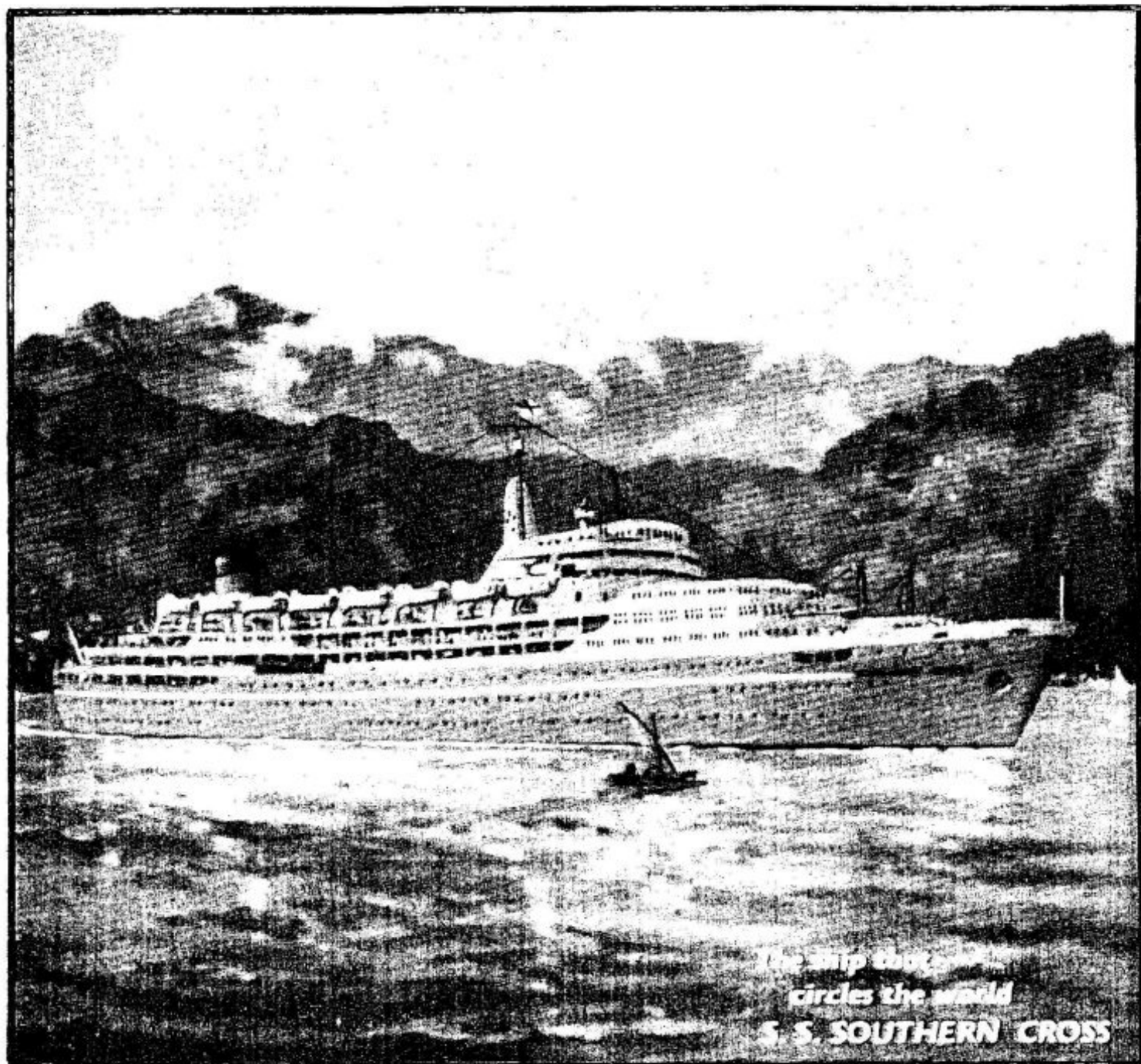


36 PAGES — PACKED WITH ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOYS OF ALL AGES!

**THE SILVER JACKET**  
VOL 3 **1** N° 20  
THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.



The ship that circles the world  
S.S. SOUTHERN CROSS

THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

# The Barring-out at Carcroft!

By FRANK  
RICHARDS



..... THIS IS THE  
**THIRD INSTALMENT**  
OF OUR EXCITING SERIAL

## CHAPTER I IN REBELLION!

"ROGER'S coming!"

"Oh!"

There was a buzz of excited voices in the Burrow—the junior room at Carcroft School. The Carcroft Fourth Form were all gathered there. The dinner bell was ringing: but no fellow in the Carcroft Fourth gave heed to it. Even Turkey Tuck, to whose fat ears the sound of a bell summoning to a meal was as the music of the spheres, did not hear the clang. For once, if for only once in his fat career, Turkey Tuck was not thinking of a meal at meal-time.

Other matters were on Turkey's fat mind, matters that outweighed even meals!

