

**REAL PHOTOS OF THESE TWO FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS
GIVEN FREE WITH THIS ISSUE!**



T. WILSON,
of Huddersfield.

Week Ending
May 6th, 1922.

The Magnet

Library **1½**

No. 743. Vol. XXI.



J. McCALL,
of Preston North End.

IN THIS ISSUE

THE COMPANION PAPERS' Grand Free Gifts This Week!

MONDAY.—In the "Magnet Library" are presented Two Real Photos of the Cup-tie Captains.

do. In the "Boys' Friend" you will find a Grand Free Real Photo of George Cook, the world-famous boxer. First of a wonderful series of "Rising Boxing Stars."

TUESDAY.—In the "Popular" there will be given Free a Magnificent Coloured Engine Plate.

WEDNESDAY.—In the "Gem Library" will be given away a Free Real Photo of famous "Fanny" Walden, of Tottenham Hotspur, in action on the field of play.

MORE FREE GIFTS NEXT WEEK.

MOST IMPORTANT!

If you have not already done so, place an order with your newsagent for copies of ALL the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS!

*Two
Real
Photos*

*of
T. Wilson
Huddersfield
and
J. McCall
Preston N.E.*

The Two CUP FINAL Captains



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

OUR GRAND FREE GIFTS.

In this number you will have found a splendid REAL PHOTO of the two Cup-tie captains, and I feel quite sure you will be feeling very pleased with them. But do not think that this is the only issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY which will contain the free gift of real photos of famous footballers. Not a bit of it! Next week we are going to give you a magnificent REAL PHOTO of a famous footballer—to wit, JOHN CROSBIE, of Birmingham, IN ACTION ON THE FIELD OF PLAY! This is an extra large portrait of an extremely popular player, so do not miss it on any account.

Now, I know that you will all want to obtain a collection of these splendid real photos. So I ask you not to forget that other papers belonging to the famous group known throughout the world as the COMPANION PAPERS, are also presenting their readers with REAL PHOTOS.

The "Gem Library," which appears on sale every Wednesday morning, is presenting a magnificent photo of FANNY WALDEN IN ACTION—a splendid addition to your collection. On no account must you miss the "Gem Library" on Wednesday morning. There is a grand, long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co. in that issue, and a host of other interesting features.

Then we have our popular Monday morning paper for school and adventure stories, the "Boys' Friend," which is the oldest of the Companion Papers, and a great friend to every boy. That paper, which you can obtain now, is giving away FREE REAL PHOTOS OF RISING BOXERS. Mr. T. C. Wignall, the famous expert, who writes the boxing news for the "Daily Mail," contributes a splendid little article concerning the boxer who forms the subject of this week's photo—George Cook. This is the first of a grand series of Real Photos of the men who are considered to be future Champions. You can get the "Boys' Friend" to-day.

Then we have our greatly enlarged Companion Paper, the "Popular." For weeks past that paper has been presenting its readers with wonderful FREE COLOURED ENGINE PLATES—accurate in detail and colours. The "Popular" is on sale to-morrow, and with it you will find a FREE PLATE.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"THE SIXTH FORM REBELLION!"

By Frank Richards.

Sounds exciting, doesn't it? That is the title of our next grand, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.

long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., the members of the Sixth Form, and the new Head, Dr. Carnforth.

The Head tries his new methods in Greyfriars, and he meets with scant success, even with the juniors. They had always looked upon the Head of Greyfriars as a person to be respected—

JOHN CROSBIE IN ACTION!



GRAND FREE REAL PHOTO GIVEN AWAY NEXT WEEK!

very much respected. But they cannot bring themselves to respect Dr. Carnforth.

The Head is bewildered when the mighty Sixth rebel against his tyrannical methods. He tries to cane Loder of the Sixth—Loder! Wingate won't stand for that, and in the end Dr. Carnforth endeavours to quell the seniors by means hitherto unheard of in the annals of Greyfriars!

Harry Wharton & Co. back up the Sixth—they find they have to back them up very much before many hours pass.

Read this story, and enjoy one of the finest stories Mr. Richards has sent us for many a day!

There will also be another grand supplement in our next issue—the "Greyfriars' Herald." Harry Wharton has got together a brilliant collection of stories and articles, which will be placed

before you next Monday with the full conviction that you will be vastly pleased with them!

Once again, I do urge my regular readers not to risk the chance of missing their copy of the MAGNET LIBRARY by omitting to order it. There is going to be another FREE REAL PHOTO NEXT WEEK, and boys all over the country will be flocking to the newsagents for their MAGNET LIBRARY.

See nobody gets your copy!

AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

My best thanks are extended to Mr. Edward Herdman, 1, Southgate Street, Bishop Auckland for the excellent little magazine of poetry he has sent me, also for a particularly smart number of the amateur magazine, "The Cat," and the "Rules of the British Amateur Press Association." This smart little association is making headway, and the capital work it is doing in the way of encouraging and assisting beginners, calls for no eulogy from me. Amateur journalism is, as a cause, in safe hands.

"POPULAR" RAILWAY ENGINES.

It is worth noticing the different kinds of railway engines. The whole history of our railways is to be found in the shape and style of the locomotive.

The new plates show the latest models. These have developed from the strangest types. Sometimes you see in a goods yard or depot a curious-looking squat engine fussing round amongst the coal-trucks. It was at one time the very latest design.

Year by year new ideas have been adopted. But it would be no good saying that even a magnificent express engine of the Great Western or one of the Northern lines was the last word.

There is no last word in engineering. We are always improving on the best, or what has seemed to be the best.

Many of the engines which are now working in up-country places in the New World have been formerly familiar objects here at home.

NOTICES.

Cricket.

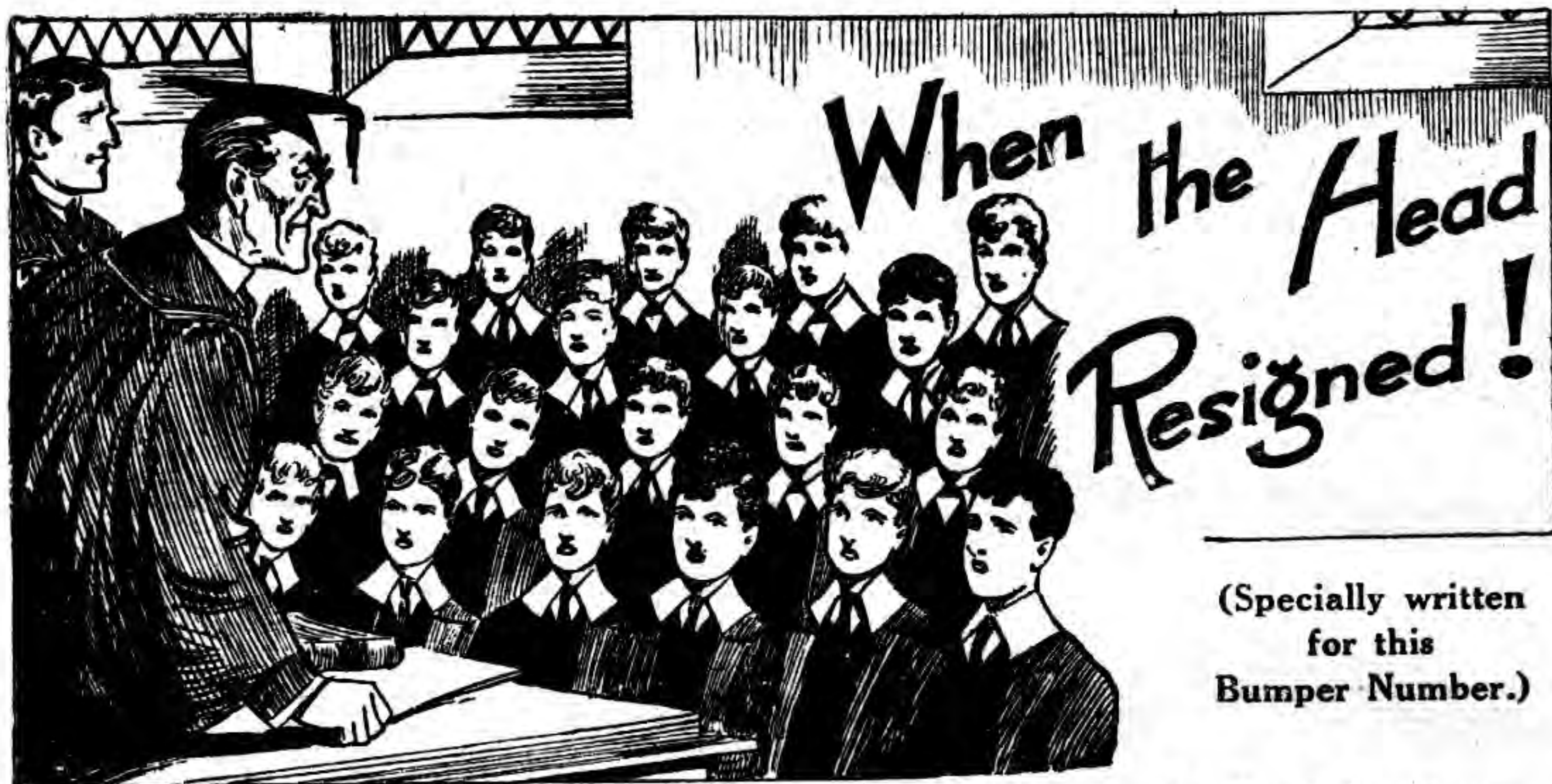
D. G. Abbott, 175, Edgware Road, London, W. 1, wishes to hear from any readers who are getting up a cricket team for next season; radius of 150 miles preferred; age 17.

Correspondence.

Edgar Owen, 778, Adderley Street, North End, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

John L. Fulford, 44, Watkin Terrace, Northampton, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Your Editor.



(Specially written
for this
Bumper Number.)

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Caught!

"CORNERED!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Oh dear!" Billy Bunter leaned breathlessly on the door of the Head's study at Greyfriars and blinked up and down the corridor in alarm.

At one end of the corridor, Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent had appeared in sight. At the other end, Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were in view.

Between the two parties, Billy Bunter was hemmed in; and there was no escape for him, unless by one of the tall corridor windows—or the doorway of the Head's study.

From opposite directions the two parties of Remove fellows closed in on Billy Bunter.

"Got him!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The gotfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh.

Bunter breathed hard.

The fat junior's pockets were bulging—so was his fat cheek. In his pockets were stored a variety of good things, "lifted" only a few minutes before from Study No. 1 in the Remove. A wedge of coconut ice was in his capacious mouth—but Bunter had not had time to deal with it, his flight had been so sudden.

But flight had not saved Bunter. The enemy had tracked him out, and they were closing in on him.

Flight was cut off, as they came from both directions. Bunter leaned on the Head's door and gasped. It was not only a ragging that the fat pilferer feared—it was the loss of the good things which he had not yet had time to devour. The wedge of coconut ice in his mouth, certainly, was beyond recovery—nobody could possibly have wanted to see that again. But a jam-pot bulged in one pocket, a jar of jelly in another, a bag of biscuits in another—and Bunter felt that it was really hard that he should lose this feed, after the great risks he had taken in annexing it.

Like Moses of old, he looked this way and he looked that; but instead of

seeing the coast clear, as Moses did, he saw the enemy on both sides.

There was only one resource—a desperate one. Bunter turned, and tapped at the Head's door.

Into that sacred apartment the enemy could scarcely venture to pursue him—especially if the Head was there! Bunter relied on his wits to find an excuse for his sudden entry if Dr. Locke was present.

"Stop, you fat boulder!" shouted Bob Cherry, breaking into a run along the corridor.

Bunter did not stop. He opened the Head's door and rolled in.

"If—if you please, sir—!" he gasped.

He did not finish the sentence. A blink round the study through his big spectacles showed that Dr. Locke was not there.

Five juniors arrived, a little breathlessly, at the doorway. Billy Bunter backed behind the Head's writing-table and blinked at them across it.

"I say, you fellows—!"

"Come out!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Roll out, you fat villain!" said Bob Cherry.

"We'll give you one minute!" said the captain of the Remove.

Although the Head was away, the Famous Five felt a natural hesitation about "ragging" in his study. It was quite a serious matter to enter that apartment at all without permission. But they were determined that Bunter should not make even that sacred apartment a safe place of refuge. Bunter was quite capable of sitting down in the Head's own arm-chair and devouring his plunder there at his leisure—it was, indeed, one of Bunter's little ways to retire, like a boa-constrictor, to some quiet spot to gorge his prey. And Bunter's plunder was wanted in Study No. 1—it was past tea-time.

"One minute!" said Johnny Bull. "And if you don't roll out, Bunter, you'll be rolled."

"If you kick up a shindy in the Head's study you'll get licked, you know," said Bunter warningly. "Suppose Quelchy hears you?"

"We'll chance that."

"I think I saw Wingate coming down the corridor."

"Think again!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Wingate's on Big Side at present."

"Is—isn't that Gwynne just outside the window?" gasped Bunter. "I—I can see Gwynne of the Sixth."

"You've got wonderful eyesight for a blind owl," remarked Bob. "I can't see Gwynne."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Time's up!" said Harry Wharton, with a glance at the Head's clock. "Now, then, Bunter—is it roll or be rolled—active or passive?"

"I—I say, you fellows—!"

"Are you coming?" roared Johnny Bull.

"No!" gasped Bunter desperately. "And—and if the Head comes in while you're ragging here—Keep off, you beasts!"

The patience of the Famous Five was exhausted. They advanced into the study. Billy Bunter backed away in great alarm as they approached the table. In the corner of the study, near the fire-place, stood a book cabinet, and there was just room for Bunter to squeeze behind it into the triangular space in the corner. He squeezed in.

"Now keep off, you beasts!" he gasped. "If you try to shove in here, the cabinet will go over—and if you break it—"

"Come out!"

"Yah!"

Bob Cherry reached for the Owl of the Remove, and grasped him by the collar. Bunter struggled, and the cabinet rocked, and two or three volumes clattered to the floor.

"Look out!" ejaculated Nugent. "The whole blessed thing will be over in a minute."

"Yaroo! Leggo!"

"Come out!" shouted Bob.

"Beast!"

Bunter held on to the back of the cabinet. It was an almost priceless article of furniture, of inlaid ebony, and if it had gone over with a smash, the results would certainly have been serious for somebody. Bob Cherry released the fat junior as the book cabinet rocked.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.

Bunter, for the moment, was master of the situation. He was reckless of the amount of damage he might do, and Harry Wharton & Co. weren't; so the Owl of the Remove had the advantage.

"I—I—I'll boil him!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I—I—I'll—"

"Yah, beasts!" gasped Bunter.

There was a heavy footstep in the corridor—more than one footstep. The Famous Five suddenly silent, swung round towards the open door. Two gentlemen appeared there; one was Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars; the other, Mr. Henry Quelch, the master of the Remove. The two masters came into the study together and almost jumped at the sight of five excited-looking juniors there.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry in dismay.

Evidently the Head had returned from his long absence at a rather unlucky moment for the heroes of the Remove.

The Famous Five stood and blinked at the two masters, and the two masters stared at the Famous Five. Behind the corner cabinet William George Bunter squeezed himself into as small a space as possible. He was out of sight, and he hoped to remain so.

"What are you juniors doing here in the Head's study?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch in a terrifying voice.

"We—we—" stammered Wharton.

"We—we came—" stuttered Bob.

"I hope you have been doing no mischief in my study during my absence, my boys," said the Head quietly.

"Oh, no, sir! We—"

Harry Wharton stammered. It was a little awkward to explain that the juniors had pursued a pilferer into the study in quest of a jar of jam, a jar of jelly, a bag of biscuits, and similar articles. Besides, it now dawned upon the chums of the Remove that they really ought not to have ventured into that majestic apartment for any reason whatsoever.

Mr. Quelch was about to speak sharply, but the Head made a gesture.

"Go away at once!" he said.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Certainly, sir!"

The Famous Five looked very sheepish as they trailed to the door. They were intensely glad to get outside the room they had ventured into so recklessly. Mr. Quelch closed the door after them.

"My hat! What a giddy narrow escape!" murmured Bob Cherry, as they reached the end of the corridor. "The Head's an old duck, isn't he? Quelch was going to jump on us hard."

"The jumpfulness would have been terrific, but for the esteemed Head," remarked Hurree Singh. "Our excellent and ludicrous headmaster has let us off lightly."

