

45 MOTOR-BIKES WON!

Full result of our Grand Football Competition inside. Hundreds of Prizewinners.

No. 810. Vol. XXV. Week ending March 15th, 1921

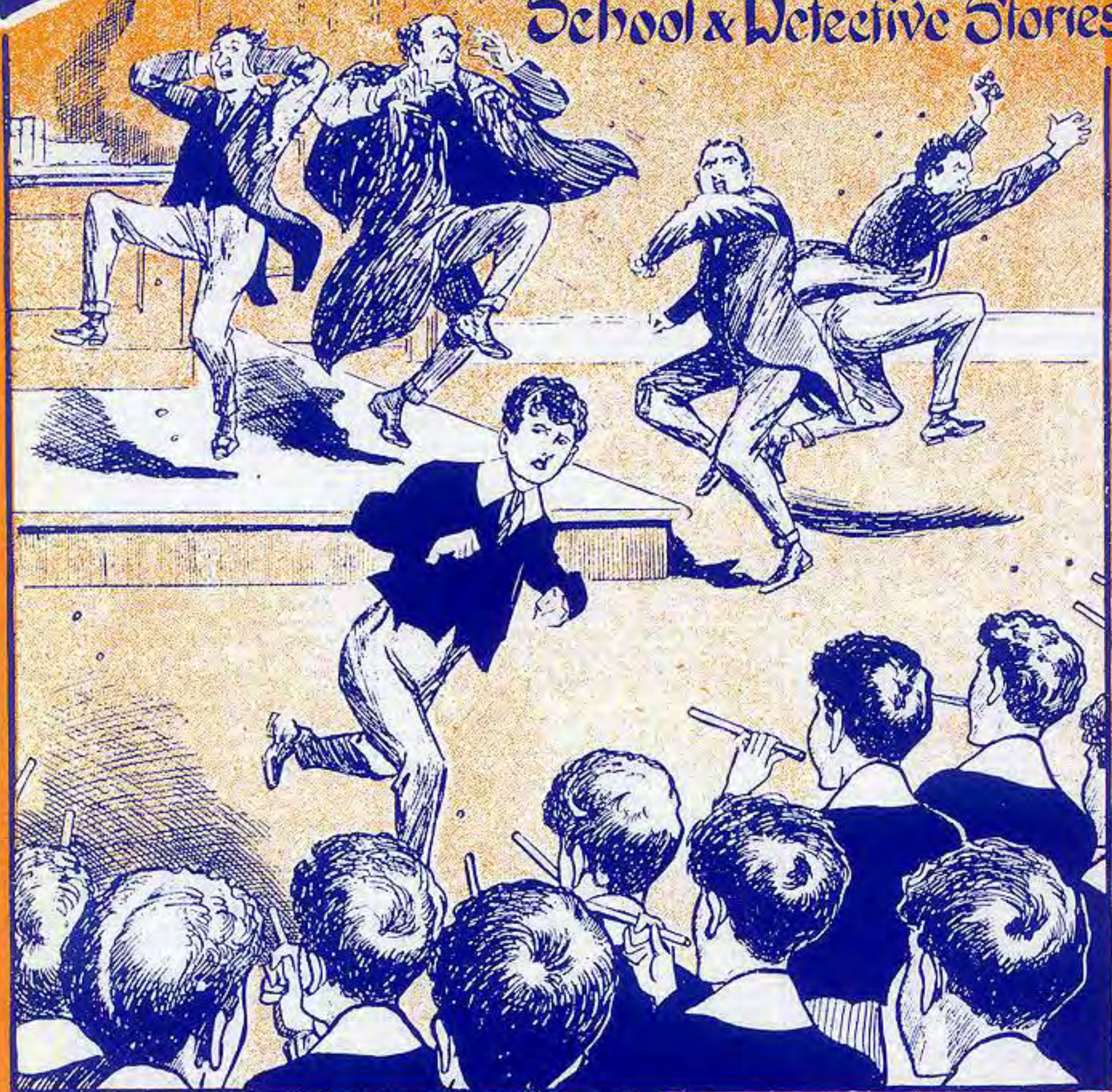
The Magnet 2d

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School & Detective Stories.

EVERY MONDAY



THE REBELS OF THE SECOND!

SETTING AUTHORITY AT DEFIANCE!

(A "moving" incident from this week's magnificent extra-long story of the chums of Greyfriars, inside.)

RESULT OF OUR STUPENDOUS "FOOTBALLERS' NAMES" CONTEST!

IS YOUR NAME AMONGST THE PRIZEWINNERS?
Over One Thousand Six Hundred and Ninety Prizes Won by Readers

IN this competition the total of entries received far exceeded all our estimates, and the task of adjudication has been a very big one.

As will be seen by the following results, considerable numbers of competitors tied in the different grades, and a partial rearrangement of prizes has, therefore, been necessary. The full value of the original prize list has, of course, been awarded.

As no competitor was successful in sending us an absolutely correct solution, the three competitors who came nearest with two errors each head the list, and the First Prize of £100 and the Second Prize of £50 have been added together and divided among them. These winners are:

W. S. COWAN, 34, Plashet Grove, East Ham.

Mr. W. STANLEY, 50, Market Road, Nantyglo.

Mr. W. WESTON, 22, Radnor Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

Forty-five competitors, each with three errors, came next in order, and the number of Motor Cycles offered has been increased to forty-five, which are awarded to the following:

A. J. Avery, 121, Scovell Road, Borough, S.E. 1.

Mr. A. E. Bailey, 18, Duke Street, Harle Syke, near Burnley; Mr. G. T. Barrows, 10, Stones Road, Epsom, Surrey; Mr. P. W. Batsford, 189, Springfield Road, Chelmsford; J. G. Brewer, 210, Well Hall Road, Eltham, S.E. 9.

Mr. T. Carlyle, Rock Road, Oundle, Northants; Mr. J. Clason, 9, Werbergh Street, Dublin; A. E. Cookson, 18, Irvine Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool; R. Conborough, 80, Thistle Street, South Side, Glasgow.

Mr. C. H. Denley, 63, Suffolk Place, Portcawl, S. Wales; P. L. Digby, 61, Whitney Road, Leyton, E. 10.

Mr. W. L. Ellis, 2, Bagot Street, Wardley Lane, Swinton, Manchester; Mr. R. G. Everitt, 2, Linton Crescent, Hastings.

Mr. G. Farquhar, c/o Mrs. Spiers, 91, Wellfield Street, Springburn, Glasgow; L. Field, Melanethon, Rosebery Rd., Felixstowe.

Mr. J. Gimblett, 41, Kelvin Grove, Gateshead-on-Tyne; Mr. H. Gooden, 1, Langshaw Street, O.T., Manchester; Mr. H. Gwyn, 3, Kingston Road, Sketty, Swansea.

Mr. F. Hall, 19, St. John Street, Whitchurch, Salop; Mr. V. R. Hampson, 263, Pendlebury Road, Pendlebury, Manchester; Mr. C. T. Heavens, 6, William's Passage, West Ealing, W. 13.

Mr. F. H. P. Jack, 21, Tudor Road, East Ham, E. 6.

Mr. G. Lee, Hope Cottage, School Road, Hampton Hill.

J. J. Marsland, 85, Dale Street, Burton-on-Trent; Mr. R. Mills, Ewhurst Green, near Hawkhurst, Sussex.

L. J. North, 9, Charles Street, Cambridge; Mr. J. Norton, 14, Bellasis Street, Stafford.

A. A. Port, Rose Villa, 2, Harold Road, Sittingbourne.

W. Radford, 94, Kendall Road, Colchester; Mr. T. Reid, 5, Newark Street, off Woodhouse Lane, Wigan; Mr. J. Richmond, Glenyle, The Mead, Darlington; Mr. F. Richardson, Fire Station, Horsham, Sussex; Mr. D. Rees, 43, Glamior Road, Llanelli, S. Wales; J. O. Roper, 12, Serby Rise, Carlton Road, Nottingham.

W. Shuttleworth, 23, Main Street, Hornby, Lancaster; Mr. A. Smith, 194, Burnt Oak Road, Gillingham, Kent; J. A. Stevens, 21, Great Hermitage Street, Wapping, E. 1.

Mr. J. Thompson, 53, Foyle Road, Londonderry; Mr. A. W. A. Thornton, 19, Orchard

Place, Rushden, Northants; Mr. A. E. Tyers, 46, Leopold Street, South Wigston, Leicester; G. A. Tyrrell, 68a, Murray Road, South Ealing.

Mr. A. Wade, 6, Braham Street, Longsight, Manchester; Miss L. Walker, 73, Cedar Grove, Sefton Park, Liverpool; Mr. W. J. Wichard, 8, Henry Street, Gilfach Goch, Glam; Mr. E. Wenham, 6, Boulogne Cottages, East Peckham, Paddock Wood, Kent.

In the third grade, two hundred and fifty-three readers qualified with four errors each, and to these winners, Gramophones, Wireless Sets, Football Outfits, etc., have been awarded.

H. H. D. Abrahams, Keswick; F. Adams, Rushden; S. Adams, East Sheen; T. Adamson, Furlong Road, N. 7; F. D. Allen, Cardiff; J. Allsop, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. Allen, Crumston; G. Amvrose, Kilburn Park; G. E. Argent, Old Oak Estate; W. Armytage, Methley; W. Aston, Worcester.

Miss M. Barber, Ealing; C. Bark, Kneessall; E. Beard, Redditch; G. Beard, Kempston; W. P. Beard, Cinderford; E. Beardwood, Hoyland; W. Beattie, Hulme; Miss H. E. Bell, W. Stanley; A. R. L. Bennett, Burton-on-Trent; F. Benstead, Kennington, S.E. 11; J. Berry, Haworth; C. Bowen, Swansea; L. Bramley, Wilnecote; F. Bristow, Purton Stoke; F. Brooks, Morecombe; A. Brotherton, St. Annes-on-Sea; D. Bryan, Peckham; W. A. Bryan, Rye.

R. A. Camp, Gt. Baddow; W. H. Chapman, Enfield; H. Chessell, Manor Park; Miss M. Clarke, Belfast; S. G. Cleary, Belfast; C. H. Coleman, Woolwich; A. J. Cook, Walthamstow; J. Coombes, Gosport; G. Coulbeck, Cleethorpes; H. A. Courtney, Peckham; W. G. Crane, Kidderminster; H. Cryer, Leeds; R. Cunliffe, Preston; E. Curtis, Conisborough.

W. E. Dalbey, Ipswich; T. W. David, St. Clements; E. L. C. Davies, Ealing; R. Davies, Pontypridd; R. J. Davies, Walton; A. H. Darbyshire, Dover; Mrs. C. Dary, Kingswood; B. J. Dawkins, Handsworth; J. M. F. Dawson, Stoke Newington; J. J. Dee, Edge Hill; A. E. Delmage, Peckham Rye; H. Spencer Dicks, Bromsgrove; H. D. Diron, Erdington; F. Drake, Egremont; G. H. Duffy, Walworth; G. G. Dyer, Seaforth.

R. Ellis, Nuneaton; R. C. Ellis, Plumstead; G. J. Ellis, Manchester; W. Evans, Luggiebridge; F. Everson, Walsham-le-Willows.

R. V. Faraday, Bootle; H. Farrar, NARBOROUGH; J. Fassbender, Rathmines; C. E. Forknall, Leicester; E. N. Fox, St. Albans; P. Furlong, Glasnevin.

H. Gibson, Nuneaton; B. R. Gimson, Leicester; H. C. Glover, Paddington; C. Goodall, Congleton; A. Goodison, Deepcar; D. Gordon, Bournemouth; W. Gough, Monmouth; J. Grant, Coventry; A. S. Green, Sudbury; S. Guest, Cradley Heath; W. F. Greeves, King's Lynn; R. B. Griffiths, Cricklewood; A. W. Gunter, Exebridge.

W. Haddock, Littlethorpe; J. E. Hadfield, Beswick; C. H. Hannan, Drumecondra; R. J. Hamay, Edinburgh; M. Harker, Beeston Hill; G. Harris, Blantyre; L. Harris, Pontypridd; T. E. Harris, Birmingham; A. Harrison, Kippax; R. E. Harwood, Nottingham; S. Hasson, Dudley Hill; S. Hayward, Sale; H. Heard, Manchester; R. Hebbes, Desborough; T. Henry, South Hindley; J. Hemmings, Birmingham; T. Henry, Ebbw Vale; A. Herd, Cowdenbeath; G. Hickman, Openshaw; R. Hindle, Cleveleys; A. Holmes, Balsall Heath; L. C. Howard, Maldon; E. Hudson, Lotherdale; J. G. Humphries, St. Helens; H. Yorke Hale, Newcastle; W. K. Hutchins, Southend-on-Sea.

G. Illingworth, Carlton; L. L. Ingham, Scarborough.

Miss M. Jacob, Rijkenhoek; N. Johnson, Old Hall; T. S.

Johnson, E. Peckham; Miss D. Jones, Aberystwy.

J. Keelan, Drogheda; Miss D. King, Merton Park; H. L. King, Portsmouth; H. Kinnersley, Eccleshall; C. Kirk, Stoke Hammond; G. Kitchener, North Road, N. 7; A. Knight, Newport.

J. Lumbert, Derby; J. B. Ledsham, Whitchurch; E. D. Leven, W. Kensington; H. R. Lewis, Manselton; R. Lidquister, Victoria; W. G. Lock, Battersea; W. G. Longhurst, Ockham; S. Luck, Wollaston; Miss D. Ludam, Bradford.

G. Main, Dalston; Miss G. Margetts, Coalville; T. Marsh, Elton; P. Marston, Sherwood Rise; A. Martin, Smallthorne; Miss T. Martin, Glencolumbkille; A. Master, St. Helens; A. S. Matlock, Fleckney; J. May, Sale; G. Mayhew, Enfield; W. McClarron, Hull; R. Meredith, Gloucester; J. Meritt, Hollywood; G. Mills, E. Hereford; E. Minshull, Macclesfield; H. Moncrieff, Doncaster; T. Rees Morgan, Roath Park; W. H. Morris, Leicester.

A. Nattrass, Radford; W. Nelson, Battersea; A. Nicholls, Plumstead; Miss E. Nixon, Hanley.

G. R. Offler, Long Eaton; C. Ogden, Oldham; L. Osborne, Muntlesham; S. G. Osborne, Brixton; R. C. Owen, Cricklewood.

Miss P. Pagson, New Catton; N. Parker, Anfield; A. Pate, Heaton Norris; F. W. Patterson, W. Battersea; H. Pearson, Smallbridge; J. Peck, Brockley Road, S.E. 4; E. Penbery, Plumstead; Mrs. C. Perks, Oldbury; G. W. T. A. Perry, E. Dulwich; D. Phillips, Denton; J. Phillipson, Nottingham; C. H. Phipp, Woodborough; Miss M. Pinney, Sidmouth; Miss A. Potter, Drakefell Road, S.E. 4; H. B. Powell, Lydc; V. Priestley, Rippenden; O. Pritchard, Merthyr Tydfil.

A. Race, Owlerton; R. L. Rankin, Ashington; F. Read, Lansdown; M. Rees, Leicester; C. W. Reeve, Tottington; G. Rice, Chiswick; H. Robinson, Bedford; E. W. Rogers, Teignmouth; A. Rolt, St. John's, S.E. 8; J. Rothwell, Chadderton; F. Rowe, St. Clements; F. Rowley, Leeds.

R. F. Salmons, Haddenham; H. Sampson, Keighley; A. E. Sargent, Gorse Hill; C. Seymour, Earl's Court; F. Shelley, Stafford; L. F. Sherwood, Myddleton; R. H. Shipley, Brockley; H. V. Siddall, Parkgate; H. E. Simpson, Tamworth; W. Simpson, Harrogate; F. Singleton, Sturminster Marshall; J. G. Smart, Hackney, N.E.; C. B. Smith, Benwell; G. Smith, Coventry; W. D. R. Smith, Monmouth; P. Smith, Ferndale; I. S. Smith, Sherwood; H. Spanner, Walton; I. R. Spencer, Treherbert; H. G. Southwell, Islington; J. Stanners, Bo'ness; W. Sunning, Belfast; H. Sweeting, Sparkbrook.

J. D. Talbot, Muswell Hill; H. W. Taplin, Walthamstow; S. F. Taylor, Thornton Heath; W. Fetchner, Sunderland; H. Tetlow, Bolton; C. E. Thomas, Convil Elvet; M. Thomas, Aberludur; G. R. Thomson, Plymouth; H. Thomson, Stanley, near Derby; W. J. Thompson, Belfast; G. Tillett, Ipswich; Mrs. R. Todd, Leatherdale Street, E. 1; E. Townsend, Poplar; Miss G. Trott, Cymmer.

W. E. Upton, Walsall.

C. Vessey, Marple Bridge.

A. G. Wallace, Dartford; J. Walsh, Drogheda; W. Walsh, Evesham; R. Wallis, Bishopston; E. Waudby, Leicester; A. Wardle, Pendlebury; A. Warren, Shoburness; Miss E. Watkins, Hereford; A. J. Watts, Penzance; K. G. Wheatley, Gloucester; R. Wheaton, Xcale Street, Camberwell; Miss E. White, Sheerness; E. White, Bootle; D. F. Williams, Hull; E. F. Williams, Teignmouth; A. P. Wilson, Meadowfield; H. W. Wilson, Baldoak; J. Wood jun., Delph; W. T. Wright, Brynmill; A. R. Wyle, Birkenhead.

N. Yarrow, Sacriston; S. Yates, Church Gresley; A. T. E. Young, Darton; R. E. Young, Carrlston-on-the-Hill.

The fourth group of prizewinners totals one thousand three hundred and sixty-four. Each of these sent solutions with five errors, and consolation prizes of Cameras, Books, etc., are being despatched to them. We regret that it is not possible to publish the names of all these winners, but the complete list may be seen at The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

(Continued on page 26.)

Dr. Craddock's heavy handed methods soon earn for him the title of the Tyrant. But in the high-spirited members of the Second Form the temporary Head of Greyfriars runs up against a mountain of opposition. Under the leadership of Dicky Nugent the Second Form fags openly rebel against the authority of Dr. Craddock, and so far as he is concerned the consequences are disastrous.



The Rebels of the Second!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., and Dicky Nugent & Co., of Greyfriars.

By

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Loder Catches It!

"I SAY, you fellows, have you heard the news?"

Billy Bunter spoke in breathless, excited tones as he insinuated his ungainly bulk into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage.

Harry Wharton & Co. were having tea when Bunter arrived, and his words had no effect upon them. Bob Cherry was making vast inroads into a plate of meringues, Hurree Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, was sampling some of Mrs. Mimble's new strawberry jam-tarts, and Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Sampson Quincey Iffley Field—Squiff for short—were all busy on the other delicacies that adorned the festive board.

They did not appear to notice Billy Bunter.

Bunter glared.

"I say, you fellows, I'm talking to you!" he screeched. "Have you heard the news?"

Bob Cherry looked up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that you, Bunt? Which exit do you prefer—the door or the window?"

Bunter backed away hastily, but he did not leave the study. His fat face was red, and his little round eyes were gleaming behind his spectacles.

"Look here, I've come to tell you fellows something!" expostulated the Owl of the Remove indignantly. "I've come to tell you—"

"That your postal-order has arrived at last, Bunt?" inquired Frank Nugent, with a grin. "My word! No wonder you can hardly stand up for excitement! Lemme see, how many years has it been wandering on its way?"

"My postal-order hasn't come!" roared Billy Bunter. "I wish you rotters would be serious—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorused Harry Wharton & Co.

"I've come to tell you—"

"The old, old story!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "We know your old, old story, Bunter, about the titled relations failing to turn up trumps with a remittance

It's no go to-day, porpoise! You can't borrow anything!"

"I haven't come to borrow anything!" howled Billy Bunter. "I've come to tell you chaps the great news! Dr. Locke has left Greyfriars, and a new Head is coming to take his place!"

"Great pip!"

Harry Wharton & Co. ceased to laugh. They looked incredulously at Billy Bunter. They knew Billy Bunter of old, and knew that as a teller of whoppers he was unrivalled. For untruthfulness William George Bunter had Ananias beaten at his own game. The news that the Head had left Greyfriars suddenly, to have his place taken by somebody else, was staggering news indeed. It was hardly believable—especially coming from Billy Bunter. But that the Owl of the Remove was in deadly earnest was apparent by the wild look on his shiny face. His spectacles were almost falling off his snub nose in his excitement.

"My only hat!" said Harry Wharton. "Dr. Locke left Greyfriars, and a new Head coming! How did you get hold of this yarn, Bunter?"

"Ahem! I happened to be passing Mr. Quelch's study just now, when my shoe-lace came undone," said Billy Bunter. "While bending down to do it up, I accidentally overheard Quelch telling Wingate. Of course, I would not deliberately play the part of an eaves-dropper—"

"Oh, no, Bunt! Perish the thought!" grinned Squiff.

"Mr. Quelch was speaking so loud—he was shouting, in fact—that I couldn't help hearing!" said the Owl of the Remove. "It's a fact what I've told you fellows. The school governors have summoned Dr. Locke to London for a series of important conferences, and his place meanwhile is being taken by a new Head—Dr. Craddock by name."

Billy Bunter helped himself to a doughnut, and Harry Wharton & Co. were so flabbergasted by the news that they did not say him nay. Bunter

demolished the doughnut, and then proceeded to sample the cream-buns, and the Genoa cake.

While the chums of Study No. 1 were still contemplating Bunter's startling news, a loud, burly voice sounded along the passage outside.

"Fag!"

Harry Wharton & Co. recognised the dulcet strains of Gerald Loder, the unpopular prefect of the Sixth.

Loder was always looking for a fag just about tea-time—and it was just about that time, too, that the Greyfriars fags made themselves scarce. Loder was not a pleasant fellow to work for. He was a bully and a tyrant of the first magnitude. Loder was not liked by the juniors—and the fags, in particular, hated him.

"Fag! Fag!"

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Loder's in a bad temper," he said. "Pity the poor fag when he does get one!"

"Rather!"

"Fag!" bawled Loder from the distance.

All of a sudden there was a scurrying of feet outside, and next minute the door of Study No. 1 opened to admit a diminutive youngster.

It was Dicky Nugent of the Second, Frank Nugent's minor.

There was a scared look on Dicky's face.

"Loder's after me!" he gasped. "He wants a fag, and he's in a tearing rage! I'm not going to fag for that rotter—I've had enough of him already!"

And Dicky Nugent dived under the table.

A heavy tramping of feet sounded along the Remove passage.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other.

"Loder's coming!" said Johnny Bull.

Frank Nugent frowned.

"We'll let Dicky get away if we can," he said. "Loder makes life unbearable for the fags. He's been licking Dicky lately, and—"

Crash!

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Once again the door of Study No. 1 opened—this time very violently. Gerald Loder, cane in hand, and a most unpleasant look on his coarse face, strode in.

"Where's young Nugent?" he demanded. "I want him!"

Bob Cherry innocently turned his pockets out.

"I haven't got him!" he murmured. Loder snarled.