Even Turkey forgot dinner-time, and forgot to wonder what there was for dinner in hall, with the "sack" impending over his fat head!

Excited voices in the Burrow died down as a well-known tread was heard in the passage without. Roger Ducas, master of the Fourth, was coming—to find his form in a state of rebellion!

"He's coming!" murmured Bob Drake.

Vane-Carter laughed.

"Let him come!" he answered. "We've told the prefects where they get off. Now we'll tell Roger."

"Don't cheek Roger, V.C.," said Harry Compton quietly. "We're standing by that fat ass Turkey, but a beak is a beak—"

"Cheek won't help," said Dick Lee.

Vane-Carter laughed again. At the best of times, the scapegrace of Carcroft did not find it easy to respect authority. More than once, V.C. had made close acquaintance with Mr. Ducas's cane for that reason. But with a barring-out in progress, V.C. saw no cause whatever for restraint. He was going to let himself go when the master of the Fourth arrived at that locked door.

"Yaas, draw it mild, V.C.," said Lord Talboys. "We're all backin' up that born idiot Turkey, but there's such a thing as manners."

"Turkey!" called out Harry Compton.

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey, blinking at the captain of the Fourth. "I say, don't let Roger in! You fellows stand by me. I say—"

"We're standing by you, fat-head," said Harry. "Nobody here

believes that you pilfered that bank note from Roger's study and that's what you're sacked for. But what did you do with it?"

Turkey gave an angry yelp.

"Haven't I told you that I hid it in a book in his study to give him a hunt for it? I've told you lots of times."

Knock! Knuckles rapped on the outside of the door. The master of the Fourth had arrived. Many faces in the Burrow grew serious. Roger Ducas was a somewhat awe-inspiring gentleman. In his form he was accustomed to say "do this," and he doeth it! Many hearts beat faster at the idea of standing up to Roger in rebellion. Most of the juniors were glad that there was a locked door between! But if other fellows looked, and felt, serious, Vane-Carter, at least, was enjoying the situation. V.C. was a rebel nature, and concern for the hapless Turkey probably weighed much less with him than the enjoyment of a tremendous "row."

"Boys!" came a deep voice.

"Yes, sir!" called back Harry Compton.

"Compton! Langley tells me that Tuck, who has been sentenced to

expulsion by his headmaster, is here in this room—"

"I say, don't tell him I'm here!" squeaked Turkey Tuck. "Tell him I'm up in the dormitory, or—or down in the cellars—or—or—"

"Tuck is here, sir!" answered Harry, unheeding the alarmed Turkey.

"And we're keeping him here!" added Vane-Carter.

"Unlock this door immediately!" boomed Roger.

"I don't think!" chuckled Vane-Carter.

"Shut up, V.C.," exclaimed Drummond. "Let Compton do the talking—he's form-captain."

"Will you listen to me, sir?" asked Harry. He spoke in his most respectful tone. The Carcroft Co. were as resolute as V.C., but they did not share his delight in a shindy. "Turkey's got a memory like a sieve, and he can't remember what he did with the banknote he played silly tricks with in your study—"

"I tell you I stuck it in a book!" yelled Turkey.

"Shut up, Turkey!" rapped Lee.

"But we all know, sir," went on Harry, "that that banknote's only lost, and Turkey never pinched it. If you'd speak to Dr. Whaddon, sir, and ask him to give time for the banknote to be found—"

"That is enough! Open this door at once."

"Rats!" from Vane-Carter.

"What? What? What is that?" gasped Roger Ducas outside the door. "What did you say?"

"Getting deaf, old bean?" asked Vane-Carter. "I said rats—R for Roger, A for Ass, T for Tartar and S for Shut-up-and-don't-talk-rot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Upon my word! That is Vane-Carter speaking! Vane-Carter, you will be reported to your headmaster for a flogging for this insolence."

"Rot!" said Vane-Carter cheerfully.

"Did—did—did you say rot, Vane-Carter?" It was quite a gasp from Roger. He seemed unable to believe his ears. This was, in fact, quite a new style of talk from the Fourth to the Fourth Form master.

"Getting deaf again?" inquired Vane-Carter. "I said Rot—R for Roger, O for Old, T for Tartar!"

"Shut up, V.C., you cheeky ass!" gasped Bob Drake, laughing in spite of himself, while there was a breathless chuckle from the crowd of juniors.

Roger, outside the door, breathed very hard.

"Compton!" he almost roared.

"Yes, sir!"

"I order you to open this door."

"Sorry, sir—!"

"Open it at once."

"Is Turkey to be sent home, sir?"

"Tuck is to be sent home immediately, Compton."

"Then we can't open the door, sir! We're not letting him go."

"Are you in your senses, Compton?" gasped Roger.

"I hope so, sir."

"Are you, Roger?" asked Vane-Carter.

"Upon my word! Am I to understand that my form is in a state of rebellion, refusing to obey my commands?" exclaimed Mr. Ducas. Roger seemed to find that hard to assimilate.