"Blessed if I quite catch on," said Wharton. "I should have expected lines, at least!"

"The Head looked a bit down," said Nugent. "Tired, I dare say. All the nicer of him to let us off. He's a brick!"

"Yes, rather!"

"But Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I forgot Bunter! Bunter's still there! And he's got our grub!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm afraid the grub's a goner," he said. "I don't feel like going back for Bunter and the grub."

"The Head will turn him out in a minute," said Nugent. "Let's wait for him."

And the Famous Five waited. They waited five minutes, but there was no sign of Bunter. By that time it was quite clear that the Owl of the Remove

was still in hiding, and Harry Wharton & Co. gave it up. They retired to Study No. 1 in the Remove for tea—a rather scanty tea, owing to the depredations of William George Bunter. And over tea they compared notes as to what they were going to do to Bunter when they caught him again; and, judging by their remarks, the Owl of the Remove was booked for the time of his life at an early date.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER shivered.

He was squeezed into the corner behind the book-cabinet, quite out of sight of anyone in the study, and, obviously, the two masters had no suspicion of his presence there.

Bunter had fully expected that the invaders of the study would be caned, and his first instinct had been to keep out of sight. By the time he realised that he might have gone safely with the rest Mr. Quelch had closed the study door. The fat junior debated in his mind whether he should show himself or not, taking advantage of the Head's unexpected clemency. But he was not sure that that clemency would be extended to him if he showed up now; and he was fairly certain, too, that the enemy were waiting for him in the corridor. Upon the whole, Bunter felt that it was safer to sit tight. But he shivered. If he remained in concealment, and was dis-

NEXT MONDAY'S FREE GIFT:

Real Action Photo showing

JOHN CROSBIE,

OF BIRMINGHAM.

On the Field of Play.

DON'T MISS IT!

covered later, the caning was a dead certainty. Bunter could only hope that he wouldn't be discovered.

Dr. Locke sat down in his armchair, which was within a few feet of Billy Bunter, and Mr. Quelch sat down opposite him.

Both the masters were very grave.

There was silence in the study for a full minute; and Bunter wondered dismally why two beasts should sit mum and blink at one another like a pair of boiled owls. That was how Bunter put it. It was Dr. Locke who broke the silence, in a low, tired voice.

"I am afraid I have some bad news, Quelch. I think you will regard it as bad news. We have worked together so long that it will be very painful to me to part."

"And to me, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "I hope it has not come to that."

"I fear so."

Billy Bunter pricked up his fat ears. This was getting interesting. The Owl of the Remove even forgot the jar of jam bulging in his pocket.

"I have attended the governors' meeting," continued the Head, "and it has not been agreeable to me."

"But surely, sir—"

"I have not been asked to resign," said the Head. "The majority of the Board was in my favour."

"That is good."

"But a minority is very keenly in favour of new methods. Certain members of the board desire very much that I should resign, and that Mr. James Carnforth should be appointed headmaster in my place. They have the impression that slackness exists at Greyfriars, and that a younger man is required to pull the school together."

"Absurd!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Naturally I do not agree with them," said the Head. "And with the majority in my favour, I am under no obligation to make way for this new man, whose methods, I understand, are very different from mine. But—" He paused. "The state of affairs is intolerable to me. Sir Hilton Popper has declared that he will raise the question again at the next meeting of the board. Contention between the headmaster and an influential section of the governors is bad for the school—bad for everything. It is not a state of affairs that I can tolerate. I have therefore placed my resignation in their hands."

Mr. Quelch started.

"You have not resigned the headmastership, sir?" he exclaimed.

"I have resigned it, Mr. Quelch."

"Well, upon my word!"

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips. The kind, scholarly old gentleman who had ruled Greyfriars so long, was of a different calibre from Mr. Quelch. The Remove master, in similar circumstances, certainly would not have resigned. But he was not surprised that Dr. Locke had done so.

In his corner, Billy Bunter with difficulty repressed an exclamation. He was hearing news now!

"Colonel Wharton and some other members were kind enough to remonstrate," said the Head, "but I had made up my mind. I have returned now to Greyfriars, Mr. Quelch, only to say farewell to the place where I have laboured so long. I shall leave immediately; I do not desire to meet Mr. Carnforth when he takes control. I know little of the man, but I do not admire what I do know of him. I shall ask you, my dear Quelch, to carry on until Mr. Carnforth arrives to take my place."

"You may rely upon me, sir!" said the Remove master. "But I am more sorry than I can say—"

"Grrrrrrrrrr!"

Mr. Quelch was interrupted by that mysterious sound. During the past few minutes Billy Bunter had been negotiating the rather tough chunk of coconut ice with great care. But his care did not avail. The lump was big, it was a little tough, and it was too large for comfortable negotiation even by Bunter's extensive jaws. There was a sudden agonised gurgle as some of it went the wrong way, and Bunter's breath—always short—was cut off suddenly and entirely.

"Grrrrrrggh!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, glancing in amazement round the study. "There is some animal—"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

Mr. Quelch rose quickly to his feet.

"Ooooooch—groooooog—gug!"

The wild, weird sounds came from behind the cabinet in the corner. Billy Bunter was spluttering for his life.

Dr. Locke glanced round.

"Some dog has crept into the room—" he said.

"It does not sound like a dog," said the Remove master. "But it is, of course, impossible that a pig could have obtained access to the house—otherwise, I should certainly suppose—"

"Gr-r-rrrr! Oooooogh!"

"The animal is behind the cabinet in the corner," said Mr. Quelch. "Pray do not disturb yourself, sir; I will drive it out. I will take the poker."

"Urrrrrrggghh!"

Bunter gurgled and guggugged, in a frantic attempt to get rid of the chunk that was stopping up his fat windpipe. He had almost succeeded when Mr. Quelch came into the corner with the poker.

"Shoo!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

The sounds certainly indicated the presence of a pig, to Mr. Quelch's mind, but he felt that it could be nothing but a dog. So he "shooed" the dog, and shoved the poker round to the back of the cabinet to accelerate its movements. The poker landed in a set of fat ribs.

"Ooooooch! Gooooog!"

"Go!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Shoo, shoo, shoo!"

And he made another lunge.

"Yooooooooop!"

Bunter cleared his throat at last, and a fiendish yell rang out as he caught the poker with his neck.

"Bless my soul! It—it is something human!" ejaculated the Remove master.

Mr. Quelch squeezed round the cabinet to look behind it—he had lunged without looking so far. He gave a jump as he caught sight of a fat junior curled up there with a crimson, breathless face.

"Bunter!"

"Ow! Oh! Ooooooch!"

"Bunter!" repeated the Head.

"It is Bunter, of my Form, sir! He was concealed here!" said the Remove master. "Come out, Bunter! Come out at once!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Billy Bunter.

He squeezed round the cabinet, and emerged into view of the two masters. There was no help for it now. Dr. Locke eyed him sternly, while Mr. Quelch's gimlet-eyes fairly glittered at him.

"What are you doing here, Bunter?" said the Head.

"N-n-nothing, sir!"

"Eavesdropping, I fear!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed the fat junior. "I—I haven't heard a word, sir. I—I don't know that Dr. Locke is sacked—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, sir—"

"Leave my study at once, Bunter!" said the Head, a pained look crossing his pale, grave face.

"Thank you, sir! I—I assure you that—"

"Go!" said Mr. Quelch. "I will deal with you later, Bunter."

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study. The conversation of the two masters proceeded without any more of it coming to the fat ears of the Owl of the Remove.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Astounding News!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Collar him!"

"Scrag him!"

"Keep off!" roared Bunter, blinking into Study No. 1 indignantly.

"I've come to tell you the news—"

"You've come to be jolly well ragged, you fat burglar!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"The ragfulness will be—"

"Hold on, I tell you!" shouted Bunter. "Ragging at a serious time like this! I'm ashamed of you!"

"What's the fat duffer burbling about



Mr. Quelch shoved the poker behind the cabinet. "Go!" he exclaimed, "shoo shoo!" He made another lunge and caught Bunter in the neck with the end of the poker. The Owl of the Remove gave a wild yell. "Bless my soul!" ejaculated the master, and he gave a jump as he caught sight of Bunter curled up there. (See Chapter 2.)

now?" asked Bob Cherry, in wonder.

"Anything happened?"

"The Head's sacked!"

"Wha-a-at?"

The Famous Five fairly jumped.

"You thundering Ananias!" roared Johnny Bull, recovering from his astonishment.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You terrific Washington!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh indignantly.

"This is the biggest—"

"The very biggest!" said Frank Nugent. "How did even Bunter come to think of a whopper like that?"

"It's true!" howled Bunter.

"So the Head's sacked, is he?" said Bob Cherry. "Told you all about it in confidence, I suppose?"

"Yes, exactly—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Asked you to give him a character, to help him get his next job, I dare say?" continued Bob sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You fat Ananias! You—you— Oh, there isn't a word for you!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "I suppose you've spun this yarn to get out of a ragging. It won't wash!"

"No fear!" said Bob Cherry emphatically, and he gripped Bunter by the collar and spun him into Study No. 1.

"He said— Yarooooop!" roared Bunter, as he was lifted off his feet in five pairs of hands.

"I'll bet he didn't!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "The Head couldn't say that to save his merry life."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leggo!" howled Bunter. "I say, you fellows— Yaroooooch! Help!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat down heavily on the hearthrug. He sat there and spluttered and gasped.

"Now own up that you've been trying to pull our leg," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Yow-ow-ow! I tell you it's true! The Head's sacked!" gasped Bunter.

"I heard every word! I—I was in the study, you know—you horrid beasts left me there! Oh dear! There's a button burst off my bags, you horrid rotters! Oh crumbs! Ow! I heard every word! And I can tell you the name of the new man who's got the Head's job, too."

"Rats!"

"His name's Carnforth!" spluttered Bunter. "James Carnforth! There! The Head says he isn't a nice man! Ow!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. They remembered that Bunter had been left in hiding in the Head's study, and they were well aware that he would not have lost an opportunity of listening to a conversation that did not concern him. They began to wonder whether, possibly, there was some grain of truth in his astounding yarn.

"He's got hold of a name, anyhow," said Nugent. "Almost sounds as if Bunter isn't telling crammers, for once. But it's too thick, of course. The Head couldn't be sacked!"

"The thickfulness is too terrific," said Hurree Singh, shaking his dusky head.

Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet. The Famous Five were impressed, just a

NEXT
MONDAY!

"THE SIXTH FORM REBELLION!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.



"And the Head said, 'Thank goodness I've got one friend left'!" rattled on Bunter, unaware of the fact that Mr. Quelch was standing right behind him at the moment. "Bunter!" The fat Removite swung round and blinked at Mr. Quelch. (See Chapter 4.)

little, at last. Bunter wanted to keep them interested. One bump for his raid on the tuck was getting off very cheaply; and the Owl of the Remove wanted it to end at that.

"I say, you fellows, this is serious, you know," he said, blinking at the Famous Five. "The Head's a beast, like all masters, but he's not such a beast as most of the other beasts. I'm really sorry he's got the boot, you know. It's quite serious. I've a jolly good mind to lick you fellows all round, but in the circumstances, I—I won't."

"Oh, do!" implored Bob Cherry. "Never mind the giddy circumstances! Do."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This isn't a time for ragging," said Bunter. "The poor old Head was awfully cut up. His voice fairly trembled when he told Quelch he had resigned."

"Resigned!" exclaimed Wharton. "You said he was sacked."

"I—I mean—"

"So the Head's resigned!" said Johnny Bull. "That's possible, of course."

"It's serious, if that's so!" remarked Nugent.

"But it can't be true," said Harry Wharton. "Why should the Head resign? He's not old—not over sixty—no reason why he should resign. Can't be fed up with Greyfriars, can he?"

"P'raps he's going to be made a giddy bishop or something!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"He's sacked!" hooted Bunter. "It comes to the same thing, anyhow. Another man is after his job, and he's

got a lot of the governors to back him. Your uncle stood up for the Head, Wharton."

"My uncle?"

"Yes—the Head told Quelch that Colonel Wharton was on his side. There was a majority in his favour. But he told Quelch that he got his back up and let them have it straight."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five.

They could not quite imagine the reverend Head of Greyfriars using language like that.

"Got on his merry old dignity, and resigned," said Bunter. "Told 'em straight that if they wanted the other man, they could have the other man, and be blowed to them, you know. His very words."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's awfully sore," continued Bunter, happy in the possession of five keenly interested listeners at last. "No end upset, and all that. I felt quite sorry for him, though he's a beast. Full of dignity, you know—quite more in sorrow than in anger, like the Johnny in the play. He's not going to hand over to the new man—he's going quick, to get out of the blighter's way—told Quelch so—"

"His very words?" grinned Nugent.

"I wonder if there's any truth in it?" said Bob Cherry, reflectively. "I suppose Bunter couldn't have made all that up, from start to finish. He hasn't brains enough."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"He's been listening to something," said Harry, frowning. "Listening—and telling us! He's made us parties to his

dashed eavesdropping! Kick him out, hard!"

"Yes, rather."

"Why, you awful rotters!" bawled Bunter, "you were jolly glad to hear about it, eavesdropping or not. I—I say—oh, help!"

Bunter travelled into the passage at express speed. He disappeared from Study No. 1 with a bump and a roar.

Harry Wharton & Co. finished their tea—discussing at the same time the startling news they had heard.

Billy Bunter picked himself up in the passage, and rolled away to impart his startling information in other studies. In half-an-hour the Remove was buzzing with the news that the Head was going—that the Head had resigned—that the Head was sacked—and several other varieties of the news. From the Remove it spread to other Forms; Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth heard it next, and it spread to the Shell, and the Fifth—while in the Third Form room, the fags discussed it with keen interest. Never, in all the course of his fat career, had William George Bunter succeeded in causing so great a sensation.

Dozens of fellows, of various forms, called on Bunter for confirmation and for details; and details Bunter was quite willing to give—drawing upon his fertile imagination for them. After prep that evening, five or six fellows were in Study No. 7, listening to Bunter, when Dicky Nugent of the Second Form put his cheeky face in at the door.

"Bunter!" called out the fag.

"And the Head said to the chairman of the governors: 'You go and eat coke, and be blowed to you!'" Bunter was giving details. "And the chairman said—"

"Bunter!" yelled Nugent minor.

Bunter waved a fat hand at him.

"Cut off!" he said. "I'm busy."

"Wingate wants you in his study."

"Oh!" said Bunter. "Wingate's heard, I suppose, and wants some details. I'm coming."

And Billy Bunter rolled away promptly to the Sixth Form passage, greatly elated at being called upon for his story by so distinguished a personage as the captain of the school.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Gives Details!

GEORGE WINGATE of the Sixth fixed a grim look on the Owl of the Remove as he rolled in. Tom North and Gwynne, Wingate's special chums in the Sixth, were in the study, and they were smiling. Bunter rolled in with an air of great importance. He was the fellow that knew the facts—the startling facts—and so he realised how very important he was. He blinked familiarly at Wingate.

"Here I am, old chap," he said.

"What?"

"Came at once, old bean," said Bunter.

"Have you come for a thrashing, Bunter?"

Bunter jumped.

"Eh? No! I—"

"Well, you'll get one, if you call me old bean again!" said Wingate dryly.

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"I hear you've been spinning a yarn about the Head!" said the captain of Greyfriars. "Some Fifth Form chaps told me."

"That's so," said Bunter. "I'm the fellow that knows, you know."

"You seem to know a little too much," said Wingate. "May I inquire, Bunter,

how you know anything—if anything—about the Head's private affairs?"

Bunter paused. He noticed that the prefect's ashplant was lying handy on the table. It was not judicious to explain that he had obtained his information by listening in concealment. Besides, Bunter's yarn had been growing—and to Bunter's mind, the later edition sounded much better than the earlier one.

"Well!" rapped out Wingate.

"The Head told me," said Bunter. "I was in his study when he came back from the meeting of the board of governors, you know. He was very pleased to see me."

"Pleased to see you!" ejaculated North.

"No accounting for tastes!" remarked Gwynne.

"And he told you—" exclaimed Wingate, with a stare at the fatuous Owl of the Remove.

"Just that!" said Bunter cheerfully. "The Head's always taken a lot of notice of me, you know—we've been very confidential."

"Wha-a-at?"

