me to decide that, Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Very well, sir!"

The Remove looked at one another in silence. Their Form master was "called on the carpet" in their presence and in their hearing. This was the kind of thing that was "not done." But Mr. Meyer Brander evidently had methods of his own.

"I have received reports concerning your Form, sir, that have made a very bad impression on me," said Mr. Brander.

"May I ask from whom, sir?"

"From a prefect!" said Mr. Brander.

"May I ask which prefect?"

"That is immaterial," said Mr. Brander coldly. "Certain members of your Form, Mr. Quelch, have been guilty of insolence, and even violence, towards a senior boy. Perhaps you are unaware of this."

"Quite" said Mr. Quelch.

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"It is, however, your duty to be aware of it."

"If you are referring to some trouble between the juniors and Van Tromp of the Sixth Form, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "the violence appears to have been on the side of Van Tromp; and he was called to account by the other prefects—and I understand that a beating was administered."

Mr. Brander's cold eyes gleamed.

"I do not need to be informed, sir, that this school was, before I came, in a state of such slackness and disorder that those in authority seem to have upheld insubordination instead of repressing it," he said, raising his voice. "All that will cease now that I am here. The names of several members of your Form have been reported to me as the ringleaders in the disorderly scenes to which I have alluded. I require you to give your special attention to those members of your Form, and to see that nothing of the kind occurs again."

"Really, sir—"

"I have no more to say for the present, Mr. Quelch; but I will deal personally with the boys in question."

Mr. Brander turned to the Form, leaving Mr. Quelch rooted to the floor, speechless with indignation and suppressed wrath.

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Hurrce Singh!" he rapped out. "Step out before the class."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five stepped out.

They stood in a silent group before the new Head. The cold, piercing eyes in the fat face scanned them.

"You are the boys who attacked my nephew?" asked Mr. Brander.

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"We handled Van Tromp for bullying and ill-using a fag!" he answered, in a clear voice.

"That will do! Bring me your Form master's cane."

"Really, sir—" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"I do not desire to be interrupted, Mr. Quelch. Bring me the cane, boy."

Wharton hesitated, and looked at his Form master. Mr. Quelch's face was crimson, and he seemed on the point of choking.

"Obey your headmaster, Wharton!" he gasped.

"I repeat, Mr. Quelch, that I do not desire to be interrupted," said Mr. Brander. "Give me that cane immediately, boy!"

Wharton fetched the cane from Mr. Quelch's desk.

Mr. Brander took it in his hand, and swished it, his little narrow eyes gleaming, his fat lips curving cruelly. He looked very like his nephew at that moment. He pointed to a desk with the cane.

"Bend over that desk, Wharton!"

"Really, sir," stuttered Mr. Quelch, "am I to understand that you are about to punish this boy?"

"You are, sir!"

"For no offence, sir?"

"His offence was a lawless attack on my nephew, as I have said."

"In that matter the blame rested on Van Tromp, sir, according to the judgment of the Sixth Form prefects."

"That judgment has no weight with me, sir. I have already degraded Wingate from his position for that very reason."

"Sir! I—I protest against this!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I—I am really bound to protest."

"You need say no more, Mr. Quelch. I am determined to restore order to

this school, which has apparently been allowed to run riot under the late headmaster."

"Such a remark concerning Dr. Locke, sir, is uncalled for—unfounded—I am bound to say."

"You are bound to say nothing, Mr. Quelch! You are, on the other hand, bound to be silent. Pray say no more."

Mr. Quelch choked.

"I am waiting for you, Wharton," said Mr. Brander, swishing the cane.

Wharton set his lips, looking at his Form master for guidance. But Mr. Quelch had no guidance to give him.

"I am informed," said Mr. Brander, fixing his eyes on the captain of the Remove, "that you are the most insolent and disobedient of the unruly members of this Form. I warn you that there must be a change in your conduct. You appear to hesitate to obey even your headmaster. If you do not obey me instantly, you leave the school to-day. I have little doubt that there must be some expulsions before the school is brought to a proper state of order and obedience. You will be the first to be expelled if you keep me waiting one moment longer."

Wharton gasped.

There was no help for it; and he bent over the desk. The cane came down with a vicious swish. Thrice it fell, and each cut was severe.

"Go to your place!" said Mr. Brander harshly.

Wharton, in silence, with burning eyes, went to his place.

Then each of the Co. in turn bent over; and the cane swished three times. The Remove looked on in breathless silence. Mr. Quelch looked on, with an indescribable expression on his face.

The castigation ended, Mr. Brander threw the cane down on the Form master's desk. His icy eyes glittered over the Form, resting especially on five juniors, who were wriggling painfully.

"I trust that this will be a warning to you!" he said. "Let the whole Form take this lesson to heart."

And he walked out of the Form-room.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Goes Through It!

THIRD school that morning had a very tense atmosphere, in the Remove room.

Five members of the Remove were wriggling most of the time.

Mr. Quelch was very subdued.

Indeed, he went through his duties more or less mechanically. He seemed to be in rather a dazed state.

Fellows who made blunders that morning got off very cheaply. Mr. Quelch seemed to observe nothing. The subject happened to be Roman history; and so absent minded was Mr. Quelch, so unlike his usual self, that he did not even sit up and take notice when Billy Bunter stated that the first Roman emperor was named Pontius Pilate.

It was but seldom that Henry Samuel Quelch was jolted out of his customary severe serenity. But he had received a terrific jolt now.

He had been deeply humiliated in the presence of his Form. After such a scene, Mr. Quelch's only dignified resource was to place his resignation in the hands of the headmaster.

But though indignation counselled such a course, there were many powerful arguments against it. Mr. Quelch did not want to leave Greyfriars. Very much indeed he did not want that.

Moreover, he suspected that Mr.

Brander would be glad of an excuse for getting rid of a master who had been—and was still—a loyal friend of the late Head. Many considerations might prevent Mr. Brander from actually dismissing a master at so early a stage of his career as Head; but it was likely that he would jump at the chance offered by a resignation. Mr. Quelch was not disposed to gratify him to that extent.

With such troublesome thoughts thronging his disturbed mind, Mr. Quelch hardly heeded his Form; and he would hardly have heeded had Bunter told him that the first Roman emperor was Ramsay MacDonald.

For once, Mr. Quelch dismissed the Form a few minutes before time. He wanted to get to his study, to be alone, to think.

The Remove streamed out into the quad. There was a buzz of excited voices as soon as they were out of the House.

"The rotter!" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth. "The mans a cad, you fellows—a rank outsider."

"The cadfulness of the esteemed outsider is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "He really is the ridiculous limit."

"Poor old Quelch!" murmured Nugent.

"I say, you fellows!" giggled Billy

Bunter. "Quelch looked frightfully sick, you know! He got it in the neck! He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you dummy!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "He looked as sick as— Yaroooooooh!"

Bunter broke off with a roar.

"Ow! You beast, wharrer you kicking me for? Yow-ow-ow! Ow! You beast, keep off! If you kick me again, I'll— Whoooooooop!"

Bunter fled.

"We're for it now, and no mistake!" said Johnny Bull gloomily. "That cad Van Tromp is appointed sneak-and-talebearer-in-chief to his precious uncle. We're going to have a high old time!"