"Just that, old boy," said Vane-Carter. "Chew on it."

"We're standing by Turkey, sir."

"That will do, Compton! Every boy present will be severely punished for this. As you refuse to open the door, I shall send a pre-

gest "row" that had ever occurred in the history of the old school.

## CHAPTER II

### THE FIRST ROUND!

LANGLEY of the Sixth, captain of Carcroft, came out of the House and walked round to the window of the Burrow. He was not looking pleased. Clambering in at a window like a mischievous fag was not in accord with the dignity of so great a man as the Head Prefect of Carcroft School. Moreover, all Carcroft, with the exception of the Fourth Form, was now at dinner in hall; and Langley would have preferred to be in his place at the high table where the prefects sat in state, eating his dinner. However, he could not refuse a form-master's request, and undoubtedly it was a prefect's duty to keep order among the juniors. Also, it was judicious

### WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE . . .

Expelled! Turkey Tuck, the Carcroft fat boy, discovered after "monkeying" with a banknote belonging to his form master, was taken before the head of Carcroft, Dr. Whaddon. The banknote had mysteriously disappeared, and with the finger of suspicion pointing at Turkey, he had been instructed to pack his bags and depart from the school. Despite the words of comfort from his friends of the Fourth, there seemed no hope for the sorrowful fat boy. The money had vanished, and although he didn't steal it, he had been blamed for its ultimate disappearance.

Now events have taken a dramatic turn. Dudley Vane-Carter, the Carcroft bad hat, has declared coolly that his fat friend will not leave the school until the banknote turns up. Hiding the old fat man in the attics away from the prefects, he insists that the Fourth resist all attempts of the "beaks" to force Turkey to leave Carcroft. Suddenly their minds are made up for them, as the fat boy, flushed from his hiding place in the attics, comes scampering for the Fourth Form burrow. Right now the rebellious form is waiting breathlessly for the ominous footsteps of Roger Ducas, behind locked doors.

### NOW READ ON.

fect to enter by way of the window and open it!"

With that, Roger was heard to rustle away. The juniors did not need telling that he went in a state of towering wrath. Vane-Carter grinned round at the crowd.

"It's jolly old war now," he said. "Who cares?"

"Wait till Langley or Gates hops in at the window!" sneered Levett.

"They won't hop in in a hurry," said Vane-Carter. "Back up, you men—all hands on deck to repel boarders!"

Vane-Carter cut across to the big window on the quad. Harry Compton and Co. followed him, and a crowd of the Fourth. It was, as V.C. said, war now—and the first round in the tussle was coming. Turkey Tuck, the most inconsiderable member of the Carcroft community, was the cause of the big-

to get the affair through while the school were at dinner; much better than carrying out such operations under the eyes of a staring crowd.

He did not anticipate any difficulty. If there was a spot of bother, a few swipes of his official ash would soon subdue that. At all events, so he supposed. He arrived at the window of the Burrow with a frowning brow. Rather to his surprise, he found the big window wide open. But he found it packed with faces, some of them grinning, all of them determined. Compton, Drake, Vane-Carter, Lord Talboys, Scott, Drummond, Carr, Babbie, Lick, Bent and others crowded behind them, eyed the big Sixth Form man as he came up. He eyed them back, frowning.

"Stand back there!" he snapped.

"Want anything, Langley?" asked Bob Drake.

(Continued page 28, col. 2)

OLD BOYS' BOOKS,  
Magnets, Gems, etc.

List sent free.

MARTIN, 93 Hillside, London,  
NW.10, Great Britain.

AMAZING NEW AIR JET

**Bicycle Speedometer**



See what speed you are doing  
Works same way as aircraft  
speed indicator. Clip on  
handlebars. Large, easily read  
dial. Shows speed up to 50  
m.p.h. 12/6 posted.

ALBA ENGINEERING CO.,

Box 32, P.O. Camperdown, N.S.W.

## OAK ISLAND

(Continued from page 17)

would not only mean a fabulous fortune but would lift the mysterious veils that have guarded its secret for over 150 years. No man has yet succeeded.

How did the hoard get there and what unknown hand juggled the boxes into the pit on the end of a block and tackle? What is the secret key to the stopping of the seaborne water? Was it the mysterious stone, now long lost, that might turn the key to the door that shelters so many unknown facts? Or, perhaps, its secret instructions, borne so long in the sandy depths? The Frenchmen or the pirates? We leave it up to you.

THE END.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 9)

would be very grateful. We will be willing buyers if the price and freight is within reach of our pockets. Please write to us if you have anything to send along. Enclose details and a self-addressed envelope.

MERVYN LAYT.

‡ Groom St., Toowoomba,  
Qld.

Dear Editor,

I have heard from my pals, both at school and home, that *The Silver Jacket* is the best magazine for boys available. I was recently at a party where one of the boys tore a piece from *The Silver Jacket* of the boy who was having the party. "Okay," he said, "watch what you're doing. It's a comic to you, but it's a book to me!" That goes to show that he looks after his magazines very well. Looking forward to the next issue.