"None of your tomfooling, you little sweep!" he rapped. "I'm looking for Nugent minor, and I saw him scuttle in here! Where is he?"

There was an awkward silence in Study No. 1. Harry Wharton & Co. bit their lips and exchanged uneasy glances. Underneath the table Dicky Nugent was trembling in fear of his life.

A hard glitter came into Loder's eyes.

"So you won't tell me—hey?" he demanded. "That means, I suppose, that the young rascal is hiding in here somewhere! Out of my way, Cherry! I'll soon find him!"

Loder gave Bob Cherry a shove, and then glared suspiciously under the table.

He let out a roar when he saw the fag in hiding.

"Look out, Dicky!" shouted Frank Nugent. "Hop between his legs!"

But there was no time for Dicky Nugent to make this sally. Loder dived under the table after him, and grabbed Dicky's legs. Dicky pulled, and down went Loder on the hard floor of the study.

Bump!

"Yaroooooogh!" roared Loder.

He still clung to Dicky Nugent's leg. He was half-way under the table now, lying on his chest on the floor.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked grimly at each other.

"Oooooop! Yah! Oh!" cried Dicky Nugent, as Loder, crawling farther under the table, commenced to handle him brutally. "Help! Ow! Yah! Oooooogh!"

Crash! Thud!

The struggling pair under the table caused it to rock. There was a roar from Harry Wharton as the teapot and milk-jug went over, and the contents of both surged all over the nice clean tablecloth.

"Look out, you idiot, Loder! I——" Crash!

Cups, saucers, plates, and cutlery tumbled off the heaving table to smash to atoms on the floor.

Harry Wharton & Co.'s festive board soon presented a scene of wild disorder and ruin. Most of the things were on the floor, having been knocked off the table by Loder's giant bulk heaving underneath.

The angry prefect had no self-restraint. He fought savagely with the helpless fag under the table. Dicky Nugent had to hit back in self-defence.

"Chuck it, Loder, will you?" howled Bob Cherry. "You'll have our table over in a minute, and——"

"Yarooooogh!"

There was a wild yell from Loder as he cracked his head on one of the table-legs. Boiling with rage, he made a dive at Dicky Nugent, and next minute Bob's words came true—the table lurched over with a crash.

"Ow-wow-wow! Help! Draggim-off!" wailed Dicky.

Loder was on top of the fag now, and was pummeling him unmercifully.

Harry Wharton snapped his teeth down hard.

"Here, we can't stand this, you chaps!" he exclaimed angrily. "Prefect or no prefect, Loder has no right to come barging in here and cause such

a rumpus! All our tea-things are smashed, and—— Oh, grab the rotter!"

"What-ho!" said the others heartily.

The chums of the Remove made a simultaneous rush at Loder. They grabbed him and dragged him back from his victim. They laid Loder on the carpet, struggling and shouting wildly, and they piled on him in a heap.

"Yarcoogh! Yah! Wowp! Gerroff! You little sweeps! How dare you—— Ow-wow-wow—I-yowp! Wooooogh!"

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Harry Wharton & Co., thoroughly incensed, fairly let themselves go. They bumped Loder till the study windows rattled.

"The Head's away, so now's the time to get a little of our own back on this rotter!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Pile in, kids!"

They piled in. Frank Nugent picked up the teapot, the spout of which had been knocked off. The tea that remained in it was still very warm, and there were heaps of tea leaves. Frank inverted the teapot over Loder's head, and a flood of hot tea and clammy leaves surged all over the luckless prefect.

"Yoooooogh! Yah! Yaroooh! Gerroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

"He, he, he!" giggled Billy Bunter in high delight.

Bob Cherry rammed a jam-tart on Loder's nose, and cheerfully ladled treacle down his back. Johnny Bull raked down soot from the chimney and added that to the tea leaves in Loder's hair.

Loder soon took on an appearance that was, as Bob Cherry expressed it, a sight for gods, and men, and little fishes. Loder kicked and struggled wildly, but could not get away from his youthful tormentors. His yells rang loudly through the open doorway and down the Remove passage. A horde of juniors gathered round, and they roared with laughter and appreciation when they saw Loder being ragged by Harry Wharton & Co.

"He asked for it!" panted Squiff, who was sitting on Loder's chest. "Loder started smashing up the happy home in here, so we—— Oh, jeminy!"

Squiff broke off, and gave that startled gasp. The juniors in the doorway fell back, in hushed awe, as a tall, towering figure in cap and gown rustled into Study No. 1.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Change for the Worse!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. and the other Removites blinked at the newcomer.

They had never seen him before.

He was not a pleasant-looking gentleman. His face was hard and stern-looking, the deep-set, hawk-like eyes, and the sallowness of his features presenting a very unprepossessing appearance. There were hard lines round his mouth, too, that told of a dogged, cruel nature.

His eyes glittered with a fierce light as he surveyed the scene in Study No. 1.

"Oh, my aunt!" gurgled Bob Cherry, under his breath. "It's the new Head. Bunter was talking about! He—he's here already! The fat's in the furnace now, and no mistake!"

The Removites jumped off Loder as though he had suddenly become red-hot.

"Boys! You little rascals!" exclaimed Dr. Craddock, in a harsh voice. "What is the meaning of this?"

Loder struggled painfully to his feet. His face was contorted with rage. He presented a ghastly spectacle.

"Yow! Wow-wow!" he choked.

Dr. Craddock looked at Loder, and then at the scared juniors.

"What does this disgraceful scene mean?" he thundered angrily. "If this sort of thing is usual here, and has hitherto been tolerated by Dr. Locke, I shall certainly make it my business to effect an alteration! I demand an explanation of this rowdiness! Can it be that you juniors have been assaulting a prefect?"

"Yowp! That's what they've been doing, sir!" moaned Loder. "I came in here to catch Nugent minor—my fag—who ran away—wow-ow!—when I called him. Grooooooh! The young rascal ran in here, and these others tried to hide him from me. When I found Nugent minor skulking under the table, they all set about me, and——"

"Why, you—you lying cad, Loder!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly.

"You know jolly well that——"

"Silence, boy!" rapped Dr. Craddock harshly. "How dare you interrupt! Loder, proceed!"

"They set about me, sir," went on Loder, his eyes glittering with malice at the chums of Study No. 1. "I am a prefect, and they would not have dared to assault me, only they knew that Dr. Locke had left Greyfriars. They took advantage of that, believing that they could—yow-ow!—do as they liked with impunity!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gasped.

The new Head's gaze seemed to pierce them through and through.

"So, you young hooligans, you imagined that there was no authority in the school for the time being!" his voice was harsh and threatening. "Not only did you assist this boy from the Second Form in escaping from his duty, but you deliberately assaulted the prefect whose orders he was disobeying! I see that it will be necessary for me to make an example of some of you lads, to impress upon the others that I mean to maintain strict law and order in this school."

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged unhappy glances. They realised that Dr. Craddock's nature was very much on a par with Loder's—and that boded ill for them. Squiff made an heroic effort to explain.

"Loder came tearing in here like a bull, sir," he said respectfully. "We did not interfere with him until he had knocked the table over and smashed our tea-things up, as you can see. We——"

"I wish to hear no trumped-up explanations!" hissed the new Head between his teeth. "You boys will all follow me to my study!"

"I say, sir, I wasn't in it!" piped Billy Bunter in alarm. "I was only a looker-on, sir. I did my best to stop Wharton and the others from setting about Loder. As a matter of fact, I stuck up for Loder! I told them that it was against the rules to assault a prefect, and——"

"Silence, boy! Follow me, all of you!"

Dr. Craddock stalked away, and Harry Wharton & Co., with many inward qualms, followed him. Billy Bunter crawled out of Study No. 1, and tried to lag behind, but Loder hurried him on.

The Removites left in the passage surveyed each other in dismay.

"Well, my only hat!" gasped Peter Todd. "What a rotter!"

"Faith, an' the new Head is a baste entirely!" said Micky Desmond.

"He's not a bit like Dr. Locke," said Bulstrode, frowning. "He would have been wild, of course, if he had caught

Wharton & Co. ragging Loder, but—but this new chap seems to be a terrific Hun. Wharton and the others are in for it!"

A crowd of juniors assembled at the end of the passage where the Head's study was situated. Not only were the Remove fellows there, but Gatty, Myers, and a host of fags had crowded up, too, anxious for the fate of their leader.

Sounds of swishing came from within the Head's dread apartment, followed by loud cries of pain.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Gatty. "That's Dicky! Craddock is lamming into him! Hark!"

Dicky Nugent's voice, raised in tones of anguish, came clearly to the listening juniors at the end of the passage.

The Second-Formers exchanged uneasy glances.

Dicky Nugent, the cheery captain of the Second, was as hard as nails, and he could bear a great deal of punishment without raising a murmur. Gatty & Co. knew that Dicky must be suffering terribly to cry out like that.

At length the door opened and Nugent minor appeared.

The fag was doubled up, his hands tucked tight beneath his armpits. His face was white and strained, his lips compressed in an heroic effort to keep back the sobs that wracked his small figure.

"Dicky!" cried Myers, darting forward and grasping his chum's arm. "Dicky, old man! What has the brute been doing to you?"

Dick Nugent looked round with moist, haggard eyes.

"He—he pitched into me like a maniac!" he muttered, in a low voice. "He's a cad—a rotten, cruel cad! Frank tried to chip in, but Craddock beat him back. He's caning Wharton and the others now. Ow! Wow-wow! I'd do anything to be able to give Craddock a taste of what he's given me!"

"The bullying rotter!"

The cane could be heard busily swishing again in the Head's study. Several yelps of pain sounded. Then Billy Bunter's voice arose in wild, resounding wails of anguish. The Owl of the Remove was evidently suffering with the rest, although, for once in a way, he was quite innocent!

Harry Wharton & Co. and Bunter emerged from the dread apartment looking pictures of woe. Bunter especially seemed to be languishing in the throes of untold tortures. His moans and gasps were truly heartrending to listen to.

"Ow!" gasped Bob Cherry, who was wagging both hands wildly in the air, as if bidding an effusive farewell to somebody. "The awful Hun! The bullying cad! Of all the rotten out-and-out tyrants I have ever encountered, Craddock is the worst! Yow-wow-ow! He lays it on like a pavy with a sledgehammer!"

"Hard cheese!" said Peter Todd sympathetically.

"Yarooooop! Yah! Wow!" moaned Billy Bunter. "I'm dying! I've been most brutally ill-treated, and my frail system won't stand it! Ow-ow-ow! If I die, my death will lie at Craddock's door! Grooogh! Woop!"

There was a sudden rattle of a door-handle, and the Head's study opened.

Dr. Craddock, a spiteful leer on his brutal face, appeared in the doorway.

"You boys will kindly disperse!" he rapped. "I will not have juniors loafing about the corridors!"

Darting black looks at the tyrannical new Head, the Removites went their several ways, discussing Dr. James Craddock in by no means complimentary terms.



"Oooooop! Yah! Oh!" cried Dicky Nugent, as Loder, crawling farther under the table, commenced to handle him brutally. "Help! Yowp!" "Look out, you idiot, Loder, I—" roared Wharton. Crash! Thud! The struggling pair under the table caused it to rock. Cups, saucers, plates, and cutlery tumbled off the heaving table to smash to atoms on the floor below. (See Chapter 1.)

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Hand of a Tyrant!

HARRY WHARTON & CO., Dicky Nugent, and Billy Bunter were not the only ones to suffer at the new Head's hands that evening.

Dr. Craddock soon showed that he intended to make his authority immediately felt at Greyfriars.

He caned Hazeldene for whistling on the stairs, and broke up a game of leap-frog in the junior Common-room, giving the participants in the game five hundred lines apiece.

Oliver Kipps, the amateur conjurer of the Remove, was playfully producing beetles and snails out of Gosling's hat in the quadrangle, much to the wonder of the astounded porter, when Dr. Craddock came along and grabbed Kipps by the ear. He tweaked it cruelly, and Kipps yelled. He explained to the new Head that he was only playing a harmless conjuring trick on the school porter. Dr. Craddock spitefully trod on Kipps' imitation "creatures," and took him away to his study for a "licking."

By bed-time all Greyfriars was seething with indignation against the tyrannies of Dr. Craddock.

It was evident that, from the very outset, the new temporary Head of Greyfriars was going to be very unpopular.

The fags of the Second Form, in particular, felt savagely aggrieved against Dr. Craddock.

Dicky Nugent's hands were swollen and blistered as a result of the cruel caning the new headmaster had given him. Mr. Twigg, the master of the Second, had railed Dicky for not writing properly at prep that evening, and had been astounded when Dicky showed him his hands, and told him that Dr. Craddock was responsible.

Loder saw lights out in the Second, and he gave the fags a grim look on departing. There was no noise in the dormitory until after the surly prefect had gone, and then Dicky & Co. told each other what they thought of Dr. Craddock and his ways.

The next morning dawned bright and sunny. It was Wednesday, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Dicky Nugent & Co. awoke, feeling cheerful, and they completely forgot the advent of the new Head.

"Tumble up, kids!" cried Dicky. "It's a lovely day! Who says a pillow-fight! It will liven us up before brekker!"

"Rather!"

Whiz!

Dicky hurled the first pillow. It struck Sammy Bunter in the chest and sent him rolling off his bed.

The fags roared with laughter, and they waded into the pillow-fight with vim and zest.

Whiz! Wallop! Thud!

Pillows and bolsters went flying

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merrily in the air, and the dormitory resounded with the laughter of the merry-making fags and the bumps as they fell and tumbled about.

"Go it, kids!" roared Dicky. "Coming over, Myers!"

Dicky flung a pillow at Myers. That youth dodged. In the same instant the dormitory door came open, and the person who entered caught the full force of that flying pillow on his face.

"Good heavens! Yarooooogh!"

"Oh, my only Aunt Jane!" ejaculated Dicky Nugent. "Cave, kids! It's Craddock!"

The Second-Formers fell back in horror when they saw the hated Dr. Craddock standing before them.

The new headmaster's face was contorted with rage and malice. He had a large ashplant in his hand. He did not wait for any explanation. He made one dive into the dormitory, and commenced to slash about him to right and left with the cane.

"You little scoundrels! Take that—and that—and that!"

Swish! Slash! Swish!

"Yarooooop!"

"Ow-wow-wow! Stop it!"

Loud cries of agony arose from the luckless fags, who, clad only in their pyjamas, were quite unprotected from the stinging cuts of Dr. Craddock's cane.

They scattered to right and left. Some leapt into their beds and covered themselves with bedclothes for protection. Dr. Craddock did not let them alone even then. He dragged them from their beds and flogged the helpless fags as they lay, crying for mercy, on the floor.

"Bless my soul! Whatever is the meaning of this commotion?"

Mr. Twigg's voice sounded at the door, and Dicky Nugent let up a cry of relief.

"Rescue, sir!"

Mr. Craddock was bending over Hop Hi, the diminutive Chinese fag. He had one hand on Hop Hi's shoulder, and with the other he was belabouring him with the cane.

Hop Hi's shrieks rang through the length and breadth of the dormitory.

Mr. Twigg strode up to the new headmaster, his eyes blazing with anger. He grasped Mr. Craddock's arm and pulled him away from his tiny victim.

"Dr. Craddock! Stop this instant!" he cried. "You must have taken leave of your senses, sir!"

The new Head whirled round on the Second Form master with a snarl of rage.

"Mr. Twigg, how dare you interfere with me?" he shouted. "What right have you to do so? I—"

"I consider that I have every right!" exclaimed Mr. Twigg heatedly. "These boys are my pupils, and I refuse to allow them to be castigated in this unwarrantable manner! They are not dogs, to be beaten like this! You are exceeding yourself, Dr. Craddock!"

The new Head's face was a study. His dark, evil eyes glinted malevolently, and he seemed to choke something back in his throat.

"So you dare to challenge my authority here—eh, Mr. Twigg?" he blurted out at length. "You, a master of a junior Form! Do you forget that I am headmaster here?"

"I am fully aware of that fact, Dr. Craddock!" retorted Mr. Twigg between his teeth. "Nevertheless, I refuse to see my Form treated so brutally! I consider that you are exceeding your duty, sir! I gather, from what I heard and saw, that these lads were engaging in a pillow-fight. I do not approve of such a

disturbance in the dormitory, and should certainly have quelled it, and administered suitable punishment. But such punishment as you are meting out is wholly unjustifiable! As I said before, my pupils are not dogs!"

"Really, Mr. Twigg!" sneered Dr. Craddock. "Then you challenge my right as a headmaster to use my own methods in controlling the boys?"

"Your methods, sir, are unjust and cruel! You have no right to administer punishment like a hooligan!"

"Like a hooligan!" rasped the new headmaster. "Indeed, Mr. Twigg! I will show you now that I have every right to do just as I please. To impress that upon you, I order you to leave Greyfriars immediately!"

"What—what!"

"Your services as master of the Second Form will no longer be required. Mr. Twigg!" said Dr. Craddock in a bitter, malicious voice. "You will oblige me by leaving the school at your earliest convenience!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Twigg. "You mean, sir, that I am dismissed?"

"That is precisely what I do mean, Mr. Twigg!" was the vengeful retort.

Mr. Eusebius Twigg drew himself up to his full height.

"Very well, Dr. Craddock. I will see, however, that the matter is brought up before the school governors and Dr. Locke before very long!" he said.

He gave Dicky Nugent & Co. a look, half of pity and half of regret. Then, turning on his heel, Mr. Twigg left the dormitory.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Rough on Myers!

THE Second-Formers blinked at the open door, hardly able to realise yet what had happened.

"The silence was broken by a cruel, sardonic laugh from Dr. Craddock.

"The whole Form will be detained this afternoon!" rasped the new headmaster. "I intend to keep law and order in this school with a rigorous hand. It appears that under Dr. Locke's control Greyfriars has been pampered. I will alter all that while I am here. Let me hear no more disturbance, otherwise there will be trouble!"

Dicky Nugent & Co. drew deep breaths when the Head had gone.

"My only sainted Aunt Jane!" gasped Dicky. "What a howling rotter! He—he's sacked old Twigg!"

"Shame!"

The fags dressed themselves hurriedly and crowded downstairs.

Harry Wharton & Co. were at the bottom of the stairs. They looked curiously at the Second-Formers when they came down.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "What's been the rumpus up in your dorm, you kids? Craddock came down a little while ago in a fearful rage. My hat! How did you get that slash across your face, young Myers?"

A large red weal showed across Myers' face—the mark of Dr. Craddock's cane.

"We were having a pillow-fight in the dorm, when Craddock came in," said Dicky Nugent. "The cad pitched into us with his cane and flogged us like a demon. Mr. Twigg chipped in and stood up for us. Craddock turned on him then, and sacked him."

"Wha-a-a-t!" gasped the Removites.

"Mr. Twigg is sacked!" said Dicky miserably. "Craddock gave him notice to go at once. And Mr. Twigg is going!"

"Great pip!"

"Holy smoke!"

Harry Wharton & Co. and the other Removites were astounded at the news.

While they were still discussing the situation Mr. Twigg himself came round the corner, and, seeing the juniors, halted. He had his overcoat on, and he carried his top-hat and a large gladstone-bag in his left hand.

He seemed to be labouring under the stress of great emotion, and his voice was tremulous when he spoke.

"I am leaving Greyfriars now, boys," he said. "I am very sorry, but I must bow to Dr. Craddock's wishes, as he is headmaster here. I—I trust that things will turn out to be the best for you. Good-bye!"

"You—you're not going, sir?" cried Myers with a sudden impulse. "You're not going to knuckle down to that rotter! Craddock isn't our Head! We don't want him! We won't recognise him! Craddock is an outsider, and he's not fit to be Head of a school. Don't go, sir!"

An awful silence had fallen upon those standing round, and Myers suddenly became aware that Dicky Nugent and Gatty were making frantic signs to him. Turning round, Myers nearly fell through the floor.

The towering, forbidding figure of Dr. Craddock stood behind him!

The new headmaster had walked up quietly from behind, and he had heard every word that Myers had uttered.

"Go on, Myers!" said Craddock in a low, sinister voice. "Your dissertation upon myself is most interesting. Have you no more to say?"

"I—I—I—"

That was all the luckless fag was capable of saying.

The tyrannical headmaster's brow was like thunder.

"I will deal with you later, you young jackanapes!" he snarled, and then he whirled round on Mr. Twigg. "I understand, Mr. Twigg, that you are taking your departure from this school immediately?"

Mr. Twigg did not condescend to reply. He gave the juniors a compassionate look, and then, turning on his heel, strode away.

Looking out of the Hall window, Harry Wharton & Co. saw the dismissed Second Form master walk across the Close and disappear through the school gates.

Dr. Craddock turned to Myers. The diminutive fag backed away in terror, but next minute the bullying Head's strong grip fastened upon his shoulder.

"Come with me, you little rascal!" he rapped. "I will teach you not to speak so insolently of your headmaster."

Dr. Craddock strode away, dragging Myers after him.

Dicky Nugent made a movement forward, his fists clenched, as if to run after the bullying Head and rescue his chum.

Harry Wharton laid a detaining hand on the fag's arm.

"Keep off the grass, Dicky," he said. "It's rotten, I know, but Craddock's in command here."

"The rotter! The howling cad!" cried Dicky. "He ought to be kicked out! I wonder what he'll do with Myers now?"

Dr. Craddock took Myers along to the punishment-room, opened the door, flung him in, and locked him there.

Harry Wharton & Co. and Dicky Nugent & Co. were waiting at the end of the passage.

The new Head surveyed them, with a cruel grin.

"Myers will remain in the punishment-room until this evening, when he will be birched before the whole school!" he announced. "That will be an object lesson to you other little rascals to keep order and submit to my authority."

Loder, Carne, and Walker, the three most hated prefects at Greyfriars, strolled up, smiling.

"Walker, see that no junior approaches the door of the punishment-room!" rapped Dr. Craddock. "If you catch any boy attempting to communicate with Myers, bring him to me immediately!"

"Very good, sir!" chuckled Walker.

The sallow-faced prefect mounted guard outside Nobody's Study, and Dr. Craddock walked away.

Subdued hisses followed his departure.

Breakfast was taken amidst gloom and depression. The advent of the new Head seemed to have cast a damper upon the spirits of the whole school. Dr. Craddock himself, seated at the head of the Sixth Form table, surveyed the Hall with evil, glinting eyes.

Harry Wharton & Co. met Dicky Nugent and a number of Second-Formers in the passage afterwards.

The fags were looking miserable and depressed.

"Cheer up, kids!" said Bob Cherry breezily. "I expect Mr. Twigg will go up to London to see Dr. Locke, and they'll lay the matter before the governors. After all, Craddock is only here as temporary Head. Our own Head is coming back sooner or later."

Dicky Nugent & Co. walked away, and Harry Wharton turned to his chums, with a frown.

"I'm sorry for those kids!" he said. "Loder, Carne, and Walker are toadying to Craddock, and I reckon fag life will be unbearable. But the kids have got some spirit. If Craddock goes any further there'll be trouble."

Frank Nugent nodded, frowning.