"The highfulness of the esteemed old time will be—"

"Terrific!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"The man's a rotter!" said Harry Wharton. "An absolute rotter! The worst of it is that he's got a special eye on us now. It's plain that he's going to back up his precious nephew in everything. And we've made an enemy of Van Tromp, worse luck!"

"We'll get back on the brute somehow if he rags us!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Not so jolly easy, with the Beak backing him up," said Bob. "I don't want any more swipes from Brander.

He lays it on too jolly hard. Quelch never laid it on like that when he was at his worst!"

"Blow him!" said Nugent.

When the Famous Five went in to dinner they were not looking so merry and bright as usual. From the Sixth Form table Otto van Tromp glanced at them and smiled.

When the fellows came out after dinner Loder of the Sixth called to Bob:

"Cherry!"

Bob looked round.

"Yes, Loder?"

"Go to Van Tromp's study."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob. "What does Van Tromp want me for, Loder?"

"I dare say he will tell you himself," grinned Loder, and he walked away.

Bob looked at his chums.

They looked at him.

"I suppose there's no help for it," said Bob, with a deep breath. "He's a prefect now and can tell a man to go to his study."

And Bob slowly made his way to the Sixth Form passage, tapped at Otto van Tromp's door, and entered.

Van Tromp greeted him with a grin. A cane was lying on the table, and Bob did not need telling what it was there for.

(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

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

AS you've already discovered, chums, this issue contains the second FREE sheet of "sticky-back" photographs showing the English and Australian Test match cricketers. Last week's issue of the MAGNET contained the first four free photographs, together with a superb album in which to put them. If you missed this issue, you can still get a copy by sending three-pence in stamps to Back Number Dept., 5, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The

FOUR FREE PHOTOGRAPHS

presented with next week's MAGNET are of Hendren, Hammond, Bradman, and Hurwood, and you can only make sure of adding these to your album by ordering your copy well in advance.

I have received a letter this week from a chum in answer to my invitation to you fellows to let me know of any interesting and unusual holiday experiences. This chum has been spending a holiday in a most exciting place—Iceland—and he has written to tell me something about this

LAND OF WONDERFUL CONTRASTS!

For instance, he tells me that though the high mountains in the north-west of Iceland are covered with eternal ice and snow, in other parts of Iceland constant flows of boiling water are brought from the many geysers which are dotted around the island. The Icelanders don't waste this hot water—not by a long chalk! They use it for central heating, and also for greenhouses, where such things as tomatoes and grapes are grown. Also, the washerwomen of Iceland take their clothes to the nearest geyser and wash them there in the open air, where the hot water comes direct from the volcanic fires in the bowels of the earth.

The north part of Iceland is almost entirely covered with

A JET-BLACK SOLID SEA,

composed of the lava which has flowed from the volcanoes and then solidified. It makes one envious, doesn't it? I, for one, should like to follow in the footsteps of this adventurous chum of ours, and take a long holiday in Iceland. But then the MAGNET—?

NOW for some Rapid-Fire Replies. John Grieves, of Halifax, starts the ball rolling by telling me that

HE WANTS TO BECOME A SPEED-WAY RIDER,

and asking me how he can manage it. He's a bit young for this just yet, but if dirt-track racing continues to remain the attraction that it undoubtedly is to-day, John may get his chance before he is much older, for some of the present-day riders are only seventeen or eighteen years of age. He'll have to learn all there is to learn about motor-cycles first, and to do that he'll have to become a motor-mechanic. Many speedway riders commenced their career by getting a job as a mechanic to another rider, while others commenced by riding in novice events and showing such good form that they were immediately taken on as fully-fledged riders. There's one thing about speedway riders—they certainly do get some thrills out of life!

The next question comes from Tom Burgess, of Hereford, who wants to know when artillery was first used. The answer is: At the battle of Crécy, where Edward the Third had four "bombards," or small cannon, which undoubtedly helped the English to win the day.

Are you interested in prehistoric animals? Then you will be interested in this query which comes from A. F.,

of Exeter. He asks: "How big was a Brontosaurus?" This extinct reptile was the biggest of the Dinosaur bunch, and measured about sixty feet in length. Furthermore, it weighed about twenty tons! How would you like to have one of those as a pet?

You've all heard the yarn about Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, and H. T., of Wolverton, wants to know if it was true. No, for two reasons! The first was that the fiddle was not invented at the time that Rome was burned down. The second is that Nero was fifty miles away from Rome on that particular day!

WHAT'S your opinion of Frank Richards' new series of Greyfriars yarns featuring Otto van Tromp, the bully of the Sixth Form? Dashed fine tales, aren't they? Well, there's another one in store for you next week, entitled:

"THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!"

Harry Wharton & Co. have certainly been responsible for some fun and excitement during the last week or two—and they are going to be responsible for a great deal more in the near future.

Geo. E. Rochester's great War serial has kicked off in thrilling fashion and bids fair to become one of the most popular serials we have ever published. Next week's gripping instalment is a real corker. Don't forget that I'd like to have your opinion of this yarn, so when you write to me next, let me know what you think of it!

A final word about the

FOUR FREE GIFT PHOTOGRAPHS

which are given away in next week's issue. They will be of Hendren, Hammond, Bradman, and Hurwood. Also, a "Nutshell Biography" of each of these fine cricketers will appear in our pages.

Furthermore, there'll be a jolly double-page "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, and, just to round off the programme, our special rhymester will contribute another of his "Greyfriars Correspondents." Some more jokes and limericks, and a cheery chat with your Editor will complete the list. So look out for next week's full value-for-money issue!

YOUR EDITOR.

"Oh, you've come!" grinned Van Tromp.

"Yes," said Bob.

"You've got it into your head at last that you've got to toe the line when you're told, what?"

"Now you're a prefect, yes," said Bob. "What do you want me for, Van Tromp?"

"I'm going to lick you. I promised you I would—and I'm a fellow of my word!" grinned Van Tromp.

"I've been licked this morning already," said Bob quietly. "The Head gave me three in the Form-room."

"There's three more to come," said Van Tromp genially, taking up the cane. "Bend over that chair!"

Bob Cherry hesitated. It was bullying pure and simple, but there was irresistible power behind the bully now. Slowly—very slowly—Bob bent over the chair. Van Tromp chuckled.

"You're coming to heel," he remarked. "This is rather a change, isn't it? The other day you were handling me in the quad."

Bob made no reply. The cane swished in the air and came down with a terrific cut. Bob gave a yell. He jumped up from the chair.

"That's only the first," said Van Tromp. "Bend over again, you young sweep!"

"One of that sort's enough," said Bob. "Bend over, I tell you!"

Bob walked out of the study.

"My hat!" Van Tromp gasped. He rushed to the door and shouted after the junior. "Cherry, come back! Do you hear?"

Bob, his face set, walked on. Van Tromp shouted again, his face crimson with rage. Three or four fellows in the Sixth Form passage stared at him and exchanged glances.

"Cherry!" bawled Van Tromp. "Come back this instant, or I shall report you to the Head!"