RUSSELL WARNHEN.

‡4 Duke St., Sunshine,  
Vic.

# THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME



Its happened to everybody! Remember the time that you had something important to tell—something that really happened, but you couldn't convince anyone that you were telling the truth?



Why not write and tell us about the time they just wouldn't believe you? Keep your entries brief but interesting and have them into our office by the 15th of June. The prizewinning entries will appear in our August issue (No. 23).

## THE BARRING-OUT AT CARCROFT

(Continued from page 5)

"Ducas has asked me to get in and open the door, as you young sweeps seem to be playing the goat," snapped Langley. "Stand back."

"Guess again!" said Vane-Carter. "You can't come in, Langley," said Harry Compton. "Better not try! We don't want to have to handle you."

"Don't we just!" chuckled Vane-Carter. "Come on, Langley—I've got an inkpot all ready for you."

Langley's eyes gleamed. He saw the inkpot in V.C.'s hand, but he just could not believe that even that reckless member of the Fourth would venture to "handle" a prefect of the Sixth. He put his hands on the broad stone sill to swing himself into the window.

Swoooooosh! V.C.'s arm jerked, and the contents of the inkpot came in a flood. The captain of Carcroft gave a gurgling gasp as the stream of ink splashed full in his face. He staggered back from the window, gurgling, and clawing at ink.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Drake. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Behold, he is black but comely!" chuckled Vane-Carter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
There was a roar of laughter in

the Burrow. A Sixth Form prefect, black as the ace of spades, clawing ink from his face, was a novel sight in the old quadrangle at Carcroft. But it was only for a few moments that Langley stood there, glaring at the rebels of Carcroft with an inky glare. Then, with ink trickling down his neck, and swamping his collar, he fairly hurled himself at the open window.

"Back up!" roared Bob Drake.

"Collar him!"

"Shove him out!"

Hands grasped the Sixth-former on all sides. Big and powerful as he was, there were too many hands for him. Vane-Carter snatched away his ash; Bob Drake and Dick Lee grabbed him by an inky collar; Compton and Lord Talboys by his ears, while Drummond grasped his hair. There was quite a terrific tussle in the window, which ended by Langley rolling down inside, with six or seven juniors sprawling over him. He rolled on the floor of the Burrow, struggling, heaving under the crowd of juniors like a stormy sea.

But he heaved in vain. Hands grasped his collar, his ears, his hair, his arms and his legs. More and more fellows grabbed at him till there was not enough left of him to go round. Breathless and dizzy, the captain of Carcroft had to realise that he was helpless in the hands of the enemy.

"Got him!" gasped Bob Drake. "Now chuck him out!"

"You young villains!" panted Langley.

"Sorry, old thing," said Harry Compton. "We just hate to handle you, Langley, but you're not wanted here."

"Chuck him out!" shouted Vane-Carter. "I'll give him a few from his own ash as he goes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the grasp of countless hands, Langley of the Sixth was heaved into the window. His head went out first, his chest reposing on the window-sill, his legs wriggling wildly among the mob of juniors. Vane-Carter swished the ash.

"Stand clear, you men!" he exclaimed.

"Here, hold on, V.C.—" exclaimed Lord Talboys.

But V.C. did not hold on! It was the first chance that had ever come his way of applying a prefect's ash to a prefect! V.C. was not losing it! Up went the cane, and it came down with a ringing swipe across Langley's trousers, as he sprawled face down on the window-sill. Up it went again, and down it came again—swipe! swipe!

Langley roared. His own ash, applied to his own trousers, was a startling new experience for Langley of the Sixth. Never had it happened since he had been a junior in the Shell. But it was happening now.

Swipe! swipe! swipe! Vane-Carter, warming to his work, laid it on more vigorously. Langley twisted and wriggled and roared.

"Chuck it, V.C.," gasped Harry Compton.

"That's enough, you ass!" exclaimed Lord Talboys.

"Rot!" retorted V.C. "Let him have it! How often do we get a chance to whop a pre. on his bags?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Swipe! swipe! It seemed like an awful dream to the captain of Carcroft. But the swiping was interrupted by Harry Compton and Co. pushing him from the window, over the sill, to land on the ground outside in a sprawling heap. Langley rolled over in the quad, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels.

"What—what—?" It was Roger's voice. A portly figure billowed on the scene in rustling gown. "Langley! What—what—," Mr. Ducas stood staring down blankly at the sprawling Sixth-former.

"Oh, my hat! Here's Roger!" breathed Bob Drake.

"Who cares?" grinned Vane-Carter.

Langley sat up dizzily. His face was crimson under the ink, his hair tousled, his collar torn out, his coat split up the back. He looked—and felt—a wreck. He blinked dizzily at the master of the Fourth.