"So he confided the whole story to me," said Bunter modestly. "It was a comfort to him to confide in a real friend."

"Are you off your rocker, Bunter?"

"Eh?"

"What did the Head say to you?" demanded Wingate.

"He took me by the hand—"

"By the hand?" said Wingate dazedly.

"Not by the ear?" asked Gwynne.

"No," roared Bunter. "By the hand. He took me by the hand, and said, 'Bunter, the game's up for me here!'"

The three Sixth-Formers stared at Bunter. That happy youth, feeling that he had made an impression, rattled on cheerily.

"I've got the bullet, Bunter," the Head said. His very words, Wingate. 'It's hard lines,' said the Head, 'but it's me for the long jump, Bunter.' I said, 'Bear up, old fellow.'"

"You—you said, 'Bear up, old fellow?'" babbled Wingate.

"My very words!" said Bunter.

"You—told the Head to bear up?"

"That's it."

"You called him old fellow?" said the dazed captain of Greyfriars.

"Couldn't do less," said Bunter.

"He was awfully down in the mouth, you know. I told him I'd stand by him."

"You told the Head you'd stand by him?"

"Yes. 'Never mind those old blighters,' I said—"

"What old blighters?" asked Gwynne.

"The governors," explained Bunter. "I just gripped old Locke's hand, and said, 'Never mind those old blighters! I'm standing by you, old fellow!'"

George Wingate rose to his feet. The expression on his face would have been described by Hurree Singh as terrific, and the description would have been just. He gripped his ashplant.

"You lying young rascal!" he exclaimed.

"Eh?"

"How dare you stand there and roll out such thumping lies?" roared Wingate, in great wrath.

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"Hold out your hand!"

"M-m-mum-my hand?" stuttered Bunter.

"Yes, you young rascal!"

"I—I say, Wingate—"

"I'm waiting for your paw, then."

"I—I say, Wingate—"

"Put it out."

"Oh dear!"

Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Now clear off, and don't talk so much," said Wingate, pointing to the door with his cane. "If I hear any more of it—" He left the rest to Billy Bunter's imagination.

Billy Bunter squeezed his fat paw in anguish as he rolled out of the captain's study. His visit had not been the triumph he had anticipated. Somehow or other, Wingate had not believed him.

"Hallo, here he is!" It was the voice of Coker of the Fifth in the corridor. "Here's Bunter. Give us the news, Bunter."

"Ow!"

Coker and Potter and Greene of the Fifth surrounded Bunter, grinning. They had heard the story, and they wanted details.

"Go it!" said Potter. "The Head's sacked. What?"

"Ow! Yes."

"Order of the boot!" grinned Greene. "And he told you all about it? He would, of course!"

"Ow! The Head confided in me!" said Bunter, rubbing his fat paw. "I promised to ask my father to do something for him after he left."

"Go it!" said Coker admiringly.

"Let's hear it all!" said Potter and Greene.

Thus encouraged, Bunter proceeded. This was a much more encouraging audience than that in Wingate's study.

Coker & Co. listened with deep interest, as Bunter told how the Head, with tears in his eyes, had confided in him, and begged him for advice and sympathy. He told how he had offered the Head a home at Bunter Court, and how the Head had wept and thanked him. Bunter was going strong when Mr. Quelch came along the corridor. He came behind Bunter, and the three Fifth-Formers, who saw him, did not give a sign. They let the happy Owl of the Remove run on, while Mr. Quelch approached. "And the Head said, 'Thank goodness, I've still one friend left,'" rattled on Bunter. "I said, 'Rely on me, old bean!' Then he fairly broke down, you know—it was quite—quite pathetic."

"Bunter!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Coker & Co. strolled away, smiling. Bunter did not smile. His round eyes grew wider and rounder behind his big spectacles as he blinked at Mr. Quelch.

"Bunter!" gasped the Remove master. "Is it—is it possible that you have been speaking of your—your headmaster in such a way?"

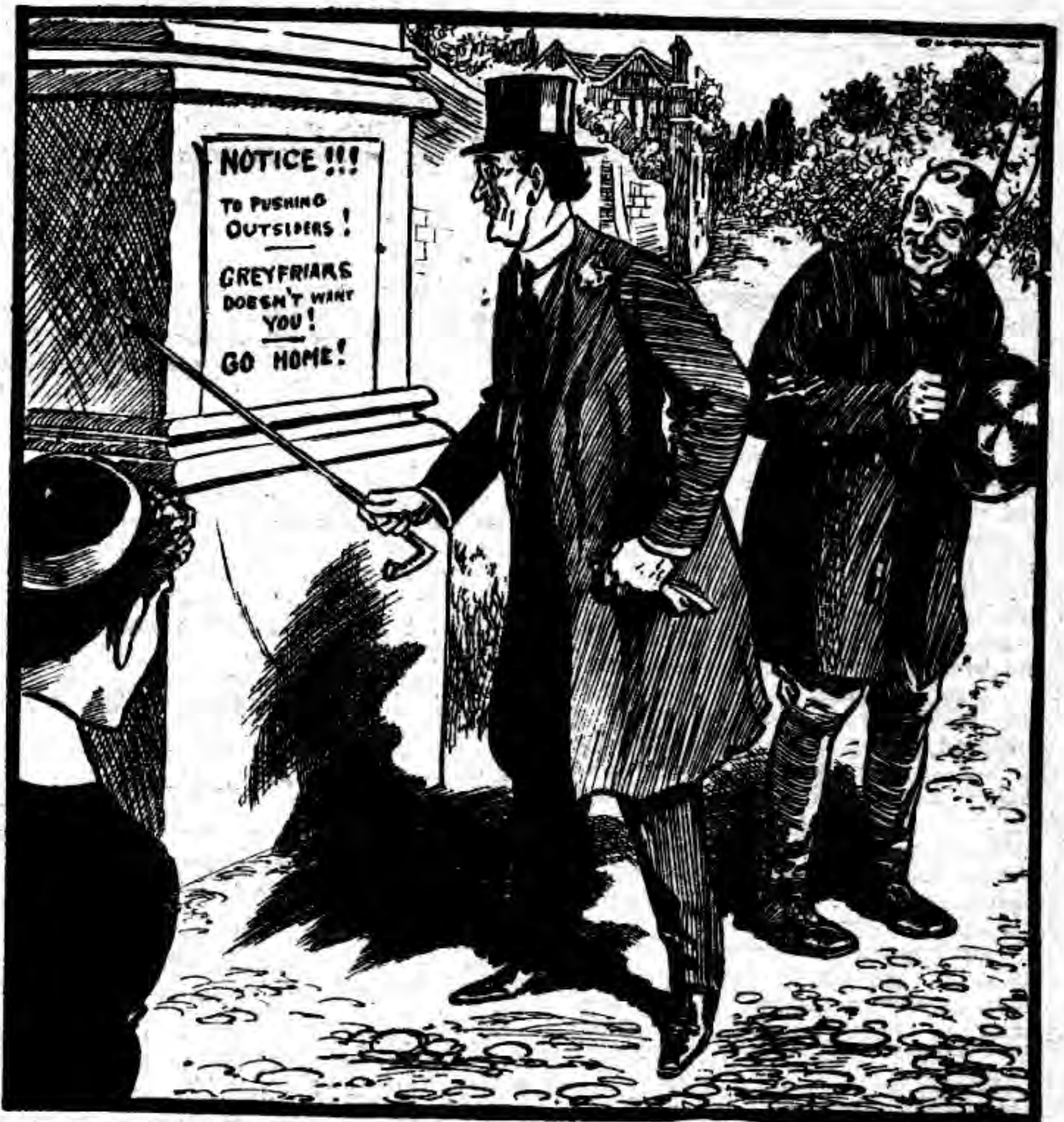
"Oh dear! No sir! Certainly not!" stuttered Bunter. "I—I was just telling Coker that—that—that—"

"Well, what were you telling Coker?" asked Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice.

"I—I—I—"

"Follow me to my study, Bunter."

"I—I—I—"



Mr. Carnforth gave a jump as he saw the placard on the post. He took a step aside and stood staring at it, his face growing darker and harder. The Greyfriars fellows eyed him breathlessly. The "pushing outsider" knew what the school thought of him now. (See Chapter 8.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE SIXTH FORM REBELLION!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.

"Follow me!" thundered the Remove master.

"Ow! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

In his study, Mr. Quelch selected a stout cane.

"Bunter, you have played the eaves-dropper in the Head's study," he said. "You have repeated a conversation you heard surreptitiously, and you have added to it the most ridiculous exaggerations, Bunter. You have referred to your headmaster, Bunter, in a most disrespectful manner. I am bound to punish you severely, Bunter."

Bunter groaned.

"Oh dear! I—I say, sir——"

"Well?"

"The—the Head ain't my headmaster now, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Not now he's sacked, sir."

If Bunter hoped that that brilliant suggestion would mitigate Mr. Quelch's wrath, he was disappointed. Mr. Quelch's wrath appeared to increase rather than diminish.

He took William George Bunter by the collar. He did not waste any more words on him. He let the cane speak for itself.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Let that be a lesson to you, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch. "Go! Don't make ridiculous noises in my study! Go!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Rotten!

ON the following day, there was one personage at Greyfriars who absorbed the interest of the whole school.

It was the Head.

The Head was always an awe-inspiring figure, but, as a rule, he was not specially interesting.

Now he was interesting without end. William George Bunter had succeeded in making him so.

Bunter's amazing yarn had centred attention on Dr. Locke, and deep was the sympathy of his young charges, from the Sixth Form down to the Second.

Shorn of Bunter's absurd exaggeration, it was obvious that the story was true; that, at least, the Head was leaving Greyfriars soon and suddenly, after disagreement with the governing board.

From the masters' looks, and from words that they were heard to drop, it could be seen that the masters knew, officially. And soon the prefects had the official news, for Wingate of the Sixth went to the fountain-head, as it were, for precise information.

So Bunter's startling tale was substantiated, more or less, though few of the fellows knew the details of the case.

Deep was the indignation at Greyfriars.

"Want a new man, do they?" said Coker of the Fifth, in great wrath. "Not satisfied with Dr. Locke! I'm satisfied with him!"

Coker seemed to regard that as a clincher, as a clear demonstration of the utter unreasonableness of the august governing body.

For once Harry Wharton & Co. were in agreement with even Horace Coker of the Fifth Form.

Indignation was general.

"It's the Head that's made Greyfriars what it is!" declared Temple of the Fourth oracularly.

And that was unanswerable—Greyfriars being then at the top notch of

perfection, in the opinion of all Greyfriars fellows at least.

"It's a shame!" Wingate told his chums in the Sixth. "The dear old Head! He's hurt, you know."

"Poor old chap!" said Gwynne, "he would be!"

So, for once, the prefects were in agreement with the fags.

In fact, there was a wonderful unanimity at Greyfriars for once: Harry Wharton & Co. agreed with Coker of the Fifth, and the Sixth saw eye to eye with the Second.

It was a rotten shame, that was assented to on all hands. Dr. Locke was the best possible schoolmaster, in the best possible school; opinion on this was undivided.

And the new man, James Carnforth, was a rotter, a wedger, a thrusting scoundrel, and several other things—things too numerous to mention, but all emphatic.

"We'll jolly well give the Head a send-off when he goes!" said Harry Wharton. "It seems that he was going quietly—the dear old sport doesn't want a fuss. But we'll jolly well rally round and cheer him."

"And we'll rag the new man when he comes," said Bob Cherry.

"Hem!"

"The ragfulness ought to be terrific!"

DON'T FORGET!

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Next Monday!

said the nabob. "The sahib Carnforth is a sneaking and ludicrous worm. It is his fault we are losing our headmaster."

"The governors are a lot of asses!" said Johnny Bull. "They don't know a good thing when they see it."

"Lot of footlin' chumps!" said Lord Mauleverer.

The august board would have been flattered—perhaps—if they could have heard the comments of the Removites. Fortunately they couldn't.

There was one thing that all the Lower School were determined upon, and that was, that the Head should know how much Greyfriars respected him, and missed him, when he went. There was going to be an enormous rally, with volleys of cheering, the only drawback being that Mr. Carnforth wouldn't be there to hear it.

If the Head knew how the school regarded the matter, possibly he was pleased. Possibly he was not.

His idea had been to leave quietly, without even a word of farewell to the school; he shrank from parading in public, as it were, his wounded feelings and his impaired dignity.

He had resigned, it was true, but his resignation very nearly amounted to a dismissal. He was not leaving Grey-

friars as he had expected to leave it some day, full of years and honours.

So the juniors were on the watch, determined that when the Head went, it should be a great occasion, and that all Greyfriars should echo and re-echo from end to end with their ovation.

Perhaps some hint of that great scheme reached ears in higher quarters, through the prefects.

At all events when the Head went, he selected an hour when all the Forms were in class. It was bitter enough to the old gentleman to leave without bidding the school farewell, but he could not face the ordeal, and he went quietly, almost secretly—syrupstitionally, Billy Bunter declared, probably meaning surreptitiously.

The juniors came out of morning school, and he was gone. Even then they did not know that they had lost their headmaster, until the school was assembled in the Big Hall to listen to a brief address from Mr. Quelch.

The Remove master informed the school that Dr. Locke had left that morning, leaving it to him to make his farewells by proxy, and to convey his desire that Greyfriars would support the new Head as loyally as they had supported the old. At which there were many doubtful looks, and a groan or two. Nobody was keen on the new Head.

Mr. Quelch further stated that Mr. Carnforth would arrive in a day or so, and that until his arrival, he, Mr. Quelch, was headmaster, pro tem. The school gave Mr. Quelch a cheer, and then the assembly broke up, in a state of great disappointment. The parting volleys of cheering could never be uttered now; Dr. Locke was gone.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Painful Expectations!

SKINNER of the Remove was the first with definite news of the coming headmaster. Skinner had a relative at St. Bede's, and that relative sometimes wrote to him. As he happened to mention, as an item of news, that St. Bede's headmaster had lately left and that he had been a "twister." That was the expression of Skinner's relative. And the name was James Carnforth.

"Happy news, you fellows," said Skinner, coming into the Common-room with a letter in his hand. "We're going to have a really nice man for Head. Listen to what my cousin says about him."

Skinner read out a number of expressions from the letter. "Beast," "Rotter," "Spy," "Bully," and "Tyrant," were some of the pleasantest words.

Evidently Skinner's relative did not love his old headmaster.

"Is that the man that's coming here?" asked Harry Wharton.

"That's the man!" said Skinner. "James Carnforth, M.A. Can't be two of the same name!"

"Not likely," agreed Harry.

"My cousin says the whole school rejoiced when he went," said Skinner. "He was great on discipline, my cousin says. Caned the seniors!"

"Serve 'em right!" said Bunter.

"If he canes the seniors here, there will be trouble!" said Bob Cherry. "Fancy old Wingate!"

"Wingate would knock him spinning!" said Johnny Bull.

"Why did he leave St. Bede's?" asked Nugent.

(Continued on page 13.)