"Yes, Harry," he said. "My minor's a determined young scamp. He's not afraid of Craddock, either. There's going to be a rumpus at this school before long, unless Craddock tames himself down a bit."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Trouble for Sammy!

"WELL, kids, I wonder who's going to be Form master now?"

Dicky Nugent voiced the question that was uppermost in the minds of all the fags.

The bell had rung for morning lessons, and the Second Form were seated at their desks in the class-room.

One space was empty—that of Myers. The absent fag was languishing in Nobody's Study, under sentence of a flogging before the whole of Greyfriars that evening.

Mr. Twigg had left Greyfriars. What arrangements would the tyrannical new Head make for the Second?

The buzz of conversation in the Form-room died down as heavy footsteps sounded on the passage outside. Gatty gave Dicky Nugent an alarmed look. Dicky nodded with grim understanding. They knew that heavy tread only too well!

Loder of the Sixth strode into the Second Form room a minute later.

The unpopular prefect's face was creased into a leering, cruel smile. The fags' hearts sank when they saw him.

"I am taking this Form for lessons for the time being," said Loder harshly. "And let me warn you from the outset that I'll stand no nonsense. Take out your books, and we'll get to work."

Lessons commenced, Loder seated at the desk Mr. Twigg had vacated.

Gerald Loder was in his element now, and he made the most of it. That lesson was a nightmare for the Second. Loder chose the hardest exercises he could find, and he came down heavily on the luckless fags when they made mistakes—as most of them did.

"Gatty, you are inattentive!" rapped the rascally prefect, his glinting eyes catching Gatty in the act of looking out of the window. "Come here!"

Gatty crawled to the front, and Loder selected Mr. Twigg's stoutest ashplant. Swish, swish, swish, swish!

"Ow-wow-wow-wow!" howled the luckless fag.

"Perhaps that will keep your mind occupied on the lesson!" grated Loder brutally. "Go back to your place and stop that snivelling, or I'll give you a couple more! Bunter minor!"

"Ow!" gasped Sammy Bunter, who had taken advantage of the incident to pop a bullseye into his mouth.

"You are eating, Bunter minor! Come to the front!"

Sammy Bunter went to the front of the class and stood before Loder, his knees knocking.

"You've got sweets in your pocket!" rapped Loder. "Give me the bag, you little sweep!"

It was unfortunate for Sammy Bunter—and also for Loder, as it soon transpired—that he also had a bag of "slap-bangs" in his pocket.

"Slap-bangs" were little paper bombs that exploded violently, and the Friardale shopkeepers sold them in vast quantities to the fag tribe of Greyfriars.

"Give me the bag, Bunter minor!" thundered Loder.

Sammy nervously extracted a bag from his pocket and handed it to Loder.

The prefect, with a surly snarl, hurled the bag into the fire without looking into it.

Next minute a series of loud explosions rent the air.

Crash! Bang! Whizzzz-zzz!

Loder was standing near the fireplace, and those explosions so startled him that he gave a violent jump backwards. He collided with the blackboard and easel, which swayed under the impact. The blackboard toppled off the pegs, and, striking Loder in the region of his waistcoat, sent him crashing to the floor.

Bump!

"Yaroooooogh!" howled Loder.

The blackboard, an instant later, came over and gave him a resounding crack on the nose. Loder let out a yell that was worthy of a Hottentot.

"Wooooogh! Yah! Wow! Garoooooogh!"



"Go it, kids!" roared Dicky. "Coming over, Myers!" Dicky Nugent flung a pillow at Myers, but that youth dodged just in time. At the same instant the dormitory door opened and the person who entered caught the full force of that flying pillow—on his face. "Good heavens! Yarooooogh!" "Oh, my only Aunt Jane!" gasped Nugent. "Cave, kids! It's Craddock!" (See Chapter 3.)

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the delighted Second-Formers.

"Oh jeminy!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "That's done it! Sammy, you blithering little ass!"

Sammy Bunter was too horrified to make response.

Loder was sprawling in a most ungraceful attitude on the floor, with the blackboard lying across him. He remained there, moaning, for a few seconds.

"Wow-wow-wow! Groogh! You young hound!" Loder jumped to his feet and sent the blackboard flying into the grate. "You gave me a bag of fireworks to chuck into the fire! Groogh! Yah! I—I'll skin you for that!"

He made a blind rush at Sammy Bunter; but that youth, galvanised suddenly into activity, scudded away, with a howl.

"Ooooooooooh! Rescue! Help! I didn't do it for the purpose, Loder! Yow-ow! Keepinoff! I gave you the wrong bag! Yow! Ow! Hellup!"

"Stop, you little rascal!" bellowed Loder. "Do you hear?"

Sammy heard; but, like Baalam's ass, he heeded not the voice of his master. He ran round and round the Form-room, with Loder giving furious chase behind.

The prefect tripped over the step on the gangway and came down with a crash. That was Sammy's opportunity to get away—and he took it!

He made a bee-line for the Form-room door, dragged it open, and disappeared through it in the twinkling of an eye.

Loder struggled to his feet and blinked round him.

"Yow! Gag-good heavens! Stop! The little hound has run out of the room!" he stuttered, in a fury. "I—I—I'll whale him for this!"

Loder pounded from the class-room, leaving the fags in a state of terrified excitement. He caught sight of Sammy Bunter's plump figure rushing down the stairs.

"Bunter minor! Stop! Do you hear?" shouted the infuriated prefect.

Sammy fairly ripped down the stairs.

Gosling appeared at the bottom, carrying a pail of hot water.

Sammy, in his terror, did not see Gosling, and he ran full tilt into him.

"Hi!" roared the startled porter.

"Look hout! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

Crash!

"Yoooooooooop!"

Gosling went over, and so did the pail, and he and Sammy Bunter floundered on the floor in the hot, scalding water.

Two loud, long yells rent the air. Next minute Loder came pounding down the stairs, and he laid a violent grasp on Sammy Bunter, whirling him to his feet.

"Got you, you little sweep!" he hissed furiously.

"Yow-wowowow-w!"

"Elp!" moaned Gosling faintly. "Which I'm scalded! Yah! Yow-wow! Groooooogh!"

"Good heavens! Loder! Bunter minor! What does this mean?"

Dr. Craddock's hard voice broke in.

The new Head strode up, his brow as black as thunder. His eyes seemed to dart fire as he surveyed the scene before him.

Loder, in tones pent with rage and malice, told him what had happened. Sammy wriggled in the prefect's grasp and yelled.

"The audacious little scamp!" rasped Dr. Craddock. "I will deal with him, Loder. These Second Form boys require

stern methods to subdue them. Take him away to the punishment-room, and incarcerate him there with Myers. They shall both be flogged at call-over this evening!"

"This way, you little scoundrel!" hissed Loder.

"Yarooooop! Hellup! Murder! Leggo! Oooooooooogh!" wailed Sammy.

He was dragged away and hurled into the punishment-room with Myers.

Loder returned to the Second Form-room, his eyes glinting.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Slaves of the Second!

DICKY NUGENT & CO. were talking loudly when the prefect strode in.

"Silence!" he rapped. "Get into your places, you little rats! If I have any more row in here I'll limb the lot of you!"

The Second Form returned to their places and took up their books.

"Dr. Craddock is dealing with Bunter minor," said Loder harshly, from the desk in front, looking round with a malicious snarl. "There'll be two floggings to-night instead of one!"

"Whew!" gasped Dicky Nugent under his breath. "Poor old Sammy!"

The lesson proceeded. The Second did their very best to keep on the right side of Loder, but the surly prefect found many excuses to vent his spleen upon them.

By the time the bell rang there wasn't one boy in the Form who had not felt the weight of the prefect's spite. Loder had distributed lickings and impositions with a liberal hand, and the Second was chafing at the wicked injustice of it all.

"Don't forget, you little sweeps, that you are all detained this afternoon!" grated Loder as the Second filed out. "Don't let me have to rout any of you out after dinner, that's all. You'll remember it if I do!"

He strode away, and Dicky Nugent & Co. assembled in the passage in an angry group.

"Well, of all the cads—" began Gatty.

"Loder and Craddock have made a mark on us, because we're the youngest in the school, I suppose," said Dicky Nugent between his teeth. "We can stand a lot, but we sha'n't put up with much more of this treatment. Craddock and Loder had better look out!"

Dicky went along to Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton & Co. listened sympathetically to Dicky's account of the morning's happenings. Their brows clouded with anger.

"So Craddock is backing up Loder in his rotten bullying! That will make Loder worse, of course!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "My hat! I'd give a term's pocket-money to have a go at that rotter the Governors have foisted on us for a Head!"

And Bob sparred wildly in the air at an imaginary figure of Dr. Craddock.

When dinner was over, Loder, Carne, and Walker herded away the Second-Formers to their class-room.

Dicky Nugent & Co. sat at their desks in sullen silence.

Dr. Craddock walked in a moment later. He surveyed the detained fags with glinting eyes. Loder, Carne, and Walker chuckled.

"I have been thinking, sir, that it would be rather a good idea to make these juniors work this afternoon," said Loder in an ingratiating voice. "They have never taken kindly to fagging, and

always shirk their duties. I propose that they be made to do fag-work until five o'clock."

"That is an excellent notion, Loder," said Dr. Craddock. "I suppose you will be able to find them plenty to do?"

"Trust me, sir!" replied Loder promptly.

"Very well. I will leave you to set them their tasks."

Dr. Craddock left the Form-room, and Loder, Carne, and Walker surveyed each other with triumphant grins.

They had the Second at their mercy now!

Dicky Nugent & Co. were boiling with rage.

"Nugent minor—Gatty—Haynes, you can come along and clean out my study!" rapped Loder. "I want the floor scrubbed, the carpet beaten, the chairs and table polished, and the fire-irons cleaned. The matron will supply you with pails of hot water, scrubbing-brushes, and the other tackle you will require. Wingate minor can compile a list of all my books in alphabetical order; that will keep him occupied for a good couple of hours. Walker, you want your bicycle cleaned, I believe?"

"Rather!" exclaimed Loder's crony. "And there are all sorts of odd jobs I can find these lazy young sweeps to do."

"And I've got several suits that want cleaning and pressing!" grinned Carne.

"Look here—" began Dicky Nugent wrathfully, but Loder cut him short.

"Obey orders, or go before the Head—one of the two!" he rapped. "You little rascals have had too free-and-easy a time under Dr. Locke, and this is where you get a taster of real discipline!"

Dicky Nugent & Co. boiled with inward wrath, but they were powerless to disobey.

Within ten minutes they were all allotted their tasks, and set to work under the supervision of Loder, Carne, and Walker.

The rascally prefects made the fags toil all the afternoon with hardly an intermission. They did not allow the suffering youngsters to slack, and brought their canes into operation on anyone who showed signs of lagging. Dr. Craddock came along the Sixth Form passage and saw the fags at their labours. He laughed cynically, and nodded to Loder & Co.

Five o'clock came at last, and Dicky Nugent & Co. were allowed to go free. Feeling tired out, and furiously angry at the hard lot they had to bear, they all congregated in the Form-room.

"Well, this absolutely licks everything!" gasped Dicky Nugent, rubbing his knees, which ached after nearly two hours' floor-scrubbing. "We are being turned into a lot of lackies for Loder and the other rotters. Greek slaves aren't in it with us! Craddock is behind Loder, egging him on to persecute us. Kids, life here won't be worth living, if this sort of thing goes on!"

Gatty groaned.

"What can we do, Dicky?" he asked. "Craddock is the Head, you know. I—I suppose we shall have to put up with it!"

A hard look came into Dicky Nugent's eyes, and he clenched his fists.

"Kids, I've been thinking things out during the afternoon, and I've come to the conclusion that what we need is a Federation—a Fags' Federation!" he exclaimed.

"Whew!"

"What's that, Dicky?"

The Second Form captain mounted a chair, and looked round upon his followers with a red, excited face.

"Kids, we are being ground down

under the heel of a tyrant—a rotten, bullying tyrant, named Craddock!"

Hisses and groans arose at the mention of Dr. Craddock's name.

"This outrageous rotter has been foisted upon us for a Head in place of Dr. Locke, and he isn't fit to be Head of a reformatory even, let alone a decent school like Greyfriars!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Craddock is in control here, and he has stirred up strife ever since he came!" went on Dicky in ringing tones. "He has sacked Mr. Twigg, and made Loder our Form master! He and Loder, Carne and Walker, are working together to make life a misery and a continual round of hardship for us! They think that because we are just fags, and the youngest in the school, that they can tread us down like a lot of worms. But, kids, the worms will turn! Every worm—I mean dog—has his day!"

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, Dicky!"

"What we need to do now, kids, is to form together in common brotherhood, and establish a force to frustrate the hated enemy!" roared Dicky, warming to his theme. "United we stand, divided we come a cropper, as Shakespeare said!"

"Hear, hear!"

"It's up to us to let Craddock see that we don't intend letting him go too far," continued Dicky. "We'll form a Fags' Federation, and stand together for our rights!"

"What-ho!"

"Good wheeze, Dicky!"

"Down with Craddock!"

The Second were unanimous to a man—or, rather, a fag—in agreeing to their leader's proposal. The Fags' Federation was thereupon inaugurated, and every member of the Form swore allegiance to the cause.

Dicky Nugent & Co. all bound themselves to stand together and act together for the common weal of the Second. Dicky was unanimously elected president of the Fags' Federation.

"Now, kids," roared Dicky, mounting the chair after the members of the federation had been sworn in, "the first matter to consider is the case of Myers and Sammy Bunter. They are locked up in Nobody's Study, and are going to be flogged in Hall at call-over this evening. Craddock, the beastly tyrant, has no right to flog them. It is up to the Fags' Federation to prevent the flogging of Sammy Bunter and Myers!"

"Hear, hear!"

A deputation to the Head was formed, Dicky Nugent acting as leader.

Dicky announced that all members not joining in the deputation would be bumped. But all the fags joined in, and, with Dicky at their head, they marched away to the Form-room.

Harry Wharton & Co. were on the stairs when they came down.

"Hallo!" said Dicky. "We're all going to the Head."

"Whew!" gasped Frank Nugent. "Surely he hasn't ordered the lot of you to his study for a licking?"

"Not exactly," grinned Dicky. "You see, we're a deputation."

"A which?"

"A whotter?"

"A deputation of the Greyfriars Fags' Federation," said the hero of the second impressively. "We have formed a Federation to see that right and justice are maintained by Craddock, Loder, and all who seek to grind us down under an iron heel."

Dicky Nugent & Co. marched on, leaving the Remove fellows gasping.



The fags of the Second raised the struggling Head on high, swung him to and fro for several minutes and then let him go. Whiz! Dr. Craddock sailed through the door like a bolt from the blue, his scholastic gown billowing out behind him. Thud! "Yarooooogh!" He struck the unsympathetic linoleum and lay sprawled there in a most ungraceful attitude. (See Chapter 7.)

"I thought those kids would be roused sooner or later," said Frank Nugent. "I don't blame 'em for starting a Federation. It seems to me to be a good idea, so long as the Federation doesn't get it in the neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Nugent & Co. crowded to the Head's study door and knocked.

"Go away!" rasped the tyrant's harsh voice from within.

Nugent tried to open the door, but it was locked.

"We're a deputation of the Greyfriars Fags' Federation, sir!" bawled Dicky. "We've come to lay our grievances before you and demand fair play!"

"You insolent little jackanapes! Take a thousand lines!"

"Thanks awfully!" said Dicky. "But, look here, sir, if you refuse to listen to us—"

"Go away this instant!" bellowed Dr. Craddock from within.

"Come on, kids!" said Dicky. "He won't let us in. Wonder what he's up to in there, anyway? Craddock has refused to listen to us. He won't consider our grievances. There's only one course left for us to take, and that is, direct action!"

"Hurrah!"

Dicky Nugent led the way back to the Form-room, and there the Fags' Federation held another meeting, at which ways and means were discussed.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Rank Rebellion!

CLANG!

It was the call-over bell at Greyfriars, summoning all boys into Big Hall.

The school assembled that evening

amidst a general air of thrilled expectancy. Dicky Nugent & Co. filed in with the rest, and took their usual places in front.

They were the cynosure of all eyes.

What was going to happen?

Myers and Bunter minor were already booked for a flogging. How would Dr. Craddock deal with the remainder of the Second?

A hushed silence fell on the assembled Forms when Dr. Craddock's towering figure rustled on to the platform in front.

The rascally new Head surveyed the school with a grim, sour look. He made no comment, however, and Mr. Prout read over the names on the register, each boy in turn answering "Adsum" to his name.

At last call-over was finished, and Dr. Craddock stood up.

He rang a bell at the side of his table, and Trotter, the page, appeared.

"Tell Gosling to come in and bring me the large birch!" rapped Dr. Craddock harshly.

Trotter disappeared.

"Loder, Carne, Walker," hissed the Head, "fetch Myers and Bunter minor from the Punishment-room!"

The three prefects, their eyes glinting with malicious eagerness, hurried away to do the rascally headmaster's bidding.

They returned very soon, Walker dragging in Sammy Bunter, and Loder and Carne with Myers struggling gamely between them.

An excited buzz broke out in Big Hall.

Gosling was already on the platform beside Dr. Craddock. The Head picked up the birch—a huge, terrible-looking instrument. He swished it viciously in the air.

"The remainder of the Second Form I will deal with later," he said. And then, addressing the assembled school, he went on: "These two boys are here because they broke the rules of discipline that I have established in this school. Under Dr. Locke, Greyfriars seems to have become very lax. It is my purpose to remedy that. Myers and Bunter minor shall be made examples of as a warning to the rest of the school to behave. Gosling, take Bunter minor across your shoulders!"

"Yow-ow! Help! Rescue! Yooooop!" wailed Sammy, in a terrified voice. "Lemme off this time, sir! Yow-owp! Ooooooooooooooh!"

Gosling grasped Sammy and hoisted him across his shoulders.

He held him there firmly, in spite of the luckless fag's struggles.

Dr. Craddock pushed back his cuffs and took a stronger grip of the birch. He strode up to Sammy Bunter and raised the birch aloft.

The Tyrant of Greyfriars set his teeth hard and made ready to strike.

But the blow never fell—at least, not on Sammy Bunter.

Something whizzed out from the ranks of the Second Form and struck Dr. Craddock with marvellous precision on his nose just as he brought down the birch viciously towards Sammy Bunter's wriggling person.

It was a pea, hot from Dicky Nugent's pea-shooter.

"Yah!" cried the bully, giving a jump.

Next minute there was a fiendish howl from Gosling.

The birch had struck him instead of Sammy Bunter!

"Wow-wow-wooooooop!" howled Gosling, dropping the fag and dancing round the platform.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rest of Greyfriars.

A shrill shout came from Dicky Nugent.

"Run, Sammy! Hop down here! Quick!"

Sammy saw his opportunity. He scrambled to his feet and fairly dived off the platform, scrambling next minute into the Second Form ranks.

Dr. Craddock wheeled round with a bellow of rage.

"Who threw that at me? I—Yaroooooooooh! Yah! Wawp!"

Whiz! Ping!

Another pea shot out and struck him on the left ear. Then this was followed by a perfect fusillade of peas.

The Second-Formers had all brought peashooters and pockets full of ammunition into Hall. That plan had been decided upon at the second meeting of the Fags' Federation in the Form-room. And with grim determination Dicky Nugent & Co. proceeded to pour volley after volley towards the platform.

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!

"Yaroooooooooh!" shrieked Loder, as a hail of stinging peas burst upon him. "You little scoundrels! Yah! Whooooooooop!"

"Ow-wow! Yarooooooooop!" howled Carne, dancing in agony as the barrage became directed upon him.

Both he and Loder released their grip of Myers and shielded their faces with their arms.

"Bunk, Myers!" roared Dicky Nugent.

No need to instruct Myers to do that! The agile fag skipped away, darted between Dr. Craddock's legs, dodged Walker, and jumped off the platform. Dicky thrust a pea-shooter and a bag of peas into his rescued chum's hand.

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and Myers joyfully took a part in the proceedings.

Four persons now remained on the platform—the hated Tyrant and his cronies, Loder, Carne, and Walker. They became the target for the rebel juniors' peashooters. Gosling, deeming discretion to be the better part of valour, had already beaten a hasty retreat through the side door.

"Fire away, kids!" sang out Dicky.

"Give the rotters jip!"

"Hurrah!"

Whiz! Ping! Pong! Whiz!

"Go it, ye cripples!" roared Bob Cherry joyfully.

Dicky Nugent & Co. "went" it. Their aim was deadly accurate, and their lungs strong. Nearly every pea found a billet, and Dr. Craddock, Loder, Carne, and Walker hopped and danced about the platform like Dervishes in their unsuccessful efforts to dodge that devastating fire.

The rest of Greyfriars roared.

"Boys!" cried Mr. Quelch, in horror.

"Boys! Desist! You must not—"

But the Remove master's voice was drowned by the uproar in Hall. Everybody else, with the exception of the four luckless persons on the platform, was enjoying the situation immensely.

"This is where the Fags' Federation takes direct action!" shouted Dicky. "Come on, kids! We'll chuck Craddock out!"

"What-ho!"

The rebels of the Second swarmed up on the platform and grasped Dr. Craddock, who was cowering in a corner. He was half demented with ungovernable rage.

"Now, then, you rotter!" said Dicky grimly. "We'll show you what we think of you, and hang the consequences! We don't recognise you as our Head at all. Dr. Locke's our Head, and you're a beastly outsider. You're going out of this Hall—on your neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooooh! Hands off, you little hooligans! Yah! Woooooh!" howled the Tyrant, as the fags whirled him off his feet.

His mortarboard went flying, and was trodden underfoot next minute by the excited fags.

"Out with him!"

"Open the door, someone!"

Gatty wrenched open the door at the side of the platform—the Head's private door. Dicky & Co. raised the howling, struggling Head on high, swung him to and fro for several minutes, and then let him go.

Whiz!

Dr. Craddock sailed through the door like a bolt from the blue, his scholastic gown billowing behind him.

Thud!

"Yaroooooooooh!"

He struck the cold unsympathetic linoleum outside and lay there sprawled out in a most ungraceful attitude. His gown was split up the back and the ends were torn to shreds. He looked a parlous figure as he reclined on his back on the floor—the Head of Greyfriars, thrown out of Big Hall by the Fags' Federation of the Second Form.

The Hall was in an uproar.

Nobody had interfered with the rebel fags—not even Wingate and the other prefects. They had stood grimly in their places and had not budged an inch to help Dr. Craddock. Their sympathies were all with Dicky Nugent & Co.

Loder, Carne, and Walker gave gasps of alarm when the rebels crowded back on to the platform. The prefects made a simultaneous dive to get away, but Loder

and Walker were not quick enough. Dicky & Co. grasped them before they had time to leave the platform. Carne rolled over the edge and crashed, with a wild yell, to the floor below.

"These two rotters will do!" gasped Dicky. "Quick march, my sons!"

The rebel Second all trooped off the platform, and left the Hall via the opposite door. They bore Loder and Walker with them as prisoners of war, the prefects struggling, kicking, and howling at the tops of their voices.