"Boys!" thundered Mr. Ducas. "How dare you! You—you have laid hands on a prefect—a prefect of the Sixth Form—!"

"Sort of!" chuckled Vane-Carter. "What about it, Roger?"

Langley almost crawled to his feet. He was winded and breathless. Roger's glare returned to him.

"Langley! I requested you to enter that room and unlock the door! Why have you not done so? Do so at once."

And he had had more than enough of his own ash.

Roger stared after him, rather blankly, as he disappeared into the house. Then he turned to the packed window again, quite a deadly gleam in his eyes.

"You will be expelled for this!" he thundered.

"All of us, sir?" grinned Vane-Carter. "Bit wholesale, sacking a whole form, what? It will get into the papers! The Old Boy won't like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And what will you do for a jolt with your form sacked?" went on V.C. "You'll be like jolly old Othello with your occupation gone, Roger."

"Shut up, V.C.," gasped Bob.

"Rats!" retorted Vane-Carter. "Rats to you and rats to Roger!"

Mr. Ducas made a stride towards the window with flaming face. V.C. brandished Langley's ash. Evidently he was prepared to handle it on Roger if Roger pushed in at the window. But the Carcroft Co. were not quite prepared to go to that length. Harry Compton slammed the window shut almost on Roger's nose.

Through the glass, the Fourth Form master glared in, and the rebels grinned out. There was a breathless pause, and then Roger Ducas turned and strode away. A yell from the Burrow followed him.

"Go home, Roger!"

Mr. Ducas glanced back for a moment and then strode on. His form, only too clearly, were out of hand; and even Roger did not know, for the moment, how to deal with them.

"First round to us!" said Vane-Carter.

"Hurray!"

Fellows at dinner in hall heard that roar from the Burrow and started, and looked at one another. Roger's hope of getting that troublesome affair through and over before the school came out of hall had to be forgotten. All Carcroft knew that Roger's form was in rebellion, and that the rebels were going strong.

**CHAPTER III  
BARRED-OUT**

ROGER DUCAS stood at his study window, looking out into the sunny quadrangle. Dinner in hall was over and most of Carcroft were out of the House. Crowds of fellows in the quad were discussing something—Roger could guess what—in excited groups, and a good many of them were laughing. Roger's frown deepened as he observed it. Rebellion at Carcroft was no laughing matter!

**ANSWERS TO LAST  
MONTH'S  
"GETTING MORE OUT OF  
LIFE!"**

1. Each year of his life Joe travelled around the world in a westerly direction and thus gained an extra day each year. Bill also travelled around the world once a year but he went in an easterly direction and lost a day a year.
2. HATE, LATE, LAME, LIVE, LOVE
3. AT TEA, MATE, STEAM, MASTER, STAMMER.
4. S C A L D  
C O C O A  
A C O R N  
L O R N E  
D A N E S

"And how?" booted Langley, too inky and breathless, and too full of aches and pains, to remember the respect due to a member of the Staff. "Think I can handle twenty young ruffians at once?"

"That is not the way to answer me, Langley. I am waiting for you to enter that room and unlock the door!"

"You can wait!" said Langley.

"What? What? Langley! Stop! Where are you going, Langley?" roared Roger.

There was no answer to that question. Langley tramped away, evidently having had enough of the rebels at Carcroft at close quarters. Langley knew, if Roger did not, that he couldn't get in at that window unless the rebels chose.

Roger had had a somewhat uncomfortable interview with the Head. Dr. Whaddon had raised his eyebrows, very expressively, at the news that Roger's form was in rebellion, and that Tuck of the Fourth, sentenced to expulsion, was still at Carcroft. It was left to Roger to deal with his rebellious form, and Roger was thinking out that far from easy problem.

He had resolved upon drastic measures. He was waiting now till the bell rang for class. He did not want his drastic measures to be witnessed by a buzzing, excited crowd, of all forms, grinning over the flouting of his authority. But as soon as Carcroft School was gathered in the form-rooms, Roger was going to act. It would be all over—he hoped at least—before the school came out again.

Clang! It was the bell at last.

The groups in the quad broke up. All Carcroft, with the exception of Roger's form, headed for the form-rooms. It was a relief to Roger to see them disappear. The quad was deserted at last; only old Cuttle, the porter, was on view, sunning himself at the door of his lodge. The House was quiet save for a faint buzz from the form-rooms. Roger stirred at last.

He left his study and rustled away to the Burrow. Somewhat to his surprise, he heard no sound from that apartment as he approached. He would have expected to hear a buzz of voices from the rebels. But all was silent as he arrived at the door. He broke the silence with a sharp rap on the oak.

"Boys!" said Roger in a deep voice.

There was no reply from within. The Burrow might have been deserted for all that Roger could hear from the rebels. He rapped again.


"Compton!" he almost shouted.

No answer came from Compton. Roger breathed hard and deep. He was not accustomed to fellows in his form passing him by like the idle wind which they regarded not. Deeper and deeper grew his frown till it was as frightful and fearful as the frown of the Lord High Executioner! Once more he rapped: "Will you answer me, Compton?"