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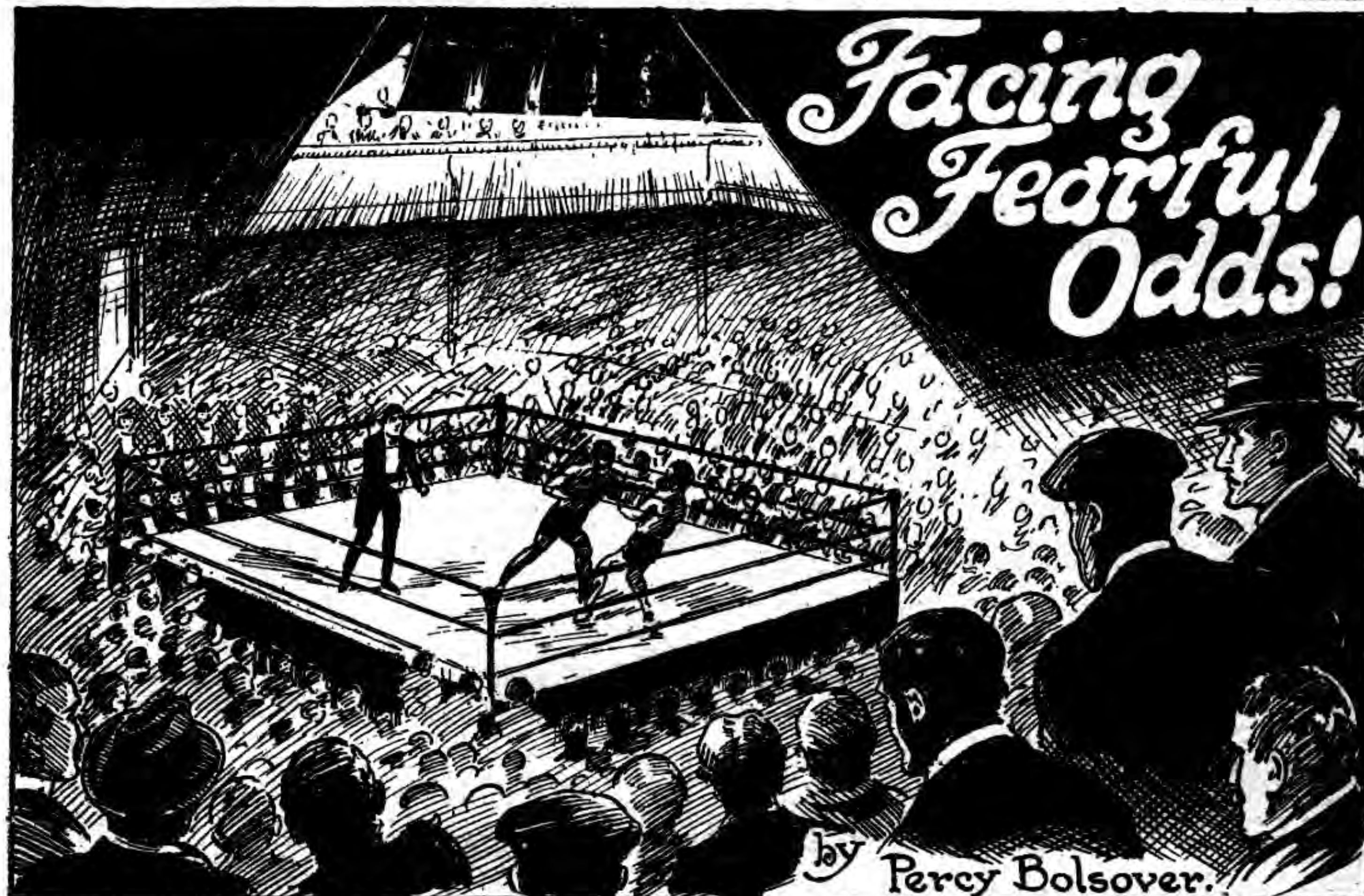
NEXT
MONDAY!

"THE SIXTH FORM REBELLION!"

A SPLENDID

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.



THE GREAT BOXING MATCH BETWEEN SAM THE SLOGGER AND NEDDY THE NEGRO!

SAM THE SLOGGER stepped briskly through the country lanes.

To look at him, nobody would have suspected Sam of being a fighting-man, and one of the world's best at that. He was round-shouldered and pigeon-chested, and his face was pale, giving him the appearance of a person in delicate health.

But that lean frame and wasted appearance had deceived many a big gun in the boxing world. Huge, burly giants had bitten the dust as the result of coming into close contact with Sam the Slogger's fist. Sam, though you would never have suspected it, had a punch that resembled a cannon-ball, so terrific was the force of it.

This was to be the greatest evening of Sam's career. He was on his way to London to meet Neddy the Negro for the Burly-weight Championship of the World. The winner was to receive half a million and a belt; the loser received nothing but a belting.

Neddy the Negro was a big black brute, who had never been beaten, either by white man or coloured man. And most people thought that he would easily account for Sam the Slogger, good man though Sam was.

Sam gathered from an evening paper that the betting was 200 to 1 in favour of the negro.

"Somebody's going to lose some money to-night!" he reflected, with a chuckle.

He boarded the train at the little station near his training-quarters.

Supplement i.]

Sam had trained in absolute secrecy. He had had no manager, and no sparring-partners. In a remote country cottage he had hammered a punching-ball morning, noon, and night. And now he felt wonderfully fit—fit enough to account for anything on two legs.

He had a carriage to himself. But not for long.

It was a corridor train, and presently, whilst the train was rushing along at dizzy speed, a couple of evil-looking men burst unceremoniously into Sam's carriage.

Sam recognised them instantly. They were pals of Neddy the Negro.

The young boxer sprang to his feet.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

For answer the two ruffians sprang upon him.

Sam realised what their motive was in thus attacking him. They hoped to weaken him for the forthcoming fight, so that he would not be able to do himself justice.

Sam laughed—a mellow, musical laugh.

"I'm afraid you've woke up the wrong passenger!" he said cheerfully.

And then, seizing one of his assailants round the waist, Sam harled him across the carriage as if he had been a doll.

The ruffian crashed against the far door, and slipped down to the floor unconscious.

Meanwhile the other man had got our hero by the throat.

It was a vice-like clutch, and any ordinary man would have been suffocated.

But Sam the Slogger was no ordinary man. He shook off his adversary with perfect ease, then, grasping him round the middle, he threw him at his confederate. There was a sickening thud as the two bodies collided.

Sam flicked a speck of dust off his trousers. Then he pulled the communication-cord.

The train came gradually to a standstill, and presently the guard appeared.

Sam pointed to the two recumbent forms.

"Remove this rubbish!" he said, in tones of unconcern.

The guard gave a gasp as his gaze fell upon the huddled figures.

"What the thump—" he began.

"I'm Sam the Slogger," explained our hero. "These two beauties tried to damage me, so that I shouldn't be fit for to-night's big fight. I rather fancy it's I that's done the damage!"

The guard grinned.

"I'll give 'em into custody, sir," he said.

"Hope you beat Neddy the Negro to-night. But I fancy he's a bit above your weight."

Sam laughed.

"If I don't succeed in making a few dents in that thick skull of his, I'm a Dutchman!" he said.

The two men who had attacked Sam were removed to the guard's-van. They were to be given into custody as soon as the train arrived at London.

On his way to the Holborn Stadium, where the great fight was to take place, Sam met with further adventures.

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Many savage attacks were made upon him by the crafty agents of Neddy the Negro.

Burly brutes rushed out at him from dark corners. One man hit him on the head with a blunt instrument. The blow would have stunned any ordinary man; but, of course, in Sam's case, it glanced off him like water off a duck's back.

Sam shook off the attentions of his assailants, and reached his destination in safety.

A huge concourse of people was present. Months before, all the reserved seats had been sold at a hundred guineas each. Even standing room could not be procured for less than fifty pounds.

Sam slipped quietly round to the dressing-room, and changed into boxing attire.

When he appeared in the ring, some moments later, shouts of derision arose.

"Look at 'im!"

"'E ain't never been in the Army, or 'e'd brace 'is shoulders back!"

"Why, 'e's a blessed 'unchback, as ever was!"

"Neddy the Negro will make shavings of 'im!"

Sam the Slogger was not in the least disconcerted by these shouts. Even when he stood face to face with his opponent, a man of immense girth, who towered over him, and looked as if he would make a meal of him, Sam never faltered.

Neddy the Negro won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind. (Sorry, dear readers. I was thinking it was a footer match!)

At the referee's command the huge negro rushed at his diminutive opponent like a whirlwind.

Sam skipped to one side, and Neddy the Negro overbalanced, and fell clumsily against the ropes.

With a snarl of rage at having been made to look ridiculous, Neddy pulled himself together, and made another rush at Sam the Slogger. He shot out his left with terrific force, and this time Sam failed to dodge the blow. The negro's gloved fist struck him squarely on the nose, causing the water to rush to his eyes.

"Dat's the first little packet, Massa Sam!" muttered Neddy, showing his teeth in an evil smile.

The blow was well received by the crowd, but very badly received by Sam, whose nose felt like a squashed raspberry.

The negro continued to have the better of the argument. For three rounds he led his opponent a merry dance, and his blows rained upon Sam's fragile form.

Poor old Sam the Slogger was having a terrible gruelling. The odds against him were overwhelming. But he kept a stiff upper-lip, and came up smiling at the commencement of each round.

By the time the sixth round had been reached, Sam was almost unrecognisable. Shattered and battered by the negro's fist, he presented a sorry spectacle.

Then, with a superhuman effort, he pulled himself together.

"This won't do at all!" he muttered. "I must buck my ideas up!"

So saying, Sam the Slogger started to attack. And when Sam attacked, something generally got broken. On this occasion it was the negro's nose.

Neddy gave a howl like that of a beast in pain. And before he could recover from the blow, Sam was at him again—tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac!—his fists working like a well-regulated machine.

Towards the end of the round, Sam summoned all his strength for the knock-out. What a blow it was! The force of it nearly dislocated the negro's jaw.

Biff!

The great copper-coloured giant staggered back, and then collapsed in a groaning heap.

The referee began to count, and Sam the Slogger looked on with a frown. In reality, he was smiling, but his features were so distorted that it looked like a frown.

"Seven—eight—nine—ten! I declare Samuel Y. Tope the winner!" said the referee.

A dead hush fell upon the assembly.

Thousands of pounds had been lost that evening. Everybody had backed Neddy the Negro. And the once-formidable Neddy lay grovelling on the boards, beaten out of time by the frail-looking hunchback!

"This is no place for me!" murmured Sam. "I'd better pocket the stakes, and make myself scarce!"

A few moments later Sam slipped out unobtrusively by a side door, with the stake-money reposing safely in his breast-pocket.

Sam is now the burly-weight champion of the world, and well he deserves that high honour.

EDITORIAL!

By PERCY BOLSOVER.



I've stepped into Harry Wharton's shoes this week, and I must say it's high time I was given an opportunity of proving my ability as a journalist.

Most of you know me merely as a fighting-man, and I am truly a marvel in this direction—not at all the sort of person you would care to knock up against on a dark night!

In the course of my career I have administered many hundreds of knock-outs, and laid many an aspiring champion low.

But there is another side to my nature. I possess brains as well as brawn. I can tell a story—I don't mean of the Billy Bunter variety—better than anyone in the Remove. Read my fine boxing yarn in this issue, and your verdict will be "Stunning! A fair knock-out! Right on the mark, by Jove!"

I am no believer in the refined, gentle type of story. To be really attractive, a yarn should have plenty of punch and power in it. Namby-pamby fiction is no use to anybody.

For one week only I am occupying the editorial chair of the "Greyfriars Herald." Wish I could occupy it always. They'd sell millions of copies of the "Herald" every week, then! But Wharton, in his selfishness, will come back to duty next week, and I shall drift back into oblivion. That's the worst of being a one-week editor. It's not at all a happy arrangement, from my point of view.

I have packed as many fine features as possible into this number, and I dare swear it is the finest issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" that has ever been taken off the printing machines.

To my good pal Harold Skinner, and several others, I owe my thanks for having assisted me in making this number a stunning success.

I dare say a good many of you would like to see me enthroned as permanent editor. Write to Harry Wharton about it, and see what he says!

An revoir, dear readers! And if you hear anybody saying rude things about this issue, just give 'em a licking for me, will you?

PERCY BOLSOVER.

The Remove Rivals!

By DICK PENFOLD.

A CHALLENGE.

To Robert Cherry, of Study Thirteen, I've a bone to pick with you, old bean. This morning, as I came downstairs, You crept behind me unawares, Gave me a push that sent me sprawling, And caused commotion most appalling! I've got a bump on my left leg As large as any pigeon's egg. I can't submit to this, you know. Hereafter, you're my deadly foe! Meet me to-night, at eight o'clock, By the school tower, beneath the clock, And I will punch that nose of yours Till you're glad to bunk indoors! I'll make you see a crowd of stars, Venus and Jupiter and Mars, And give you such a licking, Cherry, That you will feel despondent, very! I'll lick you into fits, I wager. Yours faithfully—BOLSOVER MAJOR.

ACCEPTED.

To Bolsy, bully of the Form, Feared in the Rag, and in the dorm. I have received your challenge, Percy, And note that you will show no mercy. At the appointed time and place I'll gladly meet you face to face. Then we will settle this discussion. With much commotion and concussion. Let me advise you, Bolsy dear, To have some stretcher-bearers near. For you will be a total wreck When I have battered your bull-neck, And made that face of yours appear A sorry sight from ear to ear! I'll show you, Percy, if I can, That I am much the better man. You won't contrive to save your nose From one of my sledgehammer blows. And you'll feel very far from merry When soundly licked by—Yours, BOB CHERRY.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



WUN LUNG.

[Supplement ii.]

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BOXING NOTES!By the Temporary
Editor.

THE great boxing match between Billy Bunter and Fisher T. Fish, staged under the auspices of the Remove Punching, Biffing, and Hammering Association, for a purse of fourpence, resulted in a win for Bunter. For the first three rounds honours were fairly even, and then one of Billy's celebrated "blind swipes" came off, and Fishy went down for the count. The winner has drawn his fourpence, and he proposes to invest it in Peace Savings Certificates.

Battling Wun Lung, the celebrated Chinese champion, has come over to this country to look for an opponent. Several offers have been made, but it is unlikely that Wun Lung will fight for anything less than a couple of bob. This rather precludes the possibilities of a big fight coming off.

SPECIAL DESPATCH!

"Melbourne, Saturday.—S. Q. I. Field, the Australian boxer, defeated Ned the Nugget, of Klondyke, in the seventh round.—Reuter."

The twelve-rounds contest between Horace Coker (Greyfriars) and Edward Hansom (Rookwood) took place at the latter school on Wednesday. Coker refused to give any details of the fight on his return, so we conclude that Hansom won—Hansom-ly!

Mr. Paul Prout, who was well-known in amateur boxing circles in his youth, has declared his intention of "coming back." We shall have aged veterans like William Gosling and Joseph Mumble endeavouring to regain their lost youth soon!

Mr. Percy Bolsover's new book, "Louts I Have Lammed," will shortly be published. There is bound to be a big demand for this work, which has a punch in every paragraph.

The boxing craze has even spread to the animals. This morning we saw the kitchen cat on the mat, having several scraps!

The feather-weight contest which had been arranged between Dicky Nugent and Sammy Bunter has been cancelled. On weighing in, Bunter was found to be considerably over weight!

Special Programme
of
STORIES and
ARTICLES

in NEXT WEEK'S

"GREYFRIARS HERALD."

You must not miss them.—

H.W.

**WHAT I THINK
OF BOLSOVER!**

By HAROLD SKINNER.

LET me say at once that I consider Bolsover major a toff. I have the highest regard for him. He is one of the very best.

I've got to start off like this for two reasons. If I didn't, I shouldn't get paid for this article. Moreover, Bolsover would probably give me a licking—and a licking from the pugnacious Percy is no joke!

It is said in some quarters that my pal Bolsover is a bully. To my mind, that is a rather sweeping statement.

Bolsover may be a trifle heavy-handed at times, but that doesn't mean to say that he's a bully.

Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Ever since Bolsover cuffed young Tubb in the Close several terms ago the name "Bully Bolsover" has stuck to him. And he daren't raise his little finger now without being accused of bullying.

There was that little affair at the breakfast-table a few mornings ago.

That greedy porpoise, Billy Bunter, helped himself to one of Bolsover's fried sausages when Bolsy wasn't looking.

As soon as he discovered that his sausage had changed plates, Bolsover naturally took action. He trod on Billy Bunter's foot, and a terrible yell rang out. You would have thought that somebody was being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Mr. Quelch, at the head of the table, frowned upon Billy Bunter.

"Why did you give vent to that ridiculous ejaculation, Bunter?" he demanded.

"Ow! Bolsover trod on my foot, sir! He's crushed half a dozen of my toes!"

"Indeed! I was not aware that you had more than five toes on one foot, Bunter. As for you, Bolsover, you will take five hundred lines for bullying!"

Bullying, indeed! Simply treading on another fellow's foot! Now, if Bolsover had broken a plate over Bunter's napper, or gagged him with a tablecloth, I could have understood Quelch's comment.

Shortly after this incident Bolsover had occasion to pull Wun Lung's pigtail. He gave it just a gentle tug, and the victim's yells brought Wingate of the Sixth on the scene.

"Bullying again, Bolsover!" he exclaimed. "I shall report this to your Form-master!"

Result—poor old Percy got a licking. I can't think what Greyfriars is coming to. It will soon be called bullying if you glare at a fellow, or charge him over in a footer match, or thump him on the back when he's swallowed a fish-bone.