Cheers followed Dicky Nugent & Co. from the Hall.

The Fags' Federation had got to work with a vengeance! Smarting under the brutal treatment they had received, the fags had taken matters into their own hands!

Dicky Nugent & Co. marched Loder and Walker along to the Punishment Room. Dicky raked in Loder's pocket and found the key. He unlocked the door and threw it wide open.

"In with 'em!" he grinned.

Thud! Thud!

"Yarooooop!"

"Wah! Ooooooooooh!"

Loder and Walker crashed together in a heap in the centre of Nobody's Study.

Dicky Nugent & Co. withdrew, the president of the Fags' Federation locking the door behind him and pocketing the key.

They all marched away, leaving their arch-enemies incarcerated in Nobody's Study.

"Let 'em stay there till someone finds 'em!" chuckled Dicky. "And now, kids, is it agreed by the Federation that a Barring-Out against Craddock be proclaimed?"

"It is!" roared the fags unanimously.

"Good egg! Then follow your leader!"

The rebels followed Dicky to the Form-room.

The desks had already been piled up at one side of the room, and a large trestle table installed there, on which reposed a number of articles raided from various parts of the school.

"This room will be our fortress, and we'll hold out here till our demands are acceded to!" said Dicky. "I've worked out everything in my mind, and things ought to go without a hitch. As a matter of fact, we want Craddock to go without a hitch!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Down with Craddock!"

Dicky Nugent took a large sheet of paper from his desk and pinned it to the outside of the Form-room door. Then he rejoined his chums in the Form-room and locked the door.

The Fags' Federation barring-out against the tyrant had commenced!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

On Strike!

"GOOD heavens! What is this?" Dr. Craddock, still wearing his tattered and torn gown, arrived soon afterwards outside the Second Form-room door and gave vent to that exclamation. He had a cane in his hand, and his sallow, brutal face wore an expression of demoniacal fury.

Following behind him were Harry Wharton & Co. and a whole host of excited Removites and Upper Fourth Form fellows.

Pinned to the Second Form-room door was a large, grubby sheet of paper, and on it, scrawled in Dicky Nugent's well-known handwriting, and with many blots and smudges, was the following:

"NOTISS!

"Ultimatum issued bi the Greyfriars Fags' Federashon!

"WHEREAS a bullying, hard-hearted tirant, bi name Dr. Craddock, has been maid Hed of the skule.

"AND WHEREAS the sed tirant has got his nife in the Second, and has kontinewally sterred up strife bi his rotten, unreasonable ways.

"AND WHEREAS the aforementioned beestly bully has been backing up three raskally prefeckts, bi name Loder, Carne, and Walker, in a kampane of fitefulness against the Second.

"AND FURTHER WHEREAS these fore between them hav maid life mizzir-able for the fags bi giving them likings, lines, and unfare fagging.

"AND WHEREAS ALSO the abuv tirant Craddock has sacked Mr. Twigg, the respekted master of the Second Form, for heroickally sticking up for his suffering pewpils.

"IT IS RESOLVED by the Gemneral Kommittee and Members of the Grey friars' Fags' Federashon that Dr. Craddock, being toetally unfit for the job, shall no longer be regarded as our Hed-master unless he prommises to tern over a new leef himself, and keep Loder, Carne, and Walker off the grass in fe-ture, and aggreez to Mr. Twigg's retern.

"BE IT THEREFORE KNONE TO ALL & SUNDRI that the Second Form hearbi deklares a Strike until these dem-ands have bean met!

"(Sined) R. NUGENT,

"Pressident,

"Greyfriars Fags' Federashon."

Dr. Craddock gazed at this notice like a man in a dream.

"Gug-good heavens!" he stuttered at last. "The audacious little scamps! Nugent minor, open this door im-me-diatly!"

"Rats!" came Dicky's retort from in-side the Form-room. "We're taking no more orders from you, Dr. Craddock, until you agree to our demands!"

"You—you—you—" gurgled the in-furiated Head.

"Have you read our ultimatum?" in-quired Dicky through the keyhole.

"I—I—I—"

"We'll come out and be good little boys if you let bygones be bygones and promise to play the game in future!" said Dicky.

"You—you insolent little scoundrel!" howled Dr. Craddock, fairly dancing out-side the door. "Let me in! I command you to open this door and give me ad-mittance!"

"Go and eat coke, you rotter!"

"Nugent minor! How dare you! You are expelled!" shrieked the distracted tyrant. "Myers, Bunter minor and Gatty as well—you are all expelled!"

"Go hon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loud roars of derisive laughter arose from the rebels in the Form-room. Harry Wharton & Co., crowding up behind Dr. Craddock, read the fags' "ultimatum" and chuckled.

Dr. Craddock whirled round on them. "Cease that laughter! I shall flog the next boy I see smiling! Where are Loder and Walker?"

Nobody seemed to know.

Dr. Craddock beat a tatoo on the Form-room door.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Open this door, do you hear?"

"Boo! Clear out! We don't want you for a Head!"

Crash! Bang! Crash!

Dr. Craddock pounded furiously at the door, but the only response he obtained was a round of derisive laughter from Dicky Nugent & Co.

"What have you done with Loder and Walker?" he hissed at length through the keyhole.

"Go and find 'em!" retorted Dicky.

"We haven't got the rotters in here!"

"You—you little renegades!" choked the baffled tyrant, his whole body quiver-ing with rage. "I will bring you to book for this! Then you shall suffer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Craddock stamped away, after dis-persing the juniors in the passage. Pass-ing by the back stairs on his way to his study, he heard loud, muffled howls from above. His eyes glinting, he went up the stairs and traced those howls to the Pun-ishment Room.

Loder and Walker were banging on the door and bawling at the top of their voices to be let out.

They came out with a rush when Dr. Craddock opened the door.

"Loder—Walker!" ejaculated the tyrant. "Those little reprobates locked you in there?"

"Yes! Where are they?" howled Loder. "I—I'll flay them alive!"

"They have locked themselves in their Form-room!" snarled the new head-master. "The young scoundrels are hold-ing a barring-out!"

"Great Scott!"

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. had returned to the Second Form-room, and were conversing with the rebel fags through the keyhole.

"How the dickens are you going to hold out?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"You'll have to give in, you know!"

"Never!" snorted Dicky from inside.

"Our motto is 'No surrender!' We're

going to give Craddock the kybosh! You just wait and see!"

"Cave!" hissed Tom Brown from the end of the passage. "Here come Loder and Walker! They're nearly tearing their hair!"

"We'll flit, then!" grinned Harry Wharton. "So long, Dicky!"

"I say!" hoarsed Dicky through the keyhole.

"Hallo! What's up?"

"Can we rely on you Remove chaps to help us fight Craddock?"

"Yes, rather, Dicky! We'll back you up, of course!" replied Harry Wharton heartily.

"Good egg!" chuckled Dicky. "Crad-dock will stop you talking to us from the door here, but you can talk to us from the box-room—the room underneath this one, you know."

"My hat! But how on earth—"

"Now, you young scamps, clear away from here!"

Loder broke in with those words, and the Removites promptly scattered.

The angry prefects who had been locked in the Punishment Room thumped on the door of the Second Form-room. They howled sulphurous threats through the keyhole. But these made no impres-sion whatever!

Dicky Nugent & Co. "checked" the prefects from their fortress, and at last, bestowing a final wrathful kick on the door, Loder gave it up and strode away, followed by Walker.



"Nugent minor!" roared Dr. Craddock. "I order you to open the door of the Form-room and submit to my authority. Do you hear what I say? Answer me, you rebellious boy! I—yaroooooooooch!" The Head's voice suddenly changed into a long, choking gurgle. A deluge of black fluid had swooped down through the hole in the ceiling and fallen upon Dr. Craddock's face underneath. "Gerrugh! Yah! Ooooooh!" he spluttered. (See Chapter 8.)

Harry Wharton & Co. were already downstairs.

"Young Dicky said we could talk to him from the box-room underneath the Form-room," said Harry Wharton. "I wonder what the young beggar has up his sleeve? Let's go along and see."

"Rather!"

The Famous Five, Squiff, and Vernon-Smith went along to box-room B on the ground floor.

Arriving there, they went in and closed the door. The room was empty.

"Hallo, you chaps!" a cheery voice said.

"My giddy aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, giving a start and blinking upwards.

There was a hole in the ceiling as large as a cricket-ball, and it was through this that Dicky Nugent's voice had sounded.

Harry Wharton gave a laugh.

"Great pip! The little rascal has made a hole in the Form-room floor!"

A chuckle sounded through the hole.

"There are more ways than one of killing a cat—eh?" said Dicky Nugent.

"I say, you chaps, could you get us some rope? You could hand it up to us through this hole, you know. We badly need some rope. We couldn't get any before call-over!"

"Right-ho!" said Harry Wharton.

"Rely on us, Dicky! How long do you reckon this giddy strike of yours will last?"

"Till Craddock gives in, or till Dr. Locke comes back!" came the emphatic reply from above. "I can tell you chaps we have all our plans cut and dried. We don't do things by halves, you know!"

"You little beggars!"

"Don't forget the rope!" said Dicky.

"We—"

Crash!

The door of the box-room came open, to admit a tall, sinister figure.

It was Dr. Craddock!

"So!" exclaimed the Tyrant of Greyfriars, his eyes narrowing and his features working with rage. "This is how you and those little reprobates above are communicating! You are aiding them in their rebellion against my authority!"

Harry Wharton & Co. blinked at the rascally Head in dismay.

He thrust his way past them, and, standing underneath the hole in the ceiling, glared upwards.

"Nugent minor, you little scoundrel! Once again I command you to open the Form-room door and submit to my authority! I warn you that I shall make you suffer for every extra minute that you hold me in defiance!" snarled Dr. Craddock. "Do you hear what I say? Answer me, you rebellious boy! I—Yerrooooooooooch!"

Dr. Craddock's voice suddenly changed into a long, choking gurgle.

A deluge of black fluid had suddenly swooped down through the hole, and fallen full upon the Head's face underneath!

Dicky Nugent had emptied a pot of ink through the hole on top of the Tyrant!

"Gerrugh! Yah! Gug! Gug! Ooooooooooh!" spluttered Dr. Craddock.

His face became transformed into something representing a Christy minstrel! He was fairly swamped with black ink. His gurgles and gasps were truly weird to listen to.

Harry Wharton & Co., in spite of themselves, burst into shrieks of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

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"We've plenty more ink up here, sir!" called Dicky's voice cheerily from above. "Do you want another dose?"

"Gerragh! Wah! Yah! You little fiend! Yowp! Oooooch! Gooogh!"

Dr. Craddock evidently did not require another dose, for he dashed precipitately from the box-room, dripping with ink, and uttering the most weird and wonderful noises imaginable.

Harry Wharton & Co. roared with laughter.

"I—I say, I'm sorry if you chaps get into trouble!" said Dicky from above.

"Craddock must have been spying on you, or he heard you talking from outside. I—"

"Oh, that's all right, Dicky!" laughed Harry Wharton. "We'll stand the racket. But Craddock will take jolly good care that we don't use this hole any more; he'll have the box-room door locked up. We'd better cut along and get that rope for you now."

"Thanks awfully!"

The chums of the Remove vaulted out of the window, and ran across the quadrangle to the gymnasium. Plenty of rope was forthcoming there, and they smuggled it back into the box-room via the window.

Dicky's hand came through the hole in the ceiling, and he took in the rope.

"That's topping!" he said gratefully.

"We're awfully obliged to you fellows. You wouldn't care to come in with us, I suppose? Barring-out is great fun!"

"Ha, ha! No thanks!" replied Harry Wharton. "So-long, kids! We'll be cutting now."

And Harry Wharton & Co. went—only just in time, for in turning the corner they saw Loder and Carne, armed with screwdrivers and screws, go to the box-room door and proceed to fasten it up!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Night Raiders!

"SHUSH!" hissed Dicky Nugent.

"Quietly does the trick!" murmured Myers.

Night had fallen over Greyfriars, and it was long past bed-time.

Everybody else at the school had retired for the night. The rebels of the Second, however, were very much awake!

The Form-room window was open, and a long rope dangled down into the darkness, the upper end being fastened to a cupboard door.

And, one by one, half a dozen fags, led by the enterprising Dicky, were climbing down from the window!

They did not proceed as far as the ground, but clambered on to a ledge that ran round the school building underneath the Form-room window.

Dicky was the first to reach the ledge. He crawled along it until he reached a spot underneath another window. This belonged to the Remove Form room.

A drainpipe led from the side of the Remove Form room window to the ledge, and up this pipe the agile fag slithered, until he reached the window-sill.

It was the work of a moment then for Dicky to open the window and fasten another rope inside so that his chums could climb up, instead of having to trust to the drainpipe.

"This way, kids!" called Dicky through the darkness. "All's clear!"

"Right-ho, Dicky!"

Gatty was the first one up the rope. Thompson and Myers followed, and then Haynes and Smith minor came up. They brought with them the end of the rope that hung out of the window of their own Form room.

"All serene!" chuckled Dicky Nugent. "We can get all the things into our fortress without having to open the door. If we do happen to raise an alarm, it would be too jolly risky to have the door unlocked. This way is slower, but safer."

"Rather!"

The six rebel marauders crept from the Remove Form room, and made their way softly along the dark, deserted corridors.

They went straight downstairs, and arrived at length in the school domestic quarters, where Mrs. Kebble, the matron, held sway.

"Here's the pantry!" murmured Dicky, who was leading the way. "Quiet, you kids! Good! That's got the door open!"

Sammy Bunter, an adept in the art of opening the pantry door, had confided his secret to Dicky.

The hero of the Second switched on his torchlight, and flashed it round the pantry. He gave a soft chuckle.

"Ton-hole! There's a good stock of everything here, kids! And we're going to shift the lot—every giddy eatable in the place! Craddock is bound to try to starve us out, but if we raid all the school supplies he'll have his work cut out—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!"

"Shush-sh-sh!"

The pantry was cleared of everything eatable. Dicky & Co. carried the raided provender up to the Remove Form room, and "dumped" it there. They had to make several journeys to and from the pantry, but they worked very quietly, and with infinite caution, and so were undisturbed.

By the time they had finished, the school pantry, like old Mother Hubbard's celebrated cupboard, was bare!

Every scrap of food had been commandeered by the rebels of the Second.

"Now for our bedding!" chuckled Dicky Nugent. "It won't take us long to shift that!"

"No fear!"

Three journeys to the Second Form dormitory sufficed to enable Dicky & Co. to transfer all their bedclothes to the Remove Form room.

The raided provender was tied up in sheets, and the bundles thus formed swung out of the window on the end of the rope, to be drawn in by the fags in the Second Form room, on hearing the soft signal whistle from Dicky. Gatty crawled along the ledge, to return the rope when it was needed.

In this manner the provisions and bedclothes were transferred from the Remove Form room to the rebels' stronghold.

Only one hitch occurred, and that was when one bundle gave way in mid-air and a number of bedclothes fluttered to the quadrangle below.

It had been raining, and Dicky gave a grunt.

"It's no use going down for 'em, kids—they're bound to be wet!" he said. "Lemme see, we're a few bedclothes short now, and—By jingo!" he slapped his thigh. "I've a topping wheeze! We'll raid old Craddock, and take his bedclothes!"

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2s



WHIO the dickens was Dickens?
Or, slightly to miskwote
Shakespeer:

"Who is Charlie? What is he
That all the swains commend him?"

I confess I had never even heard of Charles Dickens, until Quelchy read us eggstracts from the "Pickwick Papers" in class the other day. And then I made it my bizziness to find out all I could about the author of that work.

I have discovered the following facts. Charles Dickens was born; he lived; and he died. He also wrote a handful of novels, in one of which was a certain fat boy, whom Dickens derided.

Now, a man who jeers at fat boys never gets any simperthy from me. I'm not going to lord Dickens to the skies, and say that he was the gratest novelist who ever novelled. I think it was jolly mean and spiteful of him to hold fat boys up to ridicule. Where would the world stand to-day, if it wasn't for the fat boys? Echo answers where?

I can't honestly understand why people go potty on Dickens, and speak of him with baited breth, as if he was one of the giants of litterature. I have eggs-amined all his novels, inklooding "Oliver Nickleby," "David Twist," "Great Times," "Hard Expectations," "A Tale of Two Copperfields," and "Barnaby Dombey Chuzzlewit." I can't find anything to enthuse over. Far better stuff appears in my own paper, "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

These stories by Dickens are supposed to have the power of moving you to tears, or of making you hold your sides with helpless larfter. I can faithfully assert that I didn't shed a single chuckle or burst myself with greef. I saw nothing to larf at, and nothing to howl at.

The only Dickens character that I had a sneeking simperthy for was Mr. Micawber. He was always waiting for something to turn up. So am I.

Mr. Micawber waited for fame and fortune. I'm waiting for my postle-order. There is quite a bond of affinity between Wilkins Micawber and your humble servant.

But as for the rest of the Dickens characters, they leave me cold. The advencers of Nicholas Copperfield were tame. The eggsploits of Barnaby

Chuzzlewit were also tame. I'll admit it was a wee bit thrilling to read how Oliver Twist went to the gilloteen—or was it Sydney Carton? (I haven't dug very deeply into Dickens, so you must forgive me if I happen to make a few blunders.)

I have come to the conclousion that Charles Dickens is a very much over-rated writer. When Quelchy was reading to us about Mr. Pickwick's anticks on the slide, some of the fellows roared with larfter. But I couldn't quite see where the joak came in. Why larf at a man just bekwase he's too fat and clumsy to slide properly? It is hartless and crool. Dickens was in a callus mood when he invented Pickwick. And he was in a more callus mood still when he invented the Fat Boy.

My Uncle Claude has threatened to send me a compleet set of Dickens' works on my berthday. I have told him not to trubble. A tuck-hamper would be far more axceptable.

Peter Todd possesses a compleet set of Dickens, and he guards them with jellus care. They are illustrated by an artist named Crookshank, and Toddy declares he wouldn't part with those preshus books for untold gold.

A BOXING A B C.

My chums often ask me for a good handbook to the Noble Art. I can recommend the smart little guide by Stanley Hooper, which is issued at eighteenpence by Messrs. Drane, Dane-geld House, Farringdon Street, London. Stanley Hooper has packed all the advice and information necessary into his volume. As ex-Fly-weight Champion of the Eastern Counties, Hooper can speak and write with authority. A disability due to his experiences in the War prevented him winning the highest honours in the boxing world; but, as Eugene Corri points out in a preface to this excellent little work, Hooper was one of the cleverest eight-stone boxers. His style was the correct old English upright poise, with a perfect straight left as the chief weapon of attack and defence. This style is still good enough to retrieve this country's lost boxing prestige. "The A B C of Boxing" is written in simple language, as belits the title, and shows the whole science of the art. One can say no more.

EDITORIAL!

By
HARRY WHARTON.

SOME time ago I tried the experiment of publishing a Special Shakespeare Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

I confess I was just a wee bit doubtful as to the reception such a number would get at the hands of my readers. Not every fellow is a worshipper at the shrine of Shakespeare. Schoolboys who have been ordered to write out a hundred times some passage from "Hamlet" or from "Julius Cæsar" could hardly be expected to entertain affectionate thoughts for the Bard of Avon.

But my fears were soon set at rest. The Special Shakespeare Number got a tremendous reception. Even now, long after its publication, I still get letters about it. I can only conclude that the reason why the Shakespeare Number was so successful, was because it was bright and breezy and entertaining, and not dull and stodgy and scholarly. The great Bard of Avon was treated from a schoolboy's point of view; and there was no lack of fun and merriment.

One thing leads to another; and from Shakespeare to Dickens is a natural step. Both are lions of literature, and both deserve the highest praise that we can give.

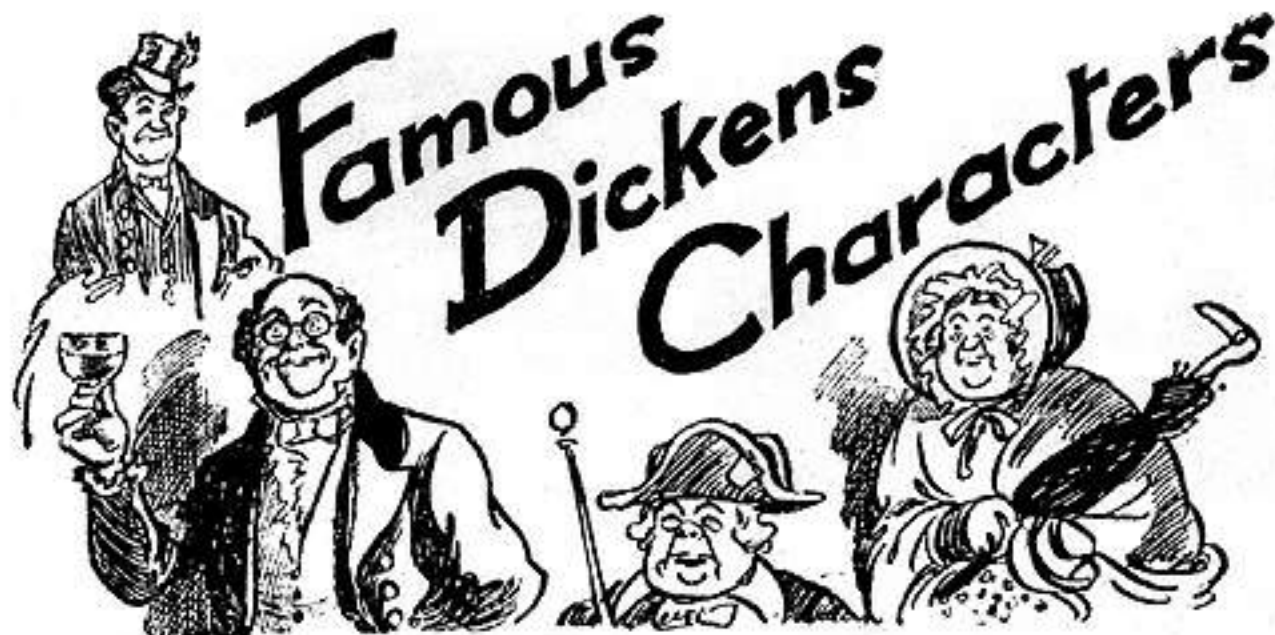
There must be very few fellows who have not read at least one of Dickens' famous novels. It was "Pickwick" that first brought Dickens into the limelight; and he followed it up with "Oliver Twist" (the youth who had the temerity to ask for more!), "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," and other stories which are remarkable, not only for their humour, but for the delightfully human touch which characterises all Dickens' works.

What was the secret of Charles Dickens' success? His own words will explain it far better than I can. He says:

"Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. Whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, was one of my golden rules."

There's a valuable lesson here for all of us who want to rise out of the common rut, and play the game of life to some purpose.

HARRY WHARTON.
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ARTFUL DODGER.—A young pick-pocket, cradled in crime.—“*Oliver Twist*.”

BARKIS.—A carrier, whose pet saying was “Barkis is willin’.” He even proposed marriage by employing this phrase.—“*David Copperfield*.”