Apparently Compton wouldn't! At all events, he didn't! Even Vane-Carter's mocking voice was silent. Dead silence reigned. Not even a fat grunt was heard from Turkey Tuck.

"Listen to me!" Roger's voice was like the grinding of a file. As the rebels did not choose to answer, he proceeded. "I give you one last opportunity of emerging from that room, quietly and in order, and

# RELATIVELY SPEAKING



- WHO WAS THE FRIEND AND DOUBLE OF CHARLES DARNAY? (TALE OF TWO CITIES.)
- WHO WAS JOE GARGERY'S SECOND WIFE? (GREAT EXPECTATIONS.)
- WHO WAS THE HUSBAND OF MINNEHAHA?

ONCE THERE WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST WHO CLAIMED TO HAVE FOUND A COIN DATED 52 B.C. PEOPLE BELIEVED HIM AT FIRST BUT FOUND LATER HE WAS NOT TELLING THE TRUTH. HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS?

CAN YOU COMPLETE THIS WORD SQUARE?

	R	R	A	
	R	I	D	
	A	D	A	

USING BOTH THE ADDITION AND MULTIPLICATION OF THE NUMBERS 1 TO 9, INCLUSIVE, IT IS POSSIBLE TO REACH THE SUM OF 100. BUT YOU MUST USE EACH NUMBER ONCE AND ONLY ONCE!

ANSWERS IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER JACKET.

returning to your duty. Tuck will be sent away from the school immediately, and every boy will be caned for this rebellion. I command you now to open this door. Unless it be opened without delay, I shall call the porter to break it in by force. Now answer me!"

Like Brutus of old, Mr. Ducas paused for a reply. But he had no better luck than Brutus. There was no reply.

Harder and deeper breathed Roger. A shout of defiance would not have annoyed him so much as this contemptuous silence. He gave another sharp rap on the door.

"Do you hear me?" he thundered.

His voice echoed down the passage. But no other sound came to his ears. He stared at the door before him blankly. Not only no

reply, but not the faintest sound, came from the Burrow. It seemed almost impossible two dozen rebellious juniors could be keeping as still as mice. Yet there was no sound. Roger's words must have reached every ear—the young scamps must know that the game was up. For if old Cuttle handled his axe on the lock, that door would very soon be open. They would be face to face with their form-master, backed up, if needed, by the whole body of Sixth Form prefects. They simply could not hold out in the Burrow once drastic measures were decided upon. Yet they did not seem to care! There was not so much as a whisper from the Burrow.

Roger gave a sudden start! The place seemed deserted. Was it deserted? Had those young

rascals realised, already, that they could not hold the fort in the Burrow, and stolen out quietly while the school was at dinner in hall? Compressing his lips, Roger grasped the door-handle and turned it. Up to that moment, it had not occurred to him that the door might be unlocked! Now he discovered that it was!

He hurled it wide open and stared in.

Then he knew why there had been no reply. The Burrow was vacant. Of all the crowd of juniors who had handled Langley at the window, not one remained. An absolutely empty room met Roger's startled gaze.

"Upon my word!" breathed Roger.

His face crimsoned. He had stood at that door thundering to an empty room—with not an ear to hear! It was rather absurd. Roger Ducas did not like looking, or feeling, absurd. He would have given much at that moment to have had some of his rebellious form within reach.

For a long minute he stood there staring, his face burning. Then he turned away. The rebels were gone—where? Not for a moment had Roger foreseen such a move—but it was clear now that, taking advantage of the fact that the whole school were in hall, they had changed their quarters while Carcroft was at dinner. They were gone—where?

With a grim brow, Roger Ducas ascended the staircase to the study landing on the next floor. Many passages and staircases opened from that vast landing, and Roger half-expected to hear sounds from the Fourth Form studies. But a glance up the Fourth Form passage revealed no sign of life there. The rebels had not retreated to their studies.

Grimmer than ever, Roger rustled across to a staircase that led up to the Fourth Form dormitory. He stared up that staircase. He guessed now where the rebels were—and he guessed right. At the top of the dormitory staircase, quite an unusual object met his view. It was a bedstead, evidently dragged out of the dormitory and jammed across the landing. And a face was looking over that barricade—the grinning face of Dudley Vane-Carter. Roger looked up and V.C. looked down—and laughed! The next moment, Vane-Carter was shouting:

"Here's the old bean!"

There was a scampering of feet on the dormitory landing. Other faces lined up with Vane-Carter's—Compton's, Drake's, Lee's and five or six others. Vane-Carter had

been on the watch for the enemy. Now the enemy had arrived!

Roger's voice floated up the staircase in deep tones.

"So you are here!"

"Adsum!" called back Vane-Carter, as if he were answering to his name at roll, and there was a laugh.

"We're here, sir!" answered Harry Compton.

"Where is Tuck?" demanded Roger.