The fact is we are getting too soft—too namby-pamby altogether. I wish there were more fellows like Bolsover major in the Form—plain, blunt fellows, who hit out straight from the shoulder and never mince matters!

I won't go so far as to say that Bolsover has never been guilty of bullying. There was once an occasion when I quarrelled with him, and he grabbed me by the wrist and—

But it is not wise to go into details of past history. I want to make sure of getting handsomely paid for this article!

To sum up, I give it as my considered opinion that Percy Bolsover is one of the gentlest and best-tempered fellows it has ever been my good fortune to meet!

**THE FOLLY OF
FIGHTING!**

By ALONZO TODD.

MY Uncle Benjamin would be shocked, nay, disgusted, if he knew the amount of fighting which goes on at Greyfriars. He would have me taken away from the school at once.

Not a day passes without some disgraceful and inglorious bout of fist-cuffs taking place. On Monday, Bolsover major fought Vernon-Smith. On Tuesday, Bulstrode came to blows with my cousin Peter. On Wednesday, there was a terrible exhibition on the football ground between Bolsover minor and Tubb. On Thursday, I saw Cherry strike Skinner with great violence on the nose. And so it goes on. Day after day we have eyes blackened, noses swollen, and ears thickened. It really makes one wonder whether Greyfriars is a public school or a public boxing booth!

What is the use of fighting? To my mind it is both silly and senseless. It hurts me sorely to see such otherwise splendid fellows as Wharton and Cherry indulging in hooliganism.

Personally, when anyone is misguided enough to strike me, I always turn the other cheek. Like Oliver Twist, I ask for more. And I never dream of laying hands on my assailant. Repay violence with violence? Never!

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite
And fight seven days a week;
Alonzo Todd will do what's right
And turn the other cheek!"

Even as I write, I gaze from my study window, and behold! a terrible scuffle is going on in the Close. Hobson of the Shell and Temple of the Fourth have come to loggerheads. Each is endeavouring to disable the other: Temple's nose is twice its normal size, and Hobson's nose is bleeding. A disgraceful sight, forsooth—a spectacle that makes one's gorge rise!

Now, who will rally round, and join the S. S. S. (Society for Stopping Scrapping)? I am forming the society myself, and members will be gladly welcomed. There will be no subscription. Each member will have a duty to perform, as follows. When he comes across a couple of fellows fighting, he will step between them, and gently request them to desist. He will probably get hurt in the process, but it will be in a worthy cause.

My society will be a sort of League of Nations on a miniature scale. It will settle all quarrels and disputes by arbitration. If one fellow calls another a silly chump, or a burbling jabberwock, my society will decide where such an insult is justified.

Fighting, in all forms, must be abolished. Peace must prevail at all costs. Harmony must take the place of discord. The lion must lie down with the lamb, and the bully and the funk must feed together.

You will possibly consider that my scheme is impracticable. Well, we shall see!

Rally round and assist me, dear readers, until there is peace on earth and goodwill towards men. Then I shall be able to give my Uncle Benjamin a glowing account of the noble work I have accomplished; and I shall go down to posterity as Alonzo the Peacemaker!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.



By
Mr. LARRY LASCELLES
("The Fighting Schoolmaster.")

BEFORE I took up the appointment of mathematics master at Greyfriars, my pockets were not always well lined. Indeed, I often felt the pinch of poverty.

One occasion I was absolutely down and out, and in the unenviable position of not knowing where my next meal was coming from.

I was taking an aimless stroll on the outskirts of one of our big manufacturing towns, when my attention was arrested by a boxing-booth, situated on a piece of waste ground.

A goodly crowd had assembled, and a stout, florid-faced man was addressing them. His voice resembled the booming of thunder.

"Now, then, gents! Who'll match himself against Slogger Saunders? There's five perfect good guineas going begging for the man who can stand up to the Slogger for six rounds!"

There was no mad rush in response to this challenge.

Slogger Saunders was standing beside the manager. The gloves were on his fists, and there was a let-'em-all-come expression on his heavy face. A huge, burly fellow was the Slogger, and the muscles of his brawny arms resembled those of the village blacksmith in the poem.

"What are you hanging back for?" demanded the manager, half-derisively. "It ain't every day that you get a chance of picking up five guineas! Come, come! Who'll stand up to the Slogger?"

I was thoroughly interested by this time. Well-nigh penniless, and five guineas waiting to be won! That was the situation.

I possessed a fair knowledge of ringcraft, and could take plenty of punishment. It occurred to me that I might do worse than try my luck against Slogger Saunders.

Before I could accept the challenge, however, it was taken up by somebody else—a thick-set, lantern-jawed fellow, who elbowed his way to the fore.

"I'm game to take on the Slogger!" he exclaimed.

There was a buzz of excitement, and an approving nod from the manager of the booth.

The thick-set fellow removed his coat and donned a pair of boxing-gloves. Then, without more ado, the bout began.

It was a short fight and a merry one—merry, that is to say, for the Slogger.

The man seemed scarcely human. He was more like a relentless machine than a man. He possessed a particularly damaging punch—a right swing—against which his opponent was helpless.

The thick-set man was no novice; yet he only managed to survive a couple of rounds. Then he went down, and made no effort to rise.

"Hard lines!" murmured the spectators sympathetically.

The manager grinned.

"Anybody else game to face the Slogger?" he inquired.

"Doff't all speak at once!" said a sarcastic voice.

And there was a general laugh.

Although I realised that it was almost madness to expect to last six rounds against so formidable a customer as Slogger Saunders, I forced my way forward and took up the challenge. A hungry man is a desperate man; and I did not stop to count the cost.

At that time I was scarcely out of my teens, and was a good deal slimmer than I am now.

My acceptance of the challenge seemed to be regarded as a joke. But I assured the manager, who eyed me contemptuously, that I was not being funny.

I took off my coat and donned the gloves. The Slogger stood waiting for me, with a broad grin.

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"Don't eat him, Slogger!" chuckled the manager.

I advanced to meet the hefty pugilist, and the next moment a hurricane of blows rained upon me.

I dodged this way and that way, feinting, swerving, side-stepping, and in many cases outwitting my man. Nevertheless, quite a number of the blows got home, and the marvel is that I did not go down for the count in the first round.

However, I stuck it out somehow; and I felt immensely relieved when the end of the round came.

In the second round some effective footwork kept me out of danger.

Time and again I dodged that terrible right swing, which would probably have put me out of action had it got home.

In the third round, too, I successfully eluded the Slogger, who was beginning to get exasperated. He saw what my game was—to remain strictly on the defensive—and he determined to break through my guard.

This he succeeded in doing, in the next round, which was like a nightmare.

I got into difficulties, and before I could recover myself the Slogger started using me as a punching-ball. He showed me no mercy, and once I went down with a crash. But I was able to scramble to my feet and resume.

"Only two more rounds to go!" I told myself. "I'll see it through somehow!"



"I advanced to meet the hefty pugilist, and the next moment a hurricane of blows rained upon me."

When I went up for the fifth round, I looked a very complete wreck. My face was battered and bruised, and my legs were unsteady. I heard a man in the crowd refer to me as "a good plucked 'un."

How I got through those last two rounds I shall never know. Again, as if it were yesterday, I can see the Slogger's leering face, and can hear the sickening thud of his gloved fist as it came crashing home.

In the last round I had no clear conception of what was happening. I only know that I managed, by some miracle, to keep my feet, thereby achieving the performance of having stood up to the Slogger for six rounds.

The manager cheerfully paid over the five guineas.

"First time I've had to pay out over the Slogger for six months!" he confided to me in an undertone.

That affair with Slogger Saunders was unquestionably my hardest fight. And may it never be my fate to experience such a gruelling encounter again!

FORTHCOMING FIGHTS!

NOTICE!

A

GRAND BOXING TOURNAMENT

will take place in the Greyfriars Gymnasium on Wednesday next, commencing 2-30 p.m.

The following contests will be staged:—

BATTLING BOLSOVER

v.

SKINNY SKINNER

A twelve-round contest, but Skinner won't last two.

RAMROD RUSSELL

v.

TRICKY TODD

A fight which is sure to be packed with thrills.

BRAWNY BUNTER

v.

FILLETED FISH

A truly wonderful attraction, which should not be missed on any account. Bunter has already beaten Fish, but the Yankee will make every effort to "come back." This scrap will be worth coming for miles to see.

NIMBLE NEWLAND

v.

PUNCHER PENFOLD

These boxers are very evenly matched, and an interesting contest should result.

CLINCHER CHERRY

v.

SMASHER SMITH

Bob Cherry will probably administer the knock-out to Vernon-Smith; at the same time, this is bound to be a great scrap.

LAMP-POST LODER

v.

CONQUERING COKER

We seldom have an opportunity of seeing a Fifth-Former stand up to a prefect; and it is hoped that the hefty Horace will make shavings of Loder!

FINALLY, BATTLING BOLSOVER WILL THROW OUT AN OPEN CHALLENGE, FOR A PURSE OF NINEPENCE! FELLOWS OVER FOUR FEET IN HEIGHT, AND EIGHT STONE IN WEIGHT, ARE STRICTLY BARRED!

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

NO CHARGE FOR ADMISSION.

Those who wish to obtain seats are advised to line up overnight. We anticipate a queue that will reach from the gym to the bunshop in Friardale!

[Supplement iv.]

WHEN THE HEAD RESIGNED!

(Continued from page 8.)

Skinner shook his head.

"My cousin doesn't know that—some trouble, he thinks. Pity he couldn't have stayed there!"

"Yes, rather!"

"And that's the Johnny we're going to get in the place of Dr. Locke!" said Vernon-Smith. "There'll be trouble."

"Lots!" said Peter.

"Well, we sha'n't have much to do with him," remarked the captain of the Remove. "The Sixth will get the benefit of him. There's a consolation for not being in the Sixth."

Skinner's news was very interesting. When it came to be generally known that Skinner had information about the new Head, Skinner quite eclipsed Bunter as a retailer of news. Even the Sixth were not above asking Skinner questions on the subject. Wingate and Gwynne stopped him in the quad the next morning to ask him. Skinner was delighted to give information—it gave him a much-prized opportunity of "checking" the prefects.

"What's this about some cousin of yours at Mr. Carnforth's old school?" asked Wingate. "Was Mr. Carnforth at St. Bede's?"

"That's so!" said Skinner.

"Know anything about him?"

"Yes, rather! He didn't pull well with the Sixth Form there," said Skinner amiably. "He caned the prefects."

"What?"

"Caned the prefects!" said Skinner calmly.

Wingate looked very fixedly at Skinner. Even to speak of caning prefects was impertinence. Such doings were unheard of.

"Don't talk cheeky rot!" said Wingate sharply.

"My cousin says—"

"Possibly your cousin is as big a liar as you are, Skinner!" suggested Gwynne. "It may run in the family."

"He caned the captain of the school," said Skinner, drawing on his imagination a little. "Fellow just like you, Wingate, you know—same position, and all that! The captain of the school broke down and cried and begged for mercy! You wouldn't do that, would you, Wingate?" asked Skinner, with an air of friendly interest.

Wingate did not answer that question; he took Skinner by the collar and shook him. Skinner's teeth rattled together as he spun.

He dropped in a heap when Wingate released him, and sat spluttering, while the two prefects walked away with great dignity.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Skinner.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Been cheeking old Wingate?" inquired Bob Cherry, coming up.

Skinner scrambled to his feet, and set his collar straight. He was breathless, but he was grinning. He had succeeded in getting the Greyfriars captain's "rag out," anyhow.

"Only told him about the St. Bede's prefects blubbing when Carnforth caned them!" said Skinner cheerily.

"You ass! I wonder Wingate didn't skin you!" said Bob, laughing.

Wingate had a very serious and thoughtful brow as he walked away with Gwynne. The latter grinned.

"Only that cheeky cub's gas!" he remarked.

"I'm not so sure," said Wingate slowly. "The fact is, I've heard something about this man Carnforth. I can't imagine any man being fool enough to think he could cane a prefect; but if—"

Gwynne whistled.

"If he tried it here—" he said.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did," said Wingate abruptly. "From what I've heard of the man, I shouldn't be surprised in the least!"

"I don't think the Greyfriars Sixth would quite stand that!"

"I know I shouldn't!" said Wingate, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The man won't make a success of his job if he tries that game!"

The Sixth Form at Greyfriars gave a good deal of thought to the newly-arriving headmaster. They were in a rather uneasy and anxious mood on the subject. It was the Sixth that came in constant contact with the Head; and if Mr. Carnforth was unpleasant, it was chiefly the Sixth that had to stand the unpleasantness. That afternoon the telephone bell was heard to buzz in Mr. Quelch's study, and shortly afterwards the Remove master sent a fag for Wingate.

"Mr. Carnforth will be here this afternoon, Wingate," said the Remove master. "He arrives by the four o'clock train at Friardale. I am sending the trap for him."

"Very good, sir!" said Wingate, as the Form-master paused.

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"The new regime, Wingate, will be somewhat different from the old," he said.

"I suppose so, from what I've heard, sir!"

"I shall hand over my authority to Mr. Carnforth immediately he arrives," said Mr. Quelch. "It was Dr. Locke's keenest wish, Wingate, that his successor should be given every chance here. If Mr. Carnforth's new—ahem—methods, are not quite what we are accustomed to it is our duty to be—hem—patient, and endeavour to accommodate ourselves to the changed circumstances."

Wingate gave the Form-master a keen look.

"I suppose Mr. Carnforth will respect the rights of the prefects, and of the Sixth Form?" he remarked.

"I suppose so, Wingate! I—I trust so. Mr. Carnforth has a reputation which had, apparently, recommended him to a section of the governing body. He is a gentleman with a very severe sense of discipline. It is possible that there may be friction. May I beg of you, Wingate, to do your very best to avoid friction—for the sake of the school. Your example will have a great deal of influence on your Form."

"Certainly, sir!" said Wingate, rather glumly.

"Mr. Carnforth will get used to us in time—it is possible that residence at Greyfriars may modify some of his ideas also," said the Remove master. "You are aware that Dr. Locke was sorry to leave us. He will be still more sorry to hear that trouble has followed his departure. Mr. Carnforth must be given every chance, Wingate."

"Certainly, sir!" said the Greyfriars captain again.

He left Mr. Quelch's study in a thoughtful mood. It was only too evident that Mr. Quelch feared trouble and desired to avoid it—and Wingate loyally resolved to do his best. The head of the Sixth, and captain of the school, was in a responsible position, and he felt his responsibility.

But there were younger members of the Greyfriars community who were not troubled by much sense of responsibility, and when it was learned that James Carnforth was to arrive that afternoon there was an excited discussion in the Remove passage, and about half the Remove entered into a little scheme which was to show James Carnforth exactly what Greyfriars thought of him. If Mr. Quelch had been aware of that project of his hopeful pupils he would certainly have felt a good deal more troubled and uneasy than he felt already. Fortunately, he was not aware of it.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**Getting Ready for Mr. Carnforth!**

WILLIAM GOSLING, school porter at Greyfriars, grunted. Gosling had an expressive grunt.

His grunt was, in the words of the poet, frequent and painful and free.

On this special occasion it was caused by the arrival of Bob Cherry at his lodge. Bob had on his cheery countenance the most amiable and innocent expression he could possibly summon there. But that did not disarm William Gosling. Like the gentleman of old who feared the Greeks when they brought gifts, Gosling doubted Bob Cherry most when he looked most innocent. So he grunted expressively and eyed the cheery Remove with a keen, suspicious eye.

"Top of the afternoon, old bean!" said Bob.

Grunt!

"Would a bob be any use to you, Gosling?"

Grunt!

"The fact is," continued Bob, heedless of Gosling's weird rejoinders to his remarks—"the fact is, old bean, I want you to lend me a hand."

Grunt!

"Only just to step over to the woodshed," said Bob Cherry. "My bike-pump's fallen behind a stack of logs. Now, I know you wouldn't like me to shove that stack over."



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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.

Gosling roused himself to speech at last.

"You make that there woodshed untidy, Master Cherry, and I'll report yer!"

"Exactly!" said Bob. "I wouldn't like to give you the trouble of reporting me, Gossy, because I know how that goes against the grain—you being such a cheery, jolly, kind-hearted sort of an old josser."

Grunt!

"So if you'll come and lend me a hand, Gossy, there's a whole munificent bob as a reward!" said the junior temptingly.

"What's your blooming bike-pump doing in the woodshed at all?" asked Gosling suspiciously.