BOYTHORN, LAWRENCE.—A kind-hearted gentleman who pretended to be very ferocious by roaring at people in a stentorian voice.—“*Bleak House*.”

BROWNLOW, MR.—The benevolent old gentleman who rescued *Oliver Twist* from a gang of thieves.

BUMBLE.—A most pompous personage, who considered he was “It,” and threw his weight about accordingly. He had a big sense of his official importance.—“*Oliver Twist*.”

CARKER, JAMES.—The rascally manager of *Dombey’s* house, whose laugh resembled “the snarl of a cat.”—“*Dombey and Son*.”

CARTON, SYDNEY.—The heroic young fellow who went to the guillotine in order to save the husband of the woman he loved.—“*A Tale of Two Cities*.”

CHESTER, SIR JOHN.—A cruel-hearted, swaggering, blustering member of the aristocracy. Killed in a duel by Mr. Haredale.—“*Barnaby Rudge*.”

COPPERFIELD, DAVID.—A splendid type of young Englishman. The hero of what is regarded as Dickens’ best book.

CRATCHIT, BOB.—Clerk to Scrooge, the miser. Underpaid and overworked, but always cheerful and contented. Especially cheerful at Christmas-time.—“*The Christmas Carol*.”

FAT BOY.—The prototype of Billy Bunter. A fearful glutton, who appeared to be asleep most of the time, but who always knew what was going on.—“*The Pickwick Papers*.”

GAMP, SAIREY.—An old-fashioned nurse, who was rather too partial to “the cup that cheers” and also inebriates! A typical saying of Sairey’s was, “Leave the bottle on the chimney-piece, an’ don’t ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.”—“*Martin Chuzzlewit*.”

GUMMIDGE, MRS.—The “lone, lorn creatur” who lived in the quaint little house fashioned from a boat, with Dan’l Peggotty, at Yarmouth.—“*David Copperfield*.”

HAWK, SIR MULBERRY.—A rogue and an inveterate gambler, who brought many young fellows to ruin.—“*Nicholas Nickleby*.”

HEEP, URIAH.—A rascally hypocrite, who always posed as being very “umble.” Tried to swindle his employer, Mr. Wickfield, but was cleverly outwitted and exposed by Wilkins Micawber.—“*David Copperfield*.”

MARCHIONESS, THE.—Dick Swiveller’s nickname for the devoted slavey who nursed him through a serious illness. He eventually married her.—“*The Old Curiosity Shop*.”

MICAWBER, WILKINS.—An extraordinary gentleman, much given to the use of flowery language. Recklessly improvident in his habits, and always waiting for something to turn up.—“*David Copperfield*.”

PEGGOTTY, DANIEL.—A rough-and-ready old fisherman, with a heart of gold. Searched “fur an’ wide” for his niece, Little Em’ly, who had eloped with the fascinating but unscrupulous James Steerforth.—“*David Copperfield*.”

PICKWICK, SAMUEL.—The man who founded the Pickwick Club. A simple soul, brimming over with benevolence.—“*The Pickwick Papers*.”

SCROOGE, EBENEZER.—A hard-hearted old miser, who, through having three remarkable visions one Christmas Eve, was converted into a more humane and generous man.—“*The Christmas Carol*.”

SQUEERS, WACKFORD.—A school-master of the worst type. Tyrannical and vindictive; ruled with a rod of iron over Dotheboys Hall, a school of the old-fashioned type, now happily extinct.—“*Nicholas Nickleby*.”

SWIVELLER, DICK.—A curious but likeable character, who was put to many shifts to avoid his creditors. Developed an amusing habit of speaking in rhyme. Married his devoted slave, “The Marchioness.”—“*The Old Curiosity Shop*.”

TAPLEY, MARK.—The King of Optimists. Would have laughed through a howling wilderness. Made it his golden rule to be jolly under all circumstances. No character in fiction ever withstood so cheerfully “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.”—“*Martin Chuzzlewit*.”

TRADDLES, TOMMY.—“The merriest and most miserable” of the boys at Salem House School. Always drew skeletons in class in order to console himself.—“*David Copperfield*.”

TWIST, OLIVER.—A lad of good parentage, brought up in a workhouse. He fell among thieves.

WELLER, SAM.—The faithful benchman of Mr. Pickwick. One of the most amusing characters ever created.—“*The Pickwick Papers*.”

SAYINGS FROM DICKENS.

(Which can be applied to certain Greyfriars fellows.)

“To the young this is a world of action, not for moping and droning in.”—“*David Copperfield*.” (Applicable to Lord Mauleverer.)

“Things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must assist to turn them up.”—“*David Copperfield*.” (Applicable to Billy Bunter’s postal-order.)

“Thick and speak and act like an accountable creature.”—“*Martin Chuzzlewit*.” (Applicable to Horace Coker.)

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“I don’t care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy.”—“*Barnaby Rudge*.” (Applicable to Bob Cherry.)

“In journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go downhill than up.”—“*Nicholas Nickleby*.” (Applicable to Coker when motor-cycling.)

“It is a melancholy truth that great men have their poor relations.”—“*Bleak House*.” (Applicable to Billy Bunter.)

“Any man can be in good spirits when he is well-dressed. There ain’t much credit in that.”—“*Martin Chuzzlewit*.” (Applicable to Cecil Reginald Temple.)

“Anything that makes a noise is satisfactory to a crowd.”—“*Old Curiosity Shop*.” (Applicable to Tom Brown’s gramophone.)

“You can’t make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it.”—“*Little Dorrit*.” (Applicable to Horace Coker.)

“What are we,” said Mr. Pecksniff, “but coaches? Some of us slow coaches.”—“*Martin Chuzzlewit*.” (Applicable to Lord Mauleverer.)

“That boy is no common boy, and, mark me, his fortune will be no common fortune.”—“*Great Expectations*.” (Applicable to Vernon-Smith.)

“There is at this present moment, in this very place, a perfect constellation of talent and genius.”—“*Martin Chuzzlewit*.” (Applicable to the editorial sanctum of “*The Greyfriars Herald*.”)

[Supplement ii.]



The Boy who Asked for More!

A Screamingly Funny Story of School Life,

By Dicky Nugent.

GOOD-BYE, my dear boy!" Mr. Muggins' voice quivered with commotion. He was just packing his hopeful son off to school, and the tear-stained face of Paul Muggins was pressed against the carriage window.

"Good-bye, pater! Is there anything else you'd like to say to me before I proceed to St. Sam's?"

"Yes," said Mr. Muggins, stroking his clean-shaven beard thoughtfully. "If you want to make a success of your school career, you must stand up for your rites. Never be backward in coming forward. And, above all, never be afraid of asking for more!"

"More what, pater?"

"More of whatever happens to be going, of course! For egg-sample, if you have stake-and-kidney pooding for dinner, and the portion they give you is not sufficient, take your plate up to the master in charge of the dining-hall, and say to him in loud, wringing tones, 'Please, sir, I want some more!'"

"But—but that's what Oliver Twist did, pater! And it landed him in the scap."

"True," said Mr. Muggins. "But times have changed since Oliver Twist was a boy. Besides, he was a pawper, whereas you are the son of a rich man—a wealthy City magnet, who is very popular, and who regards you as his gem. I am paying quite a lot of munny for your eddification at St. Sam's, and they will not dare to refuse you if you should ask for more. And you are not only to ask for it, boy—you are to demand it! Whenever anything is given to you, no matter whether it is food, or drink, or advice, you are to say, 'Please I want some more!' Make that your daily maxim, my boy, and you will prosper. The boy who has the curridge to ask for more will rise in the world. You will never find him begging his bred, or carrying sandwidge-boards down the Strand. But see! The guard is waving his wissle, and blowing his flag. You are off! Once again—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, pater!" panted Paul Muggins. And then he threw himself down into the corner-seat of the carriage, and burst into a torrent of wild weeping.

Do not laff at him, dear reader! You have been through the mill, and so have I. We all know what a terribul pang it is to part from our parents, and to plunge into the stormy seas of school life. Paul Muggins was not the first fellow who had cried his eyes out in the corner-seat of a railway-carriage; and he will not be the last.

The train rushed on its mad career. It rumbled through tunnels, and rushed over pressipices, and rattled over level crossings, until at last it drew up at Little-Clackfold-in-the-Mud, which was the station for St. Sam's.

Waiting on the platform to meet the new boy was Broot major, the bully of Supplement.iii.]

the Fourth. He was a hulking, hefty, horrible lout, with a fierce jaw, a criminal's forrid, and little, beedy eyes. He strode towards Paul Muggins as the new boy delighted from the train.

"Are you the new brat?" he demanded.

"Yes, please."

"What's your name?"

"Paul Muggins."

"What's your father?"

"A wealthy City magnet."

"Bah! He duzzent attract me by his vast ritches!" growled Broot major. "By the way, young Muggins, have you ever been knocked down?"

"Only once. I was knocked down in my infansy by a steem-roller. That accounts for my snub nose."

"Har, har, har!" laffed the brootal Broot. "Well, it will give me grato plezzure to knock you down for the second time in your life. Here goes!"

The cowardly bully shot out his left, and Muggins was knocked clean off the edge of the platform. He landed on the mettles with a sickening thud.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" he yelled.

And then, remembering the advice of his worthy sire, Muggins staggered to his feet and blinked up at Broot major.

"Pip-pip-please, I want some more!" he stammered.

Broot major looked astonished.

"Grato Scott!" he gasped. "One mity blow from my fist is jenerally enuff for most people. However, you shall have your hart's desire. I'm always a very obliging sort of fellow. Get up on the platform!"

Muggins obeyed; and then another powerful straight left knocked him on to the mettles again.

The new boy lay like a log. And his dasterdly assailant walked off, and left him lying unconshus on the iron way.

About an hour later, the roar of an eggsspress-train aroused Muggins from his stewper, and he scrambled off the track in the nick of time. Had he lingered a second longer, his remains



"Please, sir, I want some more," said Muggins.

would have been sent home to his sorrowing parents in a match-box!

Feeling very broozed and shaken, Muggins made his way to St. Sam's. He reeched the school without fether mishap, and interviewed his Form-master, Mr. Lickham, who put him in Study No. 3, with a cupple of very stewdious fellows, Crammer and Swotte.

All went well until dinner-time next day. Dinner konsisted of Sir Loin of Beef, and every fellow was given a tremendous portion. Noboddy was ever eggsspected to come up for a second helping. In fact, only the gluttons of the school, like Tubby Barrell of the Fourth, ever managed to get through the first helping!

But Paul Muggins was thinking of his father's words—"The boy who has the curridge to ask for more will rise in the world." So, after he had shifted the mountain of beef and vegetables that was on his plate, he rose from his seat, and walked up to the master in charge of the dining-hall.

"Please, sir," he cried, in wringing tones, "I want some more!"

The silense was so intense that you could have heard a pear-drop.

Never in the long history of St. Sam's had any fellow been known to ask for more.

The master on duty nearly swooned.

"W-w-what?" he gasped faintly.

"Please, sir, I want some more!" repeated Muggins boldly.

"More?" gasped the horryfied master. "And you have alreddy konsunted enuff for six people! Never in my life have I known such brazen ordasity! You will come with me to the headmaster!"

Shortly afterwards poor old Muggins got it in the neck—or, rather, in a lower portion of his annatermy.

The Head wielded the birch with grate vigger. He laid on a duzzen strokes good and hard; and then he paused, pumping in breth after his eggssertions.

Then, to the utter amazement of the whole school, Muggins slipped down from the porter's shoulders and turned to the Head, and repeated the formula which his father had given him.

"Please, sir, I want some more!"

The Head nearly fell down.

"Grato jumping crackers!" he eggssclaimed. "Hasn't the young brat had enuff? I gave him a duzzen of the best, and now he's asking for an oncore! He shall have it, too, by Jove!"

So saying, the Head administered another duzzen, and by the time it was over the victim resembled a limp rag. He had to spend a week in the school sanny before he recovered. This gave him plenty of time for medditation, and he desided that never again, in any serkumstances, would he ask for more. It was anything but a paying game, being the Oliver Twist of St. Sam's!

THE END.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 840.



An Essay on Dickens.

By MARK LINLEY.

CHARLES DICKENS, the greatest English novelist, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, on February 7th, 1812. He was the eldest son of a naval writer who was stationed in the local dockyard.

It is said that Charles Dickens' father was the model on which Wilkins Micawber was founded. At all events, when the novelist was only ten years old, his improvident parent was in prison for debt. And Charles Dickens found himself pitchforked into the world, to fight the battle of life in real earnest.

He had a terrible time at first. Boys of to-day can hardly realise the appalling conditions under which young Dickens lived and worked. This is how he describes his place of employment:

"It was a crazy, tumbledown old house, abutting on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms,

and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old grey rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up vividly before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I used to sit and work.

"My work was to cover the pots of paste-blackening—first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. Two or three boys were kept at similar duty downstairs, on similar wages. (Six or seven shillings per week.) I felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast."

But things did not turn out so badly as Charles Dickens anticipated. His father was able to put him to school two years later, and there he remained until he was fourteen.

After his brief school career, Dickens became a clerk in a lawyer's office; but his heart was not in his job, and at the age of nineteen we find him a reporter on the staff of the "True Sun." Later he joined the "Morning Chronicle."

It was in 1836 that Dickens, like Byron, "awoke one morning to find himself famous." His "Pickwick Papers" were published by instalments, and their delightful humour brought him into popularity at a bound.

Now that he had got his feet firmly planted on Fortune's ladder, Dickens never looked back. He went on from strength to strength. His energy was inexhaustible. Story after story flowed from his pen. In fact, he worked so hard and so strenuously that he did not reach the allotted span of "threescore years and ten." He died in 1870, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight.

The man who had once worked in a blacking factory for a small pittance left nearly a hundred thousand pounds at his death. This was due, of course, to his industrious and thrifty habits.

It was only fitting that Charles Dickens should be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Above his grave are the monuments of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, and David Garrick.

Both as novelist and reformer, Charles Dickens must rank as one of the greatest Englishmen of all time.

MY FAVOURITE DICKENS CHARACTER.

There are many Dickens enthusiasts at Greyfriars, and it is interesting to note which are their favourite characters.

BOB CHERRY:

Pickwick, every time! His merry antics send me into convulsions. I consider him the funniest character ever created. He even puts Billy Bunter, the Pickwick of Greyfriars, into the shade!

TOM REDWING:

My favourite Dickens character is that bluff and hearty son of the sea, Dan'l Peggotty. I often picture to myself the quaint old boat-house at Yarmouth, where Peggotty lived. And I have met people like Peggotty in real life, before I came to Greyfriars, and I love them for their rugged honesty and simple-mindedness.

HARRY WHARTON:

I am divided between David Copperfield, the hero of the novel which bears his name, and "Pip" Gargery, the hero of "Great Expectations."

MURREE SINGH:

The esteemed and mirth-provoking Micawber is my first favourite. He was always waiting for something to arrive—fully turn up, and he reminds me of the fat and ludicrous Bunter and his postal-order. The letters written by Mr. Micawber to David Copperfield make me hold my sides with mirthfulness, and laugh until I bustfully explode!

MARK LINLEY:

To my mind, there is no finer character in Dickens than Sydney Carton, whose heroic end is so admirably portrayed in "A Tale of Two Cities."

DICK PENFOLD:

"Although he was a driveller, I rather like Dick Swiveller. The way he used to versify
• Was great! I might do worse if I Copy his gay absurdities.
'Tis funny, 'pon my word it is!"

MICKY DESMOND:

Shure, an' it's Mark Tapley who takes my fancy! He always looked on the bright side of things, and he never whined when all the world seemed upside down. Hats off to this merry optimist.

WILLIAM GOSLING:

"I dunno who this 'ere Dickings was, an' I don't care! I do wish you'd stop worritin' an' pesterin' me with questions! Ask me which is my favourite brew of ale, an' I might be able to answer you; but as for this 'ere Dickings, wot's 'e to me, or I to 'im? Nothin' at all. Werry well, then. Leave a pore old man to smoke 'is pipe in peace!"

DICKY NUGENT:

my favorite carracter in dickens is sir walter scott.
(And we presume your favourite character in Scott is William Shakespeare?—ED.)

LOVERS OF DICKENS!

By DICK PENFOLD.

Bob Cherry is a gay young spark,
He's up to every kind of lark.
But when he's weary of his capers,
He sits and reads "The Pickwick Papers."

That burly brute, Bolsover major,
Is always game to fight, I wager.
But, when his foes have felt his fist,
He sits devouring "Oliver Twist."

Alonzo Todd is fond of walks,
But when he's out he seldom talks.
For weary miles he'll tramp and trudge,
Eagerly reading "Barnaby Rudge."

Tom Brown was "crocked" the other day,
And had to leave the field of play.
Towards his couch he limped and reeled,
And asked for "David Copperfield."

You wouldn't dream that Billy Bunter
Could ever be a fiction-hunter;
And yet I saw our human barrel,
Digesting Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

Our worthy skipper, Harry Wharton,
Is present when there's any sport on.
But after all his recreations
He loves to read "Great Expectations."

When'er my fortunes fickle be,
I take up "Nicholas Nickleby."
It bucks me up; I never brood.
(I've yet to tackle "Edwin Drood.")

Are we downhearted? Not a bit!
We still have Martin Chuzzlewit."
We love old Dickens' yarns and rhymes—
There's no "Bleak House" in those
"Hard Times"!

[Supplement to,

THE REBELS OF THE SECOND!

(Continued from page 12.)

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

No Surrender!

"I SAY, you fellows, it's simply preposterous!"

Billy Bunter delivered himself thus, in very loud, indignant tones, looking into the junior Common-room next morning.

Harry Wharton & Co. and most of the Remove were there. They looked in surprise at Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's biting you now, Bunter?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"It's perfectly scandalous! I've never heard of such a thing in all my life!" roared Billy Bunter furiously. "The governors ought to hear about it. I'll jolly well see that they do hear about it!"

"What's the matter, Bunter?" demanded a score of voices.

The Owl of the Remove glared round through his big spectacles.

"There's no breakfast for us this morning!" he hooted.

"What!"

"No breakfast! We've all got to go hungry! How I shall survive the morning I don't know. I'm famished!"

"No giddy brekker!" ejaculated Frank Nugent. "You're talking out of your hat, Bunter!"

"No, I'm not!" howled Bunter wrathfully. "It's all the fault of your rotten minor, Nugent! Those little brats in the Second have raided the school pantry during the night, and taken all the grub away with 'em to their Form-room!"

"Great pip!" This news quite took the juniors in the Common-room by storm.

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry. "So Dicky's annexed the school grub. Of course, the kids had to have a good stock of provisions, or the barring-out would fizzle to nothing, and they'd have to give in. So—so they've emptied the pantry! Ha, ha, ha!"

Most of the other juniors joined in Bob's hearty laughter.

They saw the humorous side of the situation.

Not so Billy Bunter. He was furious.

"What is there to laugh at, hey?" he hooted. "No breakfast! Just think of it! Talk about Mark Antony fiddling while Rome was burning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter gave an emphatic snort and rolled away to mangle his distressing news far and wide.

All Greyfriars soon knew that there was to be no breakfast that morning.

The rebels of the Second had cleaned out the pantry, leaving hardly a crumb behind. There was no time to get in fresh supplies from the village. Greyfriars would have to go hungry till dinner-time!

Harry Wharton & Co. treated the affair as a huge joke, as did most of the other fellows. A good many of them had private supplies of tuck in their studies, and they good-humouredly set about cooking their own breakfasts.

"We're all right, anyway!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully, as he and the rest of the Co. went along to Study No. 1. "We laid in supplies yesterday, thanks to Inky!"

"Rather!"

Harry Wharton & Co. lit a fire, and soon there was a cheery odour of frying eggs and bacon in Study No. 1.

Most of the other Removites were also cooking breakfast, and those who were not so fortunate as to have supplies of

their own were invited to share, with others.

"Brekker's ready!" announced Bob Cherry, turning a red face from the fire. "Here's the last of the toast!"

"Good egg!"

Johnny Bull had made the tea, and the Famous Five and Squiff sat down to quite a pleasant repast.

Breakfast was in full swing when Billy Bunter looked in. There was a most pathetic look on his face, and he gazed hungrily at the well-spread table in Study No. 1.

"I—I say, you fellows, I'm famished!" he moaned hollowly. "You know what a delicate constitution I've got. I'm slowly sinking for want of food! In fact, I know that I shall die unless I have some grub soon. Groooo-hooooogh!"

"Look here, Bunter, you might go outside and die, then!" said Bob Cherry. "We don't want any dead corpses lying about this room. Besides, it would put us off our brekker."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

"You heartless beasts!"

"Come in, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton good-naturedly. "We'll allow you a bit of brekker. Give Bunter a plate, Bob!"

Billy Bunter took a seat at the table with great alacrity, and soon his fat jaws were champing away busily.

A few minutes later a heavy tread sounded outside, and the study door opened without ceremony.

Dr. Craddock glared into the room.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged grim glances.

"You boys have been assisting those little rascals of the Second Form during the night!" hissed the Tyrant. "They must have had help, and—"

"They certainly received no help from us, sir!" said Harry Wharton curtly. "We did not leave our dormitory at all until after rising-bell this morning."

Dr. Craddock looked hard at the Removites. It was apparent that, in his overwhelming anger, he was seeking for somebody on whom he could vent his feelings, being unable to get at Dicky Nugent & Co.

He ground his teeth, realising that what Wharton said was true, and deeming it unwise to stir up trouble in Study No. 1.

"If I find you communicating with or helping those little renegades in any way, I shall give you something to remember!" he rasped, turning to the door.

"Right-ho, sir!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Would you care to stay to breakfast?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered the Tyrant.

"We shouldn't like to see you go hungry this morning, sir, just because the larder's happened to be raided during the night," went on Bob solemnly. "You are welcome to grub—ahem—with us."

"You insolent little rascal!"

"Not at all, sir. These eggs are really prime, and I can recommend the bacon. The toast is all right, although a trifle burnt, and—"

Slam!

Dr. Craddock was gone!

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled, and went on with their breakfast.

The Tyrant stormed about Greyfriars that morning like a wild tiger. Having to sleep with Mr. Prout had not improved his temper, and to discover in the morning that there was no food in the school—none that was available, at any rate—was the last straw!

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Dicky, Nugent & Co. did not get out of bed until past nine o'clock.

They believed in taking things easy while they could.

Dicky did not allow his followers to slack, however, once they were up.

He allotted various tasks to all the rebels, and while some of them cleared away the beds and generally tidied up, others prepared breakfast.

Crockery and cooking utensils had been smuggled in the previous evening, before the great uprising in Big Hall. The rebels of the Second were fully equipped for a prolonged strike, if need be.

"Well, kids, this is the life!" chuckled Dicky, as they all sat round the breakfast-table and munched away cheerfully. "Craddock will get no brekker this morning. Neither will the rest of the school, come to think of it. We've wolfed all the grub. I'm sorry for the other chaps, but when a state of war exists the needs of the army must always come first, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Breakfast over, the rebels cleared the things away, and Dicky Nugent took stock of the provisions they had in hand.