"Turkey? Turkey's in the dorm!" grinned Vane-Carter. "That latest news of Turkey is that he wants his dinner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Slowly, but steadily, Roger Ducas ascended the dormitory stair. He arrived at the jammed bedstead and had to stop. Looking over it, he could see other bedsteads and boxes on the landing above, which the rebels had not yet had time to add to the barricade. Roger raised a commanding hand.

"Remove that bedstead at once!" he rapped. Even yet, it was hard for Roger to realise that his commands to his form would fall upon deaf ears. The Fourth were accustomed to jump to Roger's orders. But they showed no sign of jumping now.

"Sorry, sir!" said Harry Compton politely. "But——"

"Not sorry in the least, old bean!" interjected Vane-Carter. "In fact, we're rather enjoying this! Beats lessons hollow."

"Yaas, there's that!" remarked Lord Talboys. The Lizard never liked lessons!

"You see, sir, this is a barring-out!" explained Bob Drake. "No disrespect to you personally, sir, but we're standing by old Turkey—we're not going to see a Fourth Form man sacked for nothing."

"Never!" said Dick Lee.

"A — a — a — a barring-out!" breathed Roger. He seemed to find it hard to assimilate.

"Just that!" grinned Vane-Carter. "A jolly old barring-out! B for Beaks, A for Asses, R for Rotters——"

"Silence!" roared Roger.

"Get on with the good work, you men," said Bob. "Trundle those beds this way. We shall have the pre's up here soon, now Roger's trailed us."

"You will cease this at once!" Roger's voice was both loud and deep. "Have you boys taken leave of your senses?"

"Not at all," said Vane-Carter. "Have you taken leave of yours?"

"You will be expelled for this, Vane-Carter."

"Bow-wow!"

"Nobody's going to be expelled, sir," said Harry Compton. "We're all standing by Turkey, and we're all standing by one another. We're ready to chuck it up, sir, the minute it's agreed that Turkey is to stay till that banknote's found."

"Will you clear this staircase instantly?"

"No, sir!"

Roger said no more. Amazing as it was, unprecedented as it was, he had to realise that this was a barring-out, and that the rebels meant business. So far, they had not had time to build much of a barricade, and Roger intended to give them no time. He grasped the bedstead to drag it away. He grasped with both hands and dragged. Once the way was cleared, once he was within reach of his mutinous form, he had no doubt about restoring order.

"Let go, sir!" exclaimed Harry Compton.

Roger, unheeding, dragged. Vane-Carter leaned over, with a cricket-stump in his hand. He lunged, and there was a sudden gasp from Roger as the business-end of the stump jammed on his waistcoat.

"Oooooooo!" gasped Roger. He let go the bedstead and tottered, both hands clasped to his waistcoat.

"Have another?" grinned Vane-Carter.

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Harry. "But we can't let you come up! We're barring-out the beaks, sir——"

"Oooooogh!" Roger Ducas gurgled. "Vane-Carter, you young rascal—ooooogh!"

"Roger, you old rascal!" retorted V.C. "Bring that jug of water this way, Drum. Roger's going to have a wash!"

"Here you are!" chuckled Drummond.

Vane-Carter lifted the jug with both hands. Bob Drake caught him by the arm. There was a limit, even with the form in a state of active rebellion.

"Chuck it, V.C.!" exclaimed Bob.

"I'm going to—at Roger! Let go my arm, you booby!"

Roger settled that matter by stepping back down the stairs. He had the point of the cricket-stump, and he did not want the jug of water to follow. He descended quite hastily to the study landing. The expression on his speaking countenance was rather like that of a Gorgon as he hurried away. The Fourth Form at Carcroft were deaf to the voice of authority, and it only remained to use force—if force would avail! Roger hurried away to gather his forces.

(Continued on page 34)

(Continued from page 31)

## CHAPTER IV

## ATTACK IN FORCE

"GET GOING!" said Harry Compton.

"All hands!" said Bob Drake. "They won't be long!"

And all hands piled in busily. Bedstead after bedstead was trundled out of the dormitory. One after another, they were stacked at the top of the stair, jammed tight against the walls one either side. In the Burrow, the rebels could hardly have hoped to hold the fort; but it was very different in the stronghold they had selected. The staircase was the only access to the Fourth Form dormitory, and it was both narrow and steep. Barricaded with bedsteads and boxes, Harry Compton and Co. had no doubt about being able to hold it against attack, even if the Carcroft prefects came in full force. But there was no time to lose—the attack might come at any moment.

Many hands made light work. The barricade grew rapidly. Behind it, on the dormitory landing, the rebels piled ammunition—pillows and jugs of water, anything that came to hand. Even Turkey Tuck rolled out of the dormitory to lend a fat hand in strengthening the defences. Even Lord Talboys, whose longsuit was laziness, worked like a Trojan. Carcroft fellows in the form-rooms certainly were not working so hard as the rebel form who were barring out the beaks.