"Report—and be blowed!" answered Bob over his shoulder.

Some of the seniors laughed. Van Tromp made a stride after the junior and then stopped. At the corner of the passage Bob had joined his friends, and the looks they gave the bully of the Sixth were far from submissive.

Van Tromp walked away in the other direction, and Harry Wharton & Co. went out of the House.

"He's gone to the Head!" said Nugent in a low voice.

Bob Cherry nodded.

A few minutes later Loder of the Sixth came out of the House and looked round him and beckoned to Bob.

"Follow me, Cherry!" he said.

Bob gave his chums a dismal look and followed the prefect. Loder led him to the Head's study. That study, in Dr. Locke's time, had been a rather dreaded apartment. Now it was more than dreaded; it seemed to the hapless Bob rather like an ogre's cave.

"Here is the junior, sir!" said Loder, as he shut the door on Bob.

Mr. Brander was standing by Dr. Locke's writing-table. On the table lay a birch. Van Tromp was in the room, and his eyes gloated on Bob.

"Cherry," said the new Head in his cold, hard voice, "you are reported to me for disobeying a prefect."

"Van Tromp was caning me for nothing, sir," answered Bob.

"On that subject my nephew's assurance is enough for me," said Mr. Brander. "Disobedience to authority is a thing that I intend to put down with a very firm hand. It is my intention to flog you, Cherry. I trust that a flogging will have the effect of bringing you to your senses."

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Bob set his teeth.

"Remove your jacket," said Mr. Brander, taking up the birch.

The junior obeyed slowly.

A Head's flogging was always a severe infliction. But the flogging that the new Head now administered was, as Bob told his friends afterwards, a "corker." Bob was almost as tough as hickory, and he made up his mind to go through it without a sound. But there was no help for it; long before Mr. Brander was finished Bob was yelling.

"Let that be a warning to you, Cherry!" said Mr. Brander, breathing rather hard, when he had finished. "You may go."

Bob almost tottered from the study.

His friends were waiting for him at the corner of the passage. One look at Bob's white, strained face was enough for them. They did not speak. They gathered round him and led him away in silence, with feelings that were too deep for words.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Just Like Coker!

"STOP that row!"

The door of the games study at the end of the Fifth Form passage was thrown open and Van Tromp of the Sixth looked in.

CAN YOU WRITE A GREY-FRIARS LIMERICK?

This reader's effort wins one of our useful leather pocket wallets.

When Bolsover shot out his right
In the course of a hurricane fight,
His opponent went down,
And remarked with a frown:
"Thought stars only shone
out at night!"

Congratulations to Herbert Hearn, of 68, Elmsleigh Road, East Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

He rapped out the words sharply.

"What?" ejaculated Blundell, the captain of the Fifth.

"Stop that row!" said Van Tromp. "You can be heard all over the House. You're like a lot of noisy fags! Chuck it!"

"Wha-a-at?"

Only Fifth Form men used the games study. Most of the Fifth were gathered there that evening, and undoubtedly there had been some little noise. Coker of the Fifth was talking cricket—and when Coker talked cricket it had the natural effect of evoking laughter.

In all the history of Greyfriars no prefect had ever looked into the games study to tell Fifth Form men to be quiet, as if they were a set of fags in the Rag.

The Fifth were seniors; and, though Fifth Form men were never appointed prefects, some of them were very great men—greater, in the opinion of the school, than prefects themselves. Blundell, for instance, was a member of the First Eleven, and, in consequence, a full-blown "Blood"—and, though a Blood had no official standing, a man who could make his century in a cricket match was not a man to be lightly regarded.

Most Greyfriars men had a high opinion of Blundell—and he had a fairly high opinion of himself. As a Blood, he was a greater man than even a Sixth

Form man who was not a Blood. Blundell could, if he liked, wear his cap on the back of his head—which would have been "side" in a lesser mortal. He could walk down the middle of the Head's Walk; lesser mortals had to keep to the sides. Even a prefect who was not a Blood would have been considered "sidey" had he walked down the middle of the Head's Walk. Yet, with all these important distinctions, Blundell was liable to be called to order by any official prefect—if the prefect had the nerve to call so tremendous a person to order and to brave the condemnation by public opinion for doing so.

Van Tromp, in staring into the games study and rapping out an order to Fifth Form men, was within his theoretical rights; he was only exercising rights that never were exercised, and outraging tradition. Now that he was a prefect, he could do this if he liked, with authority on his side, and only the public opinion of the school against him.

Blundell stared at him; all the Fifth Form men stared at him. And Blundell laughed.

It was rather amusing for this fellow—who had been a prefect only a day, and who was no good at games—to chuck orders at Blundell as if he were a fag. So Blundell laughed.

"Shut the door after you," said Blundell.

"And don't put your cheeky nose into this room again!" added Coker.

Van Tromp came a little within the doorway.

There was an unpleasant smile on his face.

Not a man in the Fifth liked him, or thought anything of him. Most of them despised him because he avoided games. Some of them had openly expressed their opinion of his bullying proclivities. Coker, in fact, had punched him for kicking a junior—before his uncle became Head. Van Tromp was not the fellow to forget offences. Prefects were generally careful in the exercise of their powers, in dealing with seniors—especially such seniors as Blundell. But Van Tromp was the fellow to exercise his powers to the very utmost, and to make every ounce of his authority felt.

"I've told you," said Van Tromp coolly, "that there's too much noise in this room, and you're to stop it. Don't let me have to speak again!"

"I don't think you quite know where you are, or whom you're speaking to," said the captain of the Fifth contemptuously.

"Faith, it's rather got into your head being made a prefect, hasn't it?" said Fitzgerald of the Fifth.

"Who are you, anyway?" inquired Hilton.

"I am a prefect—keeping order in the House," said Van Tromp, in the same cool tone, "and you are fellows who can be whopped if you don't toe the line."

"Whopped?" repeated Blundell dazedly.

"Just that. Take care I don't whop you!"

"Whop me?" said Blundell, as if he could not believe his ears—as indeed he hardly could.

"That's it!" assented Van Tromp.

Blundell gazed at him.

But as he gazed, it was borne in upon his mind that this tick, this outrageous outsider, was speaking the sad truth. In theory, at least, a Fifth Form man, even a great and glorious Blood, could be whopped by a prefect on sufficient cause.

Blundell realised it; realised, too, that the penalty for hitting a prefect was

"Hoist him up!" snapped the new Head. "Do you hear me?" "Yessir!" mumbled Gosling. He approached Coker, and the burly Fifth-Former drew back a pace, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing.



likely to be expulsion from the school. And Blundell stifled his indignation and wrath, and turned away. He would not be civil to the fellow—he couldn't! But he realised the wisdom of silence.

The Fifth Form men took their cue from their captain. General silence fell on the games study.

Van Tromp smiled vauntingly.

Power was in his hands, and he liked using it. In the opinion of the school he was nothing, less than nothing, in comparison with George Blundell. But he had reduced Blundell to angry silence, and the whole games study along with him.

But there was at least one fellow in the Fifth who was blind and deaf to the dictates of prudence. That was Horace Coker.