"Enough here to last us a fortnight!" quoth the rebels' leader cheerfully. "And we'll hold out for a fortnight, too, unless the demands of the Federation are met!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Down with Craddock!"

Rap, rap, rap!

"Hallo!" said Dicky. "There's someone banging on the door. Wonder who it is?"

"You little scoundrels!" came a sulphurous voice through the keyhole.

"Oh, that's Craddock's toot!" said Dicky. "Good-morning, sir! Hope you had a good night?"

"You—you—you—"

"Hungry, sir? If you ask us nicely we'll throw you out a rasher of bacon and a few biscuits through the fanlight."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rebels.

They could hear Dr. Craddock choking with wrath outside.

"You little scoundrels shall suffer for this!" howled the Tyrant. "If you do not come out and surrender I shall employ force to get you out!"

"Go ahead, then, sir!" cried Dicky.

"Then you still defy me?"

"We'll come out and toe the line if you agree to our terms!" retorted Dicky.

"Will you be reasonable?"

"No!" howled the Tyrant. "I refuse to bandy words with you little rascals unless—"

"Then, villain, do your worst!" said Dicky dramatically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Craddock stamped away.

Dicky turned to his followers as the Tyrant's footsteps receded down the corridor.

"I reckon we shall see some fun this morning, my sons!" he chuckled. "Craddock can do what he likes, but he'll never make us give in!"

"No jolly fear!"

The rebels were all grimly determined to fight to the last. Even Sammy Bunter was valiant.

Half an hour passed, and then sounds of tramping feet sounded outside.

"Here come the enemy!" exclaimed Dicky, jumping on some desks that were piled against the door and looking through the fanlight above. "They're going to try to batter the door down! Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder, Carne, and Walker came along the corridor, followed by Gosling, Mimbble, the gardener, and Dr. Craddock.

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The prefects bore between them a heavy oak form; this was evidently to be used as a battering-ram! Gosling was armed with a huge coke-hammer, whilst Mimbble bore aloft a formidable-looking pick-axe.

"Smash the door down!" shouted Dr. Craddock eagerly. "Never mind what damage you do; it can be repaired. I will have those little whelps out at all costs!"

Crash! Crash! Wallop!

Loder, Carne, and Walker started the ball rolling by charging at the Form room door with the oak form. Gosling then assailed the lock with his coke-hammer, whilst Mimbble plied the pick-axe with vim and vigour on the hinges of the door.

Dicky jumped down from the pile of desks, which were beginning to rock under the terrific blows from outside.

"They're biffing the door down! Kids, we can't stand that! Fetch out the flour! We don't want that, so those rotters can have it!"

The flour-bin had been taken from the pantry with the other things, and it was full of flour.

Dicky and Myers clambered to the top of the pile of desks, so that they were on a level with the fanlight. The others handed up the flour-bin.

"Now, kids, get your books ready!" said Dicky.

The rebels routed out all their exercise-books, dictionaries, and grammars. All the books were turned out of the cupboard, too, so that in a very short time a huge heap of school-books stood in the centre of the Form room.

Crash! Bang! Wallop!

Loder & Co. were making a violent onslaught on the door, which shivered under the blows.

Dicky and Myers stealthily and carefully raised the flour-bin to the level of the open fanlight.

"Ready?" muttered Dicky Nugent. "Now—shove!"

They "shoved" together, and shot out the contents of the flour-bin through the fanlight.

Swoooooosh!

The air outside next minute was thick with the vast volume of flour that came out of the bin.

It swept downwards in an avalanche and smothered Loder & Co. and Dr. Craddock and the luckless Gosling and Mimbble.

Choking, gurgling howls arose.

"Ooooooooooch!"

"Yerragh!"

"Gurroooooogh!"

The flour disported itself all over them. It got into their eyes and made them blink, and down their throats and made them splutter, and up their noses and made them sneeze.

Loder, Carne, and Walker let go of the form, and next minute a further terrific howl arose from Dr. Craddock.

"Yarooooop! My foot! You clumsy idiots! Aitchoo! Yah! Oooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co., who were delighted spectators from the end of the passage.

The attackers were now rendered quite powerless.

Dr. Craddock groped his way through the flour-laden air.

His sallow face, now a livid white with the flour that covered it, was contorted with passion.

"Get on with breaking down the—yarrah!—door!" he screeched. "Loder! Do you hear? I—"

Crash!

The Second Form room door came open, and Dicky Nugent & Co., laden with books, rushed out.

"Up the rebels!" yelled Dicky. "Give 'em a volley!"

"Hurrah!"

Whiz! Wallop! Thud!

Books of all sizes and weights flew into the air next minute, and they crashed merrily upon Dr. Craddock and Loder & Co. Dicky Nugent & Co. had plenty of ammunition, and the battle of books proceeded in grand style.

"Yarooooogh!" howled the Tyrant, catching a heavy Latin dictionary on the end of his nose. "Oh, good heavens! Whooooooop! Stop the young scoundrels—Wow-wow-ow!"

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!

Loder & Co. ducked wildly, but could not avoid those whirling missiles. Howling at the top of their voices, they retreated in confusion. Dr. Craddock was the first to run, however, and a volley of books followed him, crashing on his head and in the nape of his neck and all over him.

Loder, Carne, and Walker were sadly battered by the books. Their howls, as Hurree Singh remarked, were truly terrific.

Dicky & Co. soon cleared the corridor. "Hurrah!" shouted Myers. "We've won! We've scattered the foe!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder & Co. did not return. They made themselves scarce!

The Tyrant poked his head round the corner just as Dicky & Co. were gathering up the books—for future use if required.

He shook a floury fist at the victorious rebels.

"You little brats! When I do get you under my control—"

"Ha, ha, ha! When!" said Dicky Nugent scornfully. "We're going to do you all along the line, old sport!"

"I—I—I—"

"Here's a volume of French verbs!" chuckled Dicky, picking up a thick tome. "Watch me pot his napper!"

But Dr. Craddock hastily withdrew his head, and a roar of derisive laughter broke out from the rebels of the Second.

They bore back their books into the Form room, relocked the door, piled up their desks in a strong barricade in front of it, and then proceeded to while away the morning by having a sing-song.

Their voices echoed all over the school, much to the amusement of the other boys and the immeasurable wrath of the Tyrant.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Desperate Measures!

THE position is unprecedented! Something will have to be done!

Dr. James Craddock snarled these words in his study later that day.

Loder and Carne were with him. The prefects were looking surly and bad-tempered.

They had been chipped all day long by the boys of Greyfriars, in spite of the canings and impositions they had distributed.

Dicky Nugent & Co., as strong and determined as ever, were still holding out in the Form room, and they utterly refused to be shifted.

The Tyrant was becoming desperate. The whole school, even to the masters, and only with the exceptions of Loder, Carne, and Walker, was against him. He was looked upon as a usurper and a bully. The rebels of the Second had an overwhelming majority in their favour.

Dr. Craddock's eyes glinted like a hunted fox's as he regarded Loder and Carne.

"I will take you into my confidence," he muttered thickly. "My position as headmaster here will be untenable unless those young hounds of the Second are brought to subjection immediately! Mr. Twigg has apparently lodged a complaint with the governors, and they are about to investigate matters. If they discover that rebellion is rife in the school they will take a—*a serious view of the affair.* You understand my meaning?"

Loder and Carne nodded.

"We must think of some move to take place at once that will bring these Second Form hooligans to book!" rasped the Tyrant. "I am relying upon you to help me. Can you not suggest something?"

Loder gritted his teeth.

"Once the little sweeps are driven out of the Form room we shall soon get the upper hand of them!" he exclaimed.

"But how can we get them out?" cried Dr. Craddock, with a savage scowl. "They have barricaded themselves in there. They have their beds, and everything they want. We cannot starve them out, for they are well provided with food and drink. But I will not give in to them! I cannot—*dare not!*"

Loder suddenly drew a deep breath.

"By Jove! I have it, sir! We'll smoke them out!"

"What!"

"Smoke them out, sir!" said the prefect, his crafty eyes glittering eagerly. "We can get Gosling secretly to fasten up the windows from outside. Then we can burn smoke-powder through the ventilator, and the room will soon fill with smoke. The smoke is quite harmless, of course, but the young sweeps will have to clear out of the room!"

A cruel smile lit up the features of the tyrannical Head.

"That is an excellent suggestion, Loder," he said. "If you think it can be managed—"

"Leave it to us, sir!" replied Loder viciously. "We'll soon have them out of the Form-room!"

He and Carne left the tyrant's study, chuckling.

Dicky Nugent & Co., barricaded in their Form-room, were having a gay time. Being on strike was quite a new experience to them, and they thoroughly enjoyed it.

"No lessons, kids! No work, no worry!" chuckled Dicky, as he finished a game of chess with Gatty. "I wonder whether Craddock will give in?"

"Hope he doesn't—not for a day or two, at any rate," grinned Myers. "This is the life!"

"Rather!"

"I say, what about tea?" piped Sammy Bunter. "I'm feeling jolly peckish, and—"

"Are there any kippers left?" inquired Sammy. "I rather fancy a kipper."

"There are three pairs, left over from yesterday," said Gatty. "They're a bit high, I believe, Dicky."

The hero of the Third sniffed when Bunter minor produced the kippers.

"If'm! They do niff a bit gammy," he said. "But still, we can't expect too much for ninepence. Cook 'em, anyway!"

The rebels of the Second set to work to get tea ready.

Soon an euphatic smell of cooking pervaded the atmosphere.

Gatty and Sammy Bunter had kippers impaled on penholders, and in this manner they cooked their greasy delicacies. Myers, using an ancient jack-knife as a toasting-fork, made the toast. The kippers were quickly done—too well done, in fact, for they arrived at the



Dicky Nugent and Myers stealthily and carefully raised the flour bin to the level of the open fanlight. Swoooooosh! The air outside the Form-room suddenly became thick with vast volumes of flour that came out of the bin. It swept downward in an avalanche, smothering Dr. Craddock and Loder & Co. Choking, gurgling howls arose. "Ooooooh!" "Yerrugh!" "Gurrooooooh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rebels. (See Chapter 10.)

table in a black and brittle condition. Dicky Nugent, indeed, said that they were "done in," and turned his attention to the ham and eggs.

Tea was a jolly affair, and the rebels kept up a continual round of cheery chatter.

"Whew!" gasped Dicky suddenly. "It's jolly stuffy in here! All through your burning the kippers, young Gatty. The air reeks of 'em! Open the window and chuck 'em out!"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Gatty. "You couldn't cook 'em any better yourself, young Nugent!"

He carried the odiferous kippers to the window, however.

A minute later Gatty gave vent to a startled exclamation.

"I say, the beastly window won't open!"

"Give it a tug, young Gatty!" snorted Dicky Nugent.

Gatty tugged manfully at the window, but it would not budge.

Dicky arose from the table and looked at the window. An alarmed look crossed his face.

"My only sainted aunt!" he exclaimed. "The giddy window's been fastened—screwed up—from outside! Somebody's been up here on a ladder and screwed up the window without us hearing. Grooooooh! Where's all the smoke coming from?"

The atmosphere in the Form-room was

now deepening into a thick haze. The rebels began to cough and sneeze violently.

"Something's burning! Ooooooh!" gurgled Myers, holding a handkerchief to his nose. "Whatever is it?"

"Look!" screeched Wilkins, pointing upwards.

Through the ventilator near the ceiling clouds of dense, pungent smoke were issuing into the Form-room.

Dicky Nugent & Co. blinked at this phenomenon in startled amazement.

"Ah-ti-shoo! Yah! Oh dear! This is awful!" gasped Dicky. "Where on earth is the smoke coming from? We—we shall all be suffocated!"

"Gerroogh!"

"Choo-choo!"

The fags were all gurgling and holding their noses now. The smoke was so dense in the room that they could hardly see each other. The stench was overpowering.

"Grooo-hoooooh! Yowp! Ooooh! Lemme get some fresh air!" wailed Sammy Bunter. "Smash the window!"

"That wouldn't do any good, the smoke's too thick!" choked Dicky Nugent from behind his handkerchief. "Look at it coming in through the ventilator. It's a ruse of Craddock's to smoke us out!"

"Yerrooh! Oh dear!"

"Loder and the others are probably

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waiting outside for us," gurgled Myers, his eyes streaming with water. "Ah-choo! Dicky, we're done this time! We—we shall have to clear out!"

"Open the door!" howled Sammy Bunter. "I'm being stifled. Grooogh-hooogh!"

Dicky Nugent set his teeth hard.

"I'll punch the head of any chap who opens that door!" he exclaimed. "At-choo! Grooogh! We won't give in! We shall have to clear out of here, but we won't go through the door, nor through the window."

His fellow rebels looked blankly at him.

"Then—gerroogh—how are we to get out?" demanded Gatty.

"Up the chimney!" said Dicky grimly.

"Eh?"

"We'll all climb up the chimney to the roof!" said Dicky Nugent. "The—yer-rooch!—chimney is one of those wide, old-fashioned ones that chimney-sweeps used to climb up. There's plenty of room for us up there. Grooogh! We shall have to rake out the fire!"

"We shall get smothered in soot!" gurgled Myers.

"Not if we each wrap ourselves up in a sheet!" retorted Dicky. "We can do without our sheets afterwards. Come on, before we suffocate!"

The fags hastily wrapped themselves up in sheets, and Dicky led the way up the chimney. They coughed and sneezed and spluttered in the stuffy depths of the Form-room chimney, but the atmosphere up there was really no worse than down in the Form-room itself.

They reached the top and clambered out on the school roof one by one.

"Good!" said Dicky. "We've got time to get up our bedclothes and provisions, too. I'll run down and bring up a rope, then you chaps can haul up the things as I tie 'em on the rope."

"Right-ho, Dicky!"

The hero of the Second disappeared down the chimney, still wrapped in his sheet.

The air in the Form-room was almost unbearable, but Dicky found the rope, and clambered up the chimney with it to his waiting chums on the roof.

They took charge of the top end of the rope, the remainder of which dangled down the chimney, and then Dicky descended once more to the Form-room.

Working swiftly, with his face enveloped in the sheet, his eyes smarting and watering, and his lungs feeling ready to burst, Dicky made bundle after bundle, which his chums on the roof hauled up the chimney.

In this manner all the rebels' bedding, and the best part of the provisions and other things, were transferred to the roof via the chimney.

"All serene!" gasped Dicky, when he came to the top for the last time and clambered out on the roof, flinging the sooty sheet from him. "We've foiled those rotters after all!"

"But—but won't they catch us now we're on the roof, Dicky?" faltered Myers. "This isn't like being in the Form-room, you know. And—"

"We sha'n't stay here!" said Dicky warmly. "We're leaving Greyfriars now!"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"This is where we take a jaunt out of school!" grinned the rebels' leader. "A rope fastened round the parapet up here will enable us to reach the chimney lab. roof. Then we can get from there to the ground. It's right at the back of the school, and we sha'n't be seen. We'll take all the stuff with us, and leave Greyfriars."

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"My hat!" gasped Gatty. "But where can we go, Dicky?"

"We'll camp in the Friardale Wood!" replied Dicky. "The old woodman's hut will be our headquarters. Personally, I think the open-air life will be rather good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What-ho!"

The rebels greeted Dicky's suggestion with hearty acclamation.

They were ready to do anything rather than give in to the Tyrant and his minions.

Meanwhile, Dr. Craddock, Loder, and Walker, with Gosling, Mimbble, and several seniors who had reluctantly obeyed the Head's orders to assist him, were gathered in the corridor outside the Second Form-room, waiting to pounce on Dicky Nugent & Co. when the smoke drove them out of their fortress.

Carne had been entrusted with the task of smoking out the rebels, and that he was executing his part of the business was apparent to the watchers by the volumes of smoke that came out through the fanlight and from under the door.

Yet none of the rebels had so far sought the fresh air.

"The room must be absolutely chock full of smoke!" muttered Blundell of the Fifth. "The kids couldn't possibly breathe in there! I—I wonder what has happened?"

"Perhaps they're all suffocated!" suggested Hobson of the Shell. "It will be a jolly serious matter if they are!"

Dr. Craddock heard this, and looked alarmed. He, too, had been wondering why the door had not yet opened.

"Break open the door!" he rapped. "Quickly!"

Gosling and Mimbble soon had the door open. They flung it wide, and next moment fell back before the vast cloud of smoke that surged out of the room.

Everybody coughed and sneezed.

When the smoke had sufficiently dispersed, Dr. Craddock, followed by Loder and Walker, dashed into the rebels' stronghold.

"Gug-good heavens!" stuttered Loder. "They're all gone!"

"Nobody here!" said Walker faintly.

The windows were shut. The Second-Formers could not have left by the windows—besides, Carne was keeping watch on the windows from outside.

"Where are they?" screamed the Tyrant. "They couldn't have been in here at all! They—"

"There they are, sir!" came a shout in Bob Cherry's loud voice, from the passage outside.

Dr. Craddock and his two cronies dashed out of the Form-room.

They saw a crowd of fellows gathered round the large window at the end of the corridor. They burst their way to the front and glared through the window.

In the quadrangle far below a procession was marching towards the school gates.

Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second formed the procession. The rebel fags were leaving Greyfriars, taking with them their beds and provisions.

Dicky looked up when he heard the window bang open.

Dr. Craddock leaned out and waved wildly to them.

"Come back! Stop, you little reprobates!"

"Rats!" shouted Dicky Nugent from below. "We're taking a little vacation, sir!"

"Listen to me! You must not leave the school—"

Dr. Craddock's face was livid, and his breath came in short gasps.

Harry Wharton & Co., who were standing near, looked curiously at him. A derisive shout came from the youthful rebels below.

"We're not coming back to Greyfriars till Mr. Twigg comes back—or until our real Head returns!" cried Dicky Nugent. "We're going to fight this to a finish, Craddock! Fare ye well!"

"Come back, boys! Come back!" screeched the Tyrant.

But Dicky Nugent & Co. were gone.

With tin whistles and combs and paper blaring forth a murdered rendering of the famous "Colonel Bogey March," the fag strikers trooped through the gates and disappeared from view.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Surprises for All!

"**B**LOW, gentle breezes, blow!" said Dicky Nugent humorously.

The Second Form of Greyfriars was now installed in its new quarters in the middle of Friardale Wood. An open-air camp had been pitched, the stores placed in the old woodman's hut, and a camp-fire lit outside.

Dicky Nugent & Co. revelled in the new life!

They had run away from Greyfriars and were living like gipsies.

They considered it great fun.

"It's a lovely night, kids!" said Dicky, swinging himself from the bough of a tree. "Sleeping in the open is jolly fine! Of course, we shall have to have patrols to guard the camp during the night. I propose we draw lots."

"Right-ho, Dicky!"

Lots were drawn as to which three should be patrols. The tasks fell to Dicky himself, Myers, and Wilkins.

Darkness gradually deepened over the wood, and the eerie stillness of night pervaded the atmosphere.

The rebels of the Second amused themselves in their open-air camp until they were tired, and Dicky Nugent gave the word to "turn in."

Beds were laid down in the green sward in the shelter of the woodland glade, and the Second-Formers slumbered peacefully whilst the three patrols mounted guard at different points outside the camp.

Dicky hummed cheerily to himself as he stood among the trees.

Half an hour passed, and eleven chimed from the village clock in the distance.

Suddenly the stillness of the wood was disturbed by a rustling in the trees.

Dicky Nugent became instantly on the alert. He strained eyes and ears in the darkness. Somebody was coming through the wood towards the rebel camp. Who was it—friend or foe?

The marauder in the wood, who ever he was, seemed to be in a desperate hurry.

All of a sudden a man's form loomed out of the shadows, and Dicky, catching sight of the face in the moonlight, gave an amazed gasp.

It was Dr. Craddock, the hated Tyrant of Greyfriars!

Dicky's teeth came together with a snap.

The plucky fag made up his mind in an instant what to do, and he set about doing it without delay.

With a spring he reached the Tyrant, and, grabbing him round the waist, he pulled him over on to the grass.



"Up the rebels!" yelled Dicky. "Give 'em a volley!" "Hurrah!" Whiz! Wallop! Thud! Books of all sizes and weight flew into the air next minute, and they crashed me...ay upon Dr. Craddock and Loder & Co. "Yarroogh!" howled the tyrant, breaking into a run. "Stop—yow-wow!" Whiz! Whiz! Loder & Co. cucked wildly, but they could not avoid those whirling missiles. Howling at the top of their voices they retreated in wild confusion. "Hurrah!" shouted Myers. "We've won!" (See Chapter 10.)

"Wake up, kids!" shouted Dicky, as Dr. Craddock commenced to struggle furiously. "I've caught Craddock!"

The camp was instantly aroused.

The first to arrive were Wilkins and Myers. They piled on the Tyrant as soon as they saw him fighting with Dicky.

"You little hounds, let me go, hang you, let me go!" The words were shared out with the mad fury of one demented.

"Not so fast, sonny!" chuckled Dicky Nugent, who was now sitting on his victim's chest. "We're going to hold you as a prisoner. You walked right into our arms, you know!"

The others ran up, and Dr. Craddock was bound with ropes and gagged. He was dragged to the woodman's hut and thrust inside.

"I say, he dropped this bag!" exclaimed Gatty, running up with a black valise held open in his hands. "Craddock didn't come here to spy on us, Dicky; he was going somewhere with this bag! Look, it's full of togs, as though he were going away for good."

"My hat!" gasped Dicky. "You're right, young Gatty, it seems to me! I wonder where Craddock was going, sneaking through the wood at past eleven at night?"

The rebels returned to their beds and went to sleep, whilst Dicky and Wilkins mounted guard over the prisoner.

The morning dawned bright and sunny, and Dicky Nugent & Co. were up early.

"This life wants some beating!" chuckled Dicky, as he sat on a bolster outside the hut and partook of sizzling eggs and bacon. "But I think we'd better get back to school after brekker, kids. We've got Craddock a prisoner, so we have nothing to fear. We can easily deal with Loder and the others if they make any fuss."

"All serene, Dicky!"

Ten o'clock was booming from the old clock tower when the rebel Second marched in at the gates of Greyfriars.

They bore Dr. Craddock in their midst, still bound securely with rope.

Gosling rolled out of his little lodge.

"My heye!" he gasped. "Nice goings hon! Wot I says is this 'ere, you young rips oughter be—"

"Oh, cheese it, Gossy!" grinned Dicky Nugent. "We've come back to restore peace and order to the school. But Craddock has got to toe the line and be decent. We'll see that he does, and—mum—my only sainted Aunt Jane!"

Dicky broke off and gave vent to that astonished cry when he saw a tall, venerable figure appear in the Hall doorway beyond.

It was Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, and at his heels was Mr. Twigg.

"My only Aunt Jane!" gasped Dicky.

Dr. Locke surveyed them grimly over the rims of his gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"So you lads have returned!" he exclaimed in a low, stern voice. "I was amazed to hear this morning of your escapades. Such conduct is unprecedented, especially from such junior lads. I—Why, bless my soul, you have that scoundrel with you!" The Head pointed to Dr. Craddock.

Dicky Nugent & Co. looked surprised.