"Here they come!" shouted Vane-Carter suddenly.

There was a tramp of feet on the study landing below. Immediately the barricade was lined with faces looking down. At the foot of the staircase, no fewer than ten stalwart Sixth Form men appeared in sight. Langley, captain of Carcroft, was at their head, and with him were Gates, Crewe, Packe and the rest of the Sixth who held the rank of prefect. Looking down, Harry Compton and Co. were glad that they had the barricade ready in time.

Langley was looking rather grim. He had not forgotten his experience at the window of the Burrow. But most of the others were grinning. They did not expect much trouble with a mob of juniors, and were not sorry to have been called away from class in the Sixth Form room to deal with the rebels—it was rather a pleasant change from Greek with the Head!

Vane-Carter waved his hand to them.

"Come on, my pippins!" he called out. "This way for a whopping!

Look out for your own ash on your bags, Langley!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Langley and Co. stared up at them. The Carcroft captain raised his hand.

"Come out of that, all of you!" he rapped.

"Come and fetch us!" invited Bob Drake.

"Yaas, come and fetch us, old top!" chuckled the Lizard.

"Are you coming out of it or not?" demanded Langley.

"No!" came a roar in answer.

The Carcroft captain wasted no more time in words.

"Come on!" he said, and he led the rush up the staircase. After him rushed the rest of the Sixth Form prefects.

"Back up!" roared Bob.

"Give them jip!" yelled Vane-Carter.

Missiles whizzed over the barricade. A pillow folded round Langley's face and he stumbled over and fell. An apple landed fairly in Packe's eye, and Packe gave a frantic yell and sat down on the stairs. Two or three of the prefects stumbled over him. Langley hurled the pillow aside and rushed on and up. Vane-Carter swept a jug through the air and the contents landed in a flood in the face of the Carcroft captain. He spluttered wildly and went over sprawling over Packe. Four or five Sixth Form men were mixed up on the stairs, with the rest stumbling over them. It was not, after all, a pleasant interlude to Greek with the Head! It was getting quite unpleasant.

But the Sixth Form men were game. They simply could not retreat and own up to Carcroft that a mob of juniors had driven them off. They were not grinning now—any of them. Faces were flushed and angry, eyes gleaming, and they came on, heedless of whizzing missiles and of streams of water that shot from jugs. They clustered at the barricade and strove to clamber over it. Langley sprawled across the stack of bedsteads, leading them on.

Crack! Vane-Carter handled the cricket-stump and it cracked on Langley's head with a sound like a pistol-shot. The yell that Langley gave could have been heard in every form-room at Carcroft.

"Ow! Ow! You young villain—Yoo-hoop!" roared Langley as V.C. lunged with the stump, and he caught it with his ribs. He rolled headlong off the barricade, knocking his followers right and left.

Gates of the Sixth hurled himself forward, to meet the end of a cricket-bat, in Bob Drake's vigorous

grasp, with his chin. One lunge of that bat was enough for Gates. He jumped back from the barricade as if it had suddenly become red-hot.

"Come on!" roared Bob.

"This way!" yelled Lord Talboys, brandishing a jug by the handle—rather to the peril of his comrades.

"Down with the pre's!" shouted Vane-Carter. He reached over the barricade, lashing with the stump. Heads dodged hurriedly out of the way.

Packe was already dodging down the stairs. An apple in the eye seemed enough for Packe. Two or three others followed him. But Langley charged on again.

"Come on!" he shouted, and he clambered on the barricade. Had it been solid, the Carcroft captain might have got over. But a stack of bedsteads was far from solid—there were many interstices—and Langley's leg slipped into one of them. He struggled frantically to drag it out again, while V.C. lunged at him with the stump, and Bob Drake smote again and again with a pillow, and Harry Compton with a bolster. Pinned by his imprisoned leg, the Carcroft captain struggled and wriggled and yelled, amid howls of laughter from the juniors.

"Oh! Ow! You young ruffians—ow! Stoppit!" shrieked Langley. "Oh, gad! Oh, my hat! Look here, I'll go! Stoppit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even the Carcroft captain had had enough.

"You can cut, Langley," said Harry Compton, laughing. The stump ceased to lunge, and pillow and bolster to smite, and Langley dragged his leg out at last and tumbled back off the barricade. The rest were already were in retreat, and Langley followed them down, in the worst temper ever, but glad to get out of reach.

"Coming up again?" yelled V.C., brandishing his stump.

There was no answer to that. But the prefects were not coming up again. Panting for breath and rubbing innumerable aches and pains, they disappeared across the study landing, followed by a triumphant yell from the rebels of Carcroft.

"Second round to us!" chuckled Vane-Carter. "What will jolly old Roger do next, I wonder?"

And the other rebels wondered, too. But whatever might be Roger's next move, one thing was certain: the barring-out at Carcroft was going on.

Next month:  
"STICKING IT OUT"  
(Part 4 of our Carcroft  
Serial)