Coker was silent—for the moment; but not because he realised that silence was judicious. He was speechless with wrath, scorn, and indignation. He gazed at Van Tromp with breathless indignation in his gaze.

He found his voice at last. When he found it, he used it in tones that were heard far beyond the games study.

"You cheeky rat!" roared Coker.

"Shut up, old man!" whispered Potter, and Greene touched his chum warningly on the arm.

Coker did not heed Potter, and he shook off Greene's warning finger. He jumped up, and faced Van Tromp.

"Get out of this room!" he bawled.

Van Tromp smiled softly. Coker was the man he wanted! Coker was the man who had punched him a week ago! And Coker was delivering himself, bound hand and foot, as it were, into his power.

The prefect had his official ashplant under his arm. He slipped it down into his hand, and pointed to a chair.

"Bend over!" he said.

With all his insolence, and all his truculence, and the knowledge that the new Head would back him up in any

tyranny, Van Tromp would not have had the nerve to tell Blundell to bend over. But Coker was an easier proposition. Coker was not a Blood; he was no good at games, though very keen on them; he was rather the butt of his Form. He was, in fact, nobody. And he was asking for it.

"Bend over!" repeated Van Tromp, as Coker stared at him in blank astonishment. Coker, in his time, had had a prefects' beating; but an order to bend over like a fag was new to Horace Coker's ears.

"Are you potty?" gasped Coker.

"Will you bend over?" asked Van Tromp.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker. "Will I bend over? Not quite! Do you think you're talking to a Second Form fag, you dummy?"

"I'm talking to you!" said Van Tromp coolly, "and I'm ordering you to bend over that chair and take six."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker again. His wrath seemed to have evaporated into merriment, at this cheek on the part of a "tick" like Van Tromp.

"I'm waiting!" said Van Tromp.

"Keep on waiting!" grinned Coker. "Oh, my hat! This is funny, you men! This worm thinks he can come here and tell Fifth Form men to bend over! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You refuse?" asked Van Tromp.

"Just a little!" chuckled Coker. "Just a few! Yes, I rather think I refuse."

"Very well! I shall report you to the Head!"

"Why not make me bend over?" asked Coker temptingly. "Why not, old bean? Perhaps you could do it!"

"Do shut up, old man!" murmured Potter.

"Don't be an ass, Potter!"

"Coker, you ass!" breathed Greene, in his ear. "Can't you see the cad is watching for a chance at you—"

"Don't be a dummy, Greene!"

Coker made another stride towards Van Tromp.

"You're going to report me to the Head, are you?" he said.

"Yes."

"You're going to tell the Beak that you ordered a Fifth Form man to bend over in the Fifth Form games study?"

"Yes."

"Well, while you're about it," said Coker, "I'll give you something else to tell him. Tell him I said you were a silly, pie-faced, sneaking, cringing, rotten worm, and that you ought to be kicked out of any decent school! Tell him you put your cheeky nose in where it wasn't wanted, and that I pulled it for you!"

And Coker, with a sudden clutch, grabbed hold of Van Tromp's rather prominent nose, and tweaked it.

There was a yell from the prefect.

Coker's hand was heavy, and he had put force into that tweak. The water rushed to Van Tromp's eyes.

Coker grinned at him as he released the nose—which Van Tromp clasped, in his turn, in anguish.

"Now trot along to the Beak, and tell him that!" grinned Coker. "And if you don't get out of this room in one second, you'll be able to tell him, too, that I pitched you out on your neck!"

The Fifth Form men looked on in grim silence. The tweaking of Van Tromp's nose was a pleasant sight to them; but they realised, what Coker did not, that the results to the tweaker were likely to be more painful than to the tweekee, so to speak.

Van Tromp's face was crimson with rage. He caressed his nose, which had a rather severe pain in it.

"You've heard what I said?" continued Coker. "You can walk out of this room, if you like. But if you don't walk out, you'll be chucked. And I'm not waiting more than another second!"

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Van Tromp, with a gasp of rage, struck at Coker with the cane. Coker caught the lash on his arm.

"That does it!" said Coker.

He fairly sprang at the bully of the Sixth. Right and left, Coker's heavy fists crashed into the crimson, savage face. Van Tromp reeled back in the doorway.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Potter.

Van Tromp leaped back at Coker. In a moment they were fighting fiercely, the Fifth Form men gazed on, as if spell-bound.

The bully of the Sixth was quite as hefty as Coker. And he was by far a better boxer than the Fifth Form man. With as much pluck as Coker, he could have held his own with ease. Coker overflowed with pluck. But that valuable quality was a little lacking in the composition of the bully of the Sixth.

After a minute or two of fierce scrapping, he backed away from Coker's crashing fists, and retreated through the doorway.

Coker followed him up.

Coker was not finished yet.

"For goodness' sake, old man——" said Greene, almost in despair.

Horace Coker did not heed.

He followed up the bully of the Sixth, hitting out, and driving him backwards towards the stairs. Naturally, the shindy in the Fifth Form quarters drew attention. The sight of a Sixth Form prefect retreating, and trying to defend himself as he retreated, from the onslaught of a Fifth Form man, caused a crowd of fellows to gather from all sides.

"Clear off!" said Coker, grinning at Van Tromp over his hammering fists. "Clear off, you cad! Crawl away, you worm!"

Van Tromp reached the stairs, and there he turned and fairly bolted. Coker made a final rush and kicked, and his boot caught the bully of the Sixth as he fled.

There was a roar from Van Tromp as he missed his footing under the propulsion of Coker's heavy boot, and he rolled down.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from fifty fellows who were on the scene by this time.

"Bravo Coker!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Good old Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Van Tromp picked himself up dazed and breathless, fairly foaming with rage. He glared up the staircase at Coker, who grinned down at him.

"Come back if you want any more!" roared Coker.

Van Tromp, apparently, did not want any more; at all events, he did not come back. He tramped away almost babbling with fury and disappeared.

Coker walked cheerily back to the games study. He smiled at the silent, almost awe-stricken Fifth-Formers.

"That's the way to handle the cad!" said Coker. "I fancy he won't come here again in a hurry."

The Fifth Form men made no reply. Coker, apparently, supposed that the matter was now at an end. He was the only fellow who supposed so.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Flogging!

"FLOGGED?"

"Yes!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows, it's true!" gasped Billy Bunter. "After prayers to-morrow morning——"

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"In Big Hall!" said the Bounder.

"Coker of the Fifth——"

"Flogged—a Head's flogging——"

"Great pip!"

The news spread like wildfire through Greyfriars.

Many fellows had wondered what would be the outcome of the affray in the games study. That it was certain to have some serious outcome, none doubted.

There were many excuses for Coker in the eyes of the Greyfriars fellows. But in the eyes of authority, there was no excuse for a fellow who not only punched a prefect, but kicked him downstairs.

Fellows had wondered whether Coker would be sacked. It seemed unlikely that the new Head would wish to begin his career at Greyfriars by expulsions—matters that might draw the eyes of the governors to the scene. But if he was not sacked, it seemed difficult to know how the offender was to be dealt with.

For a simple caning would hardly meet the case; and the Fifth, of course, were never flogged. It was unknown for a Fifth Form man to be caned even, while as for a flogging, it was undreamt of.