They themselves were unanimously convinced that Dr. Craddock was a scoundrel, but they hardly expected Dr. Locke to share their views.

Dr. Craddock writhed in his bonds and his sallow face was livid with rage and fear.

Dr. Locke strode up to him, his eyes flashing.

"So you did not succeed in your wise of absconding before your defalcations become known!" he exclaimed, his usually kind old voice tremulous with rage. "An examination of the school ledgers this morning told me why you were unable to be found. During the short time that you were in charge here you embezzled certain of the school funds. No crime could be more degrading!"

"I—I should have replaced the money!" muttered the Tyrant thickly. "But I had no chance—"

"You knew that I was returning this morning, and knew that your dis-

honesty would be made known!" rapped Dr. Locke curtly. "So you ran away! You are an utter scoundrel, sir! Entrusted with the conduct of this school in my absence, you violated the confidence of the governors by tampering with the school money affairs for your own ends! I am grateful to these lads, whatever else they may have done, for bringing you back to face your shame!"

"And I think, Dr. Locke, that when the true facts of the matter become known to us, it will be found that these lads had ample justification in revolting against this rascal," put in Mr. Twigg quietly. "They are steady, easy-going boys who would not, I am sure, violate the school rules unless excessively provoked."

Dr. Locke held a strict inquiry, and listened to Dicky Nugent & Co.'s account of the persecution they had received at the hands of the Tyrant and Loder & Co.

He severely admonished them for what they had done, reminding them that the school rules were made to be kept under all circumstances.

"However," finished up the Head kindly, "you lads appear to have suffered a great deal of punishment unnecessarily, so I will say no more about the matter. I shall remain here for good now, and the school affairs will take their usual course."

Dr. Craddock left Greyfriars that morning, and was hissed out by a crowd of fellows in the quadrangle. Dr. Locke had decided not to prosecute him, not wishing to have a scandal associated with Greyfriars.

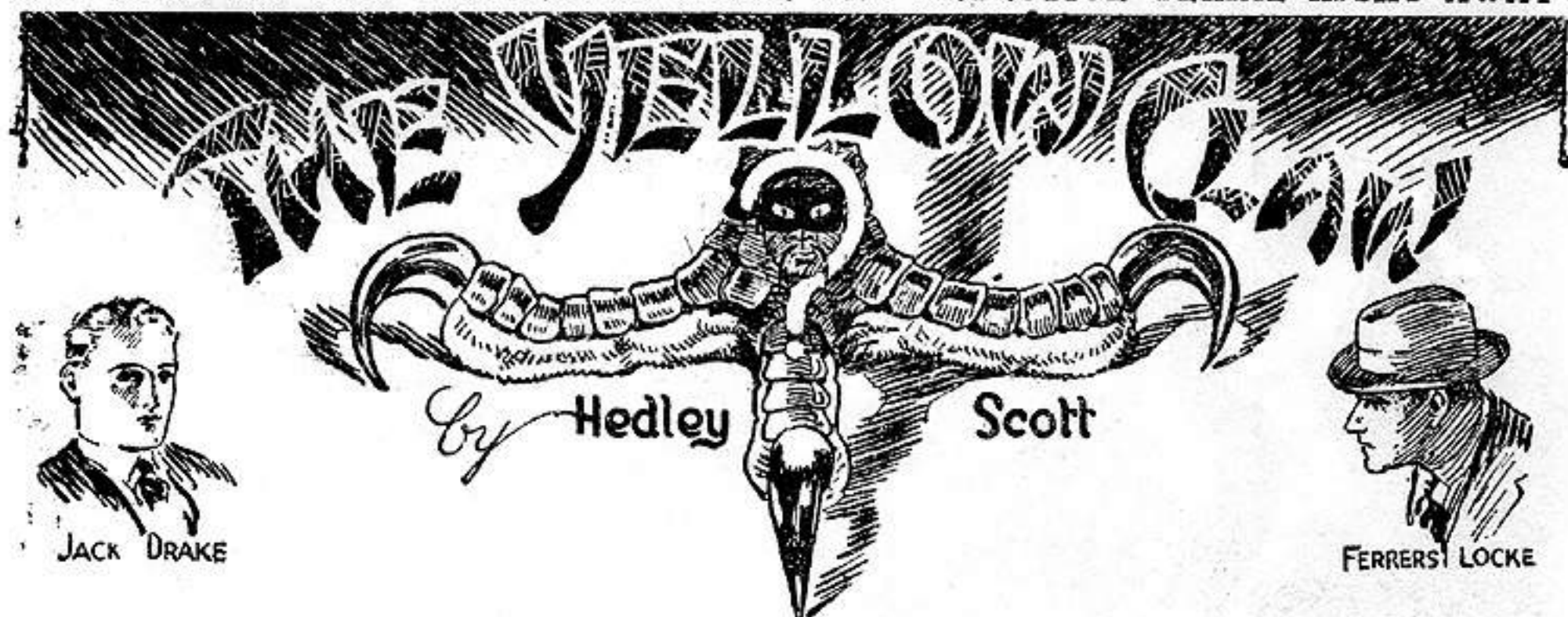
With Dr. Locke and Mr. Twigg back in their old places, law and order abided once more at the school. And none were better pleased than Dicky Nugent & Co., although they frankly admitted that they had had a "high old time" as The Rebels of the Second!

THE END.

(Don't miss "Fishy's Treasure!"—next Monday's ripping story of Harry Wharton & Co.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 840.

GET BUSY ON THIS WONDERFUL STAGE AND DETECTIVE SERIAL RIGHT AWAY!



The Warning Note!

"I SHALL be with you, Mr. Chaerton," Ferrers Locke said. "I shall be very near you. I have sworn to get the Yellow Claw, and I rather fancy that he will meet his fate before the tour draws to a conclusion. But don't expect to meet me as Ferrers Locke. Perhaps you had better make me a shareholder in your company. One of the backers—eh? Jimmy Blackwood, financier and millionaire. And my secretary, Harry Dorset."

The sleuth bowed mockingly in Pyecroft's direction, and Mark Chaerton started slightly in surprise.

"And so you are coming, too?" he asked. "Good! I shall be able to sleep in peace!"

Ferrers Locke turned on his heel, and again examined the sleeping servants.

"They will come to very shortly now," he said. "Their breathing is less stertorous. Just leave them alone until they awake, and then give them a stimulant, Mr. Chaerton. If you will excuse me I will retire. Inspector Pyecroft and I have a heavy day before us, and we want a good rest. By the way, Pyecroft, just put those handcuffs and the gag in your pocket, will you? They may come in handy at some future date."

"Oh, I should throw the things away!" said Chaerton, with a careless smile. "You detectives always store up a collection of trophies in the hope that they may prove useful in tracking your men later on. But how often are they of any use?"

"More often than you or anyone outside the Force are aware of," granted Pyecroft. "Many a man has been hanged for tying a knot after the style of this one securing your gag, for instance. No, Mr. Chaerton, we never throw things away!"

"Ah, well, you know your business better than I do!" smiled the playwright. "I will bid you good-night—or, rather, good-morning, for it has turned one o'clock. Again many thanks for coming to my rescue! You are sure I shall have no difficulty with these poor drugged fellows, Mr. Locke?"

"None at all," replied the sleuth. "They will awaken in the ordinary way, none the worse for their experience, I assure you."

The playwright bowed his visitors off the premises.

Once in the car, Pyecroft suffered himself to break rather a lengthy silence.

"Eccentric merchant, isn't he?" he remarked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the house.

in which Mark Chaerton lived. "Fancy a fellow having the cheek to roam around London dressed up to kill like he does—eh, Locke?"

"Yes, he's certainly eccentric and vastly interesting," rejoined the sleuth thoughtfully. "One moment he strikes me as being a weak-natured individual—timid and squeamish, you understand—and whilst I am shelving that opinion of him I am perforce obliged to haul it down again and begin all over again. For Mark Chaerton is a strong character at times. Those eyes of his one would never forget in a lifetime. Yes, he is eccentric—very!"

That was all the conversation Ferrers Locke permitted himself until, having reached his own chambers, he showed Pyecroft his room and bade him good-night.

For half an hour or so the celebrated detective, clad in a comfortable dressing-gown, and pulling contentedly at his favourite briar, sat before a dying fire in his sitting-room, examining the handcuffs and the gag which Pyecroft had brought away from Mark Chaerton's house. When, finally, he rose to his feet, there was an exultant gleam in his eye that would have prompted a host of inquiring remarks from Inspector Pyecroft, had he been present to observe it. For the handcuffs and the peculiar knot that had secured the gag both contained important clues!

"Change here for Blackpool!"

The raucous tones of the guard, mingled with the stentorian yells of the porters lining the platform, warned the members of the "Man and His Money" company who were travelling to Blackpool that the worst stage of their long journey had been completed.

A third of the London-Manchester express carried the company, two special trucks were piled high with the scenery and properties, whilst the luggage-vans were filled to their utmost capacity.

Seated in the corner of a first-class compartment were Mark Chaerton—still clad in his eccentric costume—John Huntingdon, Jack Drake, and two elderly looking gentlemen. One of these latter appeared to be a person of some importance, judging by the way Mark Chaerton addressed him, and the obsequious gestures of his companion strengthened the idea.

"We change here, Mr. Loc—er—I mean, Mr. Blackwood," smiled Mark Chaerton. "Straight run through to Blackpool."

"Good, good!" granted "Mr. Blackwood," who was none other than Ferrers

Locke. "Dorset, you will see to the baggage."

"Very good, sir!" replied Dorset—a name that concealed the real identity of Inspector Pyecroft, of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard. "Certainly, sir!"

Jack Drake, who had smiled slightly at the C.I.D. man's overdone respectfulness, quickly straightened his mobile features as John Huntingdon gazed at him.

"I seem to know that voice, Drake," he whispered. "But I've never met Mr. Blackwood's secretary before. Funny-looking chap, isn't he?"

"You're right there," replied Drake. "More like a shopwalker than a secretary."

The last remark was uttered in loud enough tones to reach the ears of Inspector Pyecroft. He paused in the act of taking an attaché-case from the rack, and bestowed a haughty glance in Drake's direction. Truth to tell, Pyecroft little relished the imposture he was carrying out; little relished, too, the prospect of wearing the uncomfortable grey wig and the large tortoiseshell glasses he was sporting for an indefinite period. Those circumstances were enough to ruffle the C.I.D. man's temper without the additional prospect of being the butt for all Drake's humour.

He had been conscious all the way from London that Ferrers Locke's assistant had found great amusement in staring at him and mentally "picking him to pieces." He could not tell Drake what he thought about him on account of the fact that John Huntingdon had not been let into the secret. To him Harry Dorset was Jimmy Blackwood's secretary and nothing more.

Muttering something uncomplimentary under his breath, Pyecroft hauled down the attaché-case from the luggage-rack and waited for his "master's" further orders.

The members of the company streamed on to the station platform and stretched their legs, not a few finding interest in the tall, elderly-looking gentleman who accompanied Mark Chaerton, and whom rumour had it was "Jimmy" Blackwood, the backer of the "show."

A murmur of relief went up when the porters announced that the train just steaming into the station was the "non-stop" to Blackpool. Bags were hastily collected together, and the company began to split into small groups. Added to the usual din to be heard at the majority of railway-stations was the yelling of a burly porter who, trundling a large trolley packed with jingling milk-urns, warned everyone of his approach.

Mark Chaerton, who was standing alongside Ferrers Locke, John Huntingdon, and Jack Drake, appeared to take no notice of the approach of the trolley. He leaned a little in Huntingdon's direction as if the better to catch what the actor was saying. And even as his shoulder brushed that of Huntingdon the iron hoop of the trolley struck him fair and square. He staggered wildly for a second, clutched at the empty air for support, and then lurched heavily against John Huntingdon. The principal lead was swept off his balance by the unexpectedness of the assault, and, to everyone's horror, was seen to miss his footing and pitch headlong over the edge of the platform to the rails below.

"Look!"

"Heavens! Stop the train!"

In an instant all was panic and commotion. The female members of the company shrieked, and covered their faces with their hands. The men stood almost paralysed in their helplessness. The porters shrieked to the driver of the train to put on his brakes, but it seemed hopeless to think that the train would come to a standstill in time.

And then the unexpected happened.

A tall figure—an elderly figure—suddenly leaped from the platform right in the path of the oncoming train. A hand flashed out and caught at Huntingdon's collar as he lay, half dazed, on the metal track. The anxious spectators of this little drama sent up a great cry of relief as the lead was dragged from his dangerous position to the "up" rail. And then the oncoming train, with a snorting of steam and a grinding of brakes, came to a standstill two yards past where Huntingdon had been lying a second or so before, hiding rescued and rescuer from view.

"Hurrah!"

Anxiety on the part of the people on the platform had given way to cheers and thankfulness. Mark Chaerton, wringing his hands, added his roar of applause to that of the crowd at the plucky action of the tall, elderly gentleman who had averted a tragedy.

And when it became known that the rescuer was none other than Mr. Blackwood, the backer of the show, the members of the company cheered until they were hoarse. They surged forward as "Jimmy" Blackwood, assisting Huntingdon, who was still dazed from his fall, over the rails, skirted the engine of the train, and breasted the platform. Willing hands went out to help him up. In a few seconds both the principals in the little drama were surrounded on the platform by a cheering crowd of men and women.

Mark Chaerton pushed his way through the throng and gripped the hand of the disguised detective warmly.

"I don't know how to thank you," he stammered agitatedly. "And you, John"—turning to Huntingdon—"I feel it hard to say what I feel. I trust you are not hurt?"

"Nothing to speak of," replied Huntingdon, with a smile. "A few bruises, that's all. Accidents will happen, you know. But, thanks to Mr. Blackwood, I'm safe and sound. Don't want an experience like that again," he added, with a shudder. "Thought my number was up."

"It was the fault of the porter wheeling that confounded milk-trolley!" went on Chaerton. "The fellow bumped into me."

"Oh, I don't think we need blame him," replied Huntingdon, with a smile. "I heard him yelling for us to get out of the way, right enough. Besides, the chap will get into trouble if we make a

fuss. Let's get into the train, Mr. Chaerton."

He turned and gripped the disguised sleuth by the hand, and commenced to pour forth his gratitude, but Ferrers Locke speedily put a stop to the outburst by good-naturedly thrusting Huntingdon into a carriage. In less than five minutes the express was well under way for Blackpool, and the incident of the fall on the rails was temporarily forgotten in the compartment shared by Chaerton, Huntingdon, Locke, Pycroft, and Jack Drake.

Nothing of further interest happened on that long journey until the company had disembarked at Blackpool. The station adjoining Talbot Street was packed with a noisy, happy throng of holiday makers. Suddenly John Huntingdon felt a touch on his arm, and, half turning, became aware of a cheeky-faced urchin who smiled up at him.

"You Mr. Huntingdon?"

"That is my name," replied the actor wonderingly.

"This is for you, sir," said the urchin, pushing an envelope in the lead's hand. "No, sir"—as Huntingdon made a gesture to detain him—"there's no reply."

Before Ferrers Locke or Huntingdon could catch the bearer of the envelope he had melted with the throng and was soon lost to view.

"Who the deuce can this be from?" muttered Huntingdon, as he halted beneath a lamp-post. "I don't know anyone in Blackpool."

"Better open it and see," suggested Ferrers Locke.

Huntingdon swiftly ran his thumb along the edge of the envelope, and drew

IN THE LIMELIGHT.

THE YELLOW CLAW, a mysterious and powerful organisation, that preys upon wealthy Englishmen.

SIR MALCOLM DUNDERFIELD, a successful City financier, whose family the Yellow Claw has threatened to wipe out.

JOHN HUNTINGDON, his nephew. An actor by profession, Huntingdon invariably fills the leading role in Mark Chaerton's plays.

FERRERS LOCKE, the famous detective, of Baker Street, who has been engaged by Sir Malcolm to bring the dreaded society to book.

JACK DRAKE, the sleuth's clever boy assistant, who is given a job as dresser to Huntingdon.

INSPECTOR PYECROFT, a Scotland Yard detective who has joined forces with Ferrers Locke.

MARK CHAERTON, a successful playwright, who has also been threatened by the Yellow Claw. He, too, seeks Ferrers Locke's services.

After many exciting adventures with the Yellow Claw and his numerous agents, Ferrers Locke and Inspector Pycroft hasten to Mark Chaerton's house in response to a frantic telephone message from the playwright himself. On their arrival they discover that Chaerton is chained to his chair, whilst around him, deep in slumber, are the servants of the house. It transpires that the Yellow Claw has visited the playwright, drugged his servants, and robbed Chaerton himself of ten thousand pounds. The playwright is set free, and seems frightfully anxious to know whether Ferrers Locke intends to travel with the theatrical company on their tour. "You will be near me," he says, "for I fear that the next sortle of the Yellow Claw will end more disastrously for me."

(Now read on.)

to light a single sheet of notepaper. One glance at the piece of notepaper was enough to bring a gasp of horror to his lips, and a whistle of amazement from Ferrers Locke. For there was no mistaking now from whom the missive came. A large yellow transfer of a sinister-looking claw was evidence enough.

Ferrers Locke, who was about to make some remark, stifled the impulse, remembering that, to John Huntingdon, he was simply Mr. James Blackwood.

"The Yellow Claw!" exclaimed Huntingdon faintly. "Before to-morrow night!"

"What's that?" queried Mark Chaerton, who had caught up with Huntingdon and his companion. "Yellow Claw—to-morrow night!"

"Read this!" gasped the actor, holding out the sheet of notepaper he had so strangely received.

"Take warning, John Huntingdon. Put your affairs in order. You will never perform at the Royalty Theatre, Blackpool, to-morrow night. Your death will overtake you before twenty-four hours have elapsed."

"THE YELLOW CLAW."

The Financier From Wall Street!

MARK CHAERTON shuddered as he concluded his reading of the note, and turned an appealing glance in Ferrers Locke's direction.

"What are we to do?" he inquired, wringing his lean hands. "Do you think they are in earnest?"

"It sounds extremely like it," replied the disguised sleuth. "But we must take precautions, Mr. Chaerton."

John Huntingdon pricked up his ears. It was the first time he had heard James Blackwood address Chaerton as "Mr."

"But what about Mr. Ferrers Locke?" demanded the actor. "Isn't he supposed to be following up this case? Where is he?"

Mark Chaerton's jaw dropped, and he was about to speak when the pseudo James Blackwood intervened.

"Ferrers Locke is by your side, Mr. Huntingdon," he said in his natural voice.

"What!" exclaimed Huntingdon, looking round.

"I repeat, he is by your side."

"Where?"

"Here. I am Ferrers Locke," whispered the sleuth. "I will explain."

"Good heavens!" gasped the actor, in astonishment. "I don't understand. You Ferrers Locke?"

"It was necessary for me to travel in disguise," went on the sleuth quietly. "It would not suit my plans for the Yellow Claw Society to know that I was travelling with the company. Much as I disliked the deception, I thought it best to keep you in ignorance as to my identity. But now, this latest move of the society calls for prompt action and frankness on my part. You need not feel alarmed, Mr. Huntingdon. I will vouch for your safety. This is the commencement of the campaign against your uncle. He has told you of the amiable intentions of the society."

"To wipe out the whole family, you mean?" queried Huntingdon.

"Exactly. You are entered on their list as the first victim. But rest assured, Mr. Huntingdon, they will never be able to mark a black cross against the entry. I'll wager my reputation on that!"

"Well, that's a comfort, at any rate," smiled Huntingdon. "I must confess

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that I have not hitherto paid much attention to the threats of the Yellow Claw. But now that I have received such a communication from them I am beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable. I must place myself in your hands, Mr. Locke," he added simply.

"You will not regret it," was the swift reply.

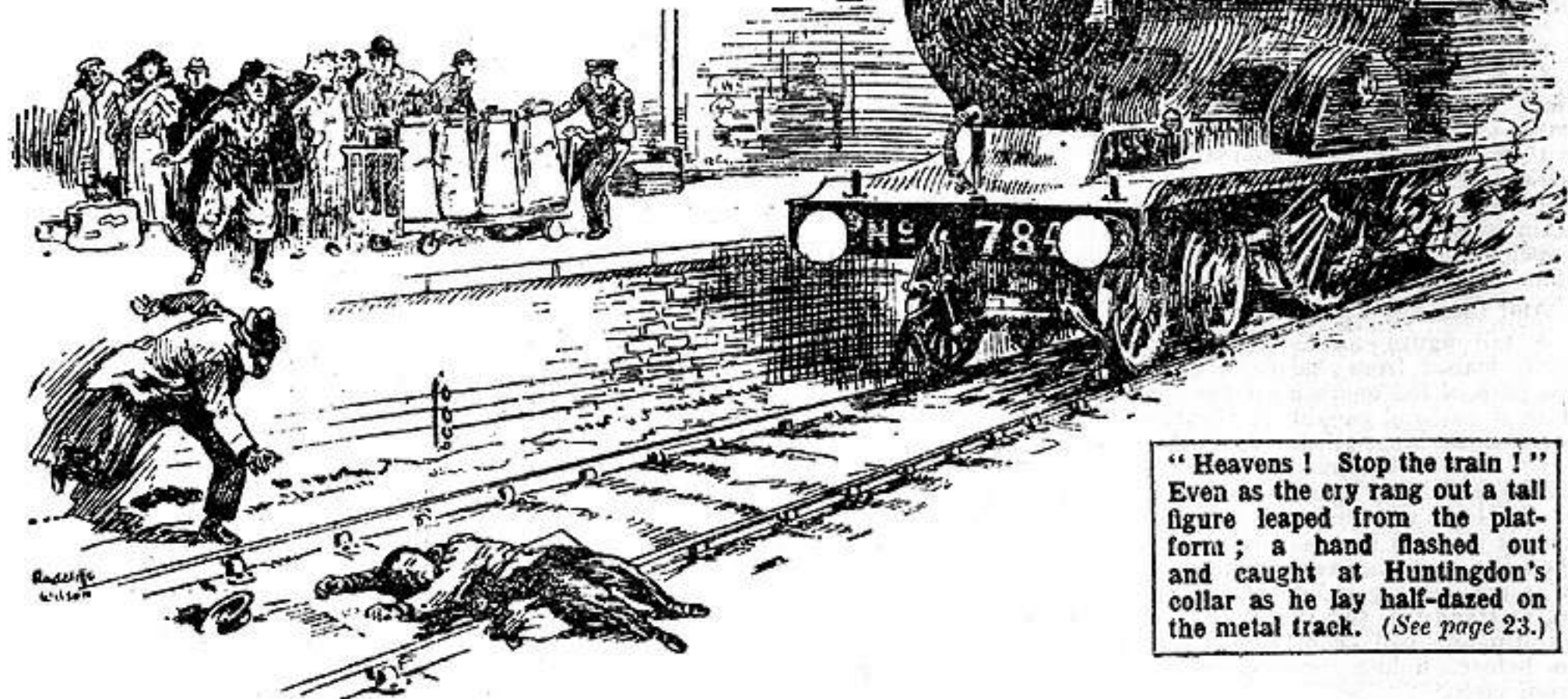
"They call Mr. Locke 'the man who has never lost a case,'" said Mark Chaerton, with a peculiar smile.