"Lying behind the faggots," said Bob innocently.

"I mean, 'ow did it get there? The woodshed ain't the place for a bike-pump, that I knows on."

"Silly ass dropped it there," explained Bob Cherry. "I just can't reach it, you see. You could with that brawny right arm of yours. If you don't lend me a hand, and I have to mop over that stack of logs, you'll have the painful task of reporting me, which will give you a heart-ache. So—"

"I don't mind obliging you, Master Cherry," said Gosling, more amiably.

A tip for so slight an exertion had an ameliorating effect on Mr. Gosling's crusty temper.

"Come on, then, old bean!" said Bob briskly. "I want that pump."

Gosling closed the door of his lodge and followed Bob Cherry in the direction of the woodshed.

The two of them were barely out of sight when Harry Wharton opened the lodge door and walked in cheerily. It occupied about ten seconds to annex the big key of the gates from the peg where Gosling kept it hanging. With the gate key in his pocket, Wharton strolled out of the lodge.

The big gates stood wide open, and there were a dozen Remove fellows at the gateway.

Wharton made them a sign as he came along, and the gates were swung shut.

"You've done the notice, Nugent?"

"You bet!" grinned Frank.

"Good!"

Wharton inserted the big key and turned the lock.

Then the Removites faded away.

On the gatepost outside was a large placard which was destined to meet the eyes of the new headmaster when he arrived.

And the gates were locked!

The key was not likely to be found by Gosling in a hurry. Harry Wharton was taking care of that.

Quite a surprise was waiting for Mr. James Carnforth when he arrived at Greyfriars School.

Meanwhile, Gosling was in the woodshed. There he was industriously reaching behind a stack of logs and faggots to get hold of the bike-pump that had been dropped there. If he had suspected Bob Cherry of pulling his leg he was reassured now, for he could see the pump glimmering there, just out of reach.

Gosling bent himself to the task, grunting and gasping as he strove to reach the elusive bike-pump.

"Can't get at it!" he grunted at last.

"Your arm's longer than mine," remarked Bob innocently.

"Course it is, but it ain't a yard long!" said Gosling crossly. "I can 'ook the thing out with a rake, though. I wonder you didn't think of that yourself, Master Cherry."

"You've got a brain on you, Gosling!" said Bob admiringly. "It takes intellect to think of a thing like that."

Grunt!

Gosling fetched a rake, and in a minute more the bike-pump was jerked out of its recess.

"There you are!" grunted Gosling.

"Thanks awfully, old bean. Now I owe you a bob."

"You does, Master Cherry."

"Will you have it in gold or notes?" asked Bob humorously.

Grunt!

Bob Cherry found a shilling in his pocket and dropped it into Gosling's horny hand. William Gosling tramped out of the woodshed, satisfied for once. The shilling had really been very easily earned.

Bob Cherry strolled away, grinning. It had not dawned upon Gosling yet that

his ancient leg had been pulled, and that the episode of the bike-pump had been arranged to get him away from his lodge for a few minutes. When he came back to his lodge Gosling noticed that the gates were closed, and he gave another of his expressive grunts.

"Drat 'em!" he murmured.

Gosling toddled down to the gates to reopen them, and once more he grunted as he found them locked.

"Drat 'em! I'll report 'em!"

Gosling grunted, and went to his lodge for the key to unlock the gates.

But the key was not in its usual place. Evidently the larky individual who had locked the gates had not replaced the key.

"The young rips!" growled Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere, I'll report 'em! Drat 'em! Blow 'em! Gates locked and key gorn, and the new 'Ead due to arrive any minute! Well, it ain't my fault! I ain't going chasing up and down Greyfriars looking for that bally key, I know that."

And William Gosling sat down, and left the future on the knees of the gods.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Surprising Reception!

THERE was a clatter of hoofs outside the school gates, and a trap came to a halt there. Mr. Mible, coachman and gardener, was driving; in the trap sat the gentleman so long and painfully expected at Greyfriars School.

Through the bars of the closed gates quite an army of Greyfriars fellows looked at him.

A crowd had gathered at the gates. At that hour the gates should have stood wide open—it was yet a long time to lock-up. Fellows who wanted to go out and other fellows who wanted to come in collected on either side of the locked gates. There had been shouts for Gosling, but Gosling remained grimly in his lodge, like Achilles in his tent. Gosling was certain that it wasn't a porter's duty to go "chasing" round the school in search of some practical joker who had abstracted his key; and he was still more certain that, anyhow, he wasn't going to do it. Fellows who wanted to go out or come in could wait till the practical joker turned up with the key. To fellows who put wrathful faces into his lodge demanding an explanation, he only retorted that somebody had "been and gorn and took" the key, and that there was in consequence, nothing doing!

And now the trap, which had been sent to the station for the new Head, had returned, with the new Head in it. It had halted outside the gates, and the new headmaster was descending.

The Greyfriars fellows looked at Mr. James Carnforth with keen interest.

He was a rather tall gentleman, long and lean. His face was decidedly lean, and leanest of all were his rather large jaws. His lips were thin, and had a tight, set look, that did not indicate a good temper. His mouth looked like a narrow gash.

A harder face the Greyfriars fellows had never seen. After one look at Mr. Carnforth they did not need telling that he was a tough customer.

"That's the johnny!" said Bob Cherry in a low voice. "Looks tough—what?"

"The toughness is terrific!"

"A bit of a change after Dr. Locke!" remarked Skinner.

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.

"Ye gods! Yes, rather!"

"I say, you fellows, he doesn't look the kind of merchant to have his leg pulled!" remarked Billy Bunter. "You fellows will be up against it if he bowls you out!"

"Shut up, you fat duffer!" whispered Bob Cherry fiercely.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm not going to give you away, you know—"

"Dry up, Bunter!"

Mr. Carnforth stood at the gates, seemingly puzzled. The gates should have flown open at the first appearance of so important a person. He glanced over the half-dozen fellows outside and the crowd inside, and knitted his brows. He detected here and there a faint smile, which he did not like. And then suddenly he gave a jump. The placard stuck on the gatepost had caught his eye.

He took a step aside, and stood before the placard, staring at it, while his hard face grew darker, harder, and grimmer. Certainly, the placard was not one that could have been expected to please a new headmaster. It bore an announcement in large capital letters:

**"NOTICE!
TO PUSHING OUTSIDERS!
GREYFRIARS DOESN'T WANT
YOU!
GO HOME!"**

Mr. Carnforth's eyes glittered like steel as he looked at it. No name was mentioned on the notice, but James Carnforth seemed to know, somehow, that it referred to him. Perhaps he recognised the description.

He compressed his thin lips bitterly, and turned to the gate again. The Greyfriars fellows eyed him breathlessly. The "pushing outsider" knew what the school thought of him now, at all events!

Mr. Mible was ringing at the bell, and Gosling came out of his lodge at last. The bell had rung a good many times before, and Gosling had not heeded. But he understood now that the new Head had arrived, and so the porter turned out. James Carnforth's steely eyes glittered at him through the bars.

"Are you the porter?" His voice was sharp and metallic.

"Yessir!"

"Why are not the gates opened?"

"They're locked, sir!"

"Unlock them at once!"

"Somebody's been and gorn and took the key, sir!"

"What?"

"Been and gorn and took the key, sir!"

"What do you mean, man? Am I to be kept standing at the gates? I am the headmaster!"

"I guessed you was, sir," said Gosling through the bars; "and I'm sure I'm werry glad to see you, sir, with my best respects. But I can't hopen these 'ere gates, sir, because some young rip has been larking, sir, and has been and gorn and took away the key."

"Upon my word!"

James Carnforth's face was a study.

The Greyfriars crowd watched him as if fascinated. They wondered what the new Head was going to say, and what he was going to do. He seemed incapable of speech for the moment.

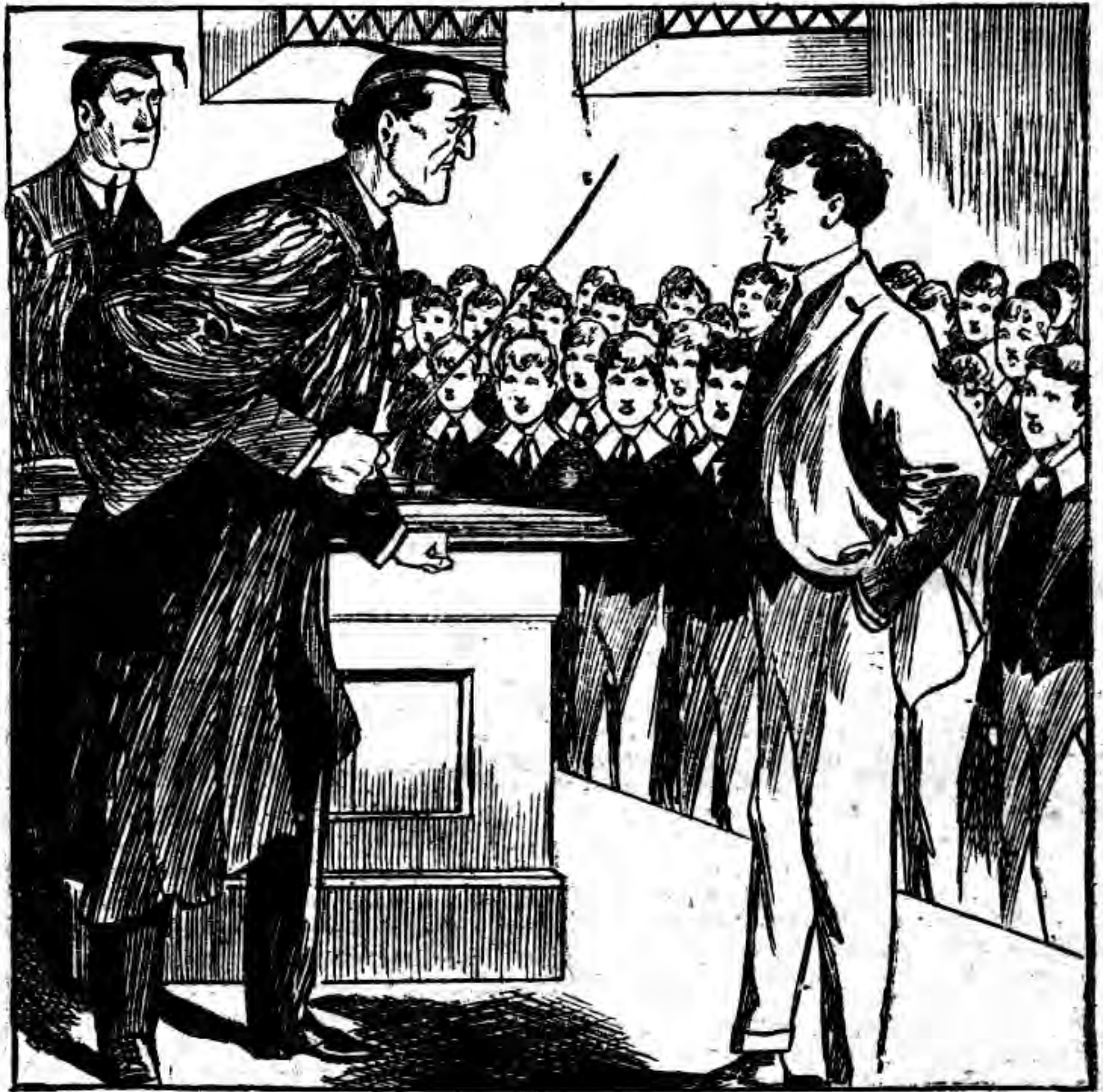
"Who put this placard on the gatepost, porter?" he snapped, at last.

Gosling blinked.

"Ain't seed it, sir!"

"You were not aware of it?"

"Can't see it now, sir," said Gosling



"Coker, you will pack your box immediately!" said Dr. Carnforth. "You are expelled from this school!" There was a deep murmur from the crowded hall. Coker blinked at the new Head. "You—you mean that?" he stammered. (See Chapter 9.)

in wonder. "Is there a blooming placard, sir? Don't know nothing about it, sir!"

"It is an insulting placard, addressed to me!"

Mr. Carnforth breathed hard.

"The state of discipline in this school seems extraordinary!" he said. "I shall see to that! The new headmaster is insulted on his arrival, and locked out of the school! Get the gates open at once, porter!"

"The key, sir—"

"Have you no other key?"

"There was one, sir," said Gosling,

"but it was boned—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, pinched, sir—"

"Pinched?" repeated Mr. Carnforth.

"Took away, sir!" explained Gosling.

"Took away by some young rip for a lark, and lost, sir!"

Mr. Carnforth drew a hard breath. He could detect lingering grins on all sides now. Certainly, it was an extraordinary position, and perhaps Mr. James Carnforth, like the prophet of old, felt that he did well to be angry. There was no doubt, at all events, that he was very angry indeed. The glitter in his cold eyes was baleful. Wingate of the Sixth came hurrying up; the scene at the gates had caught his attention.

"What is the matter here?" exclaimed Wingate. He looked through the bars at the tall gentleman. "Mr. Carnforth?"

"Yes!" snapped Mr. Carnforth. "You are a Sixth Form boy, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Wingate."

"Are you a prefect?"

"I am head-prefect, sir."

"And is this how you perform your duties?"

"Wha-a-at!"

"I am locked out of the school, sir!" thundered Mr. Carnforth. "I am insulted by an obnoxious placard, and locked out of the school!"

"I—I was not aware—"

"You should have been aware. It was your duty to be aware. No wonder the governors considered that a change in the administration of this school was necessary! Upon my word! I have never heard of such a thing! Am I to stand here, sir, denied admission to the school of which I have been appointed headmaster by the board of governors?"

"Some—some fag, I suppose—" gasped Wingate. "It is the prefects' duty to keep the Lower School boys in order. You will find that I shall expect you to do your duty."

Wingate flushed.

"I can't understand it, sir. Such a trick has certainly never been played here before. But if the key cannot be found, you can enter another way easily enough. I have a key to the side-gate—"

"Open it at once, then!"

"Very well, sir!"

Wingate went along to the little wicket, to which all the prefects had keys. He opened it, and Mr. Carnforth strode in. His hard, lean face was almost white with rage by this time.

"A pretty state of affairs!" he said, between his teeth. "A pretty state of discipline! Wingate, as you tell me that you are head-prefect, you will find out

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at once who is responsible for this outrage, and will bring the delinquent to me."

"I will do my best, sir."

"That is not sufficient. If you are not successful, I shall consider that you are a party to this wretched trick."

"Mr. Carnforth!"

"Enough!"

Mr. Carnforth strode away up the path to the School House, after one glance round him. Wingate stood and stared after him.

"Well! My only hat!" murmured Wingate.

That was all he could say. Mr. Carnforth had left the captain of Greyfriars in a state that could only be described as flabbergasted.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Coker!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. returned to the School House in a thoughtful mood. The gate key was left on a bench under the elms—to be found. The Famous Five were feeling unusually serious. The little joke on the new Head was evidently not regarded as a trifling matter by that gentleman; and he was evidently not the kind of man to overlook even a trifle. Rather late in the day, the chums of the Remove realised that they had bitten off rather too large a mouthful, as Bob Cherry expressed it. The new Head had learned what Greyfriars thought of him, no doubt. But it was only too plain that there was trouble to come.

"We've got to keep it awfully dark!" murmured Wharton. "The bouncer really looks as if he would bite!"

"Nice man!" said Bob.

"He's a rank outsider," said Harry. "I'm not sorry we've put it to him plain. But we shall have to keep it fearfully dark. After all, he can't spot us. The fellows who know won't give us away."

"That's all right," assented Bob.

But there was a slight feeling of trepidation in the breasts of the Famous Five, as they came into the School House with a crowd of other fellows. Mr. Carnforth's voice could be heard—it was a powerful voice, and it was raised in anger. He was addressing Mr. Quelch, giving him details of the unprecedented outrage that had occurred.

Mr. Quelch was amazed to hear it, and very disconcerted, too. He had not liked Mr. Carnforth from what he had heard of him, and he liked him less than ever now that he saw him. But it was undeniable that the new headmaster had serious grounds for complaint.