So the news made a sensation in the school.

Coker, it was learned, had been sent for to the Head's study. He had gone quite cheerfully, perhaps feeling that, as he really was in the right, the Head might agree that he was. If so, Coker was quickly disillusioned.

He came away from the Head's study looking quite dazed. Potter and Greene drew from him what the Head had said. It made them jump; and it made other fellows jump when they were told. A flogging in the Fifth Form! It was unknown, unheard of, unthinkable! Mr. Brander seemed bent on making history at Greyfriars.

The news spread in the Lower School that evening, and there was excitement far and wide.

"It's a rotten shame!" said Bob Cherry. "I wonder how poor old Coker will take it?"

"Coker says he won't stand it!" chuckled Bunter. "He's told a lot of men in the Fifth that he won't."

"Well, he's got to stand it," said Harry Wharton. "I hope he won't do anything fatheaded! He's got to toe the line."

Plenty of fellows wanted to see Coker that evening. But the Fifth-Former kept to the seclusion of his study. Coker was in an overwhelmed state; hardly able to believe that the new Head was in earnest; and quite at a loss to know what he was going to do in these strange circumstances.

It was all very well for Coker to say, in his haste, that he would not stand it. But other alternative there seemed none.

There was, of course, the alternative of leaving Greyfriars. Coker considered that seriously.

"If I hit him in the eye——" he said in the study to Potter and Greene, meditatively.

"If you whatted?" ejaculated Potter, while Greene stared at the cheery Horace open-mouthed.

"If I hit him in the eye I suppose I should be sacked," said Coker.

"No supposing about it!" gasped Greene.

"Well, a man of my standing in the school can't be flogged," argued Coker. "I might as well have let that tick Van Tromp give me six in the games study."

I can't stand a flogging! It's a question of a man's dignity, and the dignity of his Form."

"It's a rotten shame," said Potter. "But——"

"I'd like to hit him in the eye, in Hall, before all the school," said Coker. "But——"

Even Coker realised that there was a "but." Coker did not want to be expelled from Greyfriars School.

What he was going to do, was not clear to Coker, when he went to bed that night. His friends urged him to take it quietly; to put up with what couldn't be helped. But there was no telling what Coker would do. Some fellows, thinking rather of their own entertainment than Coker's good, hoped that he would hit the new headmaster in the eye, instead of taking the flogging. Certainly such a proceeding would have provided Greyfriars with a sensation.

Morning dawned on an excited school.

Even Billy Bunter heeded the first clang of the rising-bell that morning. Even Lord Mauleverer did not turn his head on his pillow for another minute.

Everybody at Greyfriars was down early.

Prayers were conducted by Mr. Prout; and it was observed that the Fifth Form master looked worried and worn. This disgrace put upon a member of his Form was deeply felt by the Fifth Form master.

Some fags remarked that Prout almost looked as if he were going to be flogged himself.

After prayers, there was a buzz in the assembled school. Among the Sixth, Van Tromp was seen smiling an unpleasant smile. Most of the Sixth seemed to be keeping well away from him, except his few friends. Even Loder and Carne, though for their own reasons they were keeping on the right side of the bully, felt that he was acting unwisely in antagonising the whole school. Wingate treated him with unconcealed contempt. Coker, in the ranks of the Fifth, made a movement, and Potter caught hold of his arm. It was in Coker's mind to go over to Van Tromp and, as he expressed it, give him something to grin for. Fortunately Coker was restrained by his friends.

A slight buzz was followed by a dead silence when the new Head entered.

He was followed by Gosling, who carried a birch.

All eyes were fixed on Mr. Brander.

Mr. Prout was observed to approach him, and speak in a low voice. The new headmaster listened with a dry, sarcastic expression on his face, visible to all eyes.

"At the last moment, sir!" murmured Mr. Prout, "I would urge you to reconsider your decision. A Fifth Form boy——"

"My decision is irrevocable, Mr. Prout," interrupted the Head.

"If, sir, I cannot prevail upon you," said Mr. Prout, with dignity, "let me at least suggest that the flogging of a senior should be administered in private—in your own study, sir—not before the whole school——"

"On the other hand, sir, it is my special desire to allow the whole school to witness this punishment, in order that it may be a warning to them, from the Sixth Form to the Second!" answered Mr. Brander.

Mr. Prout breathed stertorously.

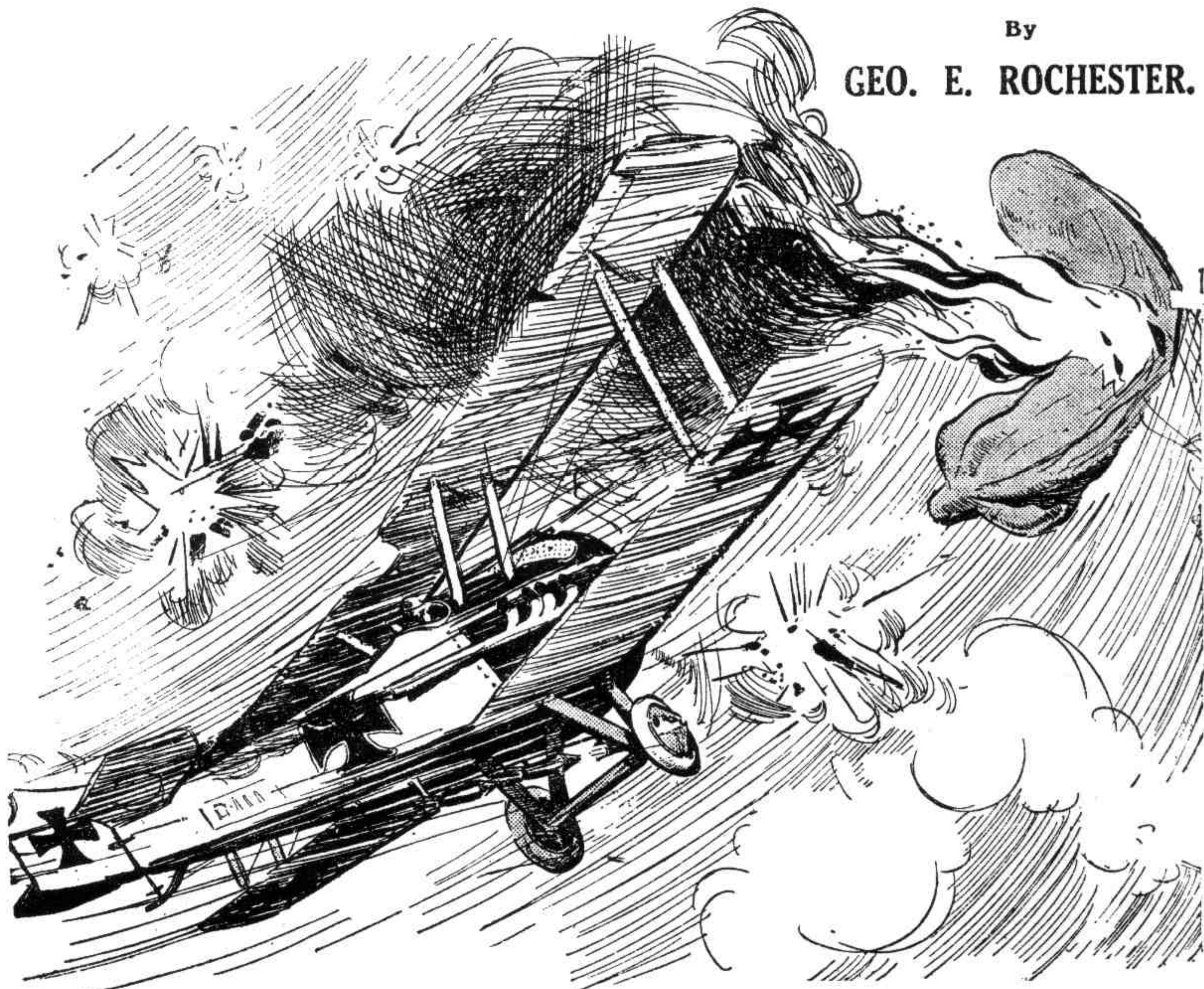
"It is—is unprecedented, sir—no senior was flogged in Dr. Locke's time—the late Head would be amazed, shocked, if he heard——"