"And he's not going to lose that reputation over the Yellow Claw," chimed in Jack Drake stoutly. "You

With a light laugh Ferrers Locke turned to John Huntingdon.

"Allow me to present my secretary in a new guise," he said. "I believe you have met Inspector Pyecroft, of the Yard, before?"

"Well, I'm blest! I thought I recognised his voice!" exclaimed Huntingdon, shaking Pyecroft by the hand. "Much better to know who you are dealing with, isn't it, inspector?"



"Heavens! Stop the train!" Even as the cry rang out a tall figure leaped from the platform; a hand flashed out and caught at Huntingdon's collar as he lay half-dazed on the metal track. (See page 23.)

rely on the gov'nor, Mr. Huntingdon, and you'll be O.K."

"Well, what's the programme?" inquired Mark Chaerton, turning to the sleuth. "What are you going to do?"

"If you wouldn't mind, Mr. Chaerton," returned the sleuth, "I would like to keep that to myself for the time being. But I promise you this. Mr. Huntingdon will play at the Royalty to-morrow night."

"Very well, then. I am going to my hotel. Shall see you all in the morning. You are staying at the Criterion, John?" Huntingdon nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Chaerton, would you cash a cheque for me? I dashed away this morning without calling at the bank. Too late now to change a cheque in Blackpool."

"Certainly!" replied Chaerton, drawing out his pocket-wallet. "How much?"

He extracted a bundle of ten-pound notes and dangled them temptingly before Huntingdon's eyes.

"Twenty would see me through," said Huntingdon, with a laugh. "You look as if you've got a few hundred there."

He scrawled his signature to a cheque for the equivalent amount and pocketed the two crisp "tenners." With a laughing remark, Chaerton took his leave of the party, and, chartering a taxicab, was whirled away to his hotel.

Ferrers Locke and his "secretary," together with Huntingdon and Drake, entered another cab, and were driven to the Criterion. On the way Locke felt Pyecroft nudge him in the ribs.

"Here," whispered the C.I.D. man, "you haven't told Huntingdon who I am! I'm fed-up with this secretary business!"

"Every time!" granted the C.I.D. man. "I'm fed-up with this blooming imposture!"

"But we must keep it up," said Locke. "We don't know how many spies the society has in Blackpool. It's much safer for us to be accepted as ordinary individuals than for it to be broadcast that two detectives are following the company about on tour. Amongst our own little circle, Pyecroft, we need not be so cautious. But in public we must remain respectively Jimmy Blackwood and Harry Dorset."

With a grunt of disgust Inspector Pyecroft subsided into silence. And when, some few moments later, Ferrers Locke booked his room at the Criterion in the name of James Blackwood, the C.I.D. man followed up with a signature of Harry Dorset.

The sleuth had taken care to engage a room directly next to John Huntingdon. And the room the other side of the actor's apartment was occupied by Inspector Pyecroft.

"I think we shall be able to ward off any attempts that might be made in the hotel by the society," smiled Ferrers Locke as, seated in the comfortable lounge a few minutes later, he puffed contentedly at his briar.

"There's enough of us, at any rate," smiled Huntingdon, settling himself in the cushions of a roomy armchair. "Eh, Dorset?"

Dorset nodded.

"Just about," he said laconically.

"By the way," said Ferrers Locke, "would you care to let me have the two ten-pound notes Chaerton gave you, Huntingdon. I've got a devil of a lot of single pound notes that I want to change."

"Why, certainly!" agreed the actor.

"As a matter of fact, I was going to change them at the desk."

"Well, I'll save you the trouble."

The two ten-pound notes changed hands, and Ferrers Locke folded them carefully and placed them in his wallet.

"And now, Huntingdon, I want your permission to put into practice the plan I have mapped out, and which I think we ought to follow during our stay at the hotel," said the detective.

"I am in your hands," remarked Huntingdon simply. "Whatever you think best I will endeavour to comply with. Proceed!"

"Very well," went on the sleuth quietly. "You are to sleep in my room to-night and I shall take over your room. But not a word to anyone of the exchange, you understand?"

To say that Huntingdon was surprised is to say little, but he was actor enough to conceal any outward signs of the astonishment he felt. He nodded.

"I understand, Mr.—er—Blackwood," he replied. "And I appreciate your offer and all it means. I would make domur to such a proposal—for I can see where your plan of campaign is taking you—but that I have already promised to place myself in your hands."

"Nobly said," remarked Ferrers Locke. "If any attempt—and I rather fancy that there will be one—is made on your life to-night, the would-be assassin will work under cover of darkness—after lights out, as it were. I shall be ready for him, more prepared for any campaign of action he might employ than you would be, Huntingdon, for I know something of the society's methods."

"I understand," said Huntingdon.

"Hence the change of rooms—eh?"

"Exactly."

"But may I not assist? May I not be

in at the death?" asked the actor eagerly.

"You must not be too eager to assume that there will be a death," smiled the sleuth. "The society's agents are slippery scoundrels. Should I need any assistance, however, I will rap on your wall. You in turn must then awaken—er—Dorset."

"I follow."

"Well, gentlemen," said the sleuth, reluctantly rising from his comfortable armchair, "I must ask you to excuse me. I have one or two preparations to make. You will not leave Huntingdon until Drake returns from the theatre, will you—er—Dorset?"

"Rely on me!" granted the disguised C.I.D. man.

As Ferrers Locke moved off, with a well-assumed elderly stoop, a gentleman sitting a few yards away lowered his paper and gazed after the sleuth's retreating figure until it was lost to sight. Finally, this gentleman rose to his feet and crossed over to Huntingdon and his companion.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he began, with a disarming smile, "but I see you are friends of Mr. James Blackwood. I myself am very desirous of making his acquaintance, and I was wondering whether one of you would be good enough to effect an introduction for me."

"H'm!" granted the C.I.D. man, submitting the newcomer to a piercing scrutiny, and not being at all satisfied with what he saw.

Huntingdon made an expressive gesture in his companion's direction which the newcomer was quick to note.

"This is Mr. Blackwood's secretary," he said. "You had better talk with him."

"Indeed!" was the reply. "Then I will introduce myself. My name is Phillips—Ezra B. Phillips—from—"

"New York?" interrupted the C.I.D. man, who had quickly spotted the fellow's American accent.

"Sure thing!" smiled the other. "I am a Wall Street financier."

"Hum!" granted the inspector, as he gazed at the card the American handed him. "You want to meet Mr. Blackwood, do you? Well, my gov'nor is a busy man, and—"

"I understand," smiled Phillips. "But you will do your best for me—eh?"

"I'll do my best, yes," was the answer.

The American, with a few parting words, took his departure. When he had vacated the lounge the C.I.D. man turned to Huntingdon.

"What do you make of that fellow?" he asked.

"Don't like the look of him, if that's anything to go by," returned Huntingdon. "Greasy type of individual."

"That's what I was thinking," said Pyecroft. "I'm going to find out a few things about him—where he's sleeping in this hotel."

"You don't think he's anything to do with the Yellow Claw, do you?" asked the actor nervously.

"One never knows," said the C.I.D. man significantly. "I'm going to keep my eyes on him, at any rate. Come on!"

He sauntered into the vestibule of the hotel in company with Huntingdon, and was very soon in conversation with the man at the desk. Eventually the name of the American was mentioned, and the hotel clerk began to wax confidential.

"We don't trust him, sir," he said. "That's between you and me, of course. He came here yesterday with a deuce of a lot of bouncie, but the guests in the hotel won't have anything to do with

him. Looks like a card-sharper to me."

"What floor is he on?" queried Pyecroft.

"Same as yourself, sir!"

For a moment the inspector's eyes gleamed, and Huntingdon, at his side, trembled slightly.

"What room, may I ask?" was the inspector's next question.

"No. 43—next door to Mr. Blackwood," said the clerk.

Pyecroft glanced at his watch to hide the peculiar gleam that came into his eyes, whilst Huntingdon turned his head. Both had jumped to the same conclusion—namely, that the man calling himself Ezra B. Phillips was an agent of the Yellow Claw.

"Time we turned in!" suddenly ejaculated Huntingdon. "I feel fagged out after the journey."

"Same here," agreed Pyecroft.

He turned on his heel, after having exchanged compliments with the clerk in the desk, and, with the actor by his side, mounted the wide staircase that served the numerous floors of the hotel. Once out of earshot of the residents moving about the vestibule below, Pyecroft gripped his companion by the arm.

"We've hit on it!" he muttered.

"That chap Phillips is the one we've got to steer clear of. Reckon I'll slip in and give Locke the tip."

He tapped on the door of the room that had been booked in Huntingdon's name, and an elderly, quavering voice bade him enter. The inspector and his companion crossed the threshold and stared in amazement at the sight which met their gaze. For the pseudo Mr. Blackwood was standing before a mirror with a peculiar-looking helmet enveloping his face and head—a helmet that resembled the much abused gas-mask used in the Great War.

Under Cover of
Darkness!

"G R E A T
Scotland
Yard!"

exclaimed
Pyecroft. "What on
earth have you got
there?"

"Just close the
door, and I will ex-
plain," replied the
sleuth, taking the
helmet from his
head.

The C.I.D. man
did as he was bid.

"You should
know what this
apparatus means,"
said Locke, wag-
ging an admonish-
ing finger at the
inspector. "For

had you been wear-
ing it at a certain
time you would not
have been put to
sleep by the Yellow
Claw."

"I've got you!"
granted the inspec-
tor. "A gas-mask.
You think the
society's agent told
off to kill Hunting-
don will make cer-
tain of an easy prey
by first rendering
his victim uncon-
scious?"

"That is what I'm banking on," re-
turned the private detective. "If I am
wrong—well, what matters?"

"Shouldn't fancy wearing a blessed
gas-mask all night," granted Pyecroft.
"But, look here, I've a notion that the
fellow occupying the room next to the
one you booked for yourself is an agent
of the Yellow Claw."

"You surprise me," said the detective
dryly. "You refer to a gentleman with
an American accent rejoicing in the
name of Ezra B. Phillips, I presume?"

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed Pye-
croft. "How did you know?"

"I never stay at an hotel without
knowing who occupies the rooms to right
and left of mine," said Locke, with a
smile. "In this case, I knew who had
taken the room on the left of mine—our
friend Huntingdon here. And the name
of the person occupying the apartment
on the other side of mine was written
large enough for anyone to see in the
register."

"I didn't see it!" grunted Pyecroft.
"Anyway, he wants me to effect an
introduction to Mr. James Blackwood.
Shady cove, this American—Mr.—er—
Blackwood."

"I should think so too, by the look of
him," returned Locke quietly. "But are
you not jumping to conclusions in
assuming that he is an agent of the
Yellow Claw?"

"Maybe I am," grunted the inspector.
"Anyway, he's near enough to our friend
here to do some damage. And, now that
you have changed rooms with Hunting-
don yourself, this chap Phillips will be
sleeping in the room next him—instead
of next to you."

"But you must not attach any import-
ance to the fact that Phillips occupies a

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room so near our own apartments," said Locke. "That is only a coincidence."

"How so?" asked the C.I.D. man.

"Well, in the first place Phillips arrived at this hotel yesterday, did he not? How was he to know then that we should occupy rooms on this floor? We ourselves could have fixed our apartments on any floor, for the hotel is by no means full. You follow?"

"I'd completely overlooked that fact," grunted the inspector. "Of course, it smashes my theory straight away."

"Practically," agreed Ferrers Locke. "But, all the same, old man, you are quite right in diagnosing him as a scoundrel, for he has it written all over his face. Wonder why he's so keen to make the acquaintance of Mr. James Blackwood?"

"Maybe he's a confidence trickster," put in Huntingdon. "They usually suck up to millionaires, don't they?"

"Something in that," admitted the private detective. "However, I'm not worrying about Mr. Ezra B. Phillips. I don't see any agent of the Yellow Claw in him. Now, gentlemen, I think we had better turn in—it's getting on for midnight."

"I shall sleep with one eye open," said Pyecroft. "I have a premonition that something is going to happen to-night, Mr.—er—Blackwood."

"I don't like the idea of leaving our friend to face all the risk," remarked Huntingdon. "Can't we all sleep in the same room?"

"No, that would not do," said Locke firmly. "You must turn in, Huntingdon, and forget that there is such a society as the Yellow Claw. You leave things to me. It's my business to meet danger and to overcome it. Good-night!"

Pyecroft and Huntingdon vacated the room and took themselves off to their own apartments. Ferrers Locke adjusted his peculiar-looking gas-mask and got between the sheets. But he did not sleep. For over an hour he lay listening to the shrieking of the wind as it whistled over the roof-tops, and for any other sound that came from within the hotel itself.

"FOOTBALLERS' NAMES" CONTEST RESULT!

(Continued from page 2.)

THE CORRECT SOLUTION IS AS
FOLLOWS:

Set 1.	Set 2.
1. Ball	7. Penn
2. Featherstone	8. Broad
3. Palmer	9. Barnes
4. Pearson	10. Harper
5. Peacock	11. Hogg
6. Mills	12. Legge
Set 3.	Set 4.
13. Sewell	19. Archibald
14. Lockhead	20. (Cancelled)
15. Potts	21. Weaver
16. Winship	22. Heap
17. Nash	23. Lacey
18. Page	24. Bird
Set 5.	Set 6.
25. Hart	31. Spiers
26. Burnham	32. M'Cluggage
27. Wood	33. Poole
28. Cotton	34. Kidd
29. Walker	35. (Cancelled)
30. Wright	36. Hill
Set 7.	Set 8.
37. Bainbridge	43. Plum
38. Handley	44. Middleton
39. Fowler	45. Ford
40. Marsh	46. Duckett
41. Brittan	47. Baker
42. Woodhouse	48. Maitland

NOTE: In certain of the printed lists of names there occurred misprints which affected pictures Nos. 20 and 35, and these two items were therefore disregarded in the adjudication.

The clock in the town was just striking the hour of one when the sleuth sat bolt upright in bed. He had heard a slight sound—a scratching movement on the window of his room.

Immediately every muscle of his body tautened, every nerve was tuned to its utmost.

Scratch, scratch!

Ferrers Locke had not been mistaken. The sounds were louder now. Someone was standing on the iron fire-escape that adjoined the outside wall of his apartment.

With something that resembled a grim chuckle falling from his lips, the sleuth silently lay down again and pulled the bed-clothes round his head in an endeavour to conceal the ugly-looking gas-mask he wore. Then he waited. Suddenly he felt a cold draught of air fan his forehead, and instinctively he knew that a hole of some sort had been cut in the window-pane.

"Now the fun starts," was his mental comment.

For the next five minutes the only sound that reached his ears was a hissing noise that resembled a soda-water siphon in action. But the sleuth placed a different construction on the noise that proceeded from the direction of the window. He was being gassed, or, rather, the room was being filled with gas. Of that he felt certain. He commended himself on his foresight in taking precautionary measures, for the gas-mask did not permit of any of the noxious vapour entering his lungs.

He waited expectantly.

Now there came to his ears another sound—the sound of a catch being forced back. Followed a slight creaking as the window of his room was stealthily raised, and then a silhouetted figure loomed large against the white curtaining.

It was impossible for the sleuth to distinguish the features of the newcomer on account of the stygian darkness, and it did not suit his plans to switch on the pocket torch he gripped tightly in his hand.

The intruder came nearer the bed. He stood over what he fondly imagined to be the unconscious figure of his victim, and chuckled—a grim, sinister chuckle that sent a shiver down Ferrers Locke's spine.

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Suddenly something glittered in his hand. It travelled aloft, and a beam of light that flickered in from the window danced and swayed upon a polished surface. That one glimmer of light told Locke that a long-bladed knife was poised aloft, preparatory to being plunged into his breast. And with the revelation came action.

Without a word he leaped from the bed and closed with his would-be murderer. A subdued exclamation of surprise escaped the intruder as he felt a hand grip his throat, whilst another fastened on the wrist that held the knife aloft.

His surprise, however, only robbed him of power of action for a fleeting second. The next, and he was fighting like a she cat, scratching, punching, kicking—anything to escape from the gradually increased pressure on his windpipe.

Ferrers Locke felt himself reel against the savagery of the other's attack, felt a talon-like set of fingers claw at the hand which he had fastened round the man's throat, felt it torn away, and again became aware of its searching for his own throat.

Round and round the room the two men tramped and struggled, their hissing breath and the slight scuffling of their feet the only sounds to denote that they were fighting for their lives. Not a word had escaped either of them; all their breath was needed in the grim struggle for mastery.

Ferrers Locke tried to work his way over to the switch, with the idea of turning on the light and so revealing the features of his assailant. But the other instinctively sensed his object, and fought desperately to avoid such an exposure.

"No, no!" he hissed. "You will not unmask the Yellow Claw so easily!"

As Ferrers Locke realised he was fighting with the chief of the dreaded society himself he attacked with redoubled vigour. But the pair were evenly matched, and little advantage rested with either of them.

As they fought in that comparatively small space a crescent moon beamed out from behind a watery cloud that had obscured it, and Locke's assailant saw that the detective was masked. Now he knew how it was that the overpowering gas he had pumped into the room had failed to render his victim unconscious. As understanding came to him Locke squirmed round, and this time the light from the moon shone on the head of his assailant. He, too, wore a mask—a heavy crepe mask. And there was a peculiar-looking pad of some sort fixed beneath his nostrils.

The detective had time to see that much and no more. Of the features themselves that were not covered by the mask he saw nothing to help him to identify the Yellow Claw.

But the pad he wore beneath his nose gave Locke an idea. It was evidently a precaution against the gas that had been pumped into the room. Although the window was wide open and a cold draught was blowing in, the sleuth reckoned that there was still enough gas left in the apartment to render his assailant dazed did he but inhale sufficient of it. He fought fiercely, therefore, to wrench the pad from the man's nose.

(Don't miss next Monday's powerful instalment of this grand stage and detective serial, boys—it's great!)



"FISHY'S TREASURE!"

By Frank Richards.

FISHER TARLETON FISH makes a rattling discovery in next week's amazing Greyfriars yarn. The vision that comes to him is sensational. You can't call it anything else. Fishy finds that people are keen on cash. Curiouser and curiouser, he realises that he wants money himself. Hence the extra power whirring of the wheels in Fishy's mighty brain. He hits on a wondrous scheme for raising the wind and giving the other fellows a chance. His stunt is worked round a ten-pound note, which is not mythical. It exists, this crinkling, crisp, even tenner, and Fish sets the business going by concealing the useful scrap of paper. He who hides can find, of course, but this time the plan of the American fellow has no blemishes on it at all. On the face of it, the new money-making wheeze which the Transatlantic junior has originated looks like a beaming bit of bona-fide benevolence. There is a chance for everybody.

TEN LITTLE QUIDS!

Mind you get all the points of next Monday's treat! You may tumble on useful hints. A similar competition might come your way, and nobody knows until experience has taught the lesson how good a thing it is to know the ropes. Then you don't trip up and come a disastrous cropper at the critical juncture. MAGNET readers all over the world will find pleasure undiluted in this new yarn. It is Frank Richards at his toppingest, and it brings in Bunter, for the fat and funny freak plays a weirdly important part in the complications which ensue. Little did the porpoise know what he was doing when he performed a certain action. Little does Bunter think at any time. But, enough! Let us not go into that matter, even if it has been suggested that the Owl's new telegraphic address is to run: "Intellect, Limited." It is more to the point to pay a tribute to the all-round splendour of Fishy's scheme. The fellow meant well. Good intentions—with a side thought for himself—oozed out of him. But for all his philanthropy he came slap on to the unexpected. The climax of "Fishy's Treasure" beats the band. So keep yourself ready for a big surprise on Monday next.

"THE YELLOW CLAW!"

By Hedley Scott.

There will be an intensely exciting instalment of our serial in the next issue. Ferrers Locke is on the track of as tricky a leader of a knot of scoundrels as he ever trailed. The famous detective has a great role to play, akin to that of Nemesis, the lady who directed affairs in the punishment department in the ancient days.

A BIRTHDAY NUMBER!

By Harry Wharton & Co.

This supplement will evoke roars of laughter. It deals with natal days in general, and touches on the most appropriate method of celebrating such chirpy anniversaries when kind-minded relatives gather round with parcels galore, and hampers arrive by every delivery. But the new number of the "Greyfriars Herald" does more than raise the hearty, health-giving laugh. It offers sage counsel. Herein we find the reason for the success of the cheery "G.H." for it always blends massive wisdom with mirth.

"THE SECRET OF RICHARDSON'S FIND!"

A gripping yarn this of the gold mines and of peril, and a picture of the life of the New Zealand Mounted Police. It is good stuff, if you like.

OVER 1,690 SPLENDID PRIZES!

On page 2 of this issue will be found the names of the prizewinners in our Grand "Footballers' Names" Competition. Such a number of magnificent prizes—amongst which are forty-five Motor-cycles—forms a record in the history of MAGNET competitions.

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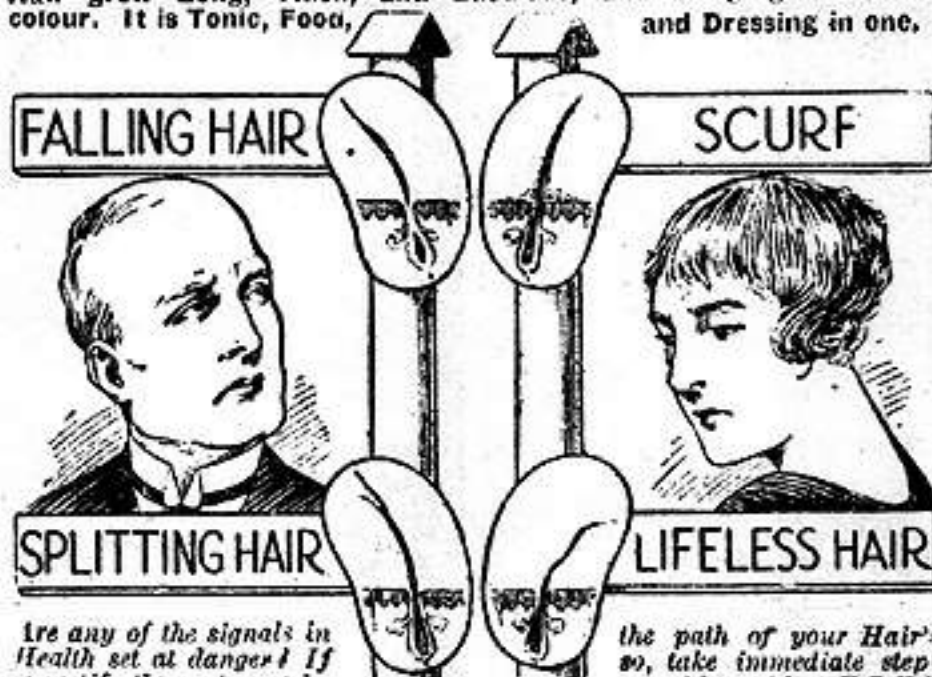
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