The Remove master almost stammered an apology, to which Mr. Carnforth scarcely deigned to listen. Obviously he had no desire whatever to make a pleasant impression at Greyfriars. Possibly, even without the placard on the gate, he might have guessed how his advent was regarded at the old school. Mr. Quelch had intended to treat him with quiet, formal civility; he could not feel cordial. But Mr. Carnforth had no use for his civility, and he certainly had no civility of his own to waste. He interrupted Mr. Quelch without ruth or ceremony. And the remarks he made, in quite a loud voice, where fifty fellows could hear him, were in the worst of taste. Public criticism of his predecessor was the last

thing he should have indulged in; and he indulged in it freely. And the Greyfriars fellows who heard him gave one another dark looks.

"No wonder," said Mr. Carnforth, "no wonder the board of governors decided to make a change! Such slackness is unheard of—slackness, as I can very well see, all through the school. Insolent juniors, careless prefects, and masters that exercise no control—no control whatever! Disgraceful!"

Mr. Quelch crimsoned.

"Really, sir—" he exclaimed.

"I do not wholly blame you, Mr.—er—Quelch! Certainly you have failed to keep proper order here pending my arrival. But I attribute it to a want of control in a higher quarter—the slackness, sir, of the late regime. I shall make a change—a drastic change."

"Mr. Carnforth—"

"Enough, sir."

Mr. Quelch gasped. It was the first time in his scholastic career that he had been called over the coals like a fag.

"Really, sir—I—I—" he stuttered.

Mr. Carnforth waved a lean hand at him.

"That will do, Mr. Quelch. I have no doubt that, when you have observed my methods, you will do better. You will give me satisfaction, no doubt."

Mr. Quelch spluttered. Mr. Carnforth might really have been talking to the porter or the gardener!

"Enough for the present!" said James Carnforth. "I shall be busy for a time. But in an hour's time, Mr. Quelch, I expect to find in my study, the persons who were guilty of the outrage at the gates. Doubtless more than one person was concerned in the affair. The investigation must be searching. The culprits must be punished. The whole school must realise that the reign of slackness is over—that Greyfriars has now a headmaster who knows his duty, and intends to do it."

Mr. Quelch seemed to find some difficulty in breathing.

"No one has ever hinted before, sir, that our late respected headmaster was remiss in his duty!" he gasped.

"His dismissal is equivalent to it, Mr. Quelch. Obviously a stronger hand is required here."

"I—I—" Mr. Quelch was at a loss for words.

Mr. Carnforth glanced round at the crowd of Greyfriars fellows who were in sight, and raised his voice a little—though it was already loud enough to be heard at a distance.

"I desire the whole school to know," he said, "that Greyfriars will now be pulled together, and that any infraction of discipline will meet with condign punishment, whether the offender is in the Sixth Form or the Second. You will find that your new headmaster is not to be trifled with like his predecessor."

A voice came from the back of the crowd:

"He was worth a dozen of you, anyhow."

Mr. Carnforth gave a jump.

"What, what! Who spoke?"

Silence.

"I command the speaker to stand forward!" thundered Mr. Carnforth.

No one stirred.

The new Head turned a bitter look upon the distressed Mr. Quelch.

"Mr. Quelch! This is another example of the utter disorganization of the school—its state of—almost—anarchy! I am insulted to my face—and disobeyed!"

Doubtless you know the voice of the boy who spoke?"

"Yes," said Mr. Quelch faintly.

"His name?"

"Coker of the Fifth Form!"

"Coker of the Fifth Form stand forward!" thundered Mr. Carnforth.

There was a breathless hush in the hall. Coker of the Fifth, with a rather scared face, came slowly forward. By that time, already, Horace Coker was sorry he had spoken—although he had only voiced the general sentiment.

Mr. Carnforth fixed his steely eyes upon the unhappy Coker.

"So it was you who expressed your opinion, Coker of the Fifth Form?"

"Yes!" said Coker desperately.

"Very good. Mr. Quelch, kindly send a boy for your cane."

"My—my cane, sir?"

"Yes, and at once."

"It is not usual, sir, for boys in the Fifth Form to be caned at Greyfriars," stammered Mr. Quelch. "Other forms of punishment—"

"I have asked you to send for your cane, Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Quelch, almost overcome, made a sign to the nearest fag, who happened to be Lord Mauleverer. Mauly went quietly to the Form-master's study for the cane. He returned with it, amid a breathless silence, and handed it to James Carnforth. Coker stood rooted to the floor. The prospect of being caned seemed to paralyse him.

"Coker! Hold out your hand!"

"My—my hand, sir?" babbled Coker.

"I am going to cane you."

"The Fifth aren't caned here."

Mr. Carnforth smiled unpleasantly.

"Indeed! Then a new rule will be instituted, Coker. Fifth Form boys will be caned, when they offend, and Sixth Form boys too, for that matter. Hold out your hand."

Coker breathed hard, and drove his hands into his pockets. The humiliation of being caned, before a crowd of fags, was too much for the great Coker. Anything was better than that, at least, it seemed so to Coker of the Fifth at that moment.

"I am waiting, Coker!" said Mr. Carnforth.

"The Fifth aren't caned, sir!" blurted out Coker.

"Do you refuse to obey me?"

There was no verbal answer to that; but Coker's hands remained driven in his pockets.

"Very good!" said Mr. Carnforth.

"Coker of the Fifth Form refuses to submit to punishment. Coker, you will pack your box immediately. Mr. Quelch, kindly give instructions for the trap to be ready in half-an-hour, to take Coker of the Fifth to the station."

"To—to the station?"

"Certainly! Coker of the Fifth is expelled from the school!" said Mr. Carnforth coldly.

"Sir—"

"Expelled!" said Coker dazedly.

There was a deep murmur. An expulsion at Greyfriars was rare, almost unheard of. It was the last resource in case of an offence that could not possibly be condoned. Apparently it was James Carnforth's first resource in a moment of difficulty.

Coker blinked at the new Head.

"You—you mean that?" he stammered.

"Certainly!"

"Coker," said Mr. Quelch, "I—I advise you—"

Horace Coker's hands came out of his pockets. Caning for a member of the
TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
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lofty Fifth was bad enough, but to be turned out of Greyfriars at a moment's notice was rather worse.

Coker had to make up his mind, to submit to the inevitable. Mr. Carnforth was already turning away, when Coker's rather large hand came out.

"Mr. Carnforth—" hinted the Remove master.

"I—I—I give in, sir!" said Coker, choking.

"Too late!" said Mr. Carnforth coolly. "I cannot forgive disobedience. You are expelled from Greyfriars, Coker!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Coker.

The Remove master intervened again.

"Really, sir—Mr. Carnforth, on your first day at the school, such a very serious step—"

"I do not require advice from my subordinates, Mr. Quelch!"

"Oh!"

"However," said Mr. Carnforth, "for this once I will relax my usual rule. I will deal leniently with Coker—for this once. A second offence I shall deal with drastically. You may hold out your hand, Coker."

Swish!

It was a terrific swipe. Horace Coker was tough, but he gave a dismal howl as he caught it.

"The other hand, Coker!"

Swish!

"Now the other again!"

"Oh crikey!"

"I am waiting, Coker!"

Swish!

"And now the other again!"

Mr. Quelch opened his lips to speak, but closed them again. Slowly Coker's hand came out. His face was like chalk now.

Swish!

Mr. Carnforth handed the cane to a fag.

"Take that back!" he said. "I trust, my boys, that it will not be needed again. Coker, you will now apologise."

"I—I—"

"Otherwise," said Mr. Carnforth grimly, "your sentence of expulsion still holds good."

Coker struggled for breath.

"I—I—I apologise!" he stuttered.

"Very good. You may go."

Horace Coker staggered away. The crowd of Greyfriars fellows melted off, every one of them anxious to avoid catching the eye of the new headmaster. In Study No. 1 in the Remove Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another in grim silence.

"Ain't he a daisy?" said Bob Cherry at last.

"A terrific and ludicrous beast!" murmured Hurree Singh. "We shall have to be mindful of our ridiculous p's and q's."

"The brute!" said Wharton, setting his lips.

"Poor old Coker!"

"What's Greyfriars going to be like with that hooligan as Head?" said Nugent dismally. "Jolly glad I'm not in the Sixth!"

"And if we're bowled about our little jape—" murmured Johnny Bull.

"Keep it dark!"

There was deep uneasiness now in the breasts of the Famous Five. Their little jape on the new Head turned out to be something like putting their heads into the lion's mouth. And they could only hope that they would succeed in keeping it dark—awfully, fearfully dark!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Going Strong!

MR. JAMES CARNFORTH had taken control.

The new Head was installed, and Greyfriars School faced the new regime—with dismal forebodings.

The Lower School—even the fags of the Second and Third—felt that the change would make a great deal of difference to them, though it was in the senior Forms that the forebodings were deepest and dimmest.

The caning of Coker had caused quite a sensation. The new master had lost no time in getting to work. And Mr. Carnforth's remark at the same time that Sixth Form boys would be caned if necessity arose was repeated up and down Greyfriars with bated breath.

Fellows could hardly imagine "old Wingate" of the Sixth submitting to a caning. If it came to such a pass there would be trouble.

The episode of the placard on the gatepost was not allowed to die into oblivion. On the day following Mr. Carnforth's arrival the inquiry into that episode was going strong.

Harry Wharton & Co. could only hope for the best. A dozen fellows in the Remove knew that they were responsible for that greeting to the new Head, but there was no danger of "sneaking." Even Billy Bunter was not the fellow to give them away.

The prefects, kept up to the mark by the new Head, went up and down the school making inquiries but nothing came

to light. Possibly they were not very keen on discovering the delinquents.

After what had been seen of Mr. Carnforth, it was certain that the punishment would be a very severe one, much too severe for the offence; and nobody, probably, wanted to help to provide Mr. Carnforth with a victim.

It fell to Wingate to report to the new Head that the delinquents could not be found.

Wingate made his report in cold, formal tones, with the steely eyes of Mr. Carnforth fixed on him.

"So you cannot find the culprit?" said Mr. Carnforth.

"No, sir. There seems to be no clue to him," said the Greyfriars captain. "If I may mention it, sir, it seems to have been only a thoughtless joke of some fags."

"You do not regard it as a serious matter?"

"Not very, sir!" said Wingate.

"Then we do not agree," remarked the new Head. "I may tell you, Wingate, that I require my prefects to be more efficient than this. The headmaster of the school has been insulted, and you tell me that you cannot find the culprit. Yet probably a dozen boys know his identity. This will not do, Wingate."

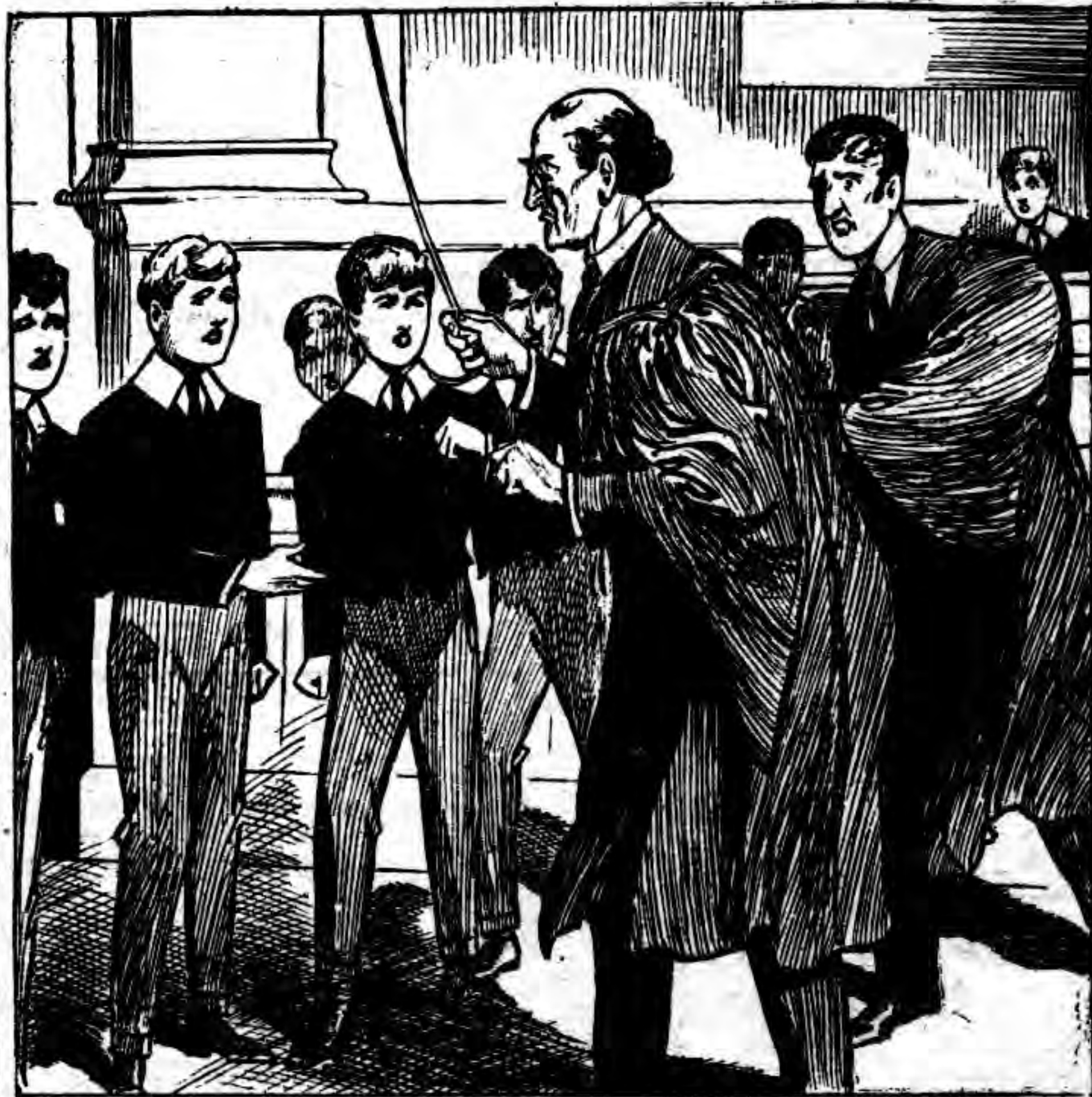
Wingate coloured.

"If you are not satisfied with the way I carry out my duties as a prefect, sir—" he began.

"I am not at all satisfied."

"I am ready to resign, sir, if you wish."

"I do not wish that at present," said Mr. Carnforth calmly. "There must be



Frank Nugent was the next to be caned, and he fairly writhed under the infliction. After the fourth cut, Nugent was white as a sheet. Mr. Quelch rustled forward. "Mr. Carnforth, I object, sir, very strongly to such severity of punishment!" (See Chapter 10.)

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prefects, and I seem to have very poor material to work upon. You will retain your position for the present. Later, doubtless, I shall make some changes."

"Very well, sir."

"As for the persons who insulted me on my arrival yesterday, they must be found," said Mr. Carnforth. "If you cannot find them, I will take the matter in hand myself. You may go."

Wingate left the Head's study with a grim face. After lunch, Mr. Carnforth took the matter in hand himself. Certain members of the Remove kept a rather anxious eye on Mr. Carnforth, and noted that he proceeded to the porter's lodge and had a talk with Gosling.

Nothing happened before afternoon classes, however, and the Famous Five were still hoping for the best when they went to the Remove room.

Mr. Quelch was taking his class, and the new Head had been dismissed from all minds for the time, when the Form-room door opened, and James Carnforth walked in.

The Remove master glanced round, and saluted the Head coldly and civilly. He wondered what Mr. Carnforth wanted there during classes.

So did the Removites.

"I say, you fellows!" breathed Billy Bunter. "He's after you!"

"Shurrup, you fat ass!" whispered Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Mr. Carnforth was speaking, and his sharp, metallic voice was clear all through the Form-room. The juniors listened with painful interest. The new Head addressed Mr. Quelch.

"I shall have to interrupt for a few minutes, Mr. Quelch. I have reason to believe that the boys who insulted me yesterday, by affixing a placard to the school gates, are in this Form."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, indeed. You have not discovered them?"

"I have not."

"The masters appear to be no more successful than the prefects in discovering very serious offenders!" said James Carnforth sarcastically. "I shall require more efficiency than this."

Mr. Quelch made no reply.

He wondered how long he would be able to stand the manners and customs of the new Head without resigning his position.

Mr. Carnforth approached the class, and his steely eye glittered over them. The Remove master looked on in silence.

"Robert Cherry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Stand out before the class."