(Continued on page 28.)

THE FLYING SPY!

By

GEO. E. ROCHESTER.



Guido von Sturm wins an Iron Cross for his brilliant services to Germany, is brought down in British territory while balloon "straffing," and then to his utter consternation and dismay is told that he is Guy Tempest—an Englishman, son of Colonel Tempest, a famous Staff Officer!

(Now read on.)

The Man Sarzen!

THE first moment of his incredulous amazement passed, and Von Sturm answered stiffly:

"You are mistaken, Herr Colonel! I am the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm!"

The other shook his head.

"No, boy, you are not," he said quietly. "Zolhoff has lied to you!"

Von Sturm's eyes hardened.

"What do you know of Zolhoff?" he demanded.

"I know this," replied the colonel steadily. "Eighteen years ago Zolhoff, then an agent in the German Secret Service, kidnapped my tiny son and fled with him to Germany. That son is yourself!"

Von Sturm's hands clenched.

"I cannot believe this!" he cried hoarsely.

"It is true, whether you believe it or not!" cut in the colonel. "Sit down and listen to what I have to say!"

He motioned towards the chair, and, scarce knowing what to think of this astounding development, Von Sturm obediently seated himself.

"My name, as you know, is Tempest," went on the colonel. "Eighteen years ago I designed and perfected a new quick-firing gun. Zolhoff—masquerading then under the name of Sarzen—got wind of it. He approached me with a view to purchasing the plans, and offered an almost fabulous sum for them. I refused to sell!"

He broke off, and, with hands clasped behind his back, paced the floor.

"Zolhoff, however, was determined," he resumed, halting in front of Von Sturm. "One night he broke into my house in a desperate endeavour to steal the plans. We caught him, but it was impossible to prove him a German spy, and he got off with a term of imprisonment for attempted theft. He swore then to get even with me, and I—fool that I was—laughed at his threat!"

He paused, and Von Sturm, watching him, felt in his heart that this grey-haired, kindly-faced man who claimed to be his father, was not lying.

But if he was not lying—if he was telling the truth, then he, Guido von Sturm, had been fighting against those

who were his own countrymen. The thing was horrible—ghastly!

"Go on, sir!" said the boy hoarsely.

"The rest is simply told," continued the colonel. "One day, shortly after Zolhoff's release from prison, you were found to be missing. A river flowed past the foot of our garden, and, after days and nights of unremitting search, we were forced to conclude that you had either found your way to it and fallen in, or else had been stolen by wandering gipsies."

"You did not suspect Zolhoff?"

"Not then," replied Colonel Tempest. "But after weeks of mental anguish I suddenly called to mind the threat which he had made to get even with me. I clutched at that possible clue to your disappearance like a drowning man clutching at a straw. But all our efforts to trace Zolhoff proved fruitless. The man had completely vanished. Remember, we knew him only under the name of Sarzen."

Again, the colonel paused, and when next he spoke his voice was low and quivering.

"A few weeks ago, here at Le Courban," he said, "I was instrumental in having a man shot who was a German spy. He obviously was, or had been, in the confidence of Zolhoff. For before he died he sent for me. I know he was thinking of nothing then but his desire to hurt me. Certainly—unless he cared nothing for them—he could not have been thinking of the consequences of his rash words. For he hurled at me the information that my son was none other than the famous Guido von Sturm, whose guardian was Dr. Zolhoff, alias Sarzen."

"This man's name, sir?" rapped Von Sturm.

"Karl Matt—listed as Number 23 on the roll of the German Intelligence Bureau!"

Von Sturm leapt to his feet.

"Karl Matt!" he repeated breathlessly.

The colonel nodded, his eyes on the boy.

"Yes," he said. "Did you know him?"

"I did," replied Von Sturm. "Before the War he was a frequent visitor at the house of Dr. Zolhoff, in the Gartenstrasse."

Colonel Tempest stepped forward, laying his hand on Von Sturm's grey-clad shoulder.

"My boy," he said earnestly, "I swear before the God Who hears me that I have spoken the truth. Your real name is Guy Tempest, and you are my son!"

"But, sir, where is your proof?" cried the boy wildly. "You have only the word of Karl Matt for it—"

"Wait!" cut in the colonel gently. "The facts are these. Firstly, Zolhoff threatened me. On his release from prison you vanished. Secondly, Guido von Sturm is German for the name Guy Tempest. Thirdly, Karl Matt, who was in a position to know, swore at the point of death, on his sacred oath, that you are Guy Tempest. And fourthly, I—"

The colonel's voice faltered and his eyes were moist.

"And fourthly, sir?" asked Von Sturm quietly.

"Fourthly," went on the other, with an effort, "I just know inside my heart that you are my son. Your dear mother is long since dead, but you have her eyes—her every feature. Ah, my boy—my boy, how like her you have grown!"

Von Sturm spread out his hands in passionate, pleading gesture.

"But, sir," he cried, "don't you see? I must have proof that I am your son—real, irrevocable proof!"

Colonel Tempest shook his head, a world of tragedy in his eyes.

"I can give no further proof," he said dully.

A moment he stood, then turned sadly towards the door.

"I cannot make you believe if you will not," he said. "But come with me. Brigadier-General Clayton wishes to see you!"

Pledged Honour !

IN silence he led the way along the corridor to the room of Brigadier-General Clayton, General Officer Commanding Wing Headquarters at Lo Courban.

The brigadier, grizzle-haired, and with strong, bronzed features, was seated alone at his blanket-covered and lit-

tered table as Colonel Tempest ushered Von Sturm across the threshold into the room.

He looked keenly at the boy, and returned his salute with a grave inclination of the head.

"You are the Captain von Sturm?" he said quietly.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, rigid at attention.

"You have spoken with Colonel Tempest?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And have learned that you are his son?"

"Colonel Tempest has told me that I am his son, sir," replied Von Sturm.

"But there is little proof forthcoming!" The brigadier frowned.

"We, personally are convinced that you are Guy Tempest," he returned.

"The man Karl Matt did not lie!"

"That surely must be a matter of opinion, sir?"

"It is our opinion that he did not lie," retorted the brigadier sternly. "You are an Englishman, Captain von Sturm, whatever you may think to the contrary. And your duty is to England. Are you prepared to answer questions as to the flying strength and personnel of certain German aerodromes?"

"No, I am not!" responded Von Sturm coldly. Then his lips curved into a contemptuous smile as he added:

"And do you not think your question a trifle indiscreet, Herr General?"

The brigadier stared at him.

"I fail to follow you!" he rapped.

"Do you?" retorted Von Sturm.

"Then I will speak more bluntly. Is not this talk of my being an Englishman nothing more nor less than a cunning and blackguardly plot to make me talk and give you information which seemingly you require?"

Crimson of face, Brigadier-General Clayton launched himself to his feet.

"By gad, sir!" he thundered fiercely. "Do you dare accuse—"

"I accuse you of nothing—as yet!" cut in Von Sturm icily. "Listen to me. You say you are convinced that I am an Englishman. There is only one man in the world who can satisfy me that I am. That man is Zolhoff. I have a proposition to make to you."

"Well?"

"Release me on parole for seven days," went on Von Sturm rapidly. "In that time I will seek out Zolhoff and force the truth from him. And whether I be German or Englishman, I give you my word of honour that I will report to you, here in this room, at midnight seven days from now. If I am a German then I remain your prisoner. But if I learn that I am an Englishman—"

He broke off, his hands clenched, eyes blazing.

"If I learn that," he resumed gratingly—"if I learn that Zolhoff has played the vile trick on me of making me fight against my own countrymen—then I am with England, body, heart, and soul, until the end!"

"But what you ask is impossible!" exclaimed the brigadier wildly. "I cannot release you—"

"It is for seven days only!" cut in Von Sturm quietly. "I will return!"

Colonel Tempest stepped forward, ranging himself alongside the boy.

"Sir," he said, "may I speak?"

The brigadier nodded.

"I will pledge my own honour as an officer and a gentleman that Cap-

tain von Sturm will return," said Colonel Tempest, his voice trembling.

"But, Tempest, the thing is impossible—"

"Is it, sir?" cut in the colonel pleadingly. "Yet we stand to gain everything and lose nothing. If still in doubt as to his real identity, Von Sturm returns to us as a prisoner. If, on the other hand, he learns that he is English, he returns to us with the offer of his services!"

Slowly the brigadier resumed his seat, and long moments passed whilst he sat with his head resting on his hand.

Then raising his eyes to Von Sturm, he said:

"Captain von Sturm, during the months you have flown against us on the Western Front, you have earned the reputation of being an honourable and gallant gentleman. I am bearing this in mind, also the exceptional circumstances of the case and the pleading of Colonel Tempest, when I say that I am inclined to take the responsibility of granting your request."

His voice became very stern as he went on:

"But remember this. Should you break your word and fail to return, you will have brought ruin and disgrace on one of my most trusted officers, Colonel Tempest, whose honour is pledged that you will keep faith with us."

"I shall keep faith, sir!" reiterated Von Sturm steadily.

The brigadier turned to Colonel Tempest.

"See that the captured Kabeltau scout is placed at the disposal of Captain von Sturm," he said. "And have all anti-aircraft batteries between here and the line warned not to shell the machine. Captain von Sturm will himself decide when he will leave, and will acquaint you of the time."

"I will leave at once, sir," said the boy. "It is necessary that I should be across the line before dawn. For if I fell in with a British squadron out on dawn patrol, I should be attacked and forced to defend myself. And that I am strictly a non-combatant was understood by me on my giving my parole."

"Yes," replied the brigadier, rising to his feet. "I think you are well advised to leave at once. And you will report to me here at midnight, a week to-night!"

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, then, Captain von Sturm!"

"Good-bye, sir," replied the boy.

For an instant they stood, hands clasped, and eyeing each other squarely. Then releasing his grip, Von Sturm stepped back, saluted smartly, and, turning on his heel, quitted the room, accompanied by Colonel Tempest.

The Truth !

IN the kitchen of the house of Dr. Zolhoff, situate in that quiet and residential quarter of Berlin known as the Gartenstrasse, the elderly manservant, Anton, was very miserable.

It was two days ago that he had heard from Dr. Zolhoff that Guido von Sturm, whom Anton had known since early boyhood, and whom he had come to love as his own son, was reported missing, but believed to be a prisoner; and it had been a sad blow to the old servant.

And to-night, as he went about his humble duties, his trembling lips formed again and again the words which stood as a frail barrier between him and utter grief:

"He is not dead; he will come back!"

As though in answer to these words which were half-prayer, there came a sudden knock at the front door—a knock which caused the blood to drain from Anton's wrinkled face, and froze him for a moment into rigid immobility.

Then, with heart beating wildly and eyes dilated, he rushed from the kitchen and along the wide hallway. Eagerly he fumbled at the latch and swung open the door.

And there, confronting him on the threshold, stood the grey-cloaked form of Guido von Sturm!

"You, sir!" cried Anton tremulously. "I knew it! I knew your knock!"

"Did you, Anton?" replied Von Sturm, and patted the old servant affectionately on the shoulder as he stepped past him into the hall. "Is the Herr Doktor at home?"

"Yes, sir; he is in the library," quavered the old man.

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I announce you, sir? This will be a delightful surprise for him!"

"Indeed, I hope it may be, Anton!" And Von Sturm's smile was very grim. "No, you need not announce me. I will go in alone."

Doffing his field-grey hat, he made his way along the hall and knocked at the closed door of the library.

"Enter!" called the harsh tones of Dr. Zolhoff; and, opening the door, Von Sturm stepped into the room, closing the door behind him.

Zolhoff was seated busily engaged at his paper-strewn writing-table. At sight of Von Sturm he pushed back his chair and rose to his feet with sharp intake of breath.

"Why, Guido—you?" he exclaimed, in sheer amazement.

"Yes," replied Von Sturm. "Back from the British lines!"

Zolhoff laughed delightedly, and advanced with outstretched hands.

"So you were not killed!" he cried. "And you gave the clever Englanders the slip! Donner, but I must hear the story—"

"Stop!"

Zolhoff halted abruptly, staring at the squat automatic which had appeared as though by magic in the hand of Von Sturm, and which was unwaveringly covering his heart.

"What is the meaning of this?" he gasped. "Are—are you mad?"

"No, eminently sane," returned Von Sturm pleasantly. "But may I suggest that you resume your seat? I have something to say to you."

Not for an instant did his eyes leave Zolhoff's face, and at his words he saw a sudden change of colour in that brutish countenance of which he made a mental note.

But next moment Zolhoff had himself under control.

"What is it you wish to say?" he demanded harshly.

"You will first resume your seat!"



Von Sturm's fist flashed out and crashed home on Zolhoff's mouth. The man slipped on the polished floor and then fell heavily.

With a shrug of his shoulders, Zolhoff turned, and, walking back to his writing-table, seated himself heavily.

"No," Von Sturm's voice was still singularly pleasant. "Keep your hands on the table where I can see them. Thank you!"