Bob Cherry left his place.

"Yesterday, Cherry, you tricked the school porter into leaving his lodge, a short time before I arrived at the school. I have heard so from Gosling."

"I—I asked him to get hold of a bike-pump for me, sir, that had dropped behind some faggots in the woodshed."

"Precisely. And while he was absent the key of the gates was taken from his lodge."

"W-w-was it, sir?"

"Did you not know that it was?"

No reply.

"The trick is transparent enough to me," resumed Mr. Carnforth. "But for your having taken the porter from his lodge, the key could not have been abstracted, and the gates could not have been locked on me. I conclude, Cherry, that you were a party to the outrage."

Bob did not speak.

"Do you admit it, Cherry?"

"I've nothing to say about it, sir," said Bob.

"Very good. I have no doubt that the placard was posted up by the same persons that locked the gates on me."

A REMINDER!

A Real Photo of JOHN CROSBIE,

of Birmingham, in action on the field of play.

NEXT WEEK.

You had at least one accomplice, if not more. His name?"

Silence.

"Very well," said Mr. Carnforth.

"You refuse to answer. Mr. Quelch, will you kindly hand me your cane?"

The Remove master handed over the cane in silence. Mr. Carnforth swished it in the air.

"I shall now cane you, Cherry, until you reply to my question," he said.

Harry Wharton rose in his place at once. The Head's steely eye wandered to him.

"It was I who took the key, sir," said Harry quietly.

"Your name?"

"Wharton."

"Step out here, Wharton."

The captain of the Remove joined his chum before the class. The Removites were looking on with bated breath now.

"Did you place the placard on the gate, Wharton?"

"No, sir."

"Did you, Cherry?"

"No, sir."

"Then a third party was concerned in the matter. His name?"

Wharton and Bob exchanged glances, and remained silent. Mr. Carnforth took a tighter grip on the cane. Frank Nugent, with a dismal face, put in his word.

"I put up the placard, sir."

"Your name?"

"Nugent!"

"Stand out here, Nugent!"

Frank came out dismally. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and Johnny Bull looked at one another. It was obvious now that the whole affair was coming out; and the Famous Five were all in it together. After a moment's pause, Johnny and the nabob followed Nugent.

"You boys were concerned in the affair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"Bull."

"And yours?"

"My esteemed name, sir, is Hurree Jamset Ram Singh."

"I shall make a special note of these five names," said Mr. Carnforth. "I shall keep a very special eye upon you. I can see that you are sullen and rebellious, and I shall endeavour to bring you to a better way of thinking. You must learn respect for your headmaster. Were any other boys concerned in the outrage?"

"We—we didn't think it an outrage, sir!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Answer my question!"

"No other, sir!" said Harry.

"Very good. I will accept your word. If I find that you have spoke falsely, you will not escape the consequences."

Wharton crimsoned.

"I'm not in the habit of telling lies, sir!" he blurted out.

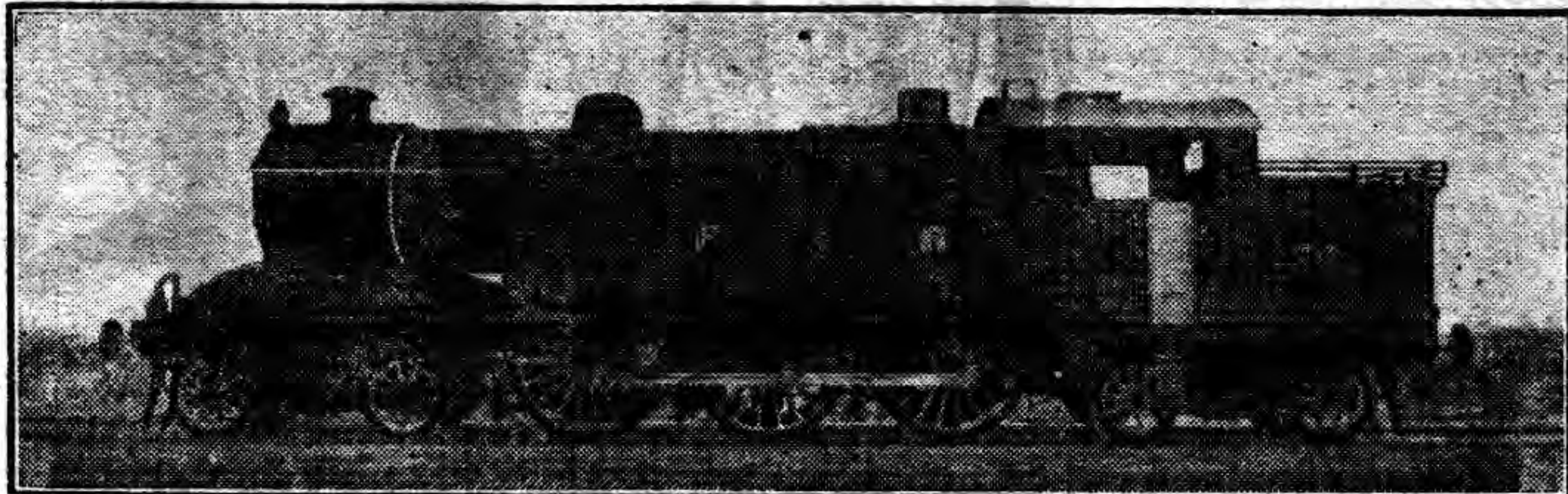
"I am not at all satisfied on that point," answered Mr. Carnforth. "However, we will let that pass now. You five boys combined together to insult your headmaster on his arrival at the school. It is my intention to punish you in a way that will afford an example to the rest of the Lower School of Greyfriars. You first, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton held out his hand.

He received six cuts, and they were

(Continued on page 20.)

YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS GRAND COLOURED ENGINE PLATE!



Subject: A Famous Express Locomotive of the Furness Railway.

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Famous Players in the Cup Final.

JOSEPH McCALL, CAPTAIN OF PRESTON NORTH END.

FOOTBALLERS do not make a habit of advertising their ages when they get past a certain mark, but it would scarcely be stretching a point to refer to popular Joe McCall as one of the veterans of the game. He is still a fine war-horse type of player, though capable of staying through the most gruelling of matches with the youngest of fellows even though he has been playing with Preston North End since 1908.

While footballers often flit about from this club to that, it is worthy of note that North End is McCall's only big club, and that he was born in Kirkham, which is not very far from Preston. He still lives in his native village to this day, and amuses himself—or keeps himself fit, if you like it better—by running a poultry farm in his spare moments.

On the field of play McCall is a great general—a captain in deed as well as in word—and there is no player of to-day

who has more completely mastered the art of getting the ball down to his feet and pushing it along the ground to the man in the best position to do something with it. There is none of the wild, aimless kicker about McCall, and I should say that in an average game he uses the side of his boot twice in every three kicks, which means that he pushes the ball through rather than punts it.

For quite a long time the steady consistency of Wedlock kept McCall out of English International teams, but when the star of the Bristol man eventually began to wane, McCall came into his own, and he has five times played for England at centre-half in International matches proper, as well as in a couple of Victory Internationals. Even now he is still a great player.

THOMAS WILSON, CAPTAIN OF HUDDERSFIELD TOWN.

Like the leader of the Preston team, the captain of Huddersfield is also the

centre-half, but while McCall may be said to be approaching the end of his career, Wilson, of Huddersfield, is on the threshold of it. It was only at the beginning of the season before last that Wilson migrated from the Scapham Harbour club to Huddersfield, but from the moment he was given his place in the first team, it was realised that the Yorkshire side had discovered a gem—a player who, it is confidently expected, will win all the honours of the game, provided he has any sort of luck in escaping injuries.

Wilson's progress has been really remarkable, and it is an interesting fact that until he was compelled to miss a match, owing to his selection as reserve for the Irish International match this season, he had not been once absent from the Huddersfield side since they got into the First Division, playing in 52 consecutive games in all. This shows that he is strong and well built for the job—he stands 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs 12 stone 6 pounds, so that when centre-forwards run up against him, they find that he is by no means easy to move.

Tom Wilson is skilful in initiating attacks, and sound in defence. In addition to being reserve man for an International match, the Huddersfield captain this season played in a trial game for the North against England, and played very well, too. A man to watch in the future.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY! Round the Camp-fire with the Greyfriars Scouts.

THE STANDING CAMP. By HARRY WHARTON.

IT did not take us long to find out our ideal camping-ground. There are plenty of sites around Greyfriars which may all be classed as ideal, but we found a place, five miles from Friardale, which surpassed all others for beauty and convenience by a long way. It was the small matter of a few minutes' bike run to the spot, and when Franky unearthed it one Saturday, we all declared ourselves in luck's way.

The spot was hidden away in the cosy corner of a pine plantation. It was not very big, but in its confined space there was everything a camper could wish for. A jagged, winding pathway led through the plantation of young pine-trees, down a small hill, straight into the camp. The dell was in a small hollow, sheltered from the winds, and had a stream of fresh water thrusting through it.

Practically every kind of tree grew in that dell. Oaks, pines, beeches, ash, larch, and birch, and many others. There were rabbit-burrows in plenty, and many nests in the trees and bushes. Under the bank of the stream we came across the nest of a kingfisher, and farther down we found, built among the reeds, a lapwing's nest.

It was a place that would have gladdened the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson, had he seen it. There seemed life all about us. And, sitting round the camp-fire one night, Longfellow's old song of "Hiawatha" came back to me:

"Then the little Hiawatha

Learned of every bird its language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,

How they built their nests in summer,

Where they hid themselves in winter;

How the beavers built their lodges,

Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,

Why the rabbit was so timid,

Talked with them whenever he met them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

Bob Cherry suggested that we should make the "Dell," as we came to call the place, a permanent camping-ground, where we could build a small hut and use it as a place where we could pass tests.

By another piece of luck, we managed to secure permission from the owner of the land to use it, with, of course, the understanding that no tree or shrub was damaged.

Within a few weeks we were hard at work putting up the hut, in which we intended to keep such things as camping equipment. It was constructed on the same principle as the North American Indian ceremonial hut, which is a low, squat building, with long, sloping roofs and only one door. As we did not intend to use it other than as a place in which to store things, there was no necessity for making windows. It was not very long, and only measured six and a half feet in height in the centre. The hut was built on a slight mound a few yards from the water, the four corner piles being driven a couple of feet into the ground. On the four piles the rest of the building was put up.

Having completed the hut, we selected a part of the stream that was deep enough to bathe in, and from one bank to the other we fixed a wide plank to act both as a diving-board and a bridge.

Another thing which we had decided to have, now we had found our standing camp, was a large patrol totem pole, with the emblem of the patrol carved on the top. A totem pole is a symbol or crest of a tribe or troop, which stands for skill, craft, cleanliness in living, and hardihood of body and mind.

We cut a totem out of half-inch deal after this style, fixed it to the top of a seven-foot pole, and had the symbolic head of the lion underneath. This made a very picturesque totem when painted in bright colours. It was placed in the ground, and in the centre of the clearing in the trees, a short distance from the camp-fire.

A special cooking-fire was built a little way away within easy reach of the stream. It is always a good plan to keep the fire as near as possible to water, and as far away from trees as is convenient. There is the danger of the low-hanging branches of the trees catching fire, if the fire is built immediately beneath them.

In this spot we intended to spend many pleasant days, surrounded by Nature on all sides, and we knew, situated where we were, we should be able to learn many things.

Thoreau, the great philosophical writer, went into the wilds of Canada, built himself a long log shanty, and lived a most simple life, cutting himself right off from civilisation. He grew his own food, and ate what he could kill, and for many years he lived in this fashion, getting inspiration for his great books.

Rudyard Kipling was born in India, and he spent much of his youth on the edges of the

great Indian forests, amongst Nature in a wilder and bigger state.

He got all his material for his *Jungle Books* from his delightful and wonderful surroundings, and is one of the world's greatest living scouts who learnt in the woodlands.

"Oh, hear the call—Good hunting all,
That keep the jungle law."—R. K.

Only recently an American writer, Mr. J. Knowles left civilisation for two solid months, and went into the great American forests, and lived solely on what he caught, found, or made himself. He went naked, without matches, food, or weapons, and returned clothed in a suit of bearskin, with many home-made weapons, and other contrivances he had made.

Living alone like this was a very difficult task at first. But as time passed it became easier and more delightful, as he describes in his well-known book, "Alone in the Wilderness!" If you ever have the chance, I should advise you to get hold of this book and read it. It's awfully interesting and instructive.

He explains how he made a basket to carry his food about in when he moved from one place to the other. It was made from strips of birch-bark woven together, and sewn round the top with the flexible fibre from a certain tree which grew in plenty in the vicinity of his camps. He also used the birch-bark to make other utensils, chiefly for drinking-cups and vessels for holding large quantities of water.

Mr. Knowles had an exceedingly exciting tussle with a great forest bear which attacked him one day. It was only when he had trapped it into a large "dead-hole" that he managed to kill it, and then it was with considerable difficulty. From the skin he was able to make his clothes, after he had cured and tanned it.

You see exactly what I mean, what I am trying to arrive at, when I give you all these examples. It's this! Get into touch with Nature as soon as possible. Get a standing camp of your own somewhere in the neighbourhood of your home—a place where you and your chums can slip out to of a week-end for a quiet rest.

When I say quiet rest, I do not mean have a lazy week-end. No; far from that. I mean, take a change. If you have a standing camp somewhere near at hand, you can just take a change—a rest.

Study Nature at her best. Find out, like Hiawatha, how the birds live. Anything that's a change from your usual work. Have you ever gone in for natural history, botany, entomology? All these things are a part of the great game of camping. Each one of them is a craft an old camper knows.

That's all there is in it. Do the thing simply, be natural about it, and don't waste any time thinking about going. Go!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 743.

WHEN THE HEAD RESIGNED

(Continued from page 18.)

"hefty" cuts. The captain of the Remove did not utter a sound, but he had to clench his teeth to keep back a cry of pain. His face was pale and set. Mr. Quelch looked on with a grim face growing grimmer. He was passed over—treated as nonentity in his own Form-room.

"You next, Bull!"

Johnny Bull went through it.

Frank Nugent came next, and he fairly writhed under the infliction. Frank was not so tough as his comrades, and much less fitted to endure the castigation. After the fourth savage cut, Nugent was white as a sheet, and his lips were trembling. Mr. Quelch rustled forward.

"Mr. Carnforth—"

"Kindly do not interrupt me, sir."

"I object, sir—I object very strongly to such severity of punishment, especially in the case of Nugent!" exclaimed the Remove master. "I beg you, sir, to allow his punishment to cease at this point."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Mr. Quelch."

"Allow me to point out to you, sir—"

"I have already heard your opinion, Mr. Quelch. Now kindly refrain from interrupting me further."

Mr. Quelch stepped back, almost choking. The new Head paid him no further heed. He administered the remaining two strokes to Frank Nugent with additional severity. Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went through their punishment, and then Mr. Carnforth laid down the cane.

"You may go to your places!" he said. "I trust you will take this as a warning."

The Famous Five almost limped back to their desks.

The lesson was resumed in a dismal atmosphere. Harry Wharton & Co. sat and squeezed and rubbed their hands. Mr. Quelch passed them over, and they had nothing else to do for the remainder of the afternoon.

After lessons, five unhappy juniors gathered in Study No 1, in the Remove. Their palms were still aching, and Nugent's were swollen. For once, the Famous Five of Greyfriars were down on their luck, and they felt it thoroughly.

"After all, I suppose we asked for it!" groaned Bob Cherry. "Perhaps it was a bit thick, greeting his nibs as we did. Ow!"

"The man's a rotten brute, all the same!" said Harry Wharton, setting his lips.

"A rotten beast!" groaned Nugent. "Our old Head would never have taken it out of us like this."

"The beastfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "My esteemed chums, we have woke up the wrong passenger. Any more ragfulness—"

"Oh dear!" mumbled Johnny Bull. "I'm not going to rag the brute any more! He's too jolly dangerous!"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"He knows what we think of him, anyhow," he said. "And we still think the same! He is a pushing outsider; and if he goes on as he's begun, there will be trouble at Greyfriars."

The captain of the Remove's words were prophetic.

There was trouble coming; and exciting times were ahead for the old school and for the tyrant of Greyfriars!

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's splendid tale of Greyfriars, entitled "The Sixth Form Rebellion!" By Frank Richards.)

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