"Will you explain what this madness means?" blazed Zolhoff.

"It means just this," replied Von Sturm, sauntering forward. "I should be interested to know what—if anything—the name of Tempest conveys to you?"

There was a moment of tense silence. Zolhoff's hands were clenched on the table in front of him, the knuckles showing white. His deep-set eyes glared up into the boy's.

"The name conveys nothing to me!" he said, with harsh deliberateness.

"Ah!" Von Sturm smiled, and it was a smile not nice to see. "In that case, I am afraid I shall have to kill you, Herr Doktor. I had promised myself that if you told the truth I should spare your life!"

He was bluffing—bluffing all along the line. It might be the British who had lied, and not Zolhoff. But to-night Von Sturm was determined to find out the truth about his birth.

It was with this end in view that he went on.

"There was one," he said suavely, "in

whom you were ill-advised to place so much trust, Herr Doktor!"

"What—what do you mean?" demanded Zolhoff hoarsely.

"Before he was shot by the British," explained Von Sturm pleasantly, "Karl Matt sent for Colonel Tempest. He had information for the colonel as to the whereabouts of the colonel's long-lost son."

With an oath, Zolhoff launched himself to his feet, his face livid.

"The dog!" he screamed. "The cursed, treacherous dog—"

He broke off, panting, his features a deathly hue. For if ever a man had betrayed himself he had then. And he knew it.

"Listen—listen to me!" cried Zolhoff desperately. "You say you are going to kill me. Yet what have I ever done to you to merit death at your hands? I admit that I stole you from your home in England, but I have given you a better home in Germany. I have been kind and considerate—"

"You have made me fight against my own countrymen!" cut in Von Sturm icily. "That is your crime, Dr. Zolhoff. But do not be afraid. I intend to take an infinitely more subtle revenge than the shooting of you between the eyes!"

"Guido—" began Zolhoff, and his voice was a croak.

"Silence!" rapped Von Sturm. "You did a clever thing, Dr. Zolhoff, when you used me as a weapon against the England you so deeply hate. But you did not realise that the weapon you forged in me might prove to be a two-edged one. You follow me?"

"No!"

"And yet it is very simple," explained Von Sturm. "I am an Englishman. You yourself admit that. Through your own act I stand here to-night possessed of information regarding the strength and personnel of the German Air Force and the location of its aerodromes, which will prove invaluable to England."

"You would not betray us!" blazed Zolhoff, his fear forgotten in the sudden staggering shock of Von Sturm's words.

"Betray you?" Again Von Sturm laughed, albeit there was little of mirth in the sound. "You use a strange phrase, Herr Doktor. My duty is to my country—and my country is England!"

"You dare not betray us!" screamed Zolhoff. "You dare not do it!"

"Who says I dare not?" answered Von Sturm sternly. "I shall act as I think fit!"

And Zolhoff, who in that moment saw so clearly the deadly peril which would threaten his country if this boy was not silenced, cast aside all caution and launched himself at Von Sturm.

It was a rush prompted by unbridled murderous passion. But with the deftness of the expert fencer, Von Sturm side-stepped. Next instant his left took Zolhoff full on the side of the jaw, sending him crashing against the table.

With a roar the man recovered himself, leaping in with berserk madness flaming in his eyes. A savage smash to the mouth stopped him, sending him reeling wildly back. The mat, on the polished floor, slipped beneath his feet and he fell heavily. With a moan he rolled over, to lie a limp and huddled heap.

(Dr. Zolhoff's played as vile a trick on Von Sturm as any man could play. But his cleverness has recoiled on his own head. Whatever you do, don't miss the next gripping instalment of this powerful War serial!)

TALE-BEARER-IN-CHIEF!

(Continued from page 24.)

"I am quite indifferent to the opinion of the late Head, sir; and equally so to the opinion of any person who may have hoped to succeed him here," said Mr. Brander caustically.

Mr. Prout drew back, purple with indignation at that gibe.

Taking no further heed of the discomfited Form master, the new Head glanced over the silent school, and called sharply:

"Coker!"

"Here!" answered Coker of the Fifth.

"Come forward!"

Coker came forward.

Mr. Brander gave him one cold, scornful look, and then glanced at Gosling. The porter handed him the birch.

"Take him up!" said Mr. Brander.

On the rare occasions of a public flogging at Greyfriars, it was Gosling's duty—a duty which he was said to find not unpleasant—to "take up" the offender. But taking up a fellow of Coker's size and weight was a new experience for Gosling; and he eyed the culprit rather dubiously.

"Do you hear me?" snapped Mr. Brander.

"Yessir!" mumbled Gosling.

He approached Coker.

Horace Coker drew back a pace; his fists clenched, and his eyes blazed. Mr. Brander eyed the rebellious senior.

"Coker! Allow Gosling to take you up immediately."

"You can't flog a Fifth Form man, sir!" gasped Coker. "You jolly well know you can't."

"That is an error on your part, Coker," said Mr. Brander. "For such an offence as you have been guilty of, I should flog any boy in the school, even the head of the Sixth Form."

There was a gasp in the crowded room. The Sixth Form men looked at one another, in eloquent silence.

"Now take him up, Gosling!" said Mr. Brander. "Coker, if you venture to make the least resistance, or to impede Gosling in any way, I shall instantly expel you from the school, and you will leave by the next train."

The words were rapped out like bullets; and there was no doubt that the tyrant of the school meant every one of them.

There was a terrible pause—and Coker's rugged countenance told his thoughts. He was thinking of resistance—even to the extent of knocking the new headmaster headlong.

Many fellows present hoped that he would do it. It would have been a joyful moment for Greyfriars, had the tyrant been seen spinning under the crash of Coker's hefty fist. But the result would not have been joyful for Coker!

He hesitated; and then made up his mind. His hands unclenched. The alternative was too serious; Coker did not want to be expelled. Gosling took him up—almost staggering under Coker's weight.

The birch swished.

Save for the swishing of the birch, there was dead silence in Hall. Severe as the infliction was, Coker uttered no sound; he would have died sooner than have uttered a cry.

As if he desired to draw some cry of pain from the victim, Dr. Brander laid on the birch harder and harder. But Coker clenched his teeth hard and bore it.

The last stroke fell.

In dead silence, the school was dismissed. Coker staggered away, with Potter and Greene on either side of him. Coker's face was pale, there was perspiration on his brow; and his look told of unutterable thoughts.

In the doorway, Van Tromp passed him, and turned on him, with a derisive grin.

"Not so cheeky now?" he said.

Coker spun round on him, his eyes ablaze, and the bully of the Sixth started back, the colour wavering in his cheeks. But Potter and Greene grasped their chum firmly by the arms, and forcibly marched him away. Coker had had enough; without asking for more.

"There's going to be trouble at Greyfriars, you men!" Bob Cherry said soberly to his chums.

And they nodded in silence. Trouble was coming—though as yet unlooked-for by the tyrant of the school.

THE END.

(The next yarn in this corking series is entitled: "THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!" You can only make sure of reading it, chums, by ordering next week's BUMPER FREE GIFT ISSUE of the MAGNET well in advance!